MARVEL

DEADPOOL® & CABLE®

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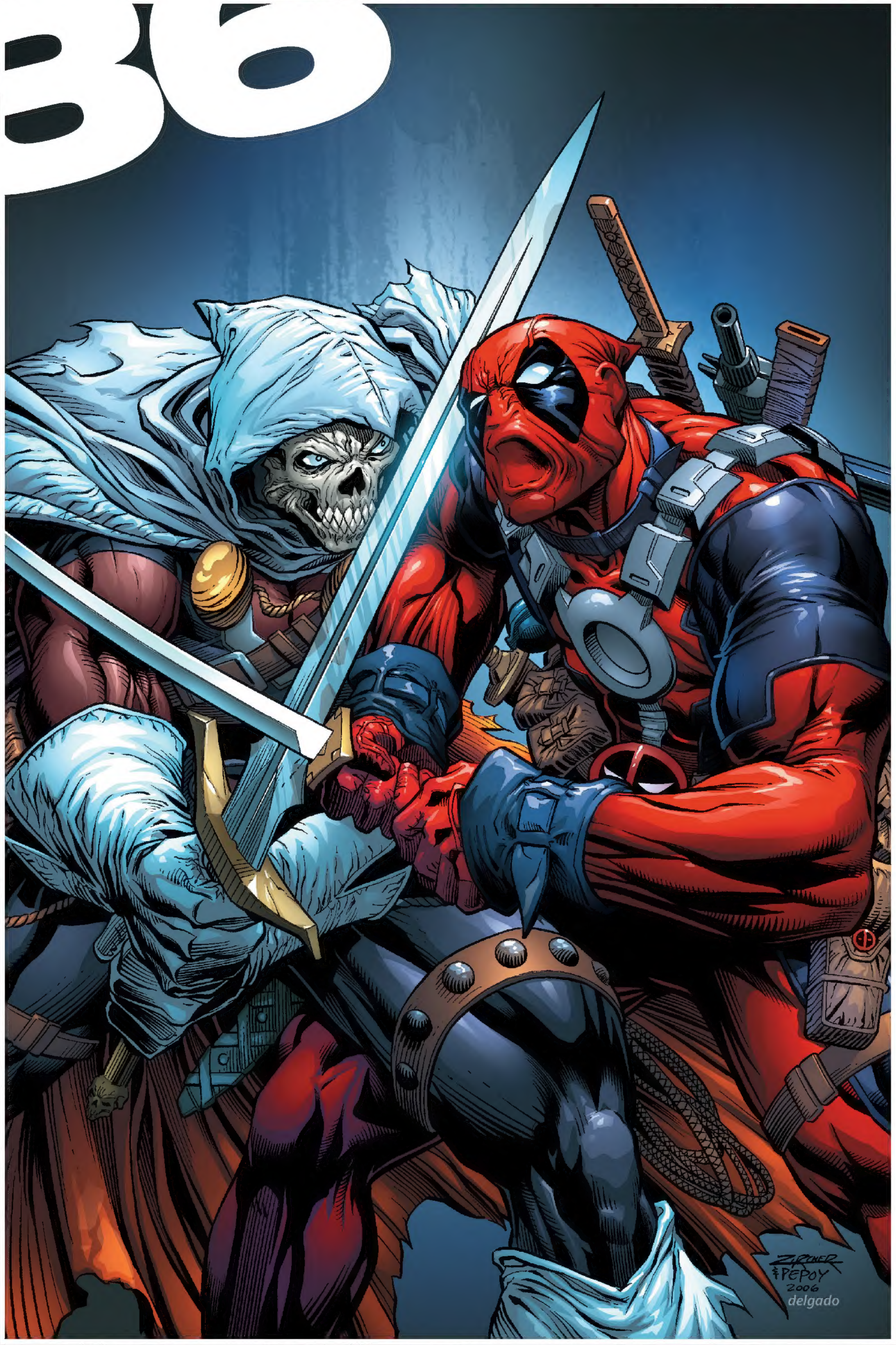
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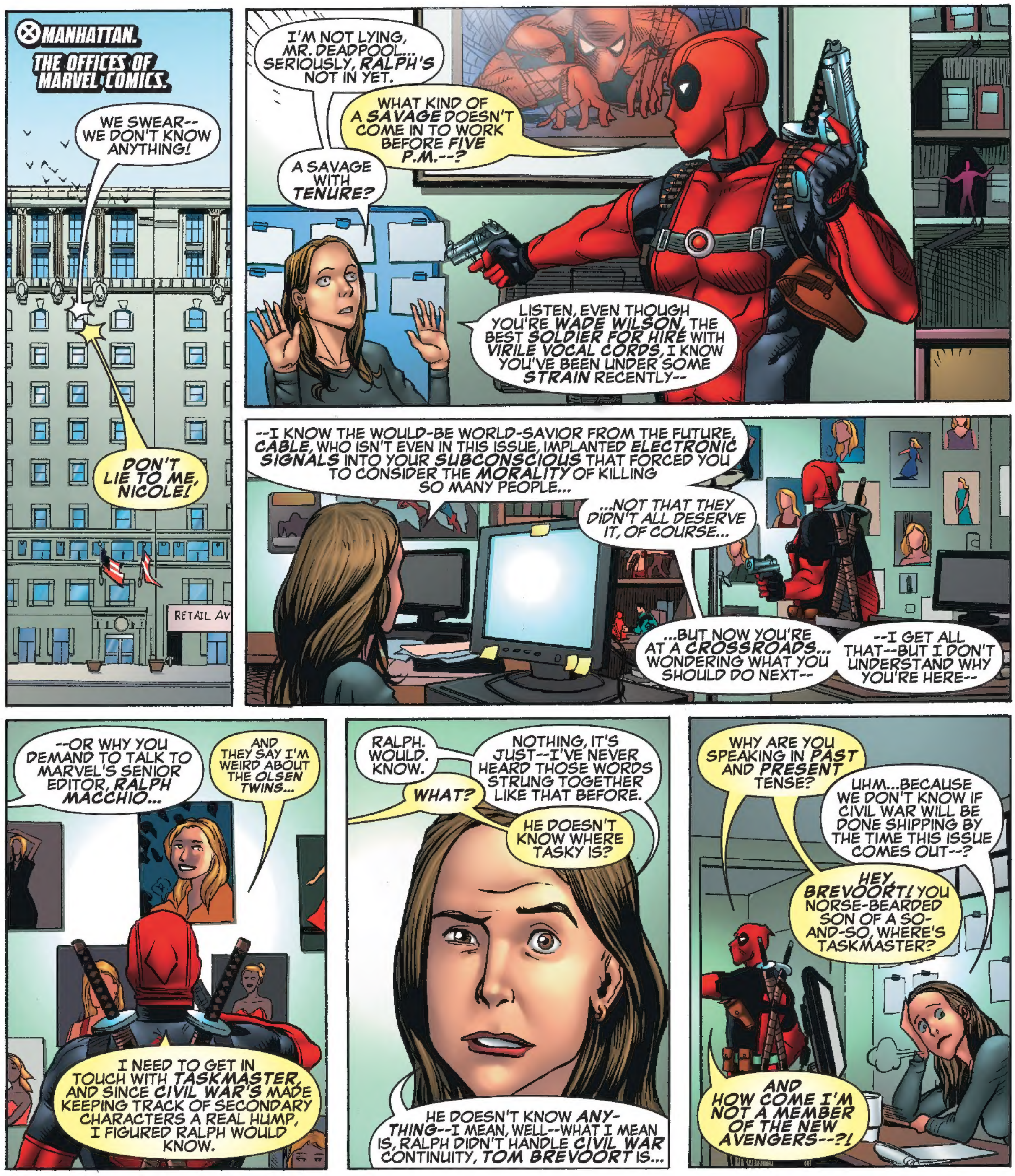
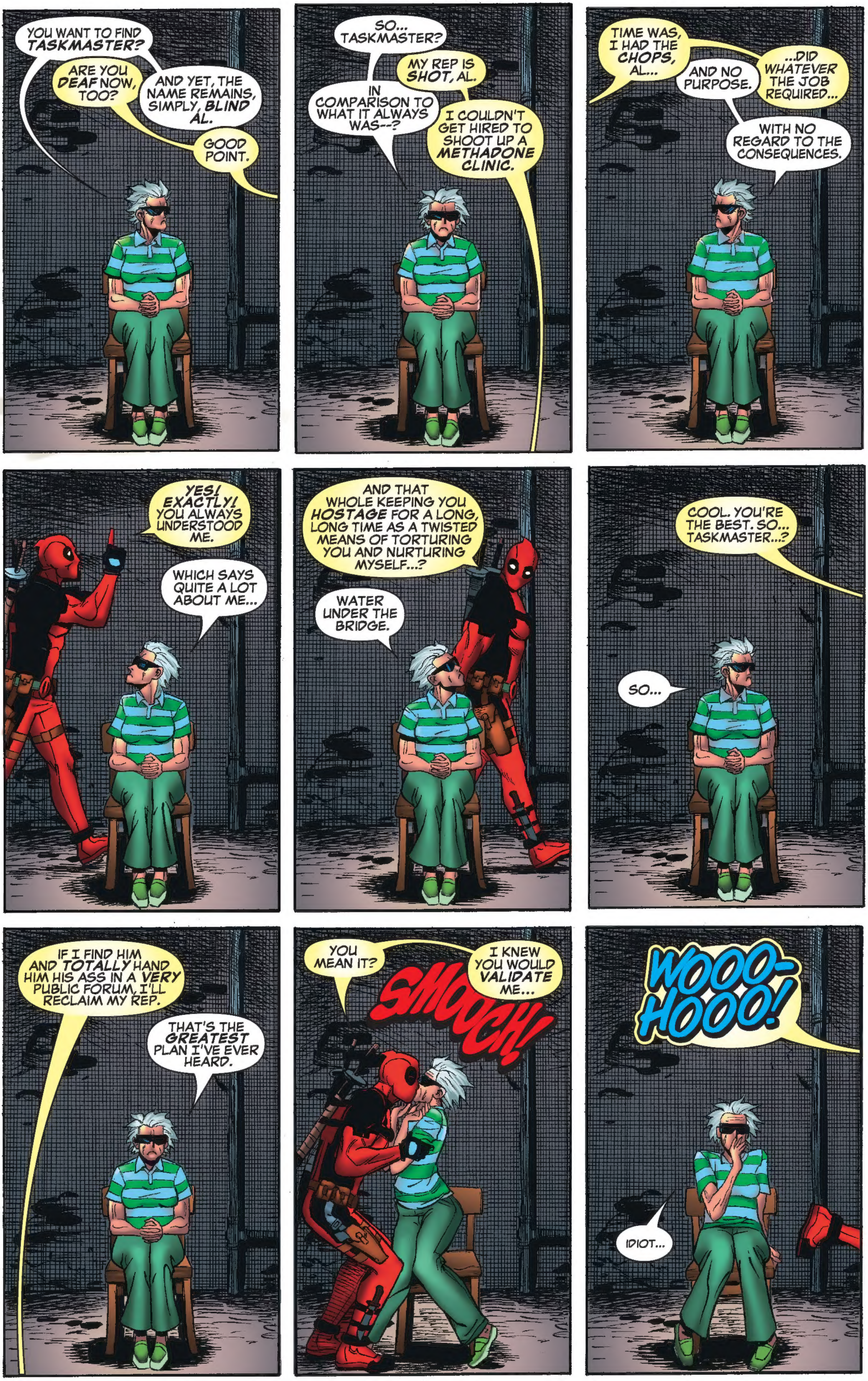
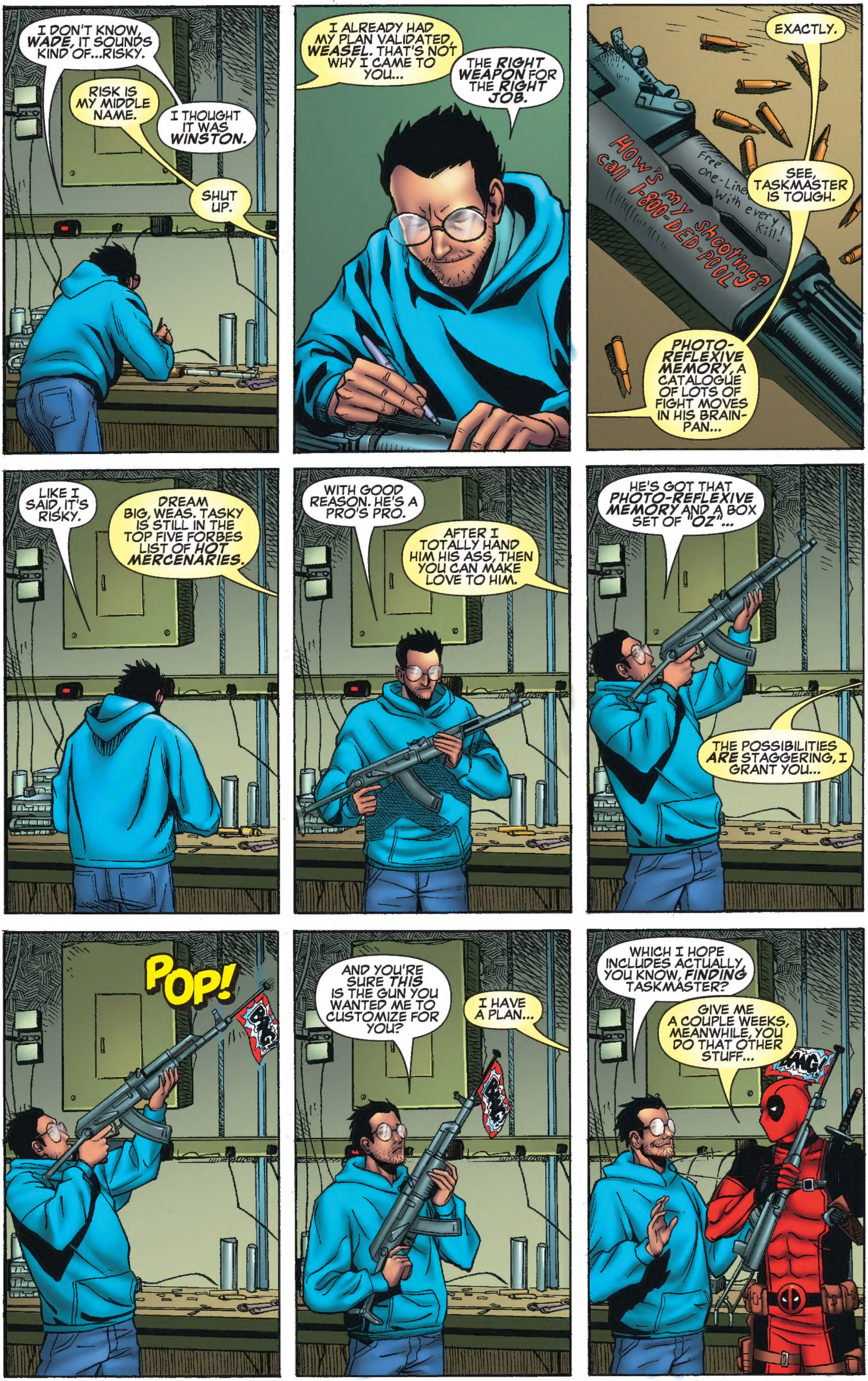
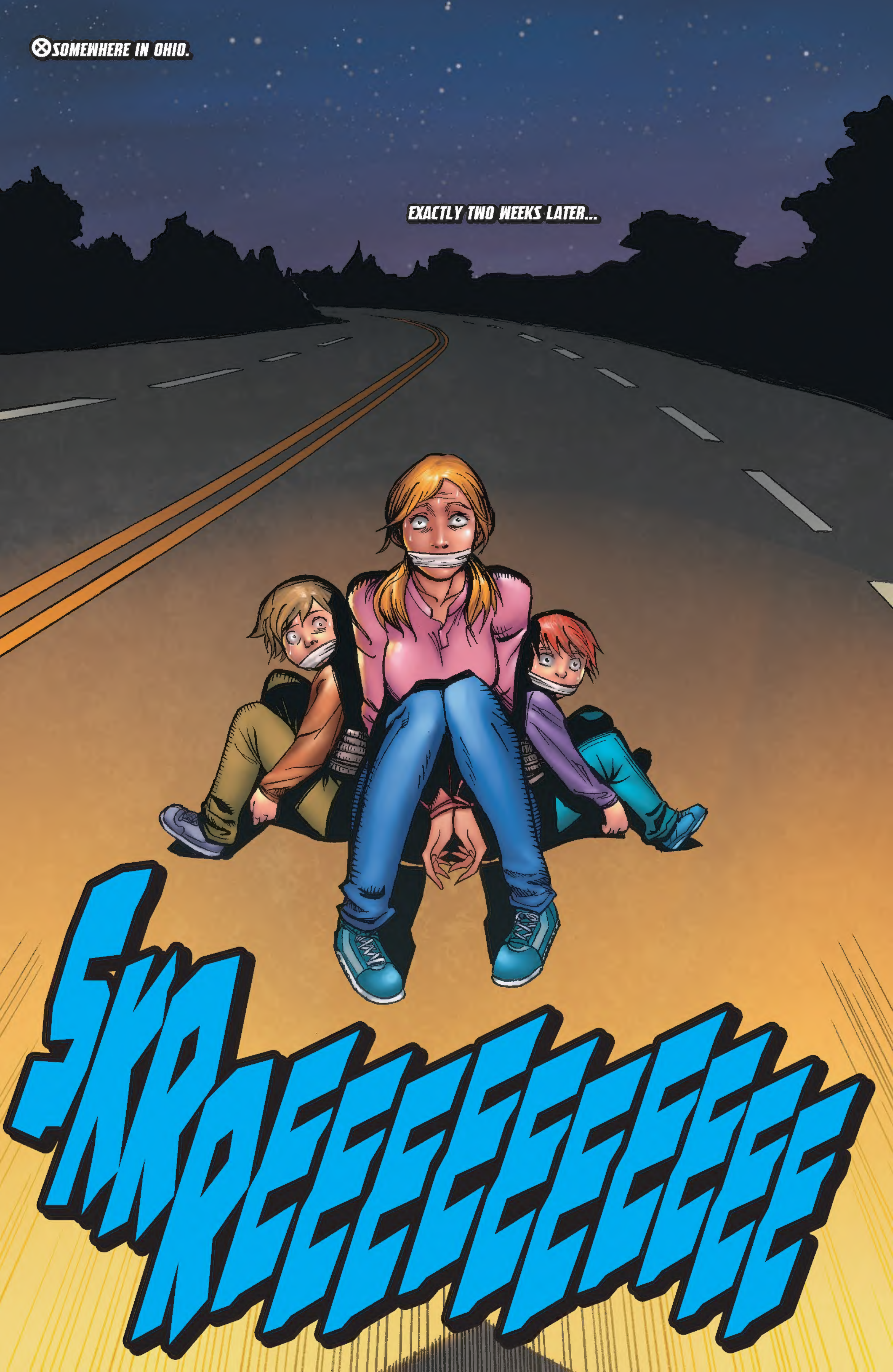
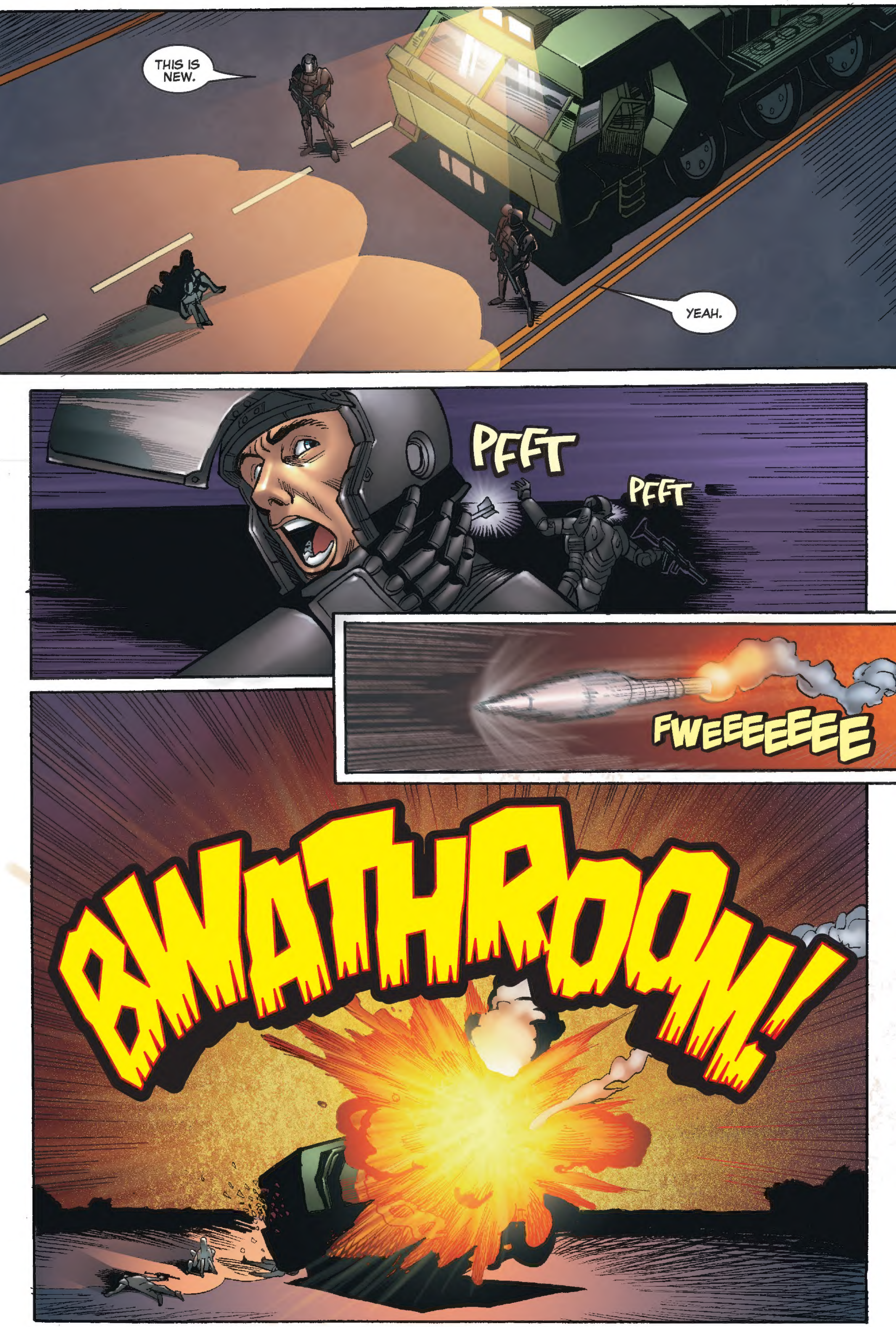
UNFINISHED BUSINESS : PART ONE

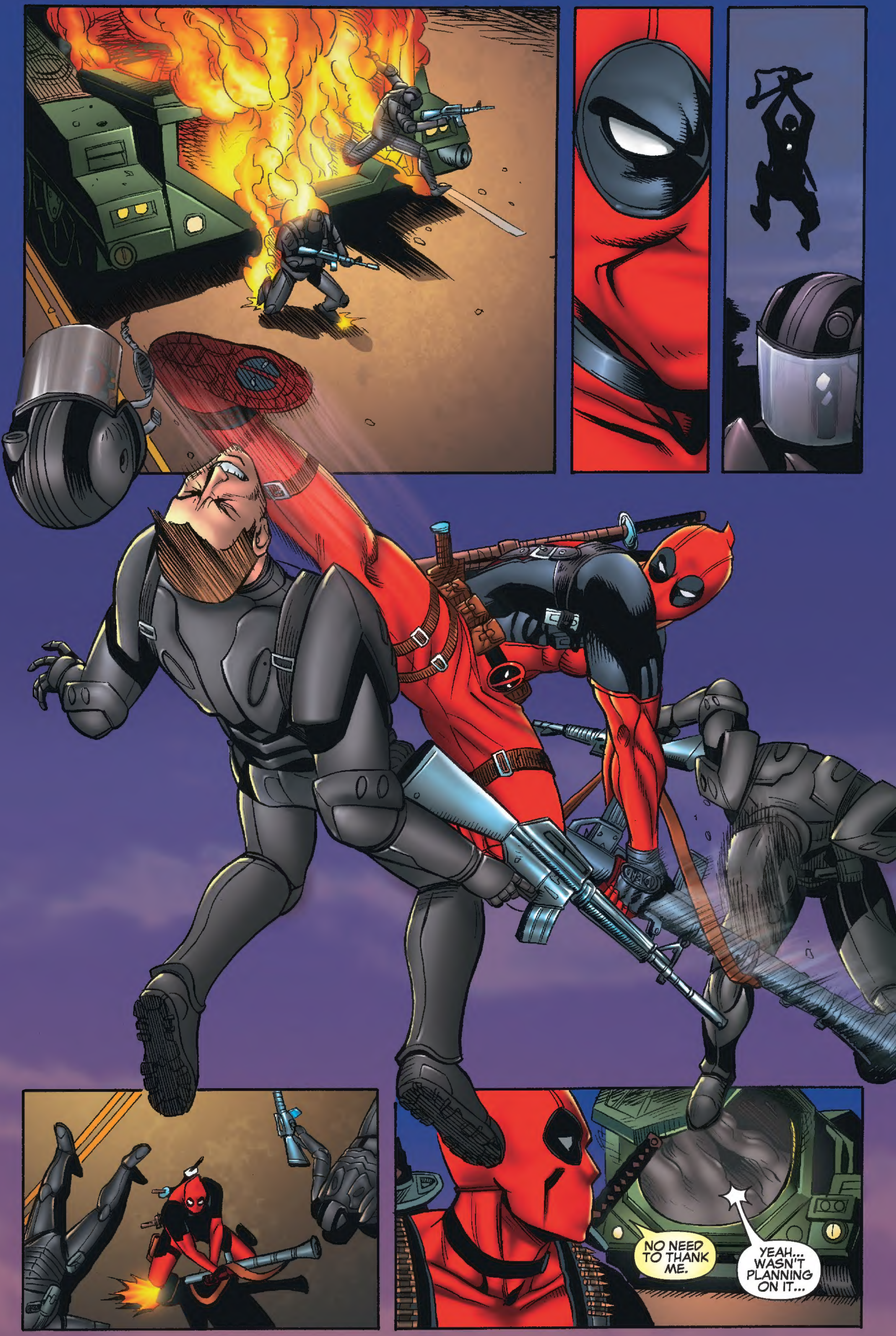

MANHATTAN.
THE OFFICES OF MARVEL COMICS.
WE SWEAR-- WE DON'T KNOW ANYTHING!
DON'T LIE TO ME, NICOLE!
RETAIL AV
I'M NOT LYING, MR. DEADPOOL... SERIOUSLY, RALPH'S NOT IN YET.
WHAT KIND OF A SAVAGE DOESN'T COME IN TO WORK BEFORE FIVE P.M.--?
A SAVAGE WITH TENURE?
LISTEN, EVEN THOUGH YOU'RE WADE WILSON, THE BEST SOLDIER FOR HIRE WITH VIRILE VOCAL CORDS, I KNOW YOU'VE BEEN UNDER SOME STRAIN RECENTLY--
--I KNOW THE WOULD-BE WORLD-SAVIOR FROM THE FUTURE, CABLE, WHO ISN'T EVEN IN THIS ISSUE, IMPLANTED ELECTRONIC SIGNALS INTO YOUR SUBCONSCIOUS THAT FORCED YOU TO CONSIDER THE MORALITY OF KILLING SO MANY PEOPLE...
...NOT THAT THEY DIDN'T ALL DESERVE IT, OF COURSE...
...BUT NOW YOU'RE AT A CROSSROADS... WONDERING WHAT YOU SHOULD DO NEXT--
--I GET ALL THAT--BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY YOU'RE HERE--
--OR WHY YOU DEMAND TO TALK TO MARVEL'S SENIOR EDITOR, RALPH MACCHIO...
AND THEY SAY I'M WEIRD ABOUT THE OLSEN TWINS...
I NEED TO GET IN TOUCH WITH TASKMASTER, AND SINCE CIVIL WAR'S MADE KEEPING TRACK OF SECONDARY CHARACTERS A REAL HUMP, I FIGURED RALPH WOULD KNOW.
RALPH. WOULD. KNOW.
NOTHING, IT'S JUST--I'VE NEVER HEARD THOSE WORDS STRUNG TOGETHER LIKE THAT BEFORE.
WHAT?
HE DOESN'T KNOW WHERE TASKY IS?
HE DOESN'T KNOW ANYTHING--I MEAN, WELL--WHAT I MEAN IS, RALPH DIDN'T HANDLE CIVIL WAR CONTINUITY, TOM BREVOORT IS...
WHY ARE YOU SPEAKING IN PAST AND PRESENT TENSE?
UHM...BECAUSE WE DON'T KNOW IF CIVIL WAR WILL BE DONE SHIPPING BY THE TIME THIS ISSUE COMES OUT--?
HEY, BREVOORT! YOU NORSE-BEARDED SON OF A SO-AND-SO, WHERE'S TASKMASTER?
AND HOW COME I'M NOT A MEMBER OF THE NEW AVENGERS--?!

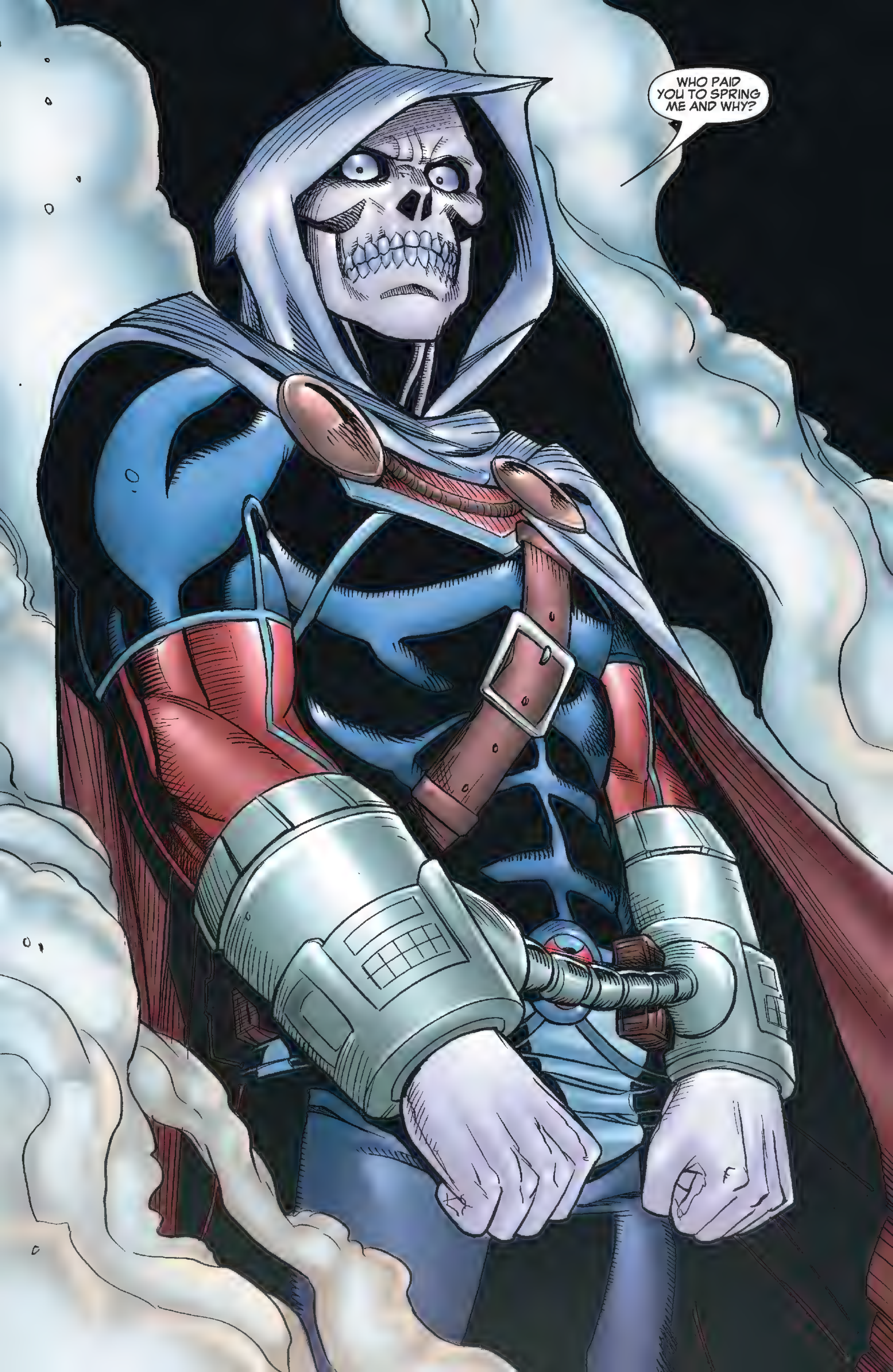

YOU WANT TO FIND *TASKMASTER?*
ARE YOU *DEAF* NOW, TOO?
AND YET, THE NAME REMAINS, SIMPLY, *BLIND AL.*
GOOD POINT.
SO... TASKMASTER?
MY REP IS *SHOT*, AL.
IN COMPARISON TO WHAT IT ALWAYS WAS--?
I COULDN'T GET HIRED TO SHOOT UP A *METHADONE CLINIC.*
TIME WAS, I HAD THE *CHOPS*, AL...
AND NO PURPOSE.
...DID WHATEVER THE JOB REQUIRED...
WITH NO REGARD TO THE CONSEQUENCES.
YES! EXACTLY! YOU ALWAYS UNDERSTOOD ME.
WHICH SAYS QUITE A LOT ABOUT ME...
AND THAT WHOLE KEEPING YOU *HOSTAGE* FOR A LONG, LONG TIME AS A TWISTED MEANS OF TORTURING YOU AND NURTURING MYSELF...?
WATER UNDER THE BRIDGE.
COOL. YOU'RE THE BEST. SO... TASKMASTER...?
SO...
IF I FIND HIM AND *TOTALLY* HAND HIM HIS ASS IN A *VERY* PUBLIC FORUM, I'LL RECLAIM MY REP.
THAT'S THE *GREATEST* PLAN I'VE EVER HEARD.
YOU MEAN IT?
I KNEW YOU WOULD *VALIDATE* ME...
SMOOCH!
WOOO-HOOO!
IDIOT...

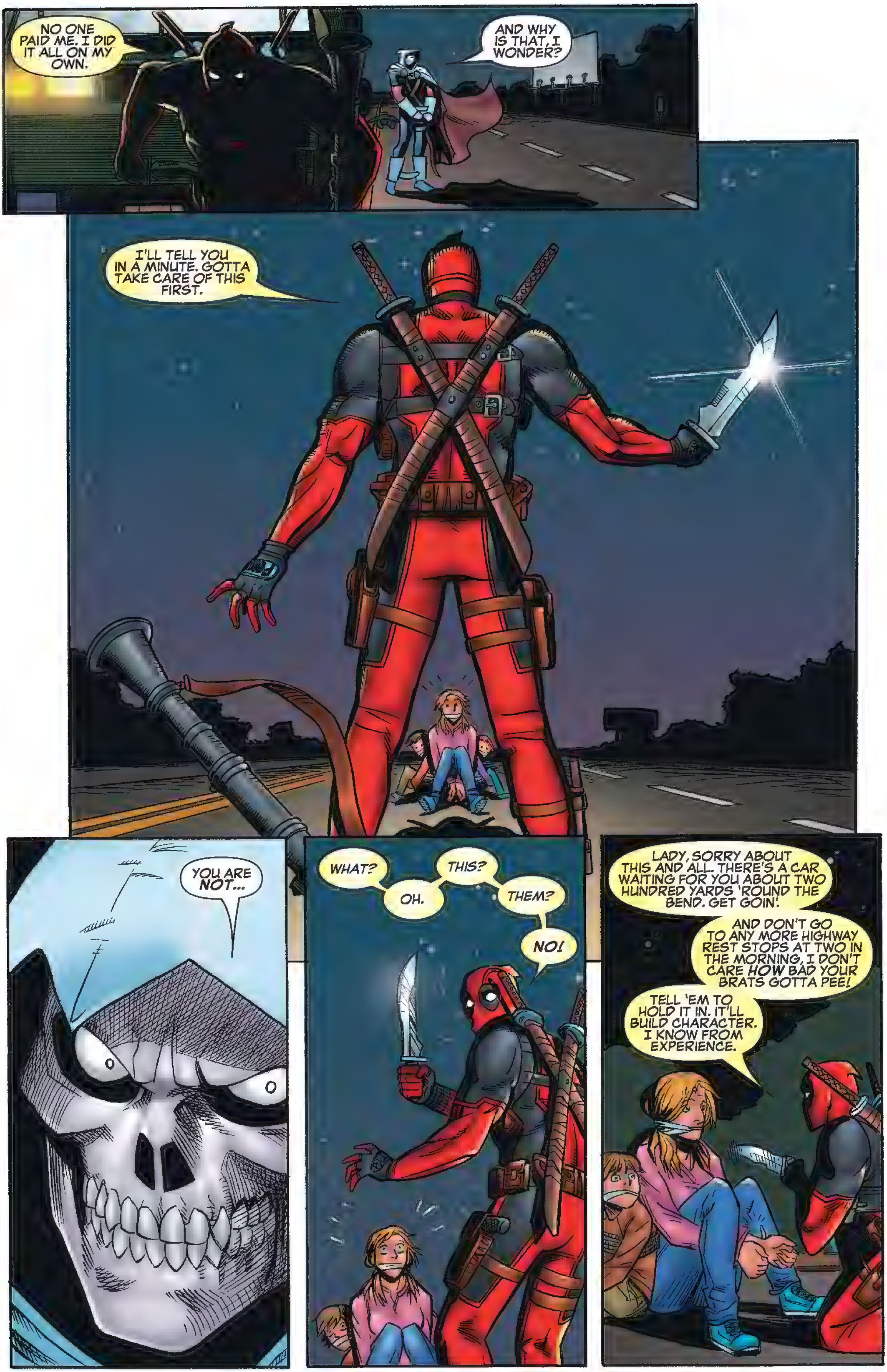

I DON'T KNOW, WADE, IT SOUNDS KIND OF...RISKY.
RISK IS MY MIDDLE NAME.
I THOUGHT IT WAS WINSTON.
SHUT UP.
I ALREADY HAD MY PLAN VALIDATED, WEASEL. THAT'S NOT WHY I CAME TO YOU...
THE RIGHT WEAPON FOR THE RIGHT JOB.
EXACTLY.
Free One-Liner with every Kill!
How's my shooting? call 1-800-DED-POOL
SEE, TASKMASTER IS TOUGH.
PHOTO-REFLEXIVE MEMORY, A CATALOGUE OF LOTS OF FIGHT MOVES IN HIS BRAIN-PAN...
LIKE I SAID, IT'S RISKY.
DREAM BIG, WEAS. TASKY IS STILL IN THE TOP FIVE FORBES LIST OF HOT MERCENARIES.
WITH GOOD REASON. HE'S A PRO'S PRO.
AFTER I TOTALLY HAND HIM HIS ASS, THEN YOU CAN MAKE LOVE TO HIM.
HE'S GOT THAT PHOTO-REFLEXIVE MEMORY AND A BOX SET OF "OZ"...
THE POSSIBILITIES ARE STAGGERING, I GRANT YOU...
POP!
BANG!
AND YOU'RE SURE THIS IS THE GUN YOU WANTED ME TO CUSTOMIZE FOR YOU?
I HAVE A PLAN...
BANG!
WHICH I HOPE INCLUDES ACTUALLY, YOU KNOW, FINDING TASKMASTER?
GIVE ME A COUPLE WEEKS, MEANWHILE, YOU DO THAT OTHER STUFF...
BANG!

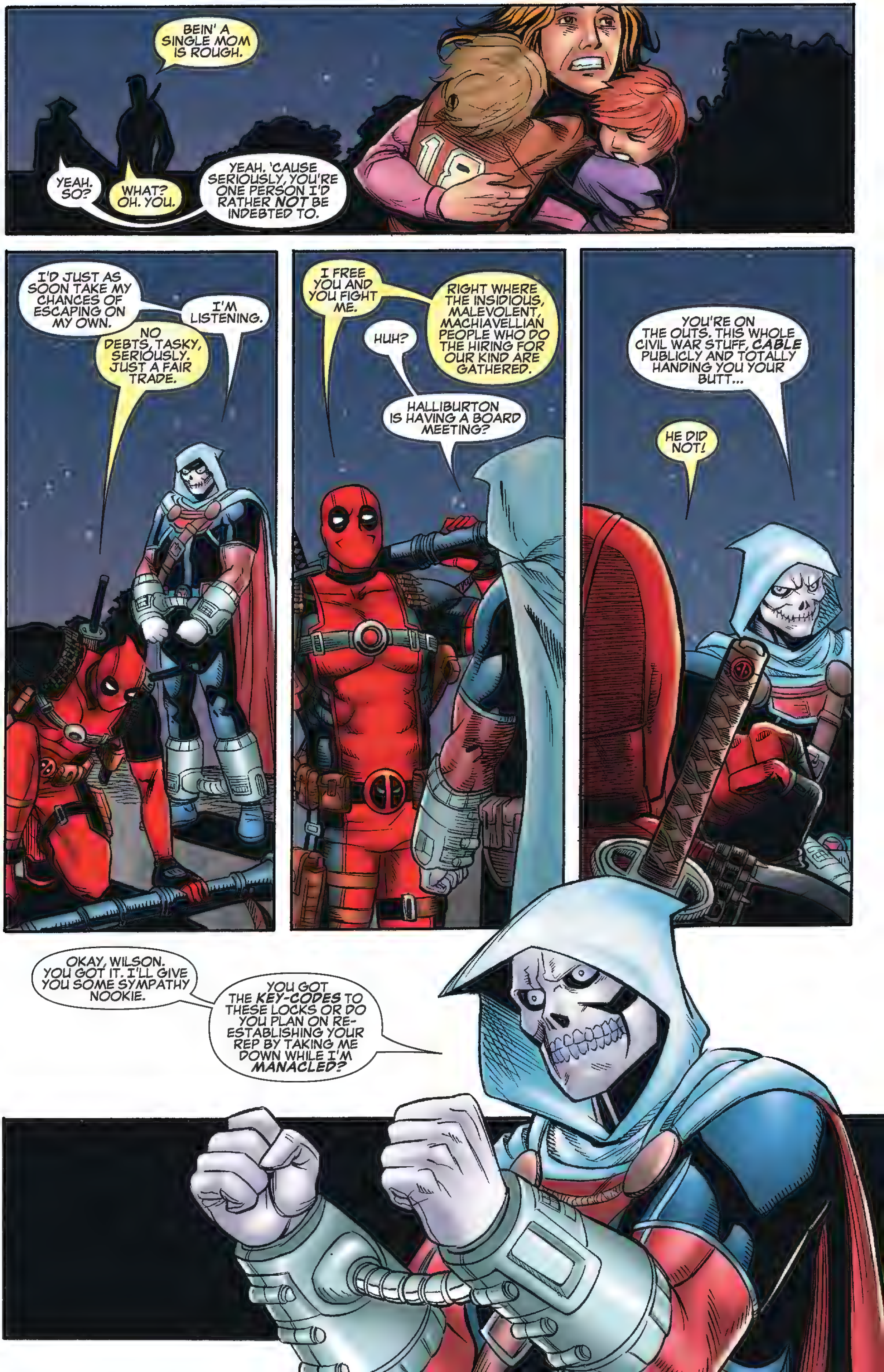

SOMEWHERE IN OHIO.
EXACTLY TWO WEEKS LATER...
SKREEEEEEEEEEEE

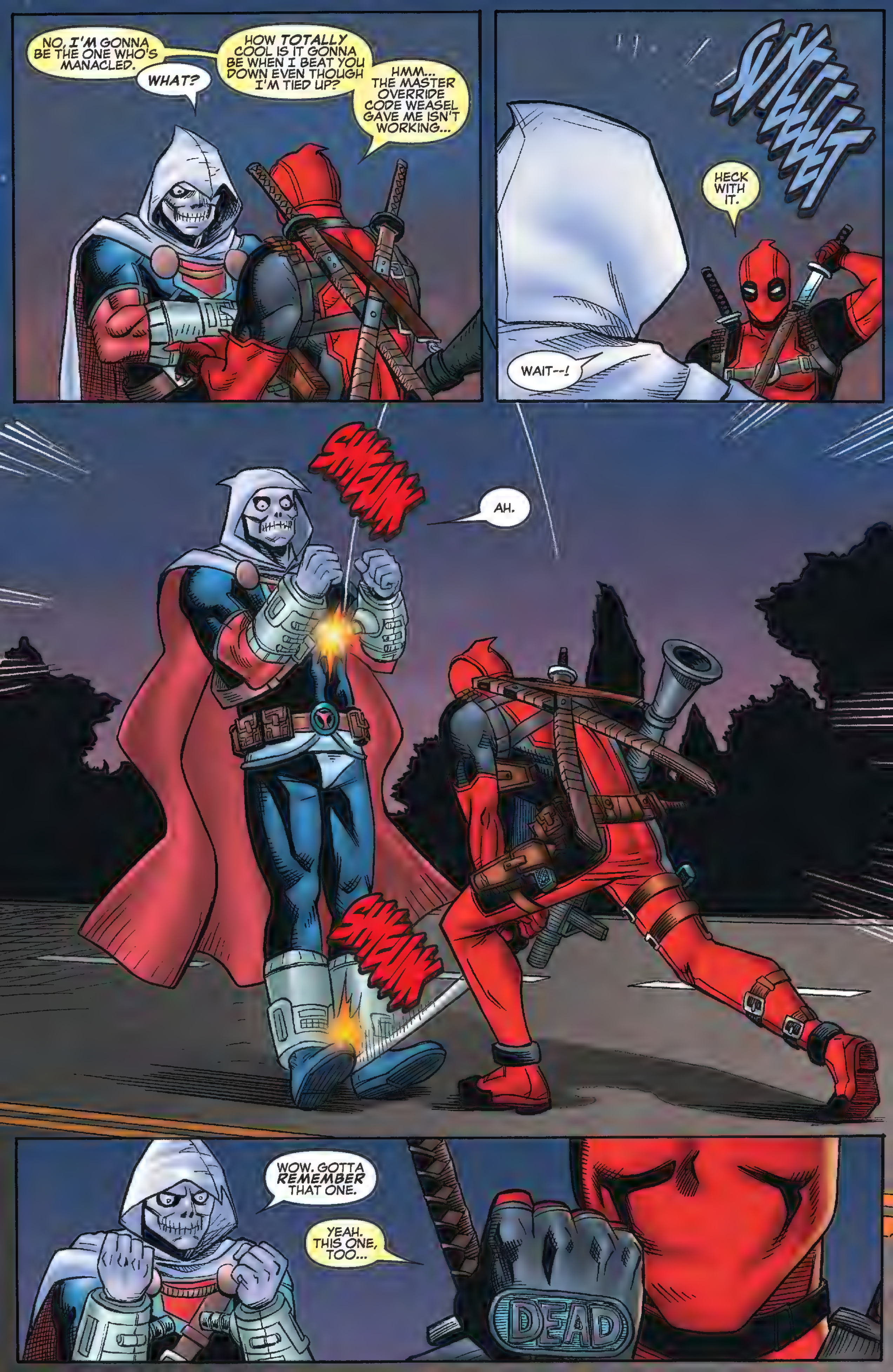

THIS IS NEW.
YEAH.
PFFT
PFFT
FWEEEEEEEE
BWATHROOM!

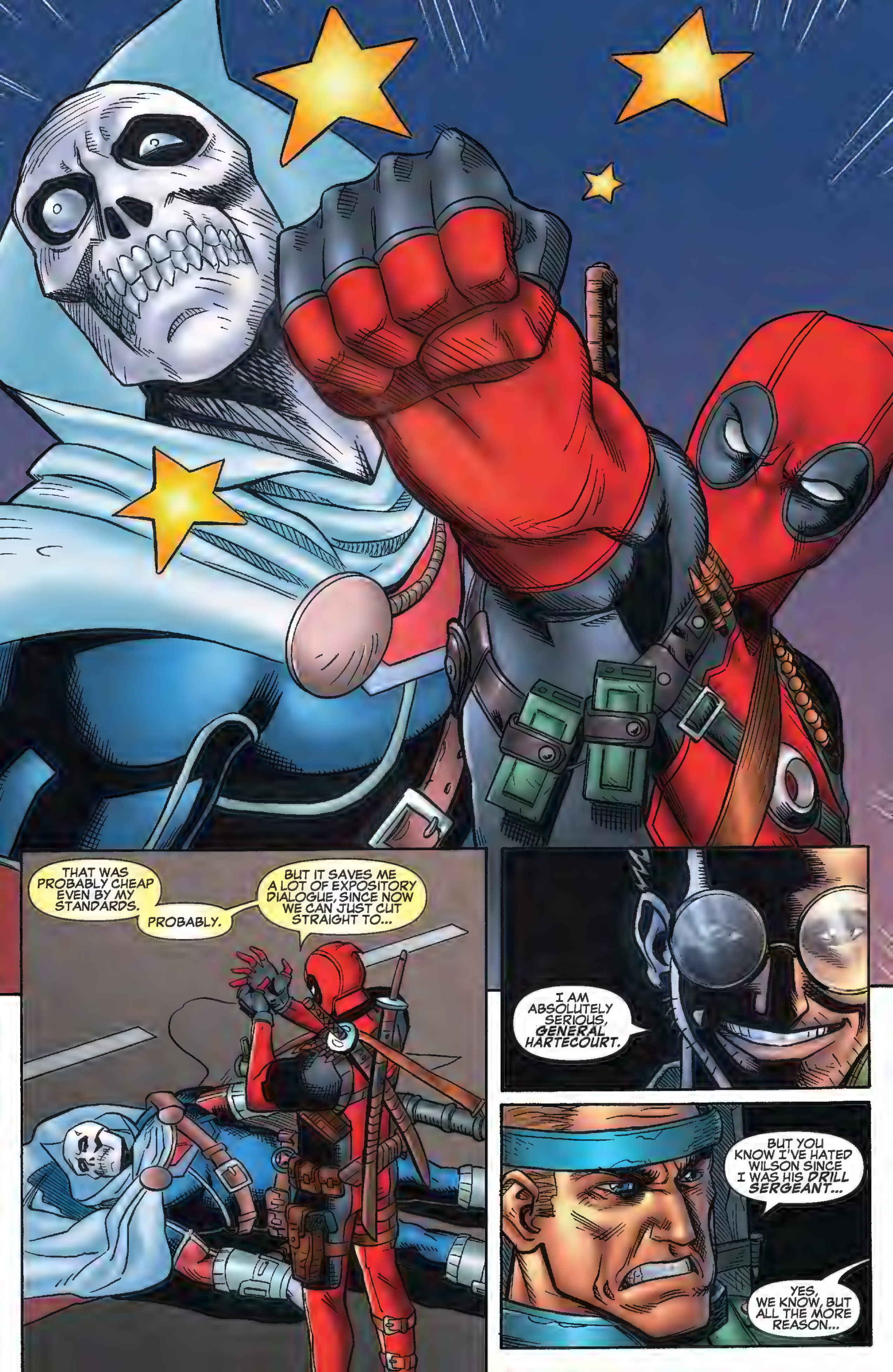

NO NEED TO THANK ME.
YEAH... WASN'T PLANNING ON IT...

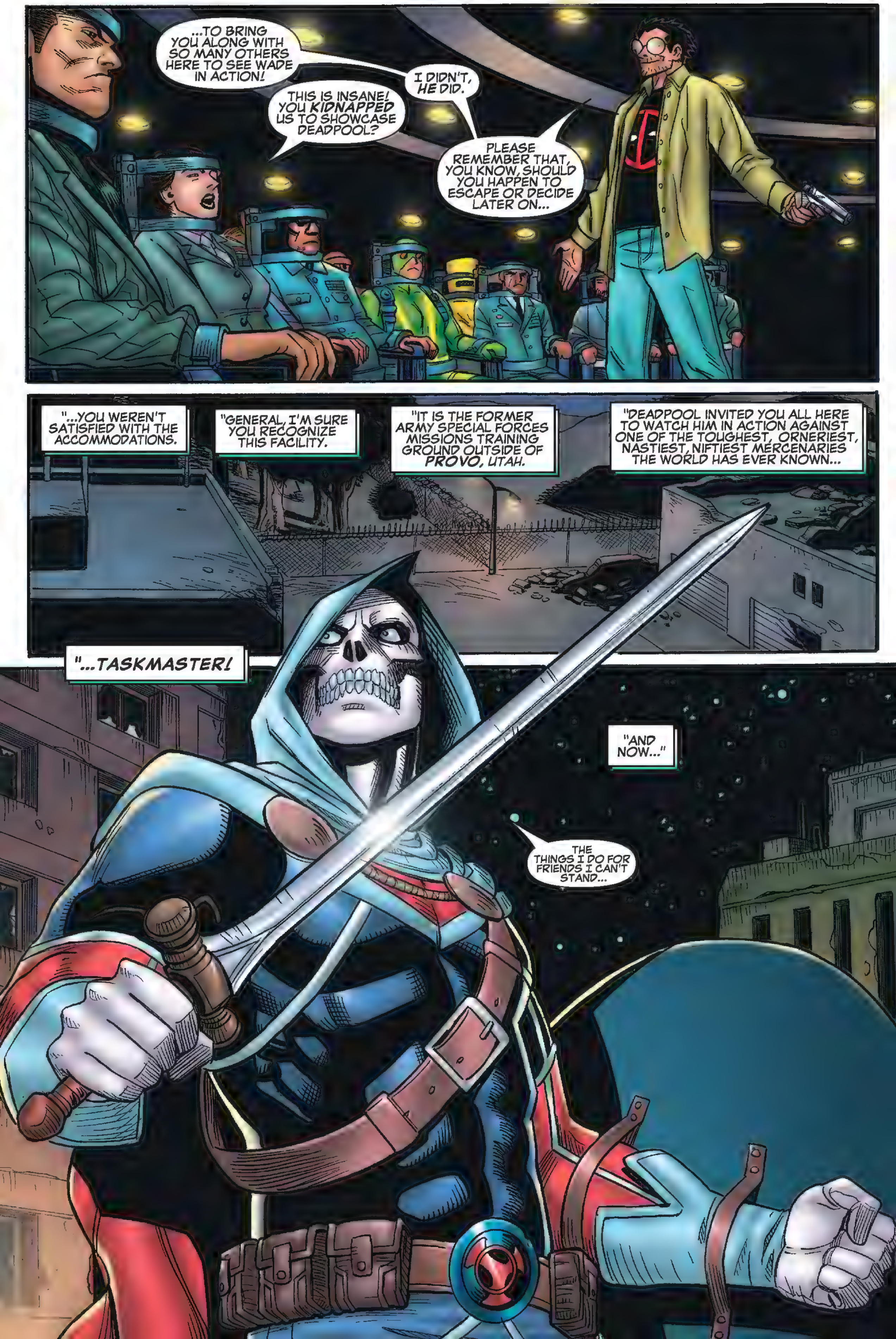

WHO PAID YOU TO SPRING ME AND WHY?

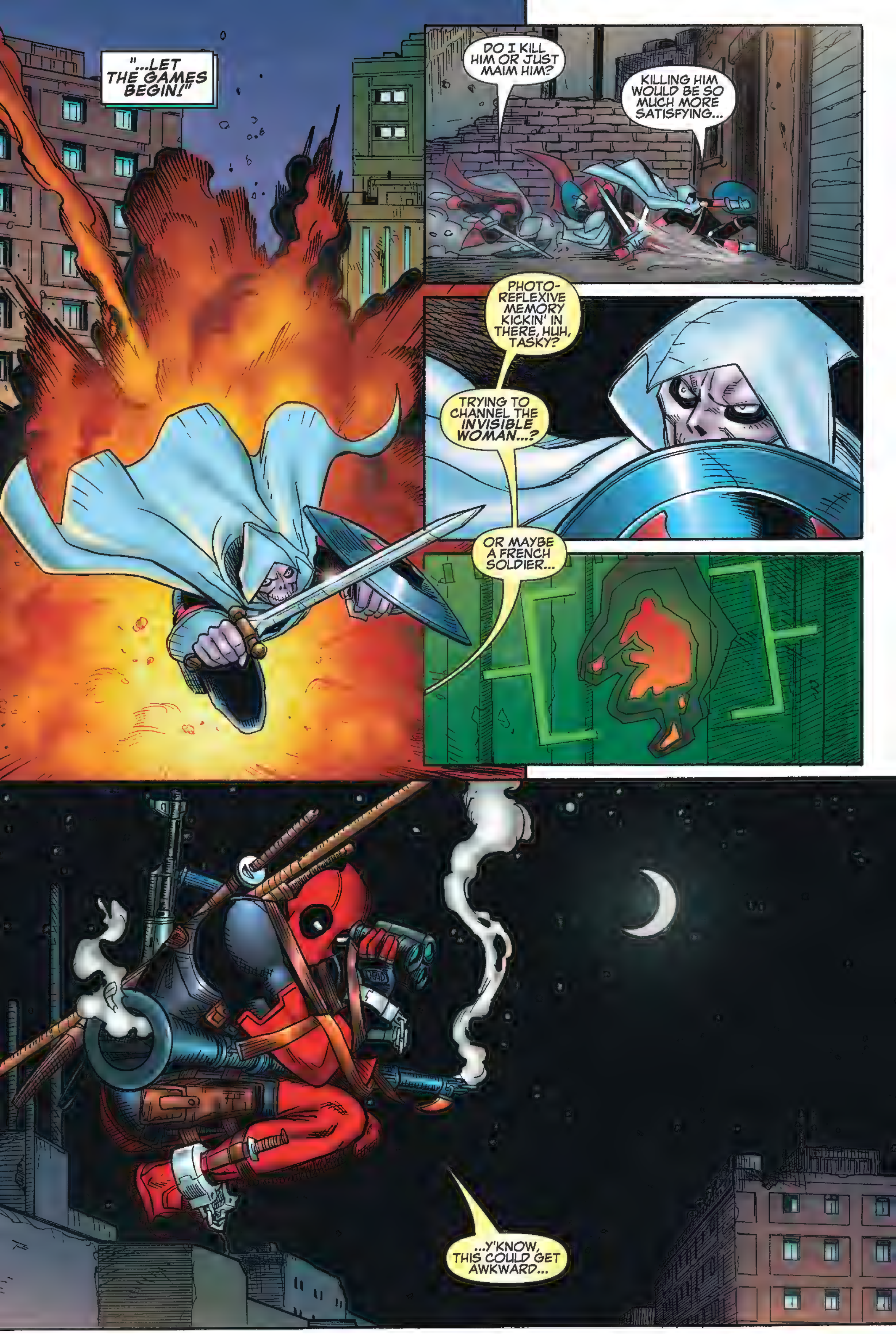

NO ONE PAID ME. I DID IT ALL ON MY OWN.
AND WHY IS THAT, I WONDER?
I'LL TELL YOU IN A MINUTE. GOTTA TAKE CARE OF THIS FIRST.
YOU ARE *NOT*...
WHAT?
OH.
THIS?
THEM?
NO!
LADY, SORRY ABOUT THIS AND ALL. THERE'S A CAR WAITING FOR YOU ABOUT TWO HUNDRED YARDS 'ROUND THE BEND. GET GOIN'.
AND DON'T GO TO ANY MORE HIGHWAY REST STOPS AT TWO IN THE MORNING. I DON'T CARE *HOW* BAD YOUR BRATS GOTTA PEE!
TELL 'EM TO HOLD IT IN. IT'LL BUILD CHARACTER. I KNOW FROM EXPERIENCE.

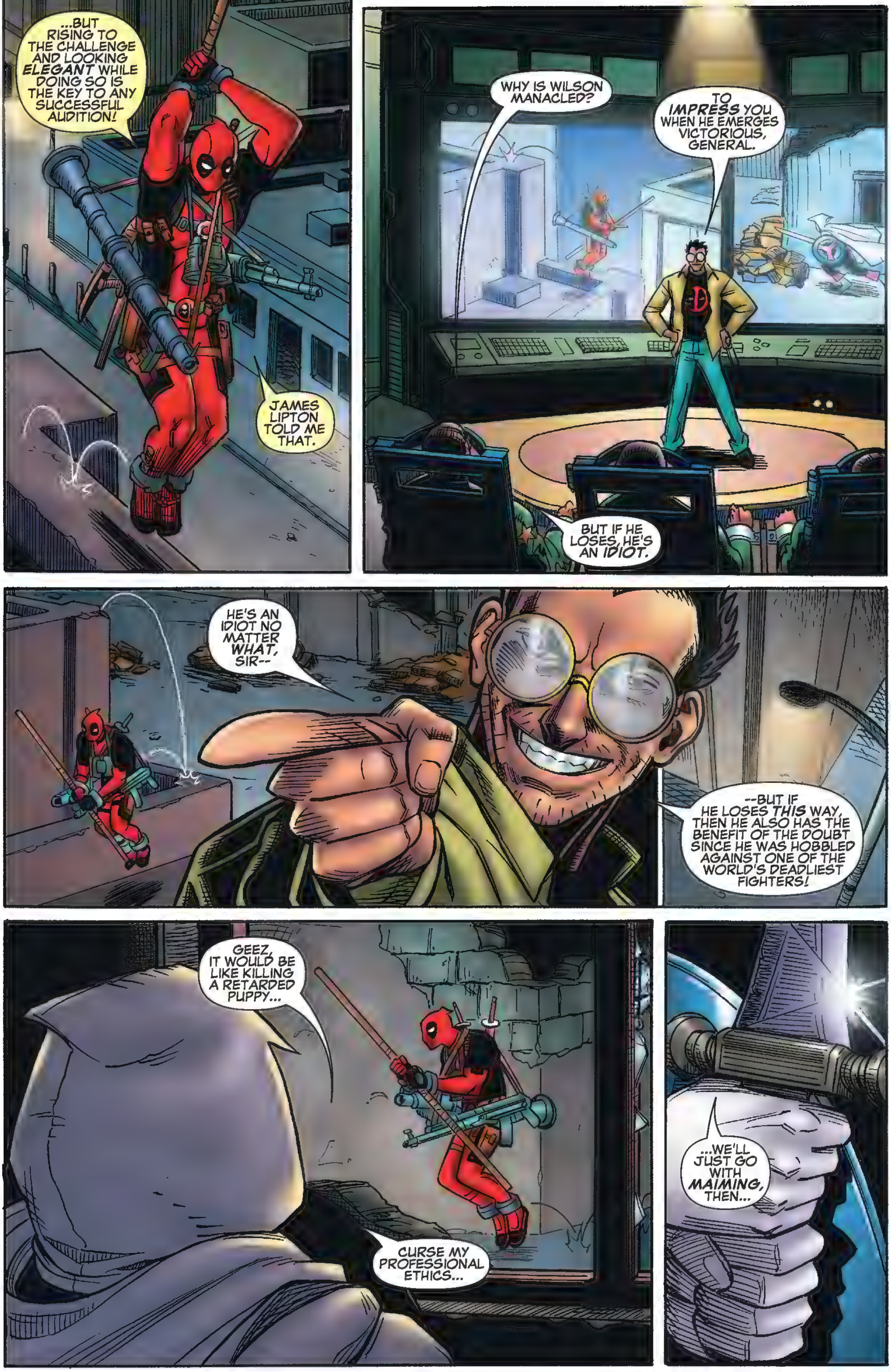

BEIN' A SINGLE MOM IS ROUGH.
YEAH. SO?
WHAT? OH. YOU.
YEAH. 'CAUSE SERIOUSLY, YOU'RE ONE PERSON I'D RATHER **NOT** BE INDEBTED TO.
I'D JUST AS SOON TAKE MY CHANCES OF ESCAPING ON MY OWN.
I'M LISTENING.
NO DEBTS, TASKY, SERIOUSLY. JUST A FAIR TRADE.
I FREE YOU AND YOU FIGHT ME.
RIGHT WHERE THE INSIDIOUS, MALEVOLENT, MACHIAVELLIAN PEOPLE WHO DO THE HIRING FOR OUR KIND ARE GATHERED.
HUH?
HALLIBURTON IS HAVING A BOARD MEETING?
YOU'RE ON THE OUTS. THIS WHOLE CIVIL WAR STUFF, ***CABLE*** PUBLICLY AND TOTALLY HANDING YOU YOUR BUTT...
HE DID NOT!
OKAY, WILSON. YOU GOT IT. I'LL GIVE YOU SOME SYMPATHY NOOKIE.
YOU GOT THE ***KEY-CODES*** TO THESE LOCKS OR DO YOU PLAN ON RE-ESTABLISHING YOUR REP BY TAKING ME DOWN WHILE I'M ***MANACLED?***

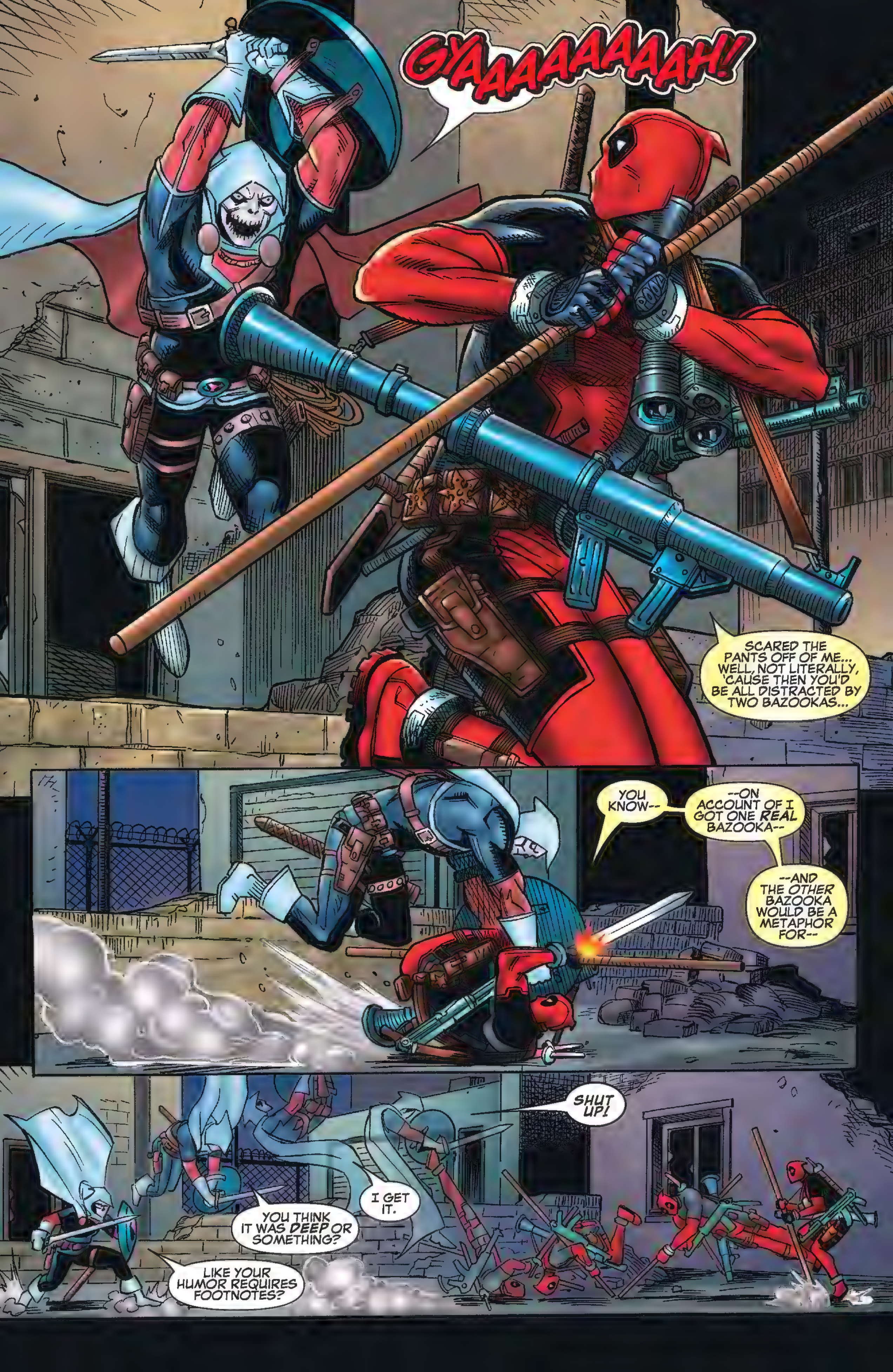

NO, *I'M* GONNA BE THE ONE WHO'S MANACLED.
WHAT?
HOW *TOTALLY* COOL IS IT GONNA BE WHEN I BEAT YOU DOWN EVEN THOUGH I'M TIED UP?
HMM... THE MASTER OVERRIDE CODE WEASEL GAVE ME ISN'T WORKING...
SCHEEEET
HECK WITH IT.
WAIT--!
SHUNK
AH.
SHUNK
WOW. GOTTA *REMEMBER* THAT ONE.
YEAH. THIS ONE, TOO...
DEAD

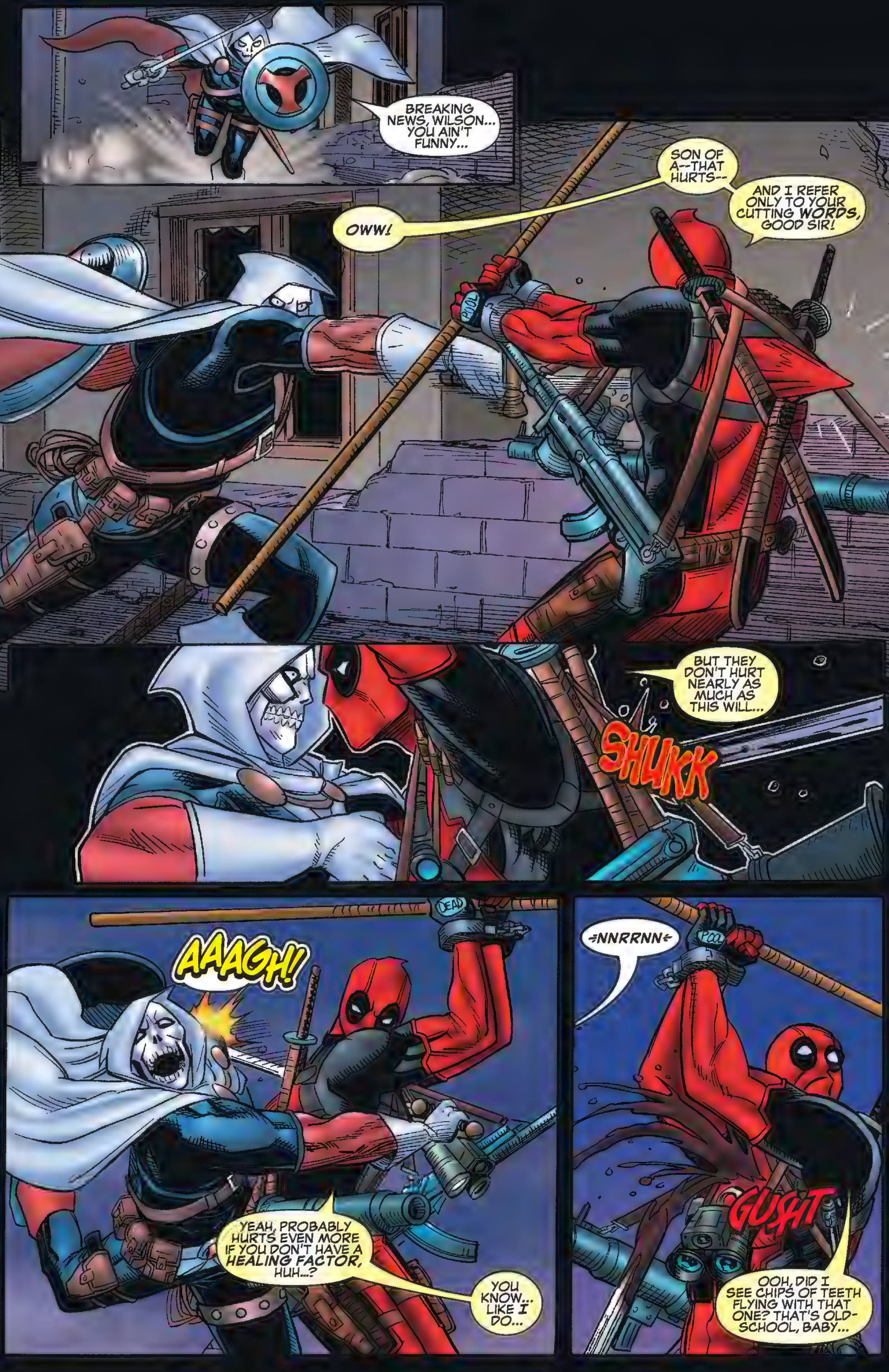

THAT WAS PROBABLY CHEAP EVEN BY MY STANDARDS.
PROBABLY.
BUT IT SAVES ME A LOT OF EXPOSITORY DIALOGUE, SINCE NOW WE CAN JUST CUT STRAIGHT TO...
I AM ABSOLUTELY SERIOUS, *GENERAL HARTECOURT.*
BUT YOU KNOW I'VE HATED WILSON SINCE I WAS HIS *DRILL SERGEANT*...
YES, WE KNOW, BUT ALL THE MORE REASON...

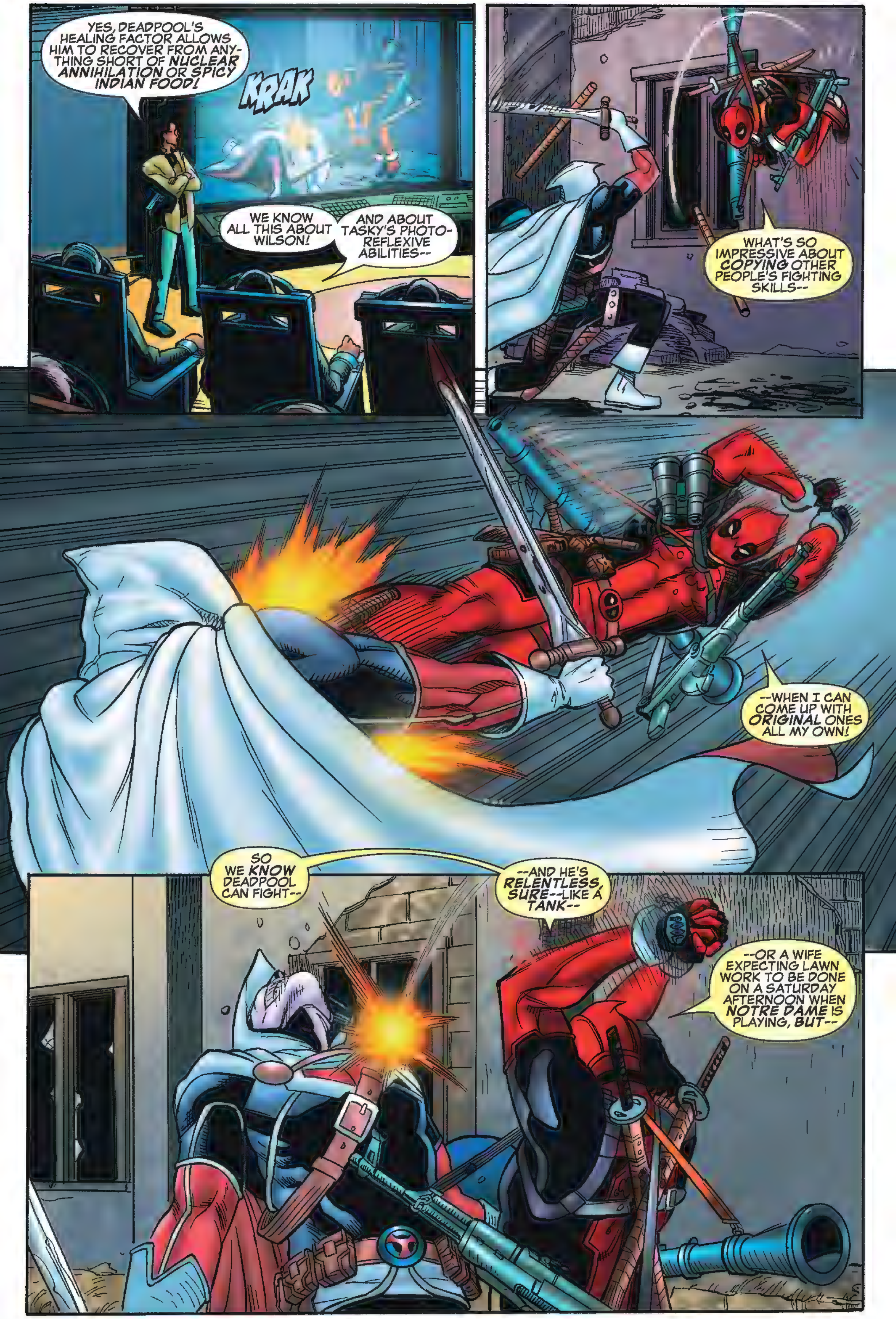

...TO BRING YOU ALONG WITH SO MANY OTHERS HERE TO SEE WADE IN ACTION!
I DIDN'T, *HE* DID.
THIS IS INSANE! YOU *KIDNAPPED* US TO SHOWCASE DEADPOOL?
PLEASE REMEMBER THAT, YOU KNOW, SHOULD YOU HAPPEN TO ESCAPE OR DECIDE LATER ON...
"...YOU WEREN'T SATISFIED WITH THE ACCOMMODATIONS.
"GENERAL, I'M SURE YOU RECOGNIZE THIS FACILITY.
"IT IS THE FORMER ARMY SPECIAL FORCES MISSIONS TRAINING GROUND OUTSIDE OF *PROVO*, UTAH.
"DEADPOOL INVITED YOU ALL HERE TO WATCH HIM IN ACTION AGAINST ONE OF THE TOUGHEST, ORNERIEST, NASTIEST, NIFTIEST MERCENARIES THE WORLD HAS EVER KNOWN...
"...*TASKMASTER!*
"AND NOW..."
THE THINGS I DO FOR FRIENDS I CAN'T STAND...

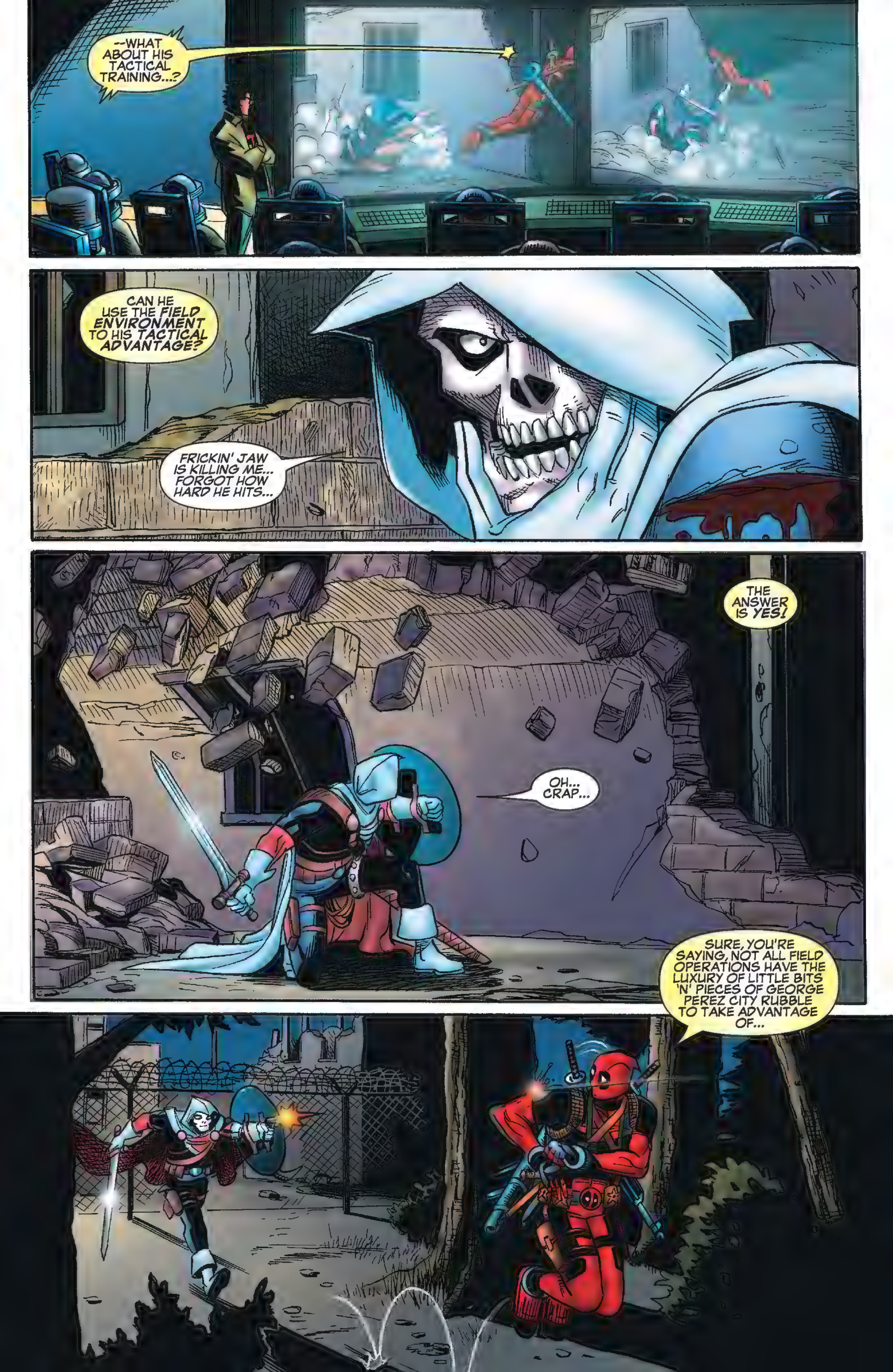

"...LET THE GAMES BEGIN!"
DO I KILL HIM OR JUST MAIM HIM?
KILLING HIM WOULD BE SO MUCH MORE SATISFYING...
PHOTO-REFLEXIVE MEMORY KICKIN' IN THERE, HUH, TASKY?
TRYING TO CHANNEL THE *INVISIBLE WOMAN...?*
OR MAYBE A FRENCH SOLDIER...
...Y'KNOW, THIS COULD GET AWKWARD...

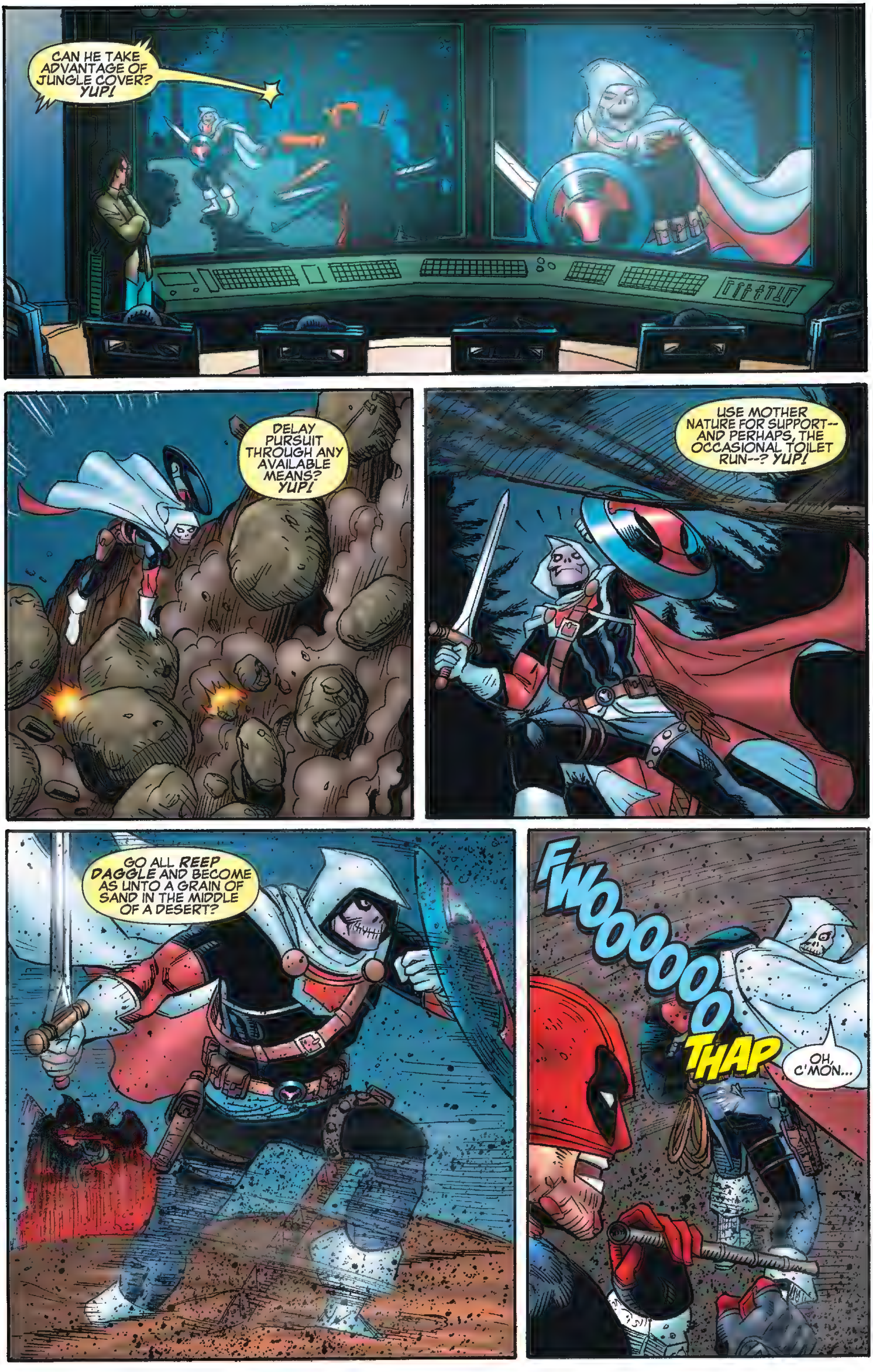

...BUT RISING TO THE CHALLENGE AND LOOKING *ELEGANT* WHILE DOING SO IS THE KEY TO ANY SUCCESSFUL AUDITION!
JAMES LIPTON TOLD ME THAT.
WHY IS WILSON MANACLED?
TO *IMPRESS* YOU WHEN HE EMERGES VICTORIOUS, GENERAL.
BUT IF HE LOSES, HE'S AN *IDIOT*.
HE'S AN IDIOT NO MATTER *WHAT*, SIR--
--BUT IF HE LOSES *THIS* WAY, THEN HE ALSO HAS THE BENEFIT OF THE DOUBT SINCE HE WAS HOBBLED AGAINST ONE OF THE WORLD'S DEADLIEST FIGHTERS!
GEEZ, IT WOULD BE LIKE KILLING A RETARDED PUPPY...
CURSE MY PROFESSIONAL ETHICS...
...WE'LL JUST GO WITH *MAIMING*, THEN...

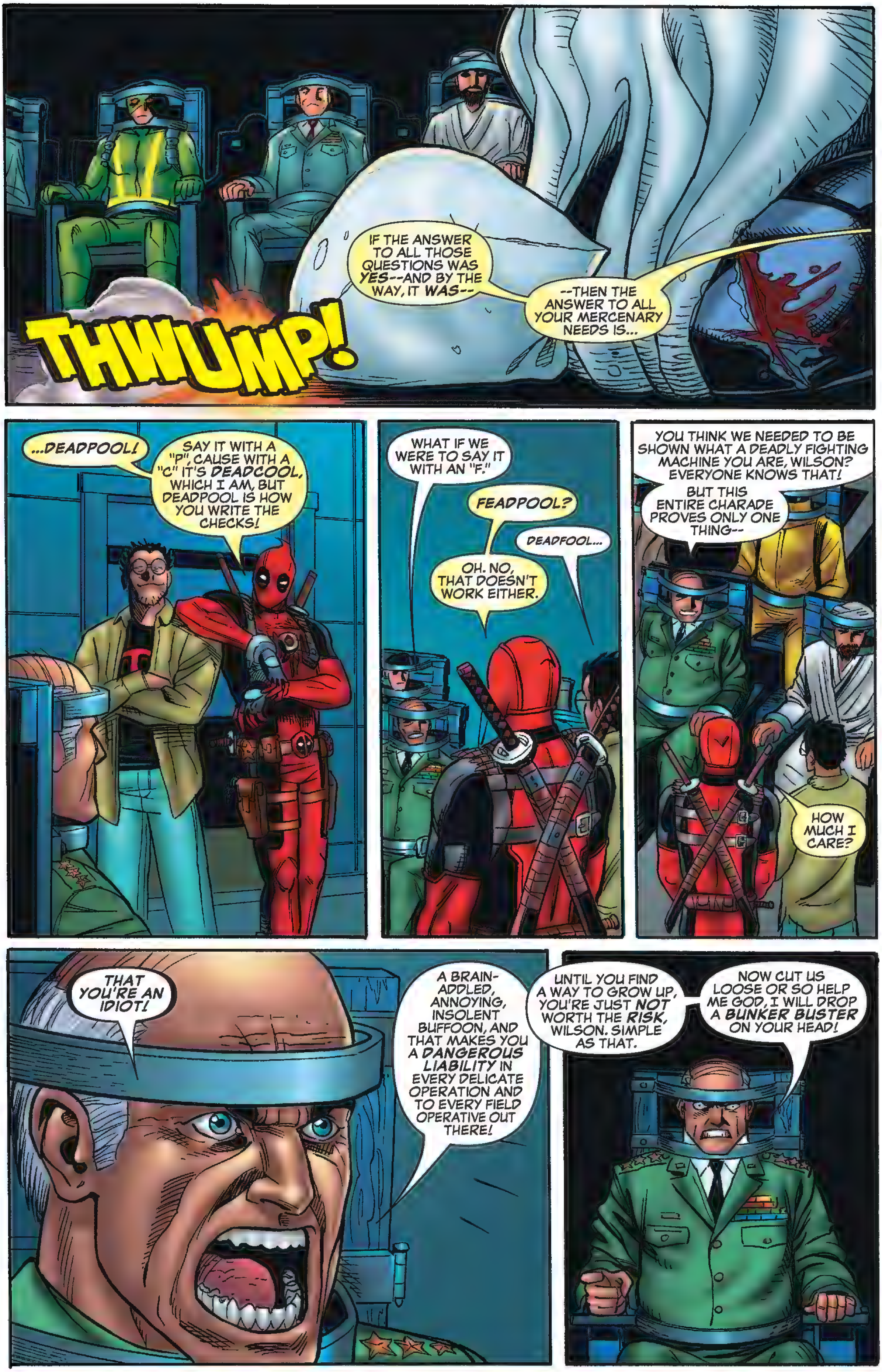

GYAAAAAAAH!
SCARED THE PANTS OFF OF ME... WELL, NOT LITERALLY, 'CAUSE THEN YOU'D BE ALL DISTRACTED BY TWO BAZOOKAS...
YOU KNOW--
--ON ACCOUNT OF I GOT ONE *REAL* BAZOOKA--
--AND THE *OTHER* BAZOOKA WOULD BE A METAPHOR FOR--
SHUT UP!
I GET IT.
YOU THINK IT WAS *DEEP* OR SOMETHING?
LIKE YOUR HUMOR REQUIRES FOOTNOTES?

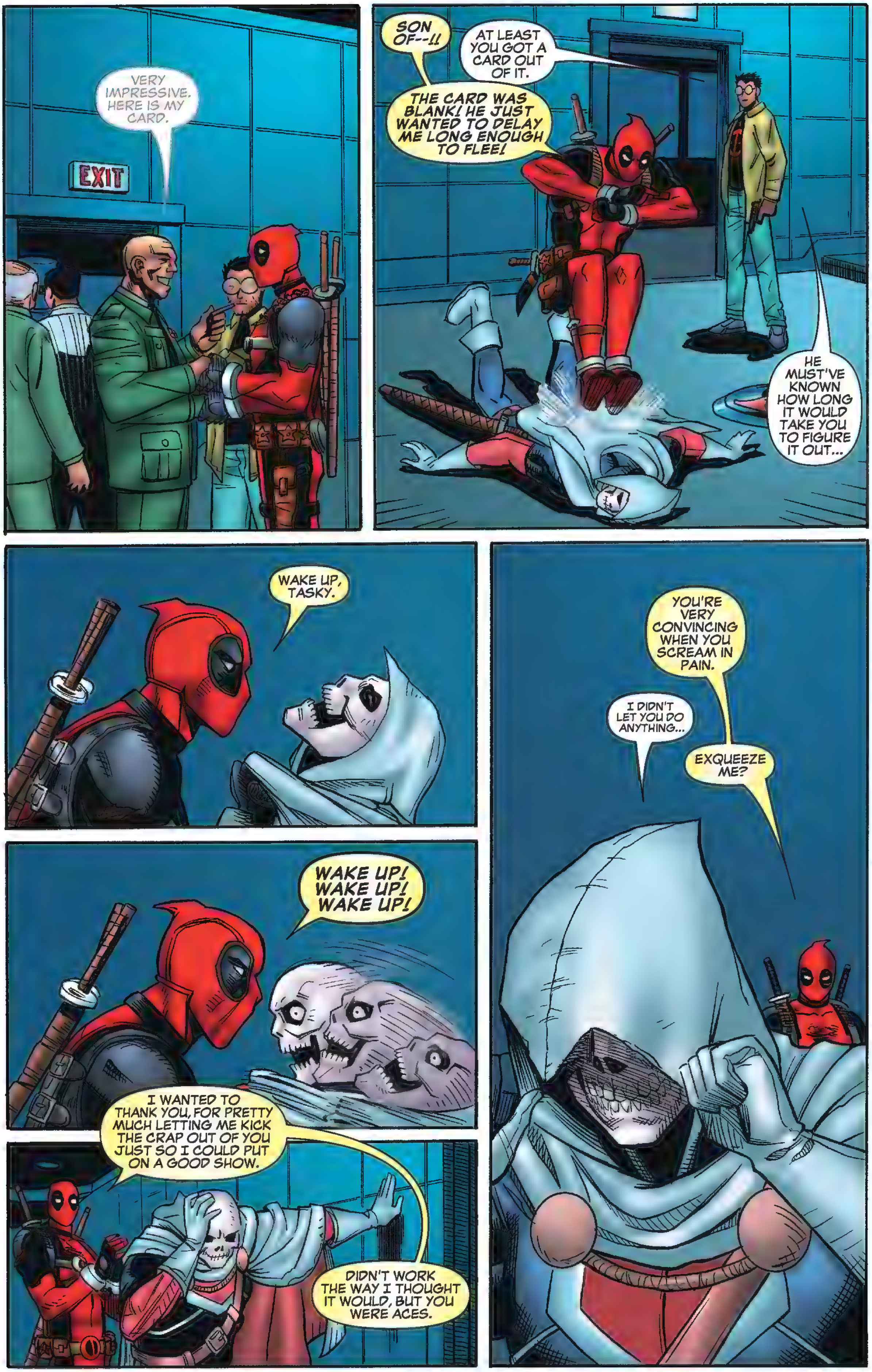

BREAKING NEWS, WILSON... YOU AIN'T FUNNY...
OWW!
SON OF A--THAT HURTS--
AND I REFER ONLY TO YOUR CUTTING **WORDS**, GOOD SIR!
BUT THEY DON'T HURT NEARLY AS MUCH AS THIS WILL...
SHUKK
AAAGH!
DEAD
YEAH, PROBABLY HURTS EVEN MORE IF YOU DON'T HAVE A **HEALING FACTOR**, HUH...?
YOU KNOW... LIKE *I* DO...
=NNRRNN=
POOL
GUSHT
OOH, DID I SEE CHIPS OF TEETH FLYING WITH THAT ONE? THAT'S OLD-SCHOOL, BABY...

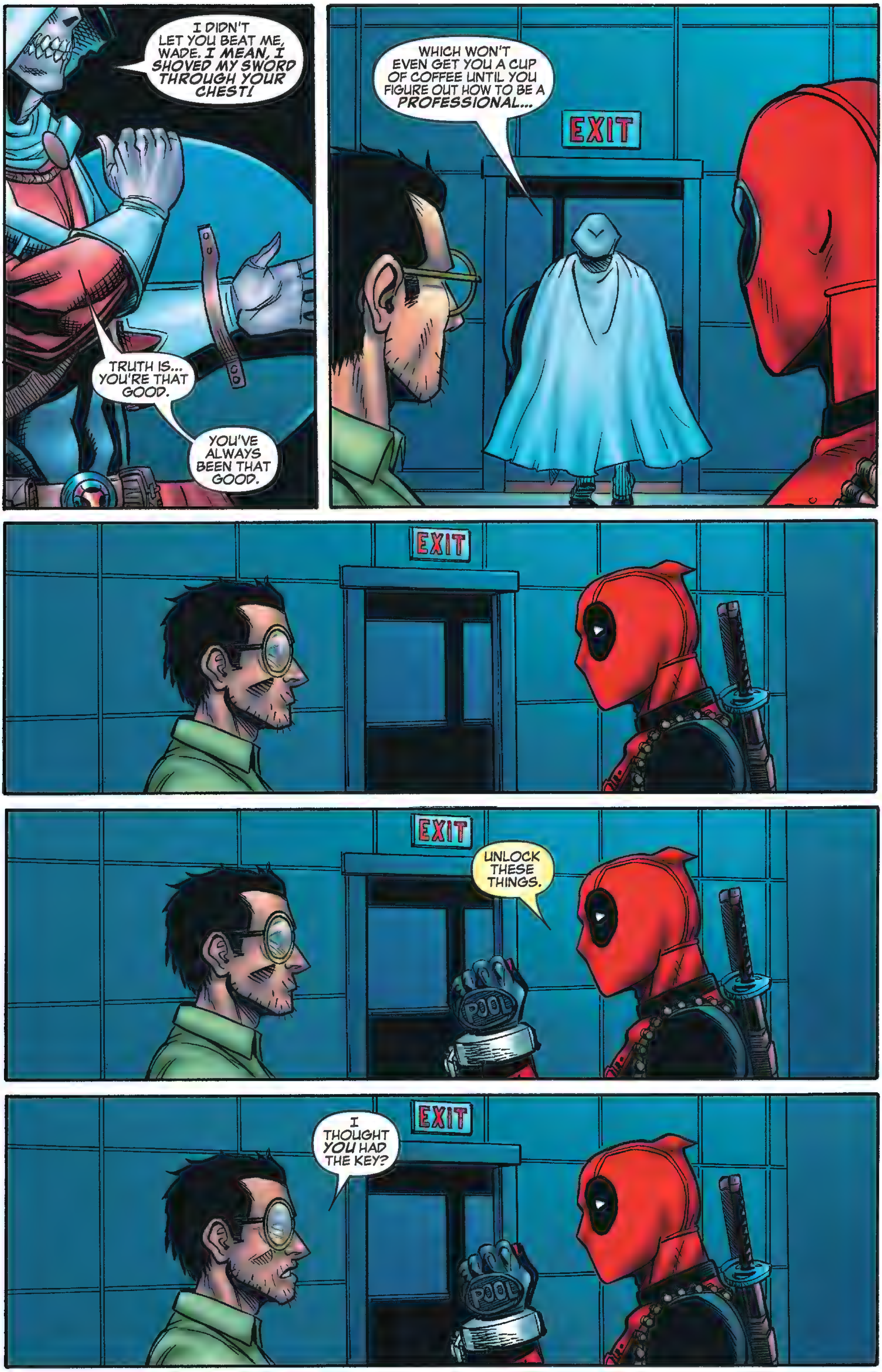

YES, DEADPOOL'S HEALING FACTOR ALLOWS HIM TO RECOVER FROM ANYTHING SHORT OF NUCLEAR ANNIHILATION OR SPICY INDIAN FOOD!
KRAK
WE KNOW ALL THIS ABOUT WILSON!
AND ABOUT TASKY'S PHOTO-REFLEXIVE ABILITIES--
WHAT'S SO IMPRESSIVE ABOUT COPYING OTHER PEOPLE'S FIGHTING SKILLS--
--WHEN I CAN COME UP WITH ORIGINAL ONES ALL MY OWN!
SO WE KNOW DEADPOOL CAN FIGHT--
--AND HE'S RELENTLESS, SURE--LIKE A TANK--
--OR A WIFE EXPECTING LAWN WORK TO BE DONE ON A SATURDAY AFTERNOON WHEN NOTRE DAME IS PLAYING, BUT--

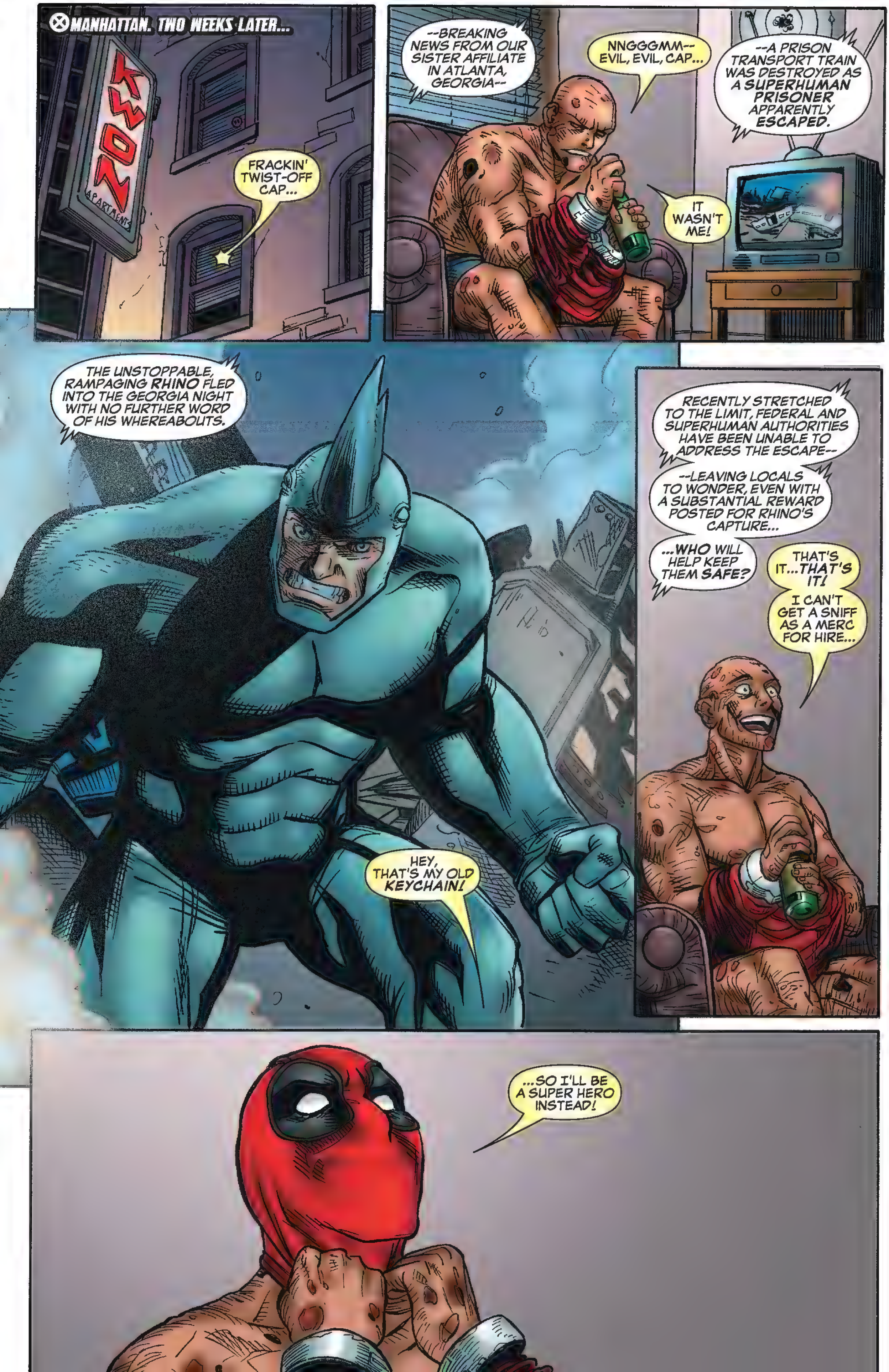

--WHAT ABOUT HIS TACTICAL TRAINING...?
CAN HE USE THE *FIELD ENVIRONMENT* TO HIS *TACTICAL ADVANTAGE?*
FRICKIN' JAW IS KILLING ME... FORGOT HOW HARD HE HITS...
THE ANSWER IS *YES!*
OH... CRAP...
SURE, YOU'RE SAYING, NOT ALL FIELD OPERATIONS HAVE THE LUXURY OF LITTLE BITS 'N' PIECES OF GEORGE PEREZ CITY RUBBLE TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF...


CAN HE TAKE ADVANTAGE OF JUNGLE COVER? YUP!
DELAY PURSUIT THROUGH ANY AVAILABLE MEANS? YUP!
USE MOTHER NATURE FOR SUPPORT-- AND PERHAPS, THE OCCASIONAL TOILET RUN--? YUP!
GO ALL REEP DAGGLE AND BECOME AS UNTO A GRAIN OF SAND IN THE MIDDLE OF A DESERT?
FWOOOOOOO
THAP
OH, C'MON...


IF THE ANSWER TO ALL THOSE QUESTIONS WAS *YES*--AND BY THE WAY, IT *WAS*--
--THEN THE ANSWER TO ALL YOUR MERCENARY NEEDS IS...
THWUMP!
...*DEADPOOL!*
SAY IT WITH A "P", CAUSE WITH A "C" IT'S *DEADCOOL*, WHICH I AM, BUT DEADPOOL IS HOW YOU WRITE THE CHECKS!
WHAT IF WE WERE TO SAY IT WITH AN "F."
FEADPOOL?
OH. NO, THAT DOESN'T WORK EITHER.
DEADFOOL...
YOU THINK WE NEEDED TO BE SHOWN WHAT A DEADLY FIGHTING MACHINE YOU ARE, WILSON? EVERYONE KNOWS THAT!
BUT THIS ENTIRE CHARADE PROVES ONLY ONE THING--
HOW MUCH I CARE?
THAT *YOU'RE AN IDIOT!*
A BRAIN-ADDLED, ANNOYING, INSOLENT BUFFOON, AND THAT MAKES YOU A *DANGEROUS LIABILITY* IN EVERY DELICATE OPERATION AND TO EVERY FIELD OPERATIVE OUT THERE!
UNTIL YOU FIND A WAY TO GROW UP, YOU'RE JUST *NOT* WORTH THE *RISK*, WILSON. SIMPLE AS THAT.
NOW CUT US LOOSE OR SO HELP ME GOD, I WILL DROP A *BUNKER BUSTER* ON YOUR HEAD!


VERY IMPRESSIVE. HERE IS MY CARD.
EXIT
SON OF--!!
AT LEAST YOU GOT A CARD OUT OF IT.
THE CARD WAS BLANK! HE JUST WANTED TO DELAY ME LONG ENOUGH TO FLEE!
HE MUST'VE KNOWN HOW LONG IT WOULD TAKE YOU TO FIGURE IT OUT...
WAKE UP, TASKY.
YOU'RE VERY CONVINCING WHEN YOU SCREAM IN PAIN.
I DIDN'T LET YOU DO ANYTHING...
EXQUEEZE ME?
WAKE UP! WAKE UP! WAKE UP!
I WANTED TO THANK YOU, FOR PRETTY MUCH LETTING ME KICK THE CRAP OUT OF YOU JUST SO I COULD PUT ON A GOOD SHOW.
DIDN'T WORK THE WAY I THOUGHT IT WOULD, BUT YOU WERE ACES.


I DIDN'T LET YOU BEAT ME, WADE. *I MEAN, I SHOVED MY SWORD THROUGH YOUR CHEST!*
TRUTH IS... YOU'RE THAT GOOD.
YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN THAT GOOD.
WHICH WON'T EVEN GET YOU A CUP OF COFFEE UNTIL YOU FIGURE OUT HOW TO BE A *PROFESSIONAL...*
EXIT
EXIT
EXIT
UNLOCK THESE THINGS.
POOL
I THOUGHT *YOU* HAD THE KEY?
EXIT
POOL


MANHATTAN. TWO WEEKS LATER...
KWON APARTMENTS
FRACKIN' TWIST-OFF CAP...
--BREAKING NEWS FROM OUR SISTER AFFILIATE IN ATLANTA, GEORGIA--
NNGGGMM-- EVIL, EVIL, CAP...
--A PRISON TRANSPORT TRAIN WAS DESTROYED AS A SUPERHUMAN PRISONER APPARENTLY ESCAPED.
IT WASN'T ME!
THE UNSTOPPABLE, RAMPAGING RHINO FLED INTO THE GEORGIA NIGHT WITH NO FURTHER WORD OF HIS WHEREABOUTS.
HEY, THAT'S MY OLD KEYCHAIN!
RECENTLY STRETCHED TO THE LIMIT, FEDERAL AND SUPERHUMAN AUTHORITIES HAVE BEEN UNABLE TO ADDRESS THE ESCAPE--
--LEAVING LOCALS TO WONDER, EVEN WITH A SUBSTANTIAL REWARD POSTED FOR RHINO'S CAPTURE...
...WHO WILL HELP KEEP THEM SAFE?
THAT'S IT...THAT'S IT!
I CAN'T GET A SNIFF AS A MERC FOR HIRE...
...SO I'LL BE A SUPER HERO INSTEAD!

DEAR DEADPOOL

Hey, Nicole -- check this out -- in the fashion that made America great, if you whine enough, you'll get what you want! We said we wanted more letters -- AND WE GOT MORE LETTERS! Yay. The bad side to all this is... we got more letters... and quite a lot of you -- might I mention? -- are improving your language skills.

Okay, here we go...

Hey Deadpool and friends (or acquaintances),

After seeing that there was a lack of letters at the end of ish 34 I decided there was no time like the present to write my very first piece of fan mail. I LOVE DEADPOOL! Some might say I'm obsessed. I love the mix of humor and action. I really enjoy the story and can't wait to see Deadpool shoot Cable more in the future. Also I have attached a pic of my Deadpool tattoo. Until next time, keep up the great work.

Your fan always,
Eric Allgood

Eric, dude, that ink is nifty! I'm likin' it. Looks like an Ed McGuinness Me, right? I miss him. He made me very muscular in all the right spots – you know what I mean, right?

Hey guys,

I wrote to you a while back (and was printed way back in issue 15--where I threatened puppies). I wanted to write in again saying how much I still love this book every month. I've even been converting people to the book.

The Civil War tie-ins were fantastic and even people who hate Cable and Wade (because they are from the 90s) were saying how much they loved the tie-ins. So kudos to all of you!

And recently I read that you are bringing back Rhino--which we all just know will be fun.

I seriously hope this book sticks around forever.

And Fabian, any plans on writing another X-Book? Your run back in the mid-90s is still my favorite run of all time.

One last thing and I will leave you be. About a year ago I finally got my Deadpool tattoo, and well, I've been wanting to share it. Feel free to post it (and yes, I am taking donations for my Agent X tat... muwahahahahahhaa).

Anyway thank you guys so much for this comic every month.

-Mike "bairdduvessa" Higgins,
(sadly) still on Cape Cod

Hey, Mike, that's a cool tat, too! I can't tell who drew me there, or what it is I'm doing with the Ultimate Nullifier, but it's all good. Oh, wait, that was our previous letter writer. Anyway, based on that pose up there, I'm just glad you didn't put the ink on your butt...

As for your liking Fabian's X-work, well, all we can say is these kind words ARE coming from a man who has a tattoo of me on his body. But, we ran your idea of Fabian writing more X-stuff past new X-editor Axel Alonso and he said he'd have an answer for you as soon as he stopped laughing. Which we figure will be in about three or four years...

Dear Deadpool,

This is a letter I am writing to tell you the depth of my hatred for you. You see, I am a starving university student in Canada and one of the very twelve people who jumped on the C&D bandwagon because of Civil War. Damn your nonchalant attitude and awesome sense of humour that makes me come back to this drivel!!!! Why won't you just suck like all the other crap out there so I can use my money on food or maybe rent? I am going to get kicked out next week because of you!!! Please, I hope you start to suck so I can drop you like a chimchimaga.

Shohaib Abdul

Okay, Shohaib, maybe you should not worry so much about spending your meager earnings on school and books and stuff, since if you're a college student who can't spell chimichanga properly, chances are pretty good you don't have much of a future anyway.

But, on a more helpful note, we figure there must be plenty of crap out there on the market you can drop to free up some extra cash. In fact, there are plenty of books that don't have ME in them, start with those...

Dear Deadpool -

I'm sorry you were faced with a letter-less letters page. Can you blame us for not writing? You are the Merc With A Mouth - I guess we thought you'd enjoy the opportunity to, well, run your mouth. Besides, we fans can only write in to say "This comic is great/ Wade is funny/Nicieza really understands the characters/Isn't it a good thing Nate doesn't wear those big dorky shoulder pads anymore?" before we start feeling like broken records.

So anyway, here's a letter for ya. I've even got a couple questions!

1. She-Hulk #13's letters page also had no letters, and now Pip the Troll is stealing your thing and is answering the letters personally. If you and this Pip the Troll fellow had a fight, who would win? Bea Arthur faces the winner.

2. In the letters page for #24 you told me that I'm an A+ Cable & Deadpool fan, apart from living in Philly. What's your beef with Philadelphia? Are you jealous that I live a mere 20-some blocks from the Liberty Bell, whereas you need to teleport there? (Wait -- I wish I could teleport there! Or even teleport someplace cool...) Or did something bad happen to you in Philly? Is this horrific event collected in some type of purchaseable trade paperback?

3. Do you see yourself and Nate making up anytime soon? It breaks my heart to see you kids fighting. And I mean both the gun-shooting-fighting and the hurt-feelings fighting.

Thanks for another exciting issue!

-Andy Holman
Philadelphia, PA

Andy, just because all you can do when writing is send us all some love, that's no reason not to write. We need love, too, you know.

Oooh, numbered questions! It feels like it's been so long, I missed you my numerical friends...

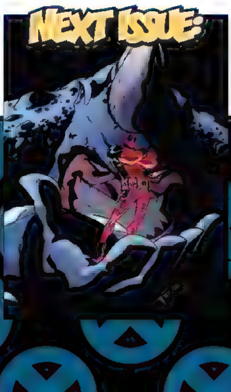
1. First of all, of course She-Hulk copied us. Slott will do anything it takes to get his book to last as long as ours has. Nicieza says, "Hah. Good luck, grasshopper." As for the fight, I'd roll Pip into a cigar and smoke him, but we all know Bea would smoke both of us.

2. I got nothin' against Philly personally, but the man who types my answers is a Rangers, Yankees and Jets fan who moved far enough south in Jersey that he has to face Flyers, Phillies and Eagles fans all around him. Shudder.

3. Yeah, you know, I honestly don't know if Nate n' me can quit each other forever, but right now, it's not good. Besides, all of a sudden he's all popular with the X-office, so you can pretty much figure out what that means for lil' ol' me. Always a bridesmaid, never an X-Man. Which isn't fair, you know, `cause I have that Marvel Girl costume all dry-cleaned and everything...

Nicole sez: Next issue, Deadpool fights the Rhino... and shrinkage ensues! Take a sneak peek at this awesome cover by Skottie Young.

Also, due to your massive public outcry, Cable & Deadpool trade paperbacks are now going BACK TO PRESS! *Cable & Deadpool Volume 1: If Looks Could Kill* will be hitting retailers' shelves on January 10th, with another volume coming out every week thereafter. Power to the people!



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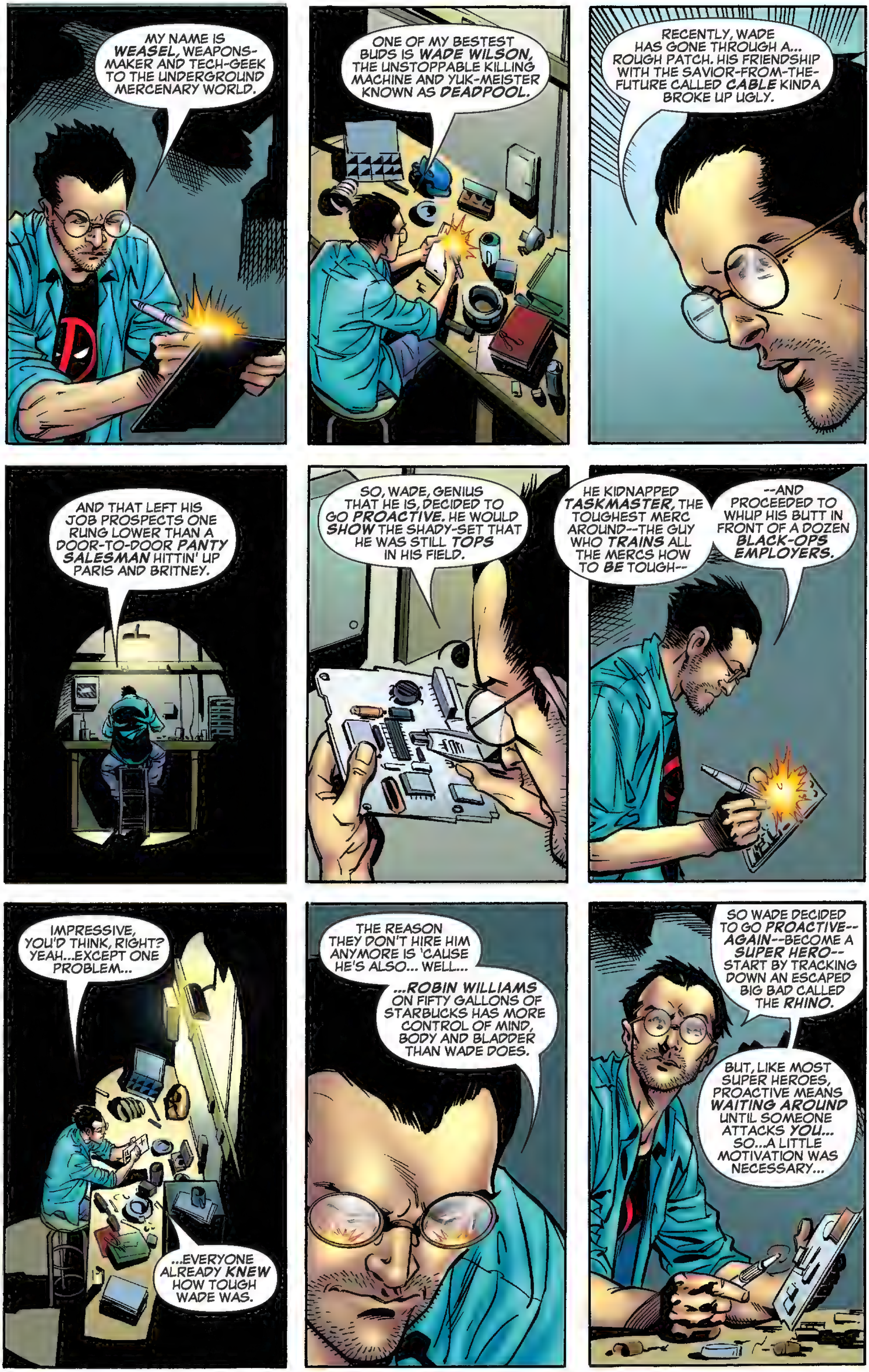
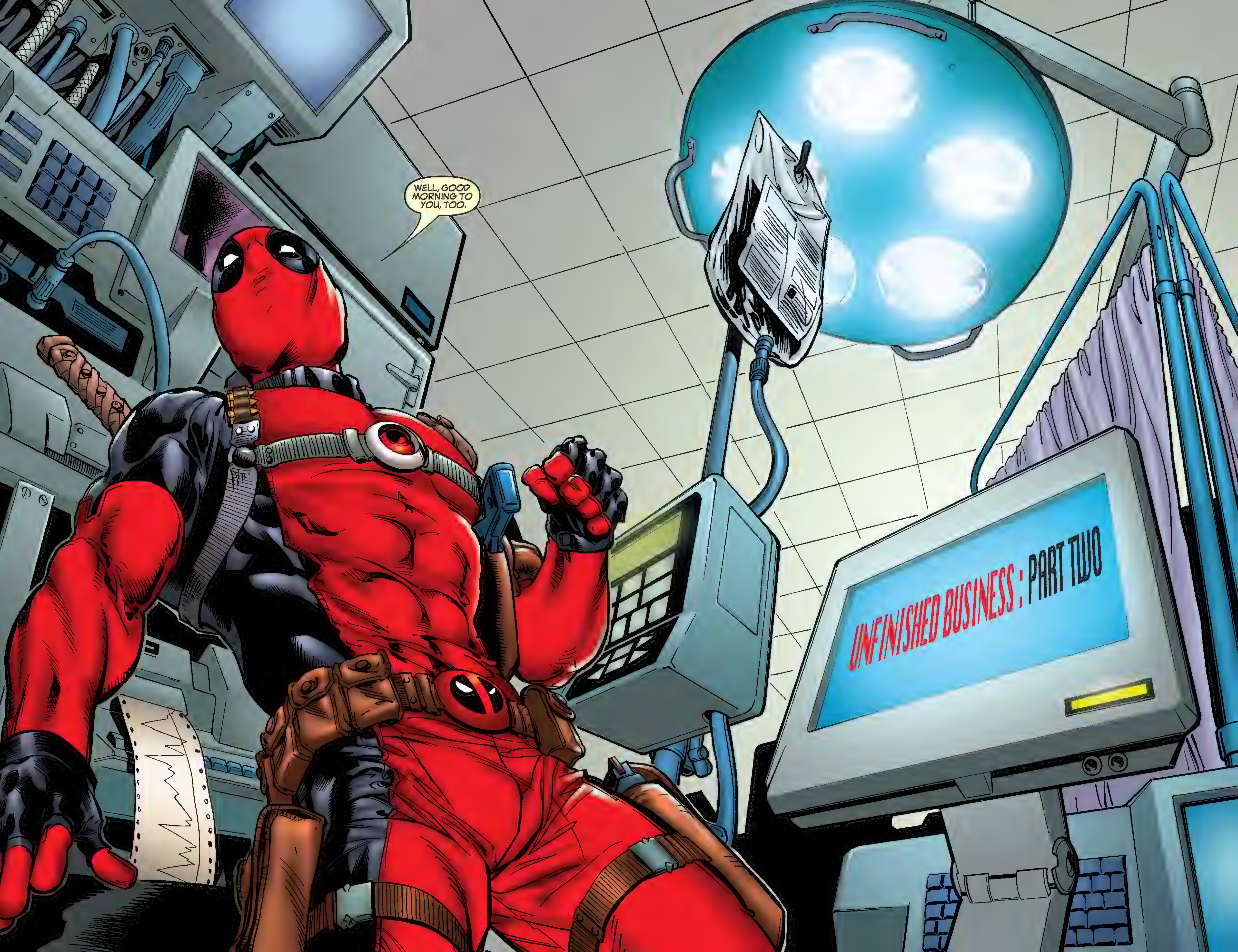
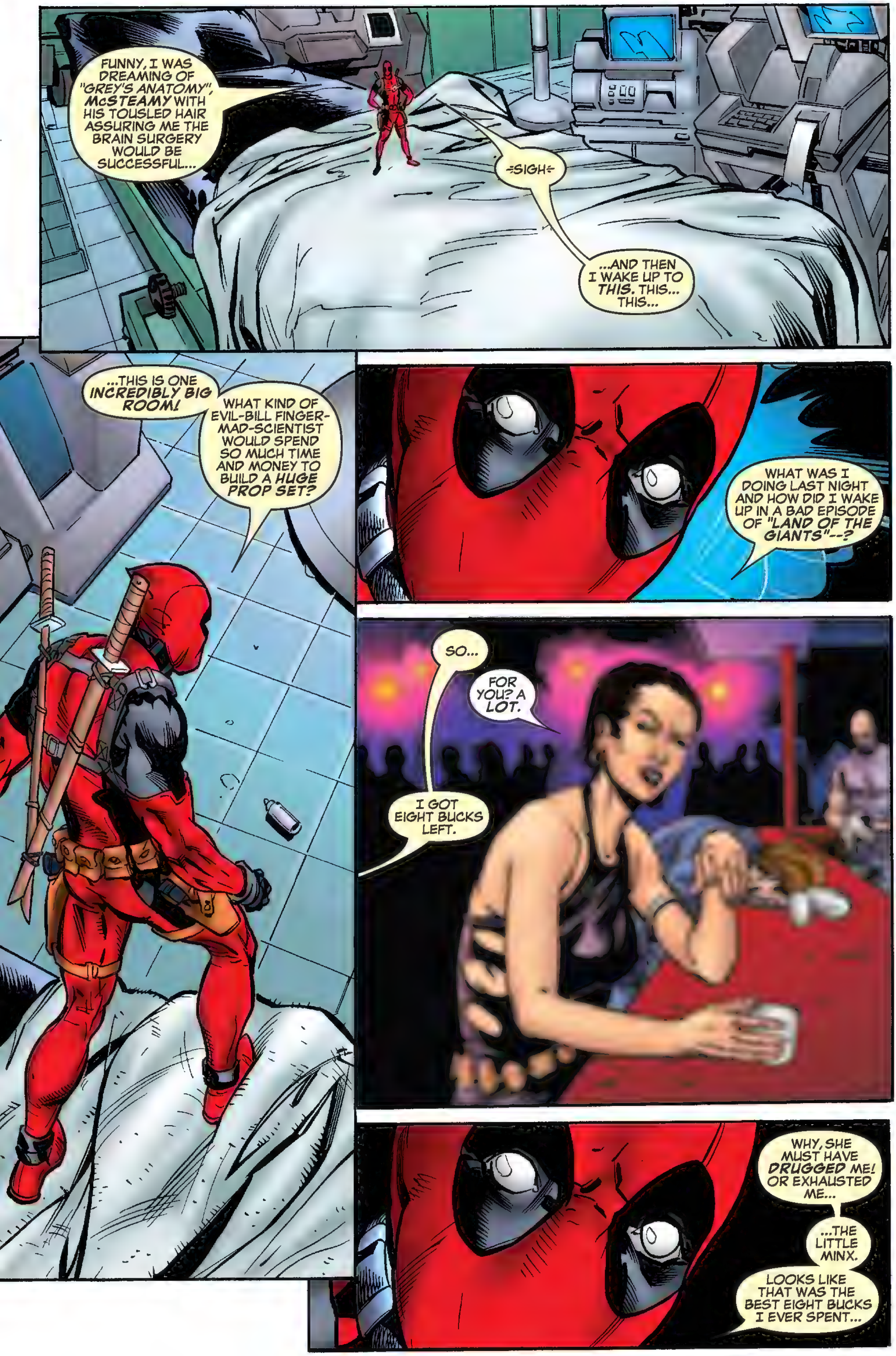
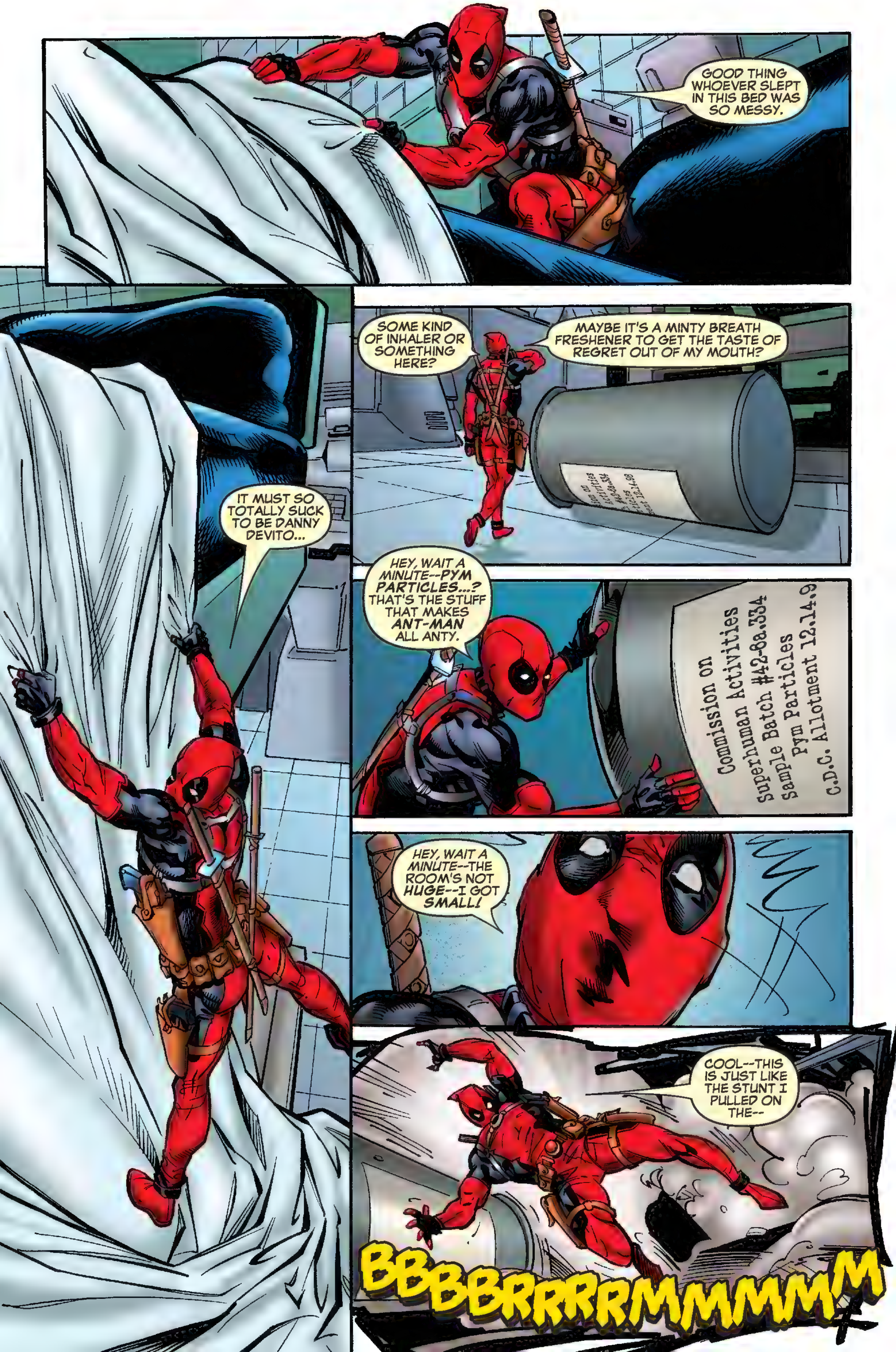
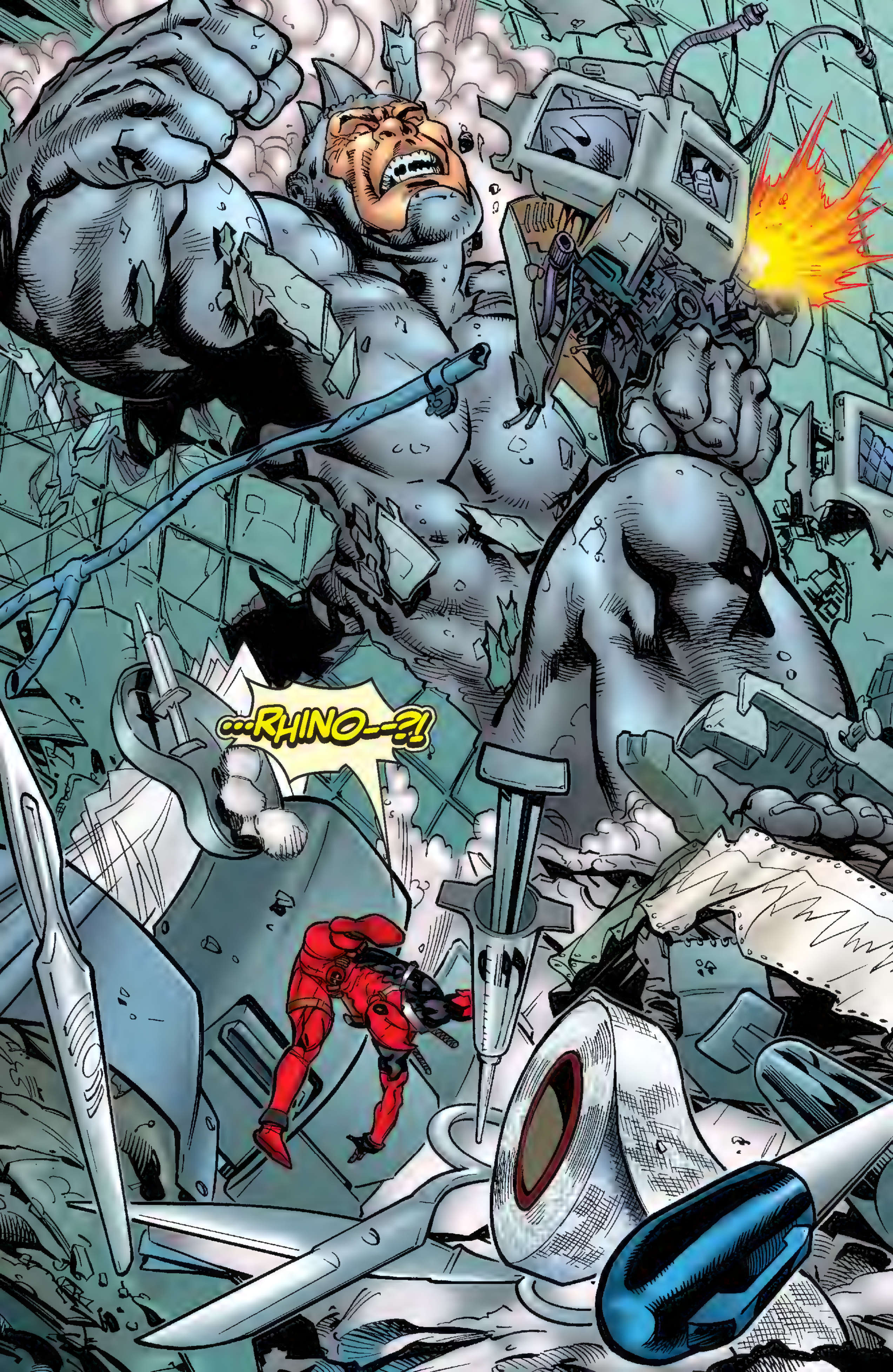
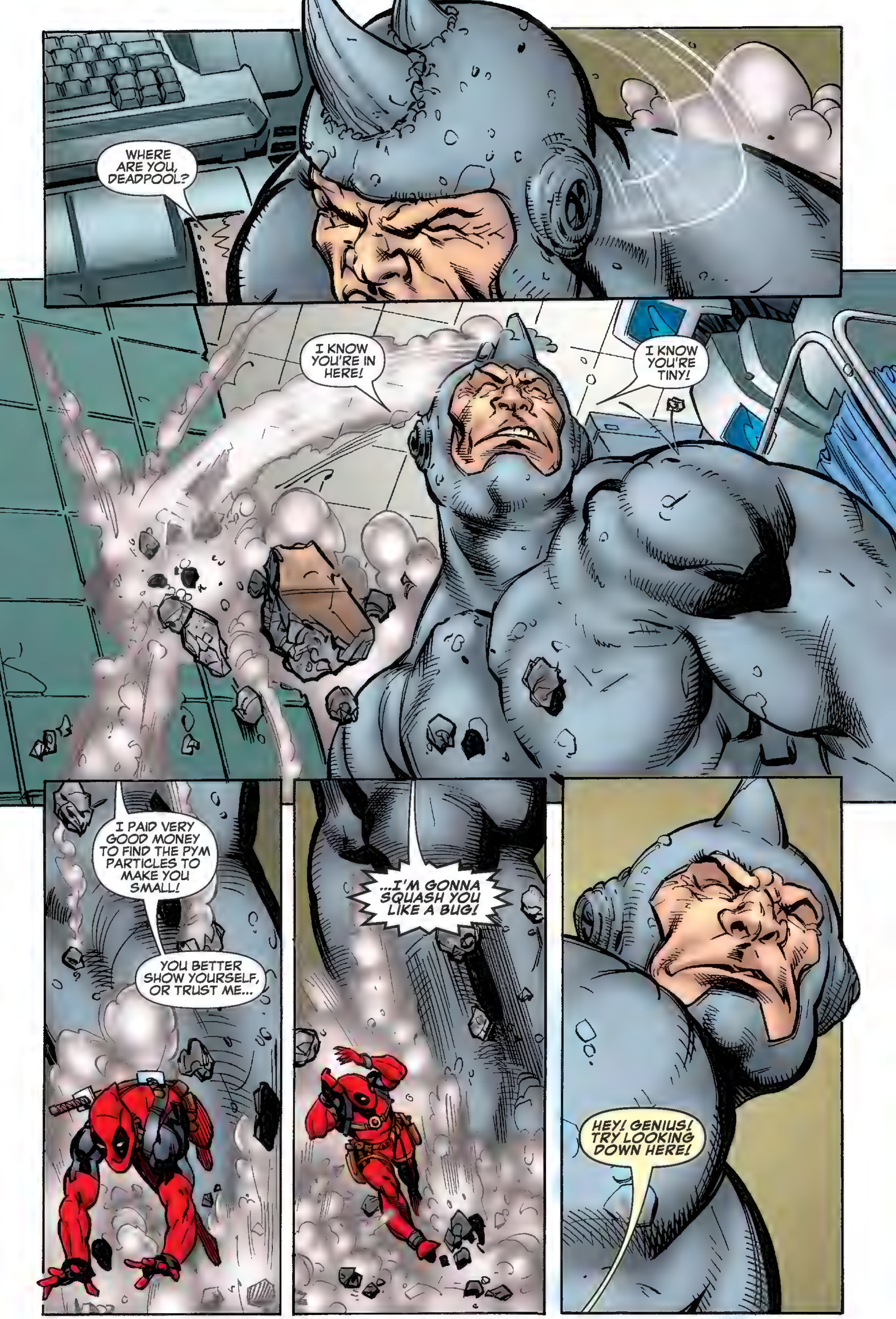

MY NAME IS **WEASEL,** WEAPONS-MAKER AND TECH-GEEK TO THE UNDERGROUND MERCENARY WORLD.
ONE OF MY BESTEST BUDS IS **WADE WILSON,** THE UNSTOPPABLE KILLING MACHINE AND YUK-MEISTER KNOWN AS **DEADPOOL.**
RECENTLY, WADE HAS GONE THROUGH A... ROUGH PATCH. HIS FRIENDSHIP WITH THE SAVIOR-FROM-THE-FUTURE CALLED **CABLE** KINDA BROKE UP UGLY.
AND THAT LEFT HIS JOB PROSPECTS ONE RUNG LOWER THAN A DOOR-TO-DOOR **PANTY SALESMAN** HITTIN' UP PARIS AND BRITNEY.
SO, WADE, GENIUS THAT HE IS, DECIDED TO GO **PROACTIVE.** HE WOULD **SHOW** THE SHADY-SET THAT HE WAS STILL **TOPS** IN HIS FIELD.
HE KIDNAPPED **TASKMASTER,** THE TOUGHEST MERC AROUND--THE GUY WHO **TRAINS** ALL THE MERCS HOW TO **BE** TOUGH--
--AND PROCEEDED TO WHUP HIS BUTT IN FRONT OF A DOZEN **BLACK-OPS EMPLOYERS.**
IMPRESSIVE, YOU'D THINK, RIGHT? YEAH...EXCEPT ONE PROBLEM...
...EVERYONE ALREADY **KNEW** HOW TOUGH WADE WAS.
THE REASON THEY DON'T HIRE HIM ANYMORE IS 'CAUSE HE'S ALSO... WELL...
...ROBIN WILLIAMS ON FIFTY GALLONS OF STARBUCKS HAS MORE CONTROL OF MIND, BODY AND BLADDER THAN WADE DOES.
SO WADE DECIDED TO GO **PROACTIVE--AGAIN--**BECOME A **SUPER HERO--**START BY TRACKING DOWN AN ESCAPED BIG BAD CALLED THE **RHINO.**
BUT, LIKE MOST SUPER HEROES, PROACTIVE MEANS **WAITING AROUND** UNTIL SOMEONE ATTACKS **YOU...** SO...A LITTLE MOTIVATION WAS NECESSARY...

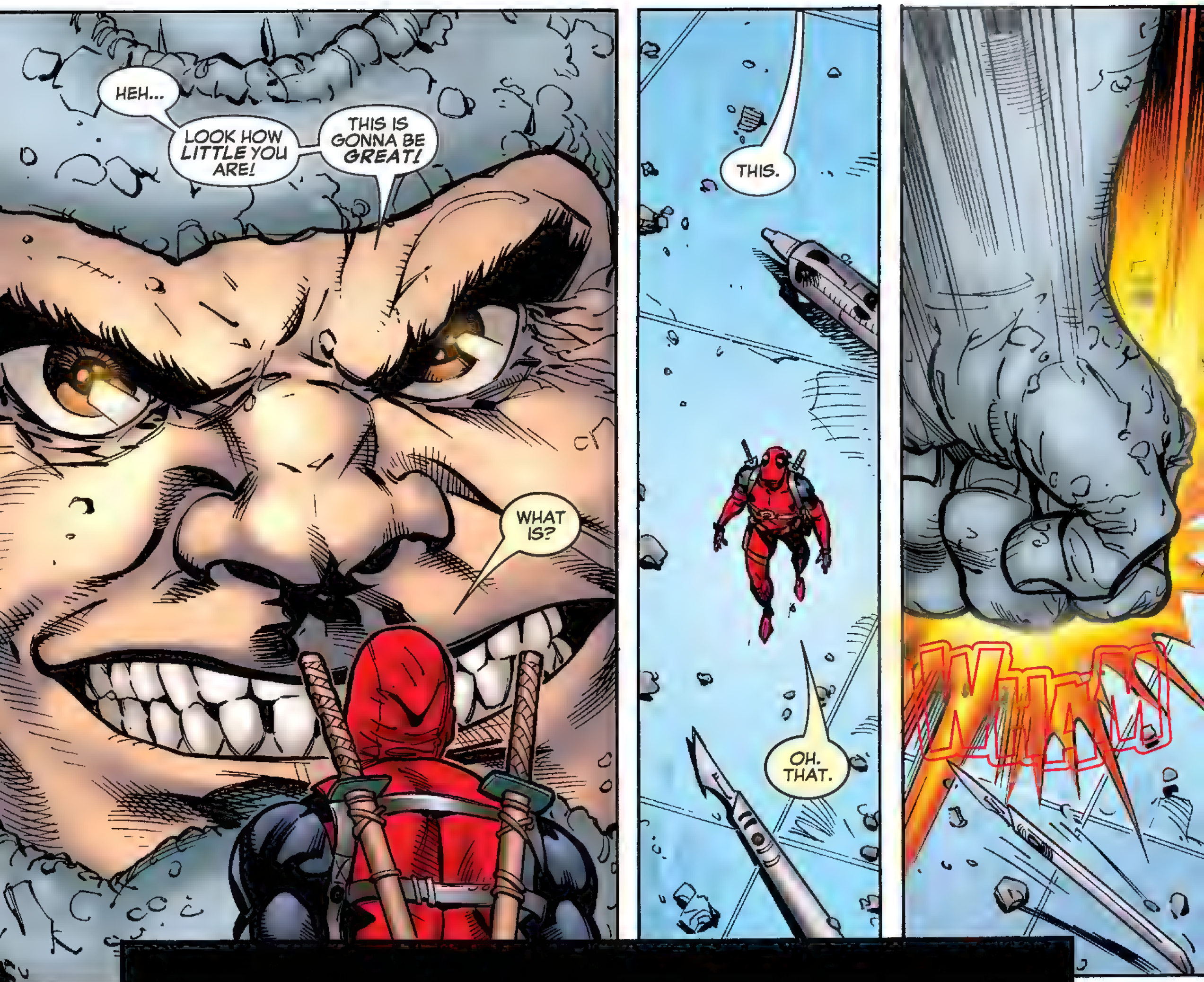

WELL, GOOD MORNING TO YOU, TOO.
UNFINISHED BUSINESS : PART TWO


FUNNY, I WAS DREAMING OF "GREY'S ANATOMY", McSTEAMY WITH HIS TOUSLED HAIR ASSURING ME THE BRAIN SURGERY WOULD BE SUCCESSFUL...
=SIGH=
...AND THEN I WAKE UP TO THIS. THIS... THIS...
...THIS IS ONE INCREDIBLY BIG ROOM!
WHAT KIND OF EVIL-BILL FINGER-MAD-SCIENTIST WOULD SPEND SO MUCH TIME AND MONEY TO BUILD A HUGE PROP SET?
WHAT WAS I DOING LAST NIGHT AND HOW DID I WAKE UP IN A BAD EPISODE OF "LAND OF THE GIANTS"--?
SO...
I GOT EIGHT BUCKS LEFT.
FOR YOU? A LOT.
WHY, SHE MUST HAVE DRUGGED ME! OR EXHAUSTED ME...
...THE LITTLE MINX.
LOOKS LIKE THAT WAS THE BEST EIGHT BUCKS I EVER SPENT...

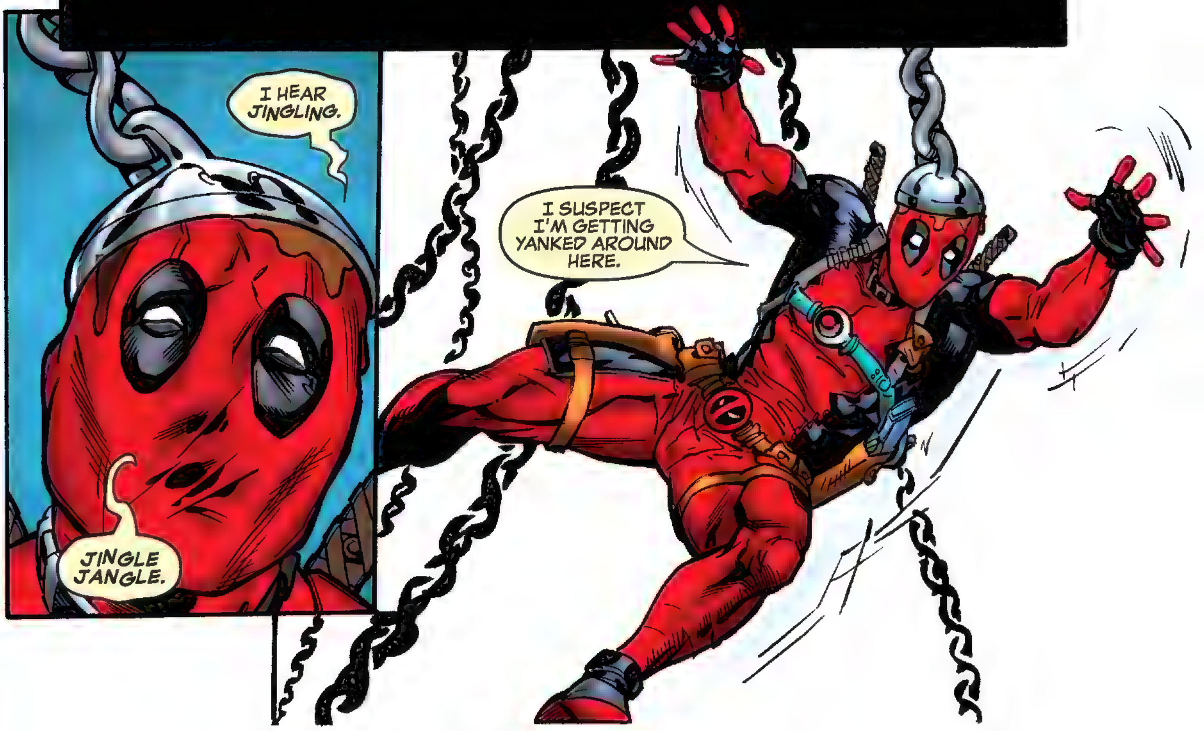

GOOD THING WHOEVER SLEPT IN THIS BED WAS SO MESSY.
IT MUST SO TOTALLY SUCK TO BE DANNY DEVITO...
SOME KIND OF INHALER OR SOMETHING HERE?
MAYBE IT'S A MINTY BREATH FRESHENER TO GET THE TASTE OF REGRET OUT OF MY MOUTH?
HEY, WAIT A MINUTE--*PYM PARTICLES*...? THAT'S THE STUFF THAT MAKES *ANT-MAN* ALL ANTY.
Commission on
Superhuman Activities
Sample Batch #42-8a.334
Pym Particles
C.D.C. Allotment 12.14.9
HEY, WAIT A MINUTE--THE ROOM'S NOT *HUGE*--I GOT *SMALL!*
COOL--THIS IS JUST LIKE THE STUNT I PULLED ON THE--
BBBBRRRRRMMMMMM

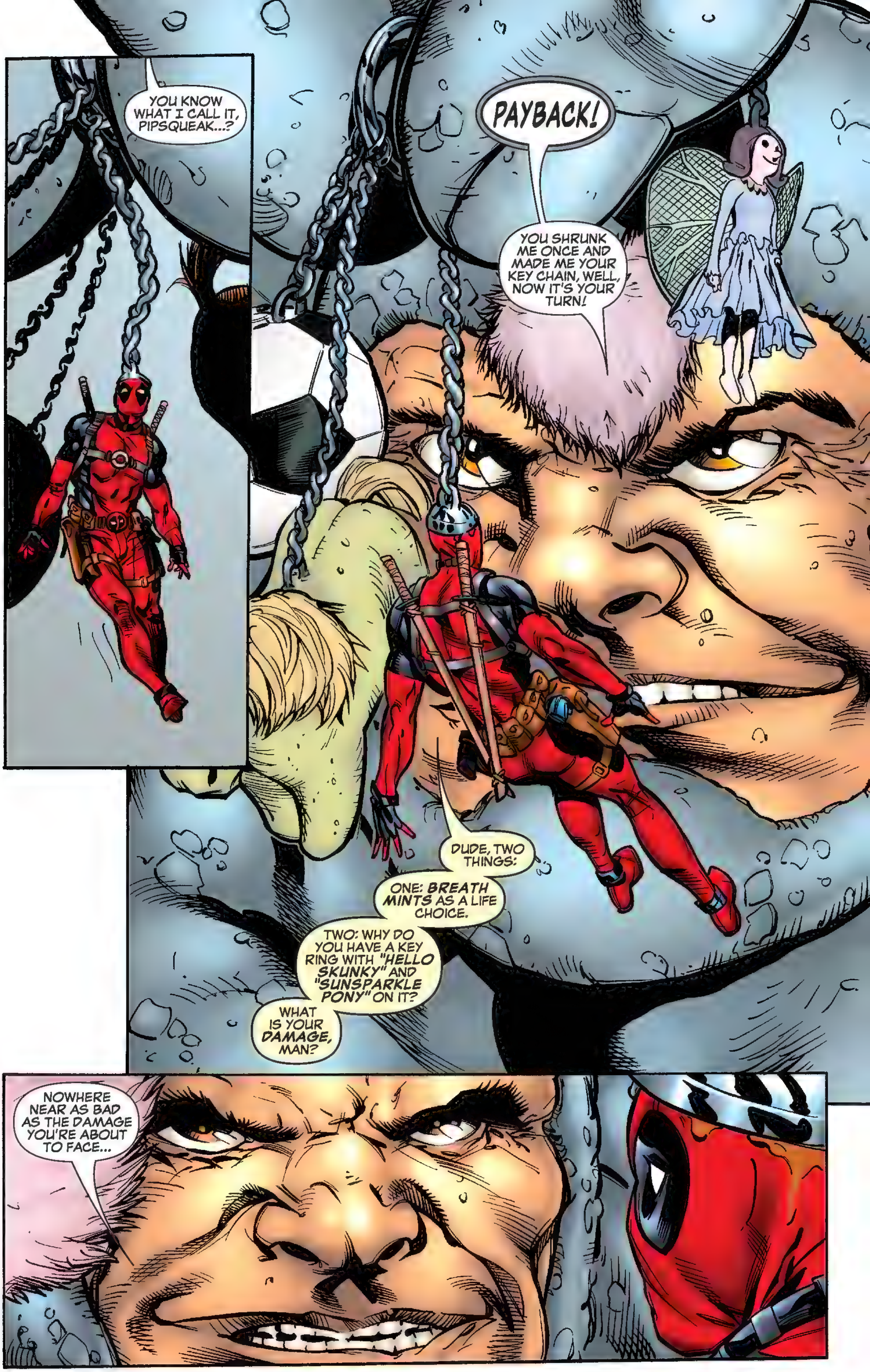

...RHINO--?!

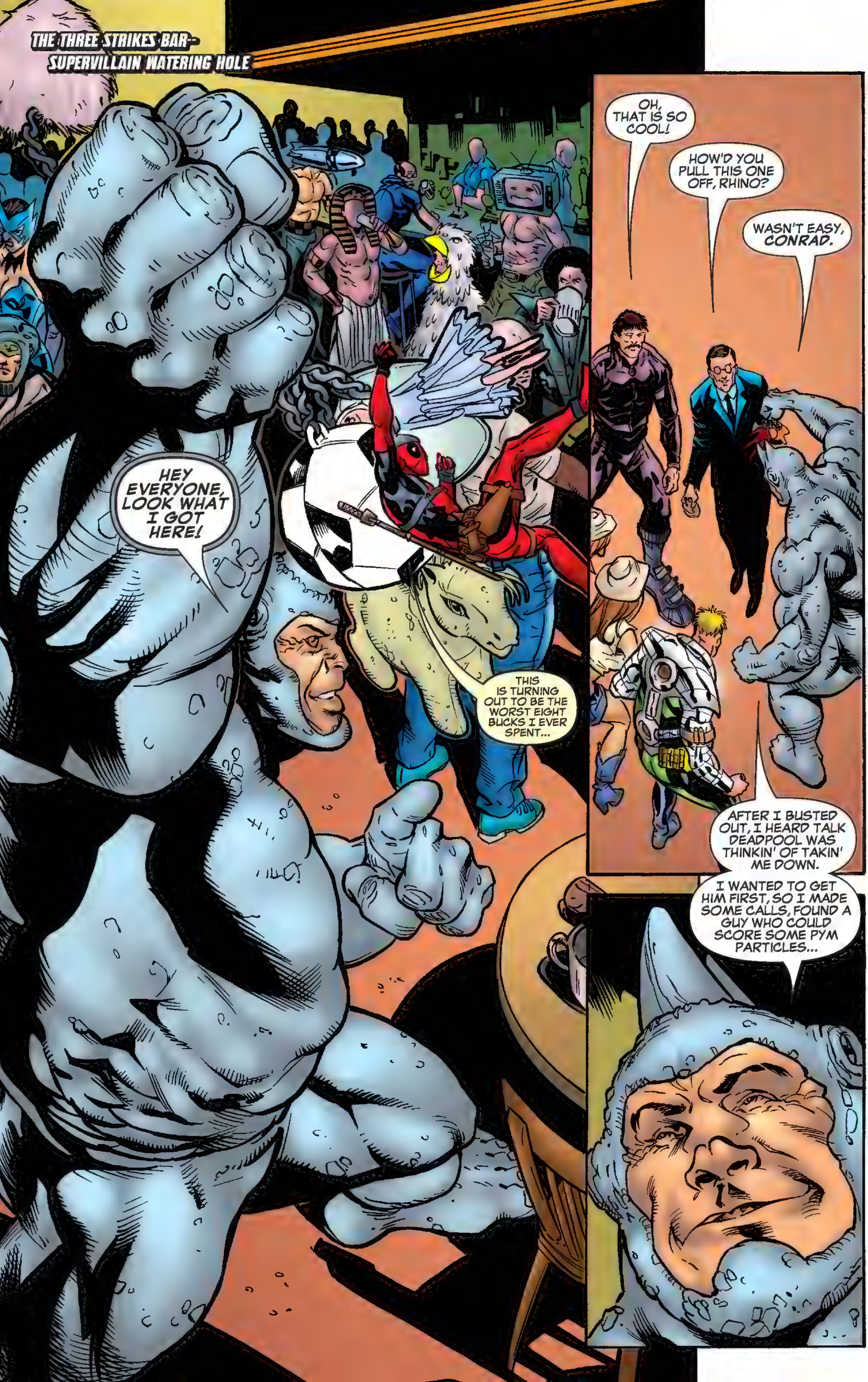

WHERE ARE YOU, DEADPOOL?
I KNOW YOU'RE IN HERE!
I KNOW YOU'RE TINY!
I PAID VERY GOOD MONEY TO FIND THE PYM PARTICLES TO MAKE YOU SMALL!
YOU BETTER SHOW YOURSELF, OR TRUST ME...
...I'M GONNA SQUASH YOU LIKE A BUG!
HEY! GENIUS! TRY LOOKING DOWN HERE!

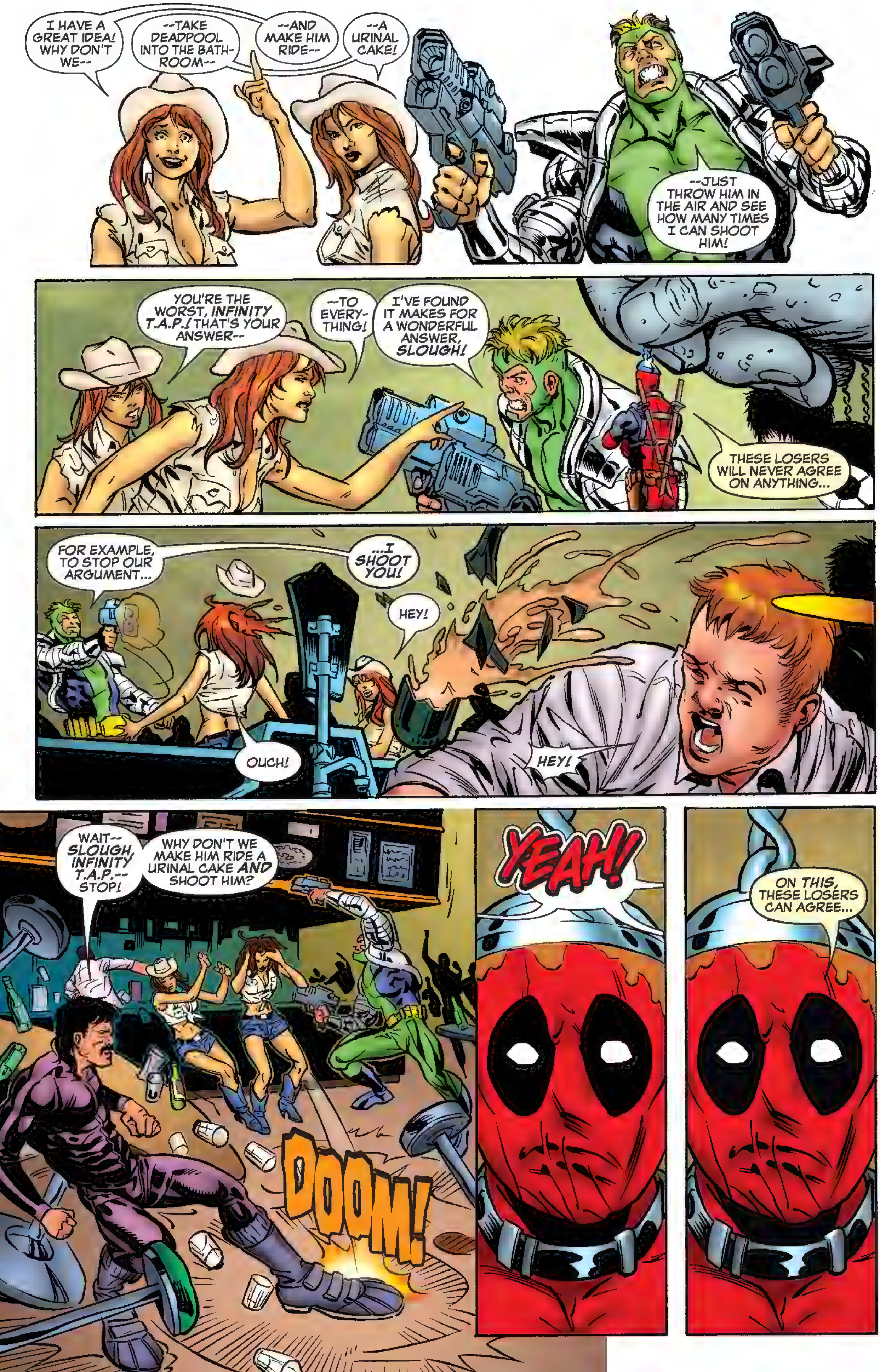

HEH...
LOOK HOW LITTLE YOU ARE!
THIS IS GONNA BE GREAT!
WHAT IS?
THIS.
OH. THAT.
WHAM

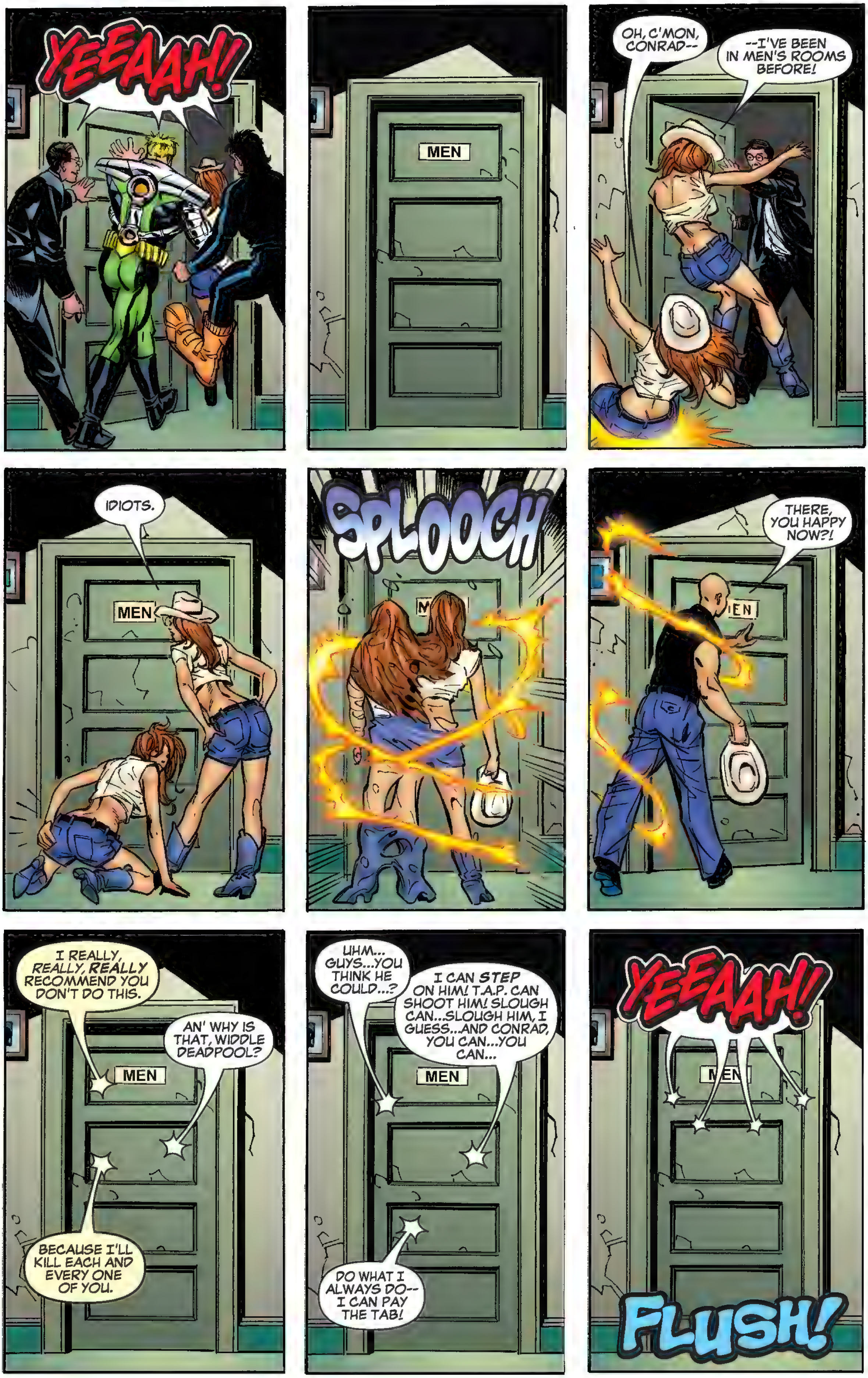
[redacted]

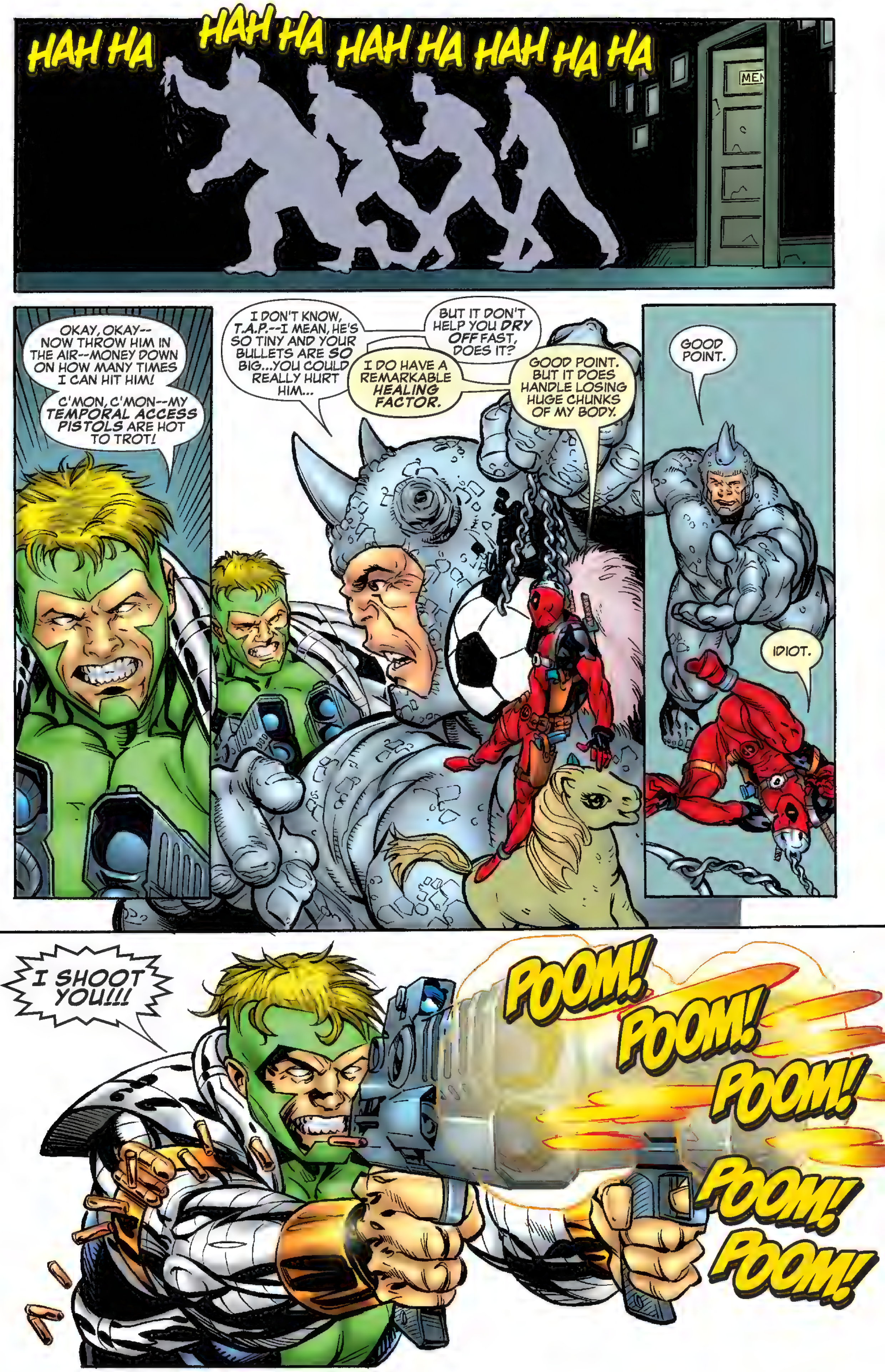

I HEAR JINGLING.
JINGLE JANGLE.
I SUSPECT I'M GETTING YANKED AROUND HERE.

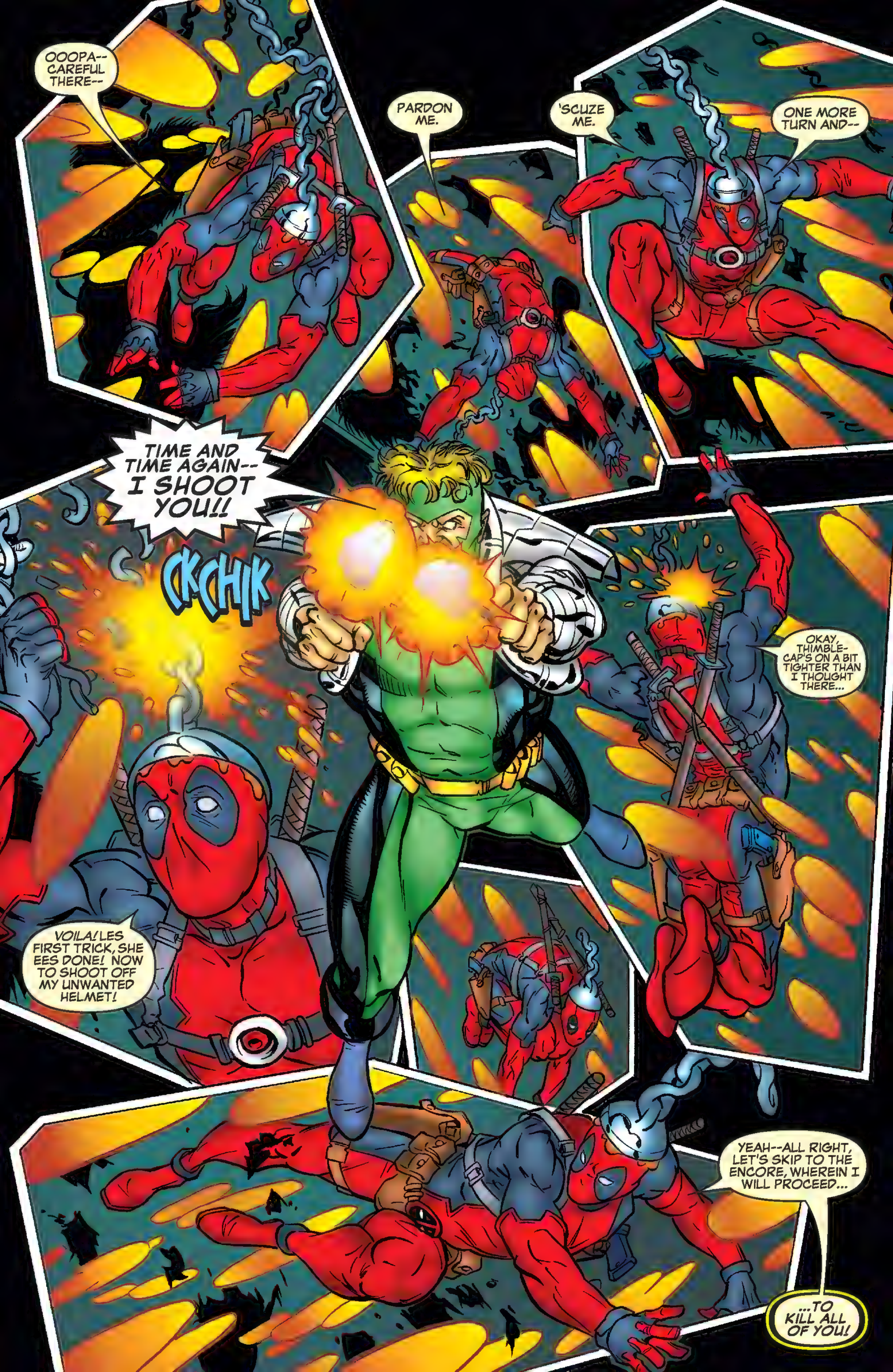

YOU KNOW WHAT I CALL IT, PIPSQUEAK...?
PAYBACK!
YOU SHRUNK ME ONCE AND MADE ME YOUR KEY CHAIN. WELL, NOW IT'S YOUR TURN!
DUDE, TWO THINGS:
ONE: BREATH MINTS AS A LIFE CHOICE.
TWO: WHY DO YOU HAVE A KEY RING WITH "HELLO SKUNKY" AND "SUNSPARKLE PONY" ON IT?
WHAT IS YOUR DAMAGE, MAN?
NOWHERE NEAR AS BAD AS THE DAMAGE YOU'RE ABOUT TO FACE...

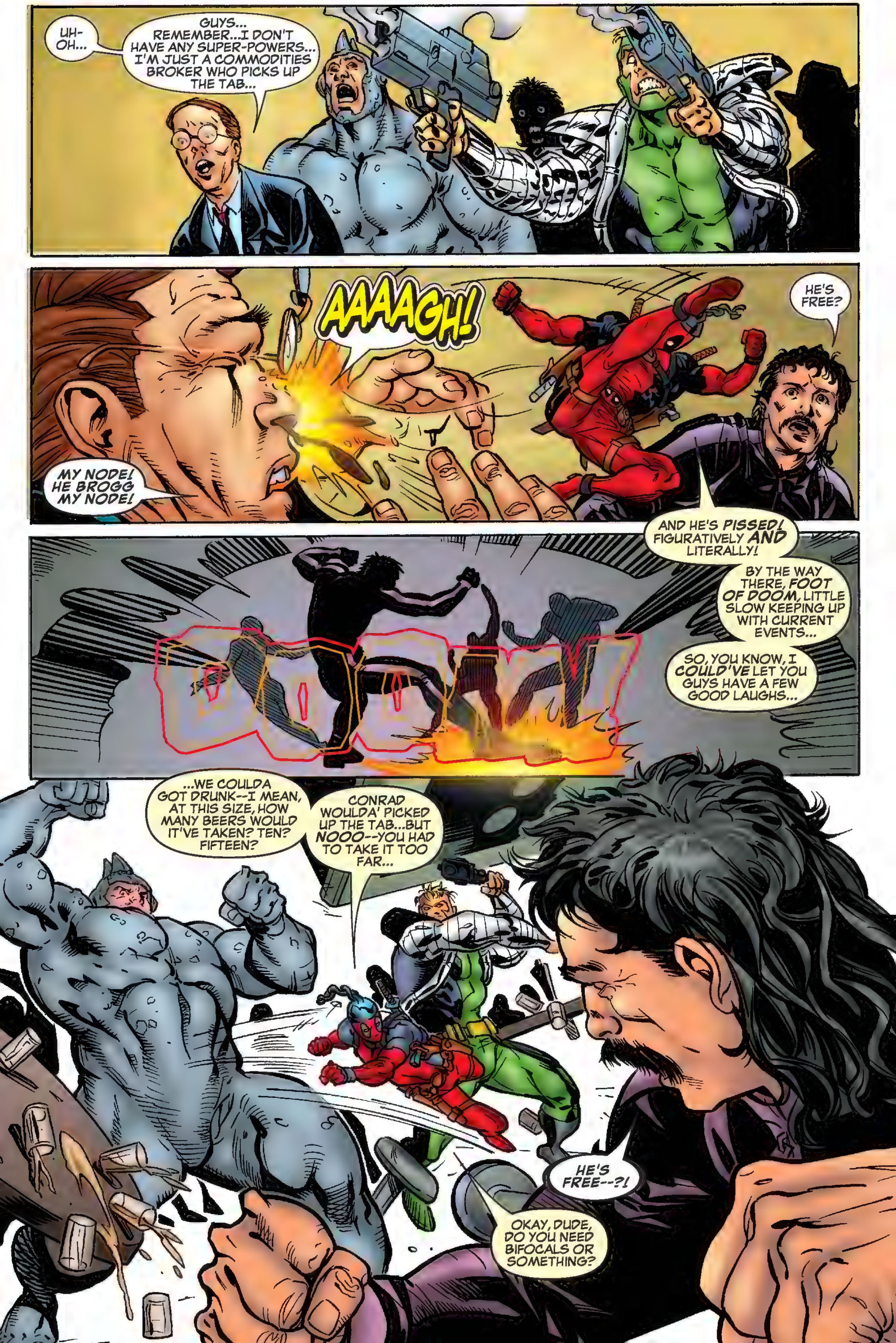

THE THREE STRIKES BAR--
SUPERVILLAIN WATERING HOLE
HEY EVERYONE, LOOK WHAT I GOT HERE!
THIS IS TURNING OUT TO BE THE WORST EIGHT BUCKS I EVER SPENT...
OH, THAT IS SO COOL!
HOW'D YOU PULL THIS ONE OFF, RHINO?
WASN'T EASY, **CONRAD.**
AFTER I BUSTED OUT, I HEARD TALK DEADPOOL WAS THINKIN' OF TAKIN' ME DOWN.
I WANTED TO GET HIM FIRST, SO I MADE SOME CALLS, FOUND A GUY WHO COULD SCORE SOME PYM PARTICLES...

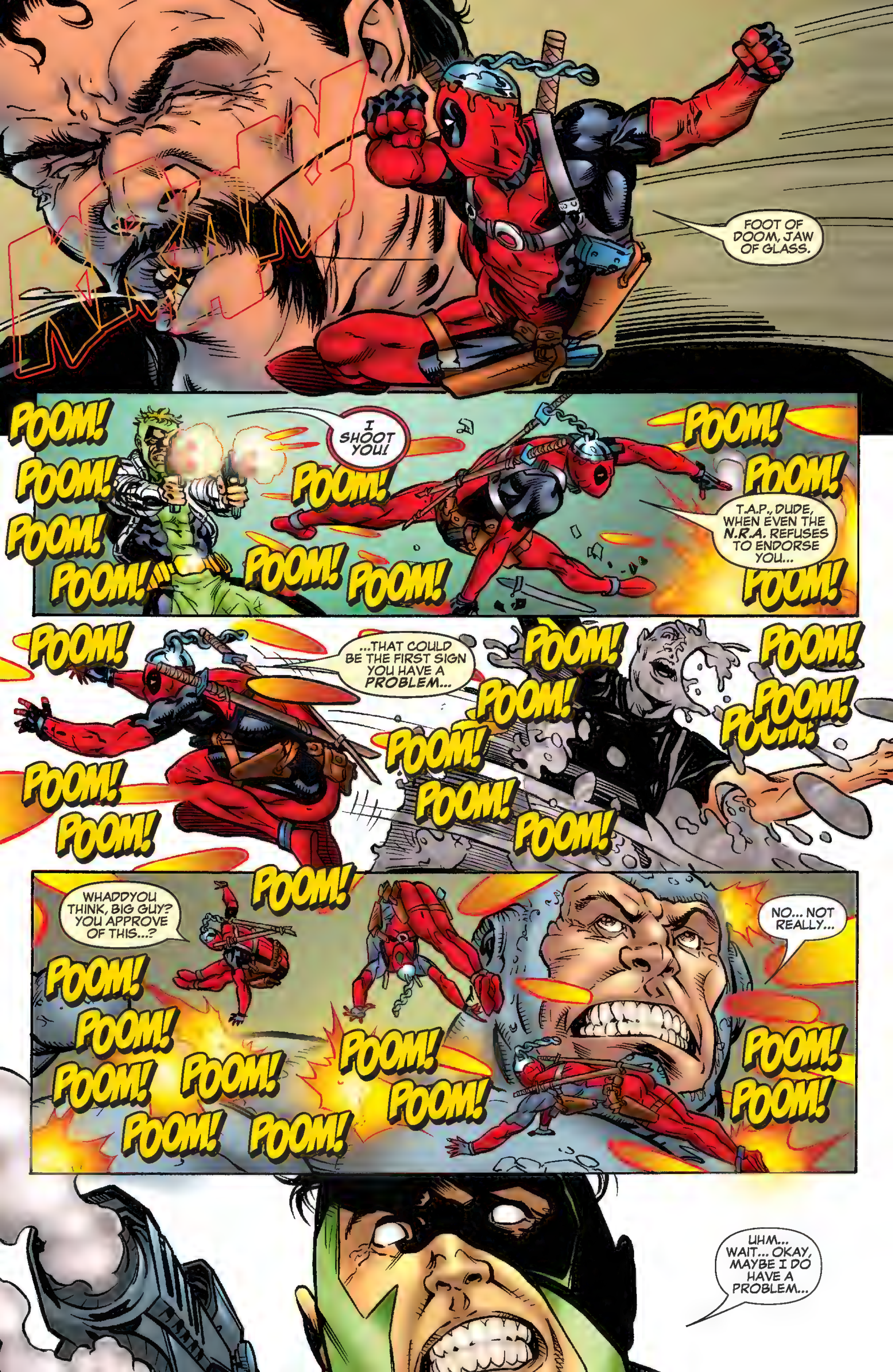

I HAVE A GREAT IDEA! WHY DON'T WE--
--TAKE DEADPOOL INTO THE BATH-ROOM--
--AND MAKE HIM RIDE--
--A URINAL CAKE!
--JUST THROW HIM IN THE AIR AND SEE HOW MANY TIMES I CAN SHOOT HIM!
YOU'RE THE WORST, INFINITY T.A.P.! THAT'S YOUR ANSWER--
--TO EVERY-THING!
I'VE FOUND IT MAKES FOR A WONDERFUL ANSWER, SLOUGH!
THESE LOSERS WILL NEVER AGREE ON ANYTHING...
FOR EXAMPLE, TO STOP OUR ARGUMENT...
...I SHOOT YOU!
HEY!
OUCH!
HEY!
WAIT-- SLOUGH, INFINITY T.A.P.-- STOP!
WHY DON'T WE MAKE HIM RIDE A URINAL CAKE AND SHOOT HIM?
DOOM!
YEAH!
ON THIS, THESE LOSERS CAN AGREE...

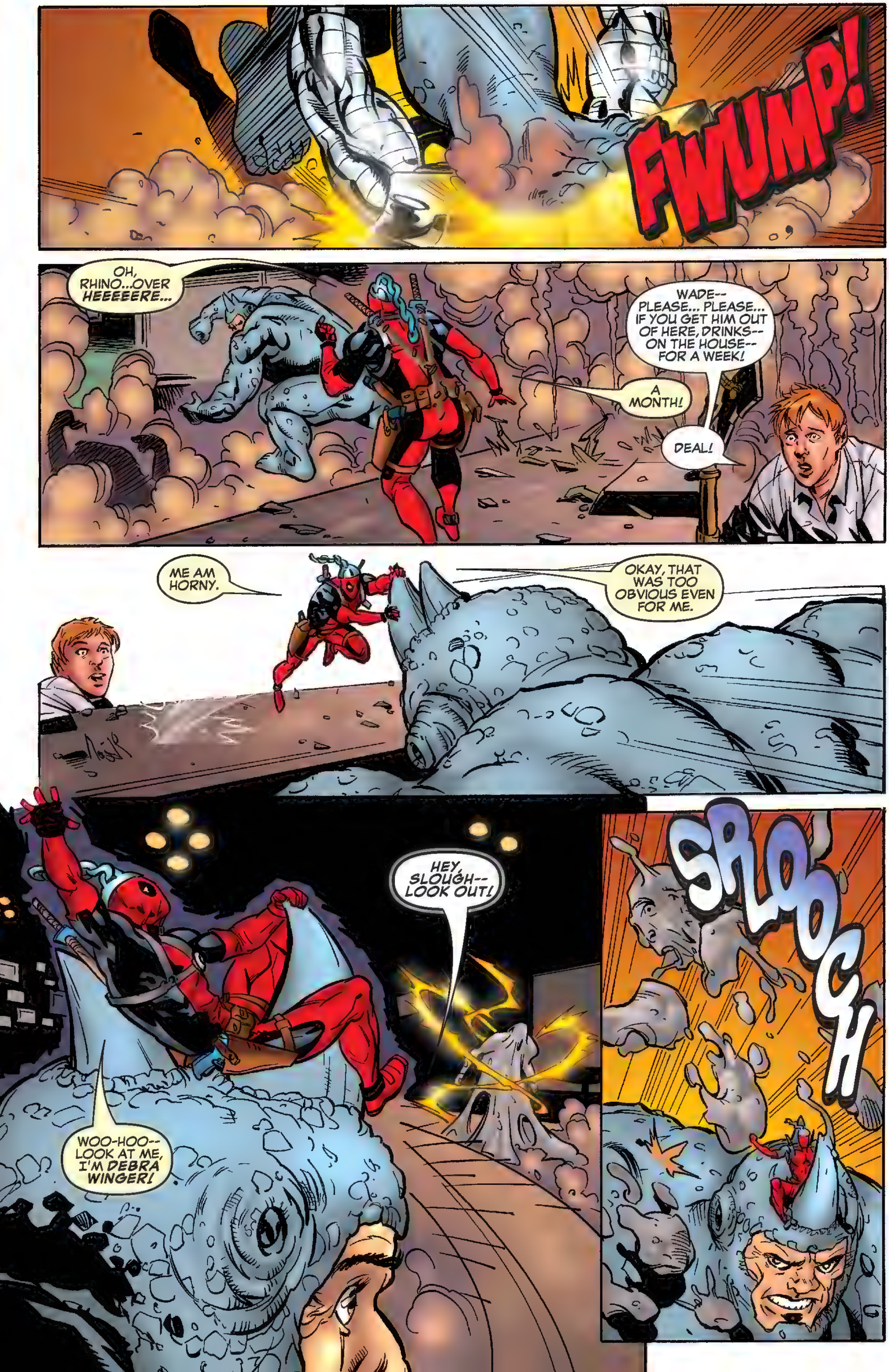

YEEAAH!
MEN
OH, C'MON, CONRAD--
--I'VE BEEN IN MEN'S ROOMS BEFORE!
IDIOTS.
MEN
SPLOOCH
THERE, YOU HAPPY NOW?!
I REALLY, REALLY, REALLY RECOMMEND YOU DON'T DO THIS.
MEN
AN' WHY IS THAT, WIDDLE DEADPOOL?
BECAUSE I'LL KILL EACH AND EVERY ONE OF YOU.
UHM... GUYS...YOU THINK HE COULD...?
I CAN STEP ON HIM! T.A.P. CAN SHOOT HIM! SLOUGH CAN...SLOUGH HIM, I GUESS...AND CONRAD, YOU CAN...YOU CAN...
MEN
DO WHAT I ALWAYS DO-- I CAN PAY THE TAB!
YEEAAH!
MEN
FLUSH!

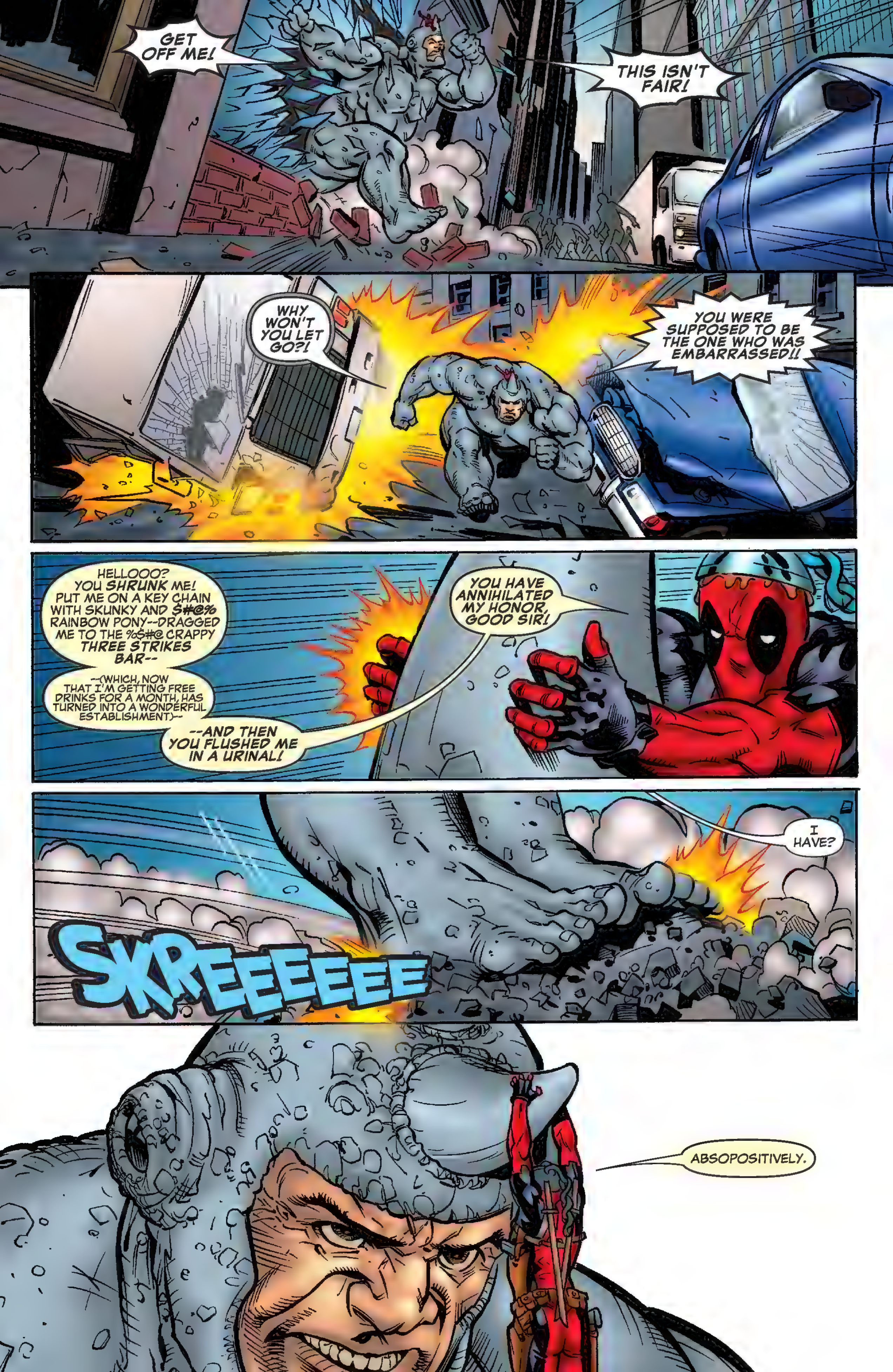

HAH HA HAH HA HAH HA HAH HA HA
MEN
OKAY, OKAY-- NOW THROW HIM IN THE AIR--MONEY DOWN ON HOW MANY TIMES I CAN HIT HIM!
C'MON, C'MON--MY TEMPORAL ACCESS PISTOLS ARE HOT TO TROT!
I DON'T KNOW, T.A.P.--I MEAN, HE'S SO TINY AND YOUR BULLETS ARE SO BIG...YOU COULD REALLY HURT HIM...
I DO HAVE A REMARKABLE HEALING FACTOR.
BUT IT DON'T HELP YOU DRY OFF FAST, DOES IT?
GOOD POINT. BUT IT DOES HANDLE LOSING HUGE CHUNKS OF MY BODY.
GOOD POINT.
IDIOT.
I SHOOT YOU!!!
POOM! POOM! POOM! POOM! POOM!

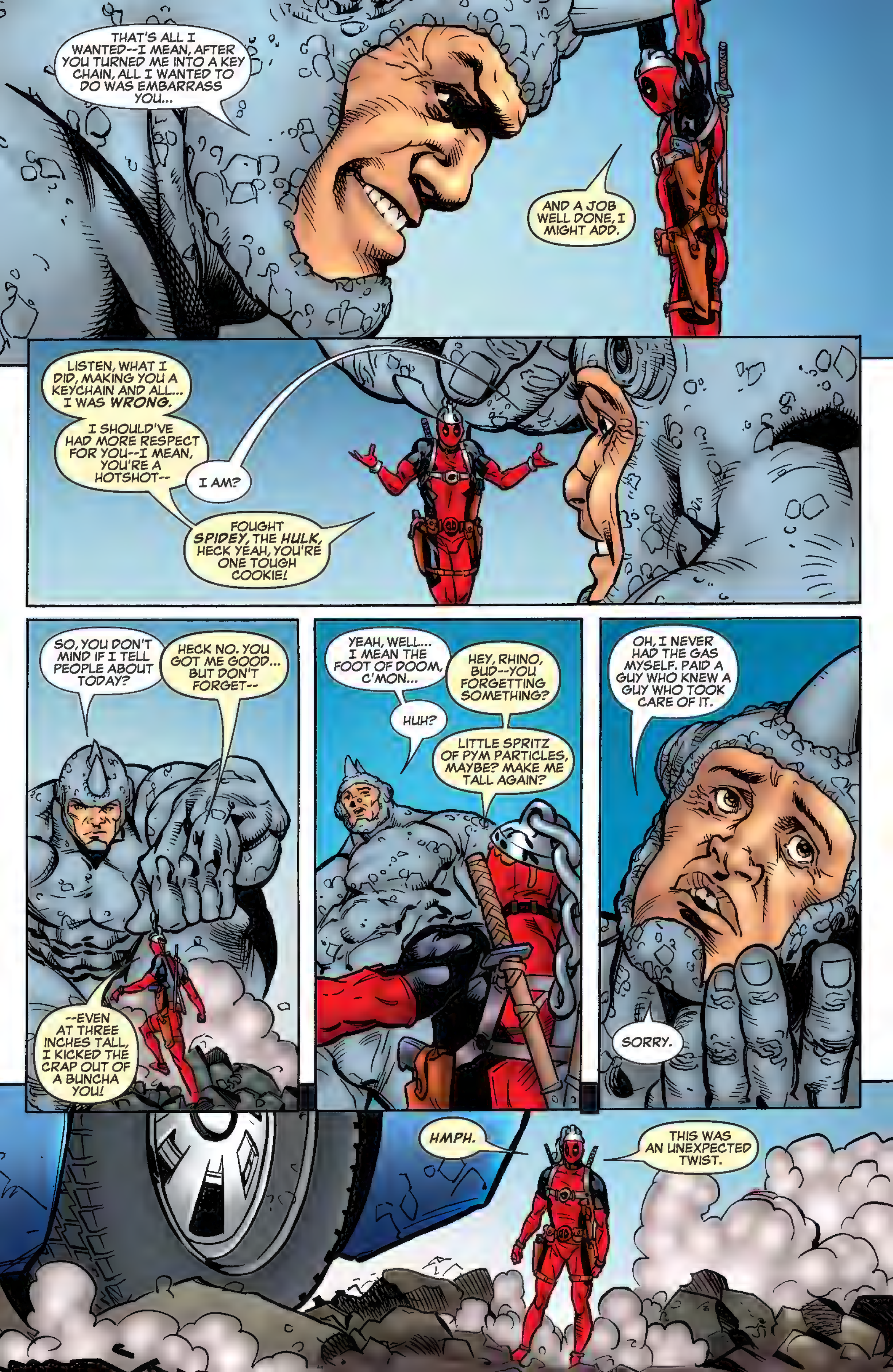

OOOPA-- CAREFUL THERE--
PARDON ME.
'SCUZE ME.
ONE MORE TURN AND--
TIME AND TIME AGAIN-- I SHOOT YOU!!
CKCHIK
OKAY, THIMBLE-CAP'S ON A BIT TIGHTER THAN I THOUGHT THERE...
VOILA! LES FIRST TRICK, SHE EES DONE! NOW TO SHOOT OFF MY UNWANTED HELMET!
YEAH--ALL RIGHT, LET'S SKIP TO THE ENCORE, WHEREIN I WILL PROCEED...
...TO KILL ALL OF YOU!

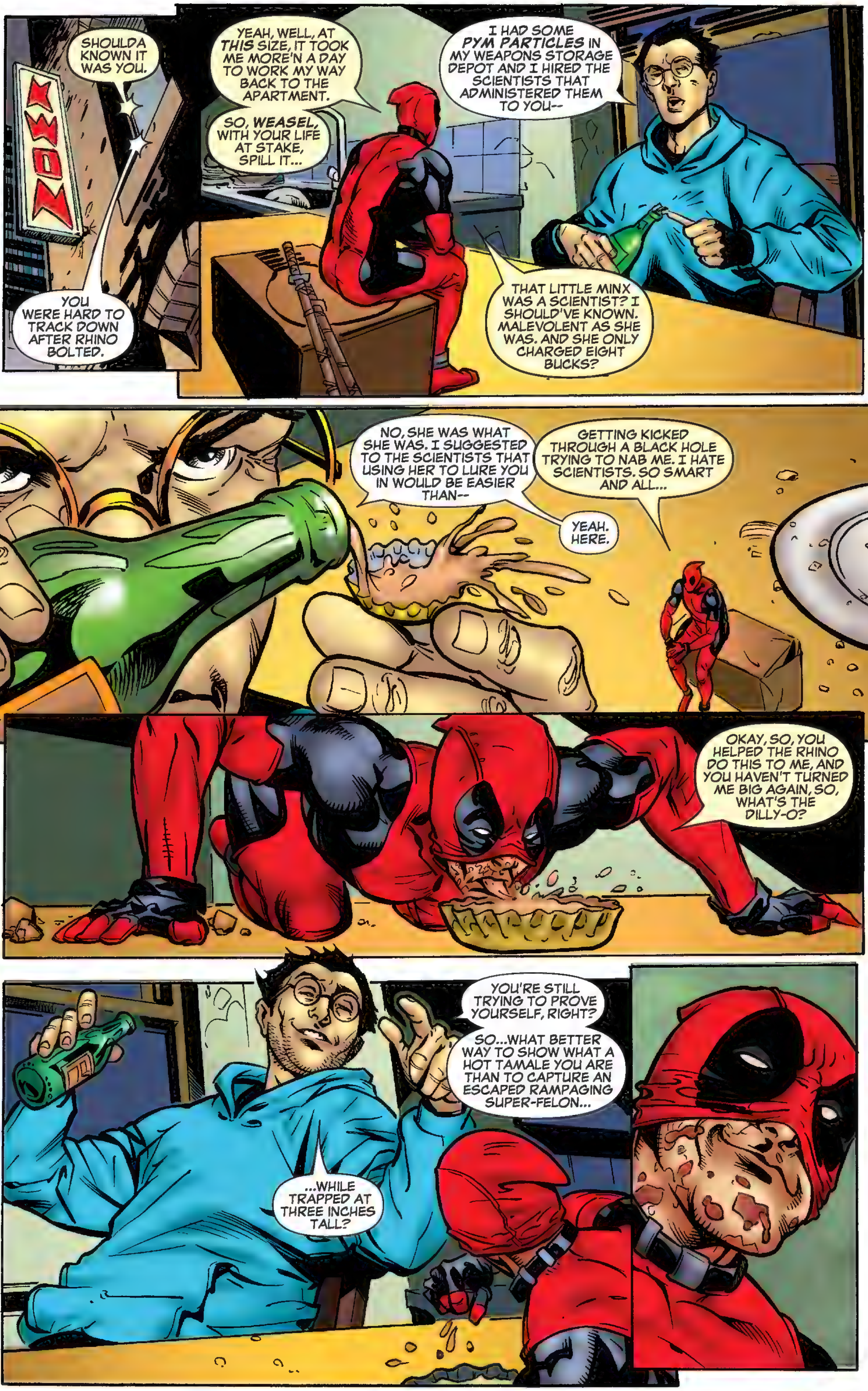

UH-OH...
GUYS... REMEMBER...I DON'T HAVE ANY SUPER-POWERS... I'M JUST A COMMODITIES BROKER WHO PICKS UP THE TAB...
AAAAGH!
HE'S FREE?
MY NODE! HE BROGG MY NODE!
AND HE'S *PISSED!* FIGURATIVELY ***AND*** LITERALLY!
DOOM!
BY THE WAY THERE, ***FOOT OF DOOM,*** LITTLE SLOW KEEPING UP WITH CURRENT EVENTS...
SO, YOU KNOW, I ***COULD'VE*** LET YOU GUYS HAVE A FEW GOOD LAUGHS...
...WE COULDA GOT DRUNK--I MEAN, AT THIS SIZE, HOW MANY BEERS WOULD IT'VE TAKEN? TEN? FIFTEEN?
CONRAD WOULDA' PICKED UP THE TAB...BUT ***NOOO***--YOU HAD TO TAKE IT TOO FAR...
HE'S FREE--?!
OKAY, DUDE, DO YOU NEED BIFOCALS OR SOMETHING?

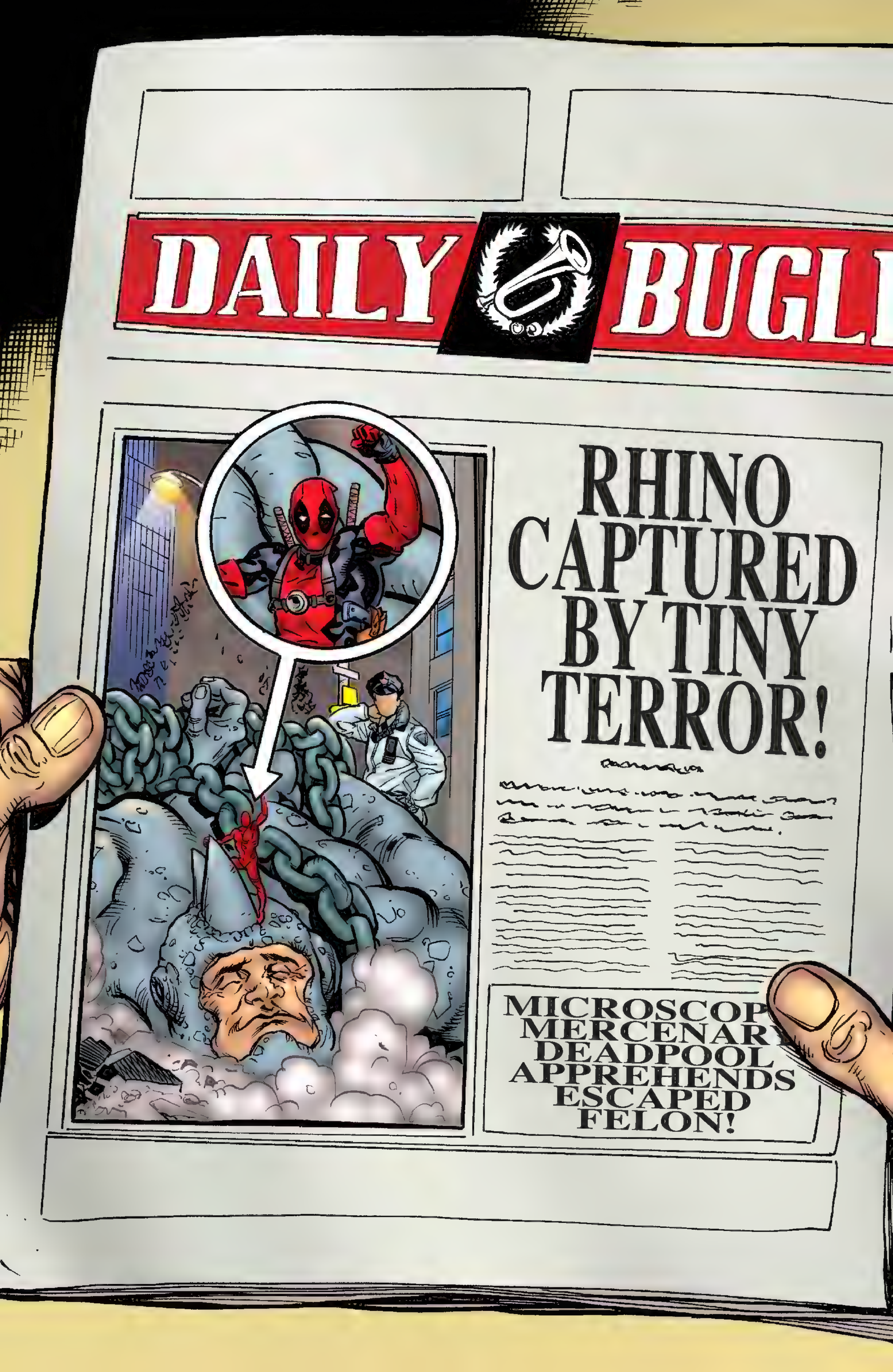

FOOT OF DOOM, JAW OF GLASS.
POOM! POOM! POOM! POOM!
I SHOOT YOU!
POOM! POOM! POOM!
POOM! POOM! POOM!
T.A.P., DUDE, WHEN EVEN THE N.R.A. REFUSES TO ENDORSE YOU...
POOM!
...THAT COULD BE THE FIRST SIGN YOU HAVE A PROBLEM...
POOM! POOM! POOM! POOM! POOM! POOM! POOM! POOM! POOM! POOM!
POOM!
WHADDYOU THINK, BIG GUY? YOU APPROVE OF THIS...?
NO... NOT REALLY...
POOM! POOM! POOM! POOM! POOM! POOM! POOM! POOM! POOM!
UHM... WAIT... OKAY, MAYBE I DO HAVE A PROBLEM...


FWUMP!
OH, RHINO...OVER *HEEEEERE...*
WADE-- PLEASE... PLEASE... IF YOU GET HIM OUT OF HERE, DRINKS-- ON THE HOUSE-- FOR A WEEK!
A MONTH!
DEAL!
ME AM HORNY.
OKAY, THAT WAS TOO OBVIOUS EVEN FOR ME.
HEY, SLOUGH-- LOOK OUT!
WOO-HOO-- LOOK AT ME, I'M *DEBRA WINGER!*
SPLOOOCH


GET OFF ME!
THIS ISN'T FAIR!
WHY WON'T YOU LET GO?!
YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO BE THE ONE WHO WAS EMBARRASSED!!
HELLOOO? YOU SHRUNK ME! PUT ME ON A KEY CHAIN WITH SKUNKY AND $#@% RAINBOW PONY--DRAGGED ME TO THE %$#@ CRAPPY THREE STRIKES BAR--
--(WHICH, NOW THAT I'M GETTING FREE DRINKS FOR A MONTH, HAS TURNED INTO A WONDERFUL ESTABLISHMENT)--
--AND THEN YOU FLUSHED ME IN A URINAL!
YOU HAVE ANNIHILATED MY HONOR, GOOD SIR!
I HAVE?
SKREEEEEEE
ABSOPOSITIVELY.


THAT'S ALL I WANTED--I MEAN, AFTER YOU TURNED ME INTO A KEY CHAIN, ALL I WANTED TO DO WAS EMBARRASS YOU...
AND A JOB WELL DONE, I MIGHT ADD.
LISTEN, WHAT I DID, MAKING YOU A KEYCHAIN AND ALL... I WAS **WRONG.**
I SHOULD'VE HAD MORE RESPECT FOR YOU--I MEAN, YOU'RE A HOTSHOT--
I AM?
FOUGHT **SPIDEY,** THE **HULK,** HECK YEAH, YOU'RE ONE TOUGH COOKIE!
SO, YOU DON'T MIND IF I TELL PEOPLE ABOUT TODAY?
HECK NO. YOU GOT ME GOOD... BUT DON'T FORGET--
--EVEN AT THREE INCHES TALL, I KICKED THE CRAP OUT OF A BUNCHA YOU!
YEAH, WELL... I MEAN THE FOOT OF DOOM, C'MON...
HUH?
HEY, RHINO, BUD--YOU FORGETTING SOMETHING?
LITTLE SPRITZ OF PYM PARTICLES, MAYBE? MAKE ME TALL AGAIN?
OH, I NEVER HAD THE GAS MYSELF. PAID A GUY WHO KNEW A GUY WHO TOOK CARE OF IT.
SORRY.
HMPH.
THIS WAS AN UNEXPECTED TWIST.

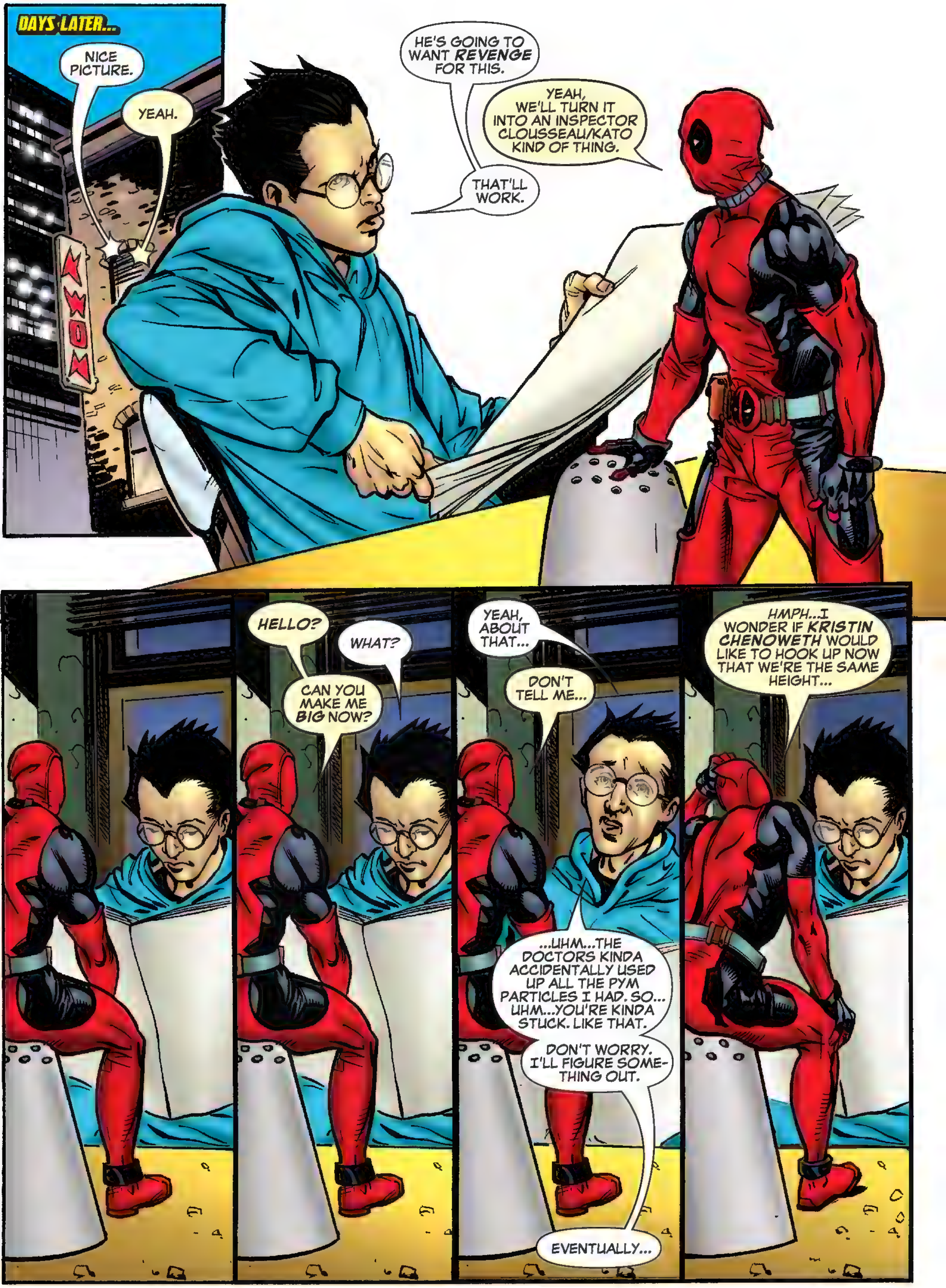

SHOULDA KNOWN IT WAS YOU.
YOU WERE HARD TO TRACK DOWN AFTER RHINO BOLTED.
YEAH, WELL, AT **THIS** SIZE, IT TOOK ME MORE'N A DAY TO WORK MY WAY BACK TO THE APARTMENT.
SO, **WEASEL**, WITH YOUR LIFE AT STAKE, SPILL IT...
I HAD SOME **PYM PARTICLES** IN MY WEAPONS STORAGE DEPOT AND I HIRED THE SCIENTISTS THAT ADMINISTERED THEM TO YOU--
THAT LITTLE MINX WAS A SCIENTIST? I SHOULD'VE KNOWN. MALEVOLENT AS SHE WAS. AND SHE ONLY CHARGED EIGHT BUCKS?
NO, SHE WAS WHAT SHE WAS. I SUGGESTED TO THE SCIENTISTS THAT USING HER TO LURE YOU IN WOULD BE EASIER THAN--
GETTING KICKED THROUGH A BLACK HOLE TRYING TO NAB ME. I HATE SCIENTISTS. SO SMART AND ALL...
YEAH. HERE.
OKAY, SO, YOU HELPED THE RHINO DO THIS TO ME, AND YOU HAVEN'T TURNED ME BIG AGAIN, SO, WHAT'S THE DILLY-O?
YOU'RE STILL TRYING TO PROVE YOURSELF, RIGHT?
SO...WHAT BETTER WAY TO SHOW WHAT A HOT TAMALE YOU ARE THAN TO CAPTURE AN ESCAPED RAMPAGING SUPER-FELON...
...WHILE TRAPPED AT THREE INCHES TALL?



DAILY BUGL

RHINO CAPTURED BY TINY TERROR!

MICROSCOP
MERCENAR
DEADPOOL
APPREHENDS
ESCAPED
FELON!


DAYS LATER...
NICE PICTURE.
YEAH.
HE'S GOING TO WANT **REVENGE** FOR THIS.
YEAH, WE'LL TURN IT INTO AN INSPECTOR CLOUSSEAU/KATO KIND OF THING.
THAT'LL WORK.
HELLO?
WHAT?
CAN YOU MAKE ME **BIG** NOW?
YEAH, ABOUT THAT...
DON'T TELL ME...
...UHM...THE DOCTORS KINDA ACCIDENTALLY USED UP ALL THE PYM PARTICLES I HAD. SO... UHM...YOU'RE KINDA STUCK. LIKE THAT.
DON'T WORRY. I'LL FIGURE SOMETHING OUT.
EVENTUALLY...
HMPH...I WONDER IF ***KRISTIN CHENOWETH*** WOULD LIKE TO HOOK UP NOW THAT WE'RE THE SAME HEIGHT...

DEAR DEADPOOL

Dear Deadpool,

I can't believe it--you take the time out from double-crossing world leaders to answer our mail, and nobody even writes to you? Well, I hope I can make up for last month by sending salutations from a 17-year-old fangirl who rates your magnetism as second only to Nightcrawler (take that as you will).

Anyway, I hear you have a thing for numbered questions, so here goes nothing.

1. I've noticed more than a few iPod placements around the comic...what's on your playlist? Are there any particular tracks you like to take on a mission?

2. So we finally got to see what's in all those pouches when Nate yanked you up for a ticking off...why do you carry an action figure of yourself? Is it just for the ego trip or do all super heroes/villains carry them for the entertainment on long trips?

3. What's the craziest dream you've ever had while out cold? ...Or is that unprintable?

Stay stunnerific, mate.
- Rosa (all the way from Scotland)

Rosa from Scotland? That's funny. Do you wear a fur kilt and paint your face blue? I thought all Scots did that. And I'd like you to know, I don't have "a thing" for—

Oooh, numbered questions!

1. I believe iPods work best as tactical plastique explosives attached to the backsides of blind super heroes. I can never get my downloads to work properly. But last I checked, I had *Thoroughly Modern Millie* playing. Soundtrack is stuck in my head now…

2. Uhm… uh… well, it IS a lot of pouches… and sometimes, there's just some extra space… and some extra stuff lying around and… well, to tell you the truth, Rosa (as if you need me to tell you this), chicks really dig it when I whip out the old action figure…

3. Unprintable? I'm pretty sure it's legally unTHINKable…

Dear Deadpool,

I am quite frankly shocked and appalled that not one single fan had written into your letters column [in time for issue 34]. (Sorry, I guess that would also include me.) So I am making up for it now. Sincerely, welcome Mr. Brown for me, would you? So far his mixture of heavy emotion and frequent comedy is very good, beneficial for working on this title. I hope that he enjoys drawing you and Nate as much as I enjoy seeing it.

As for Mr. Nicieza, well, I really wondered where he was taking Nate with the President of Rumekistan storyline. For a time, I remember that Nathan hated the idea of being anyone's saviour or messiah, but still believed that he had a job to do, to safeguard the future from becoming his past. However, knowing what he knows, Cable is embracing that side of himself more; using the knowledge of the future to a great extent within the current stories. That is a tremendous use of the notion that knowledge is power. That makes Cable dangerous.

I realized that Mr. Nicieza is showing this to the extent that Cable is playing chess with the events and world leaders of the present, to craft the future he believes would be more beneficial to human- and mutantkind. The role I am guessing Domino is now going to take is to reflect upon whether Cable is doing exactly what he should with this power or creating his own kingdom and agenda. So I have to say I was wrong and I never should have doubted him. The storylines are great.

Okay, I know you love them, so numbered questions:

1. It would appear that Miss Merryweather has a soft spot for our boy Nate, so could we see a Domino Irene catfight on the horizon and who do you think would win?

2. As I am British I wondered, who is your favourite Spice Girl?

3. I noticed last issue you carry an action figure of yourself, around with your equipment. Does that mean you play with yourself on long missions and when you are bored?

Thanks for your time and by the way it's not just Cable that has some insight into the future, I've seen what's coming, I hope you have some Band-Aids handy, I think Your in for a woopin'.

Yours faithfully,
Jason Bailey

Blah, Blah, Blah Cable, Blah Blah Blah, Domino, Blah, Blah, Blah More Cable – ooh, numbered questions!

1. We fully planned to have a rip-snortin' catfight but Nicole said that would be demeaning to both characters and women in general. So out of respect to her, we're gonna try to do it while she's on vacation.

2. The anorexic one.

3. Uhm… yes…

And by the way Jasoun, maybe OUR English isn't as proper as yours, but it's "You're" as in "You Are" and "Whoopin" as in "Whooping" or "To Whoop."

Dear Deadpool,

After reading the lack of a letter column in issue 34 I must say that I was shocked and appalled. Where is the support? Where is the love? I feel ill. Here is my little bit of compensation for those that didn't feel the urge to shower you with praise (for shame). Below are numbered questions:

1. What was the deal with you actually wanting a job with S.H.I.E.L.D.? Badges are fun and shiny, but seriously, YOU working for the authorities? Since when?

2. When are you going to get your own Marvel MAX mini-series?

3. Your shooting Nate in the back of the head was funny. (More of a statement, but whatever.)

4. Cable and Domino hooking up at the end of # 34 (my, my)… any thoughts? I'm getting a flashback to the days when you used to work for Mr. Tolliver, and Nate and Dom had that whole X-Force thing goin' on.

5. There is no question five.

Here's to the Merc With a Mouth! (Whose book was the only comic I purchased in the late 90s. You remember, eh?)

Owen

1. Freelance mercs, baby, we play for whoever pays. Technically, it wasn't S.H.I.E.L.D., but a dummy company for a front company for a guy who knew a guy who used to work for S.H.I.E.L.D. that was cutting the check.

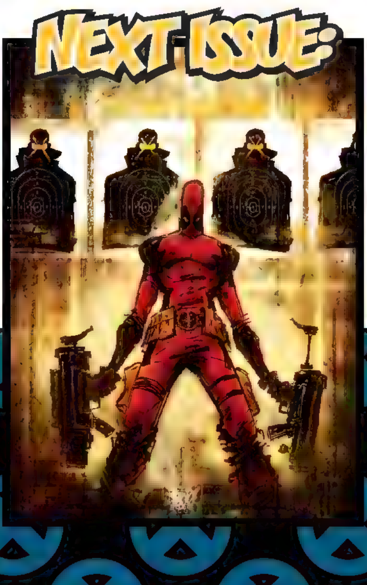
2. Yeah, they barely let me get away with what I do and say in this book,can you imagine how fast they'd guillotine Nicieza if he were writing me in a MAX book?

3. In the form of a question, it could be, "Was your shooting of Nate in the back of his head funny?" And my answer would be: Yes.

4. Our thighs aren't nearly big enough now, but I can see the wavelength you're on. (Notice the spelling there, Jasoun…)

5. If you had one, Owen, the answer undoubtedly would have been, "I won't go there if Bob Barker was there first."

NEXT ISSUE: Jumpin' Jehosaphats, am I really stuck teeny-tiny size? Will this help or hinder my love life? And what's the dilly-o with AGENT X? Is that #@!% so-and-so comin' back to MY book again? And what – he needs my help? As if! Give me one good reason why I should help him! No, better yet… give me four good reasons…



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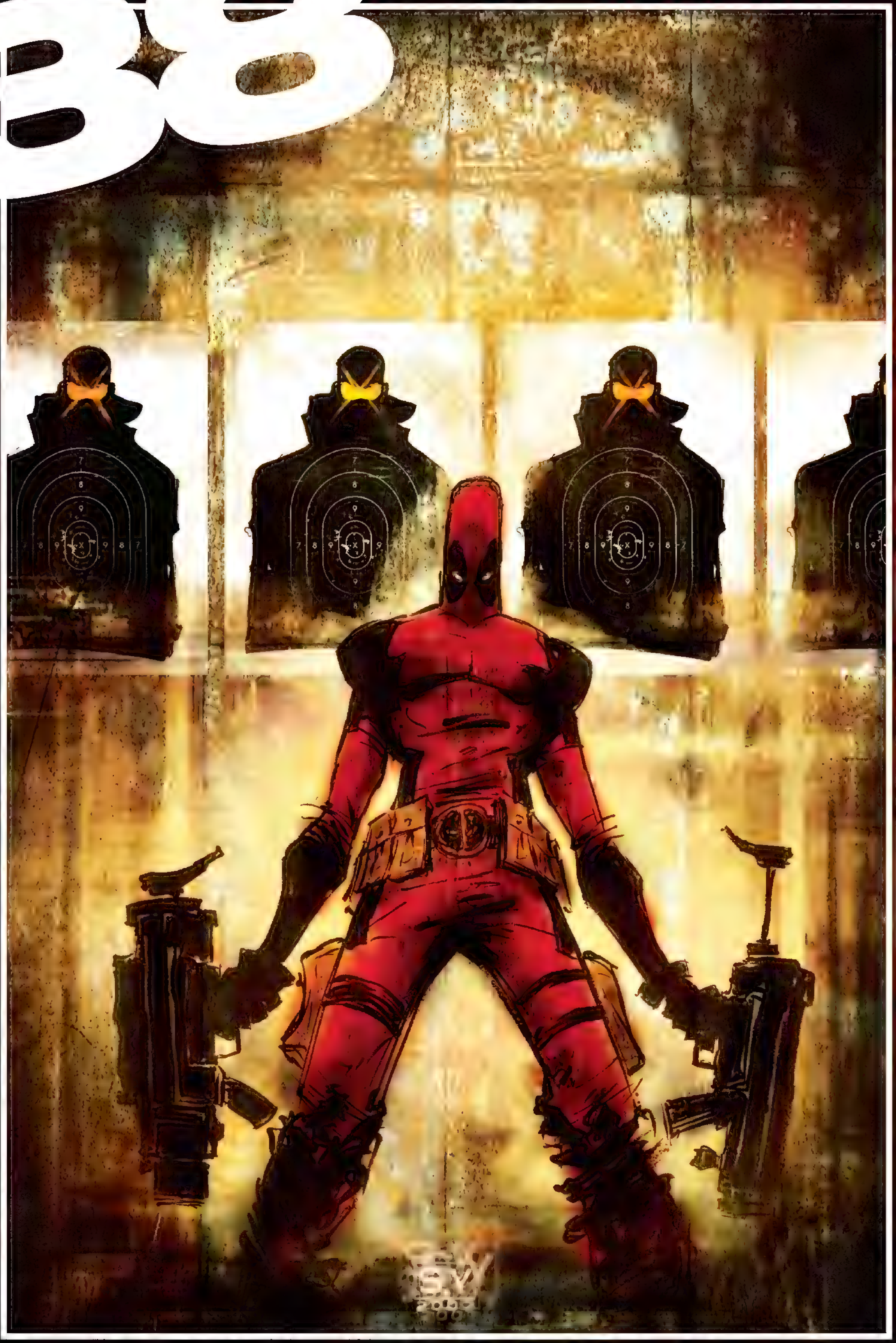
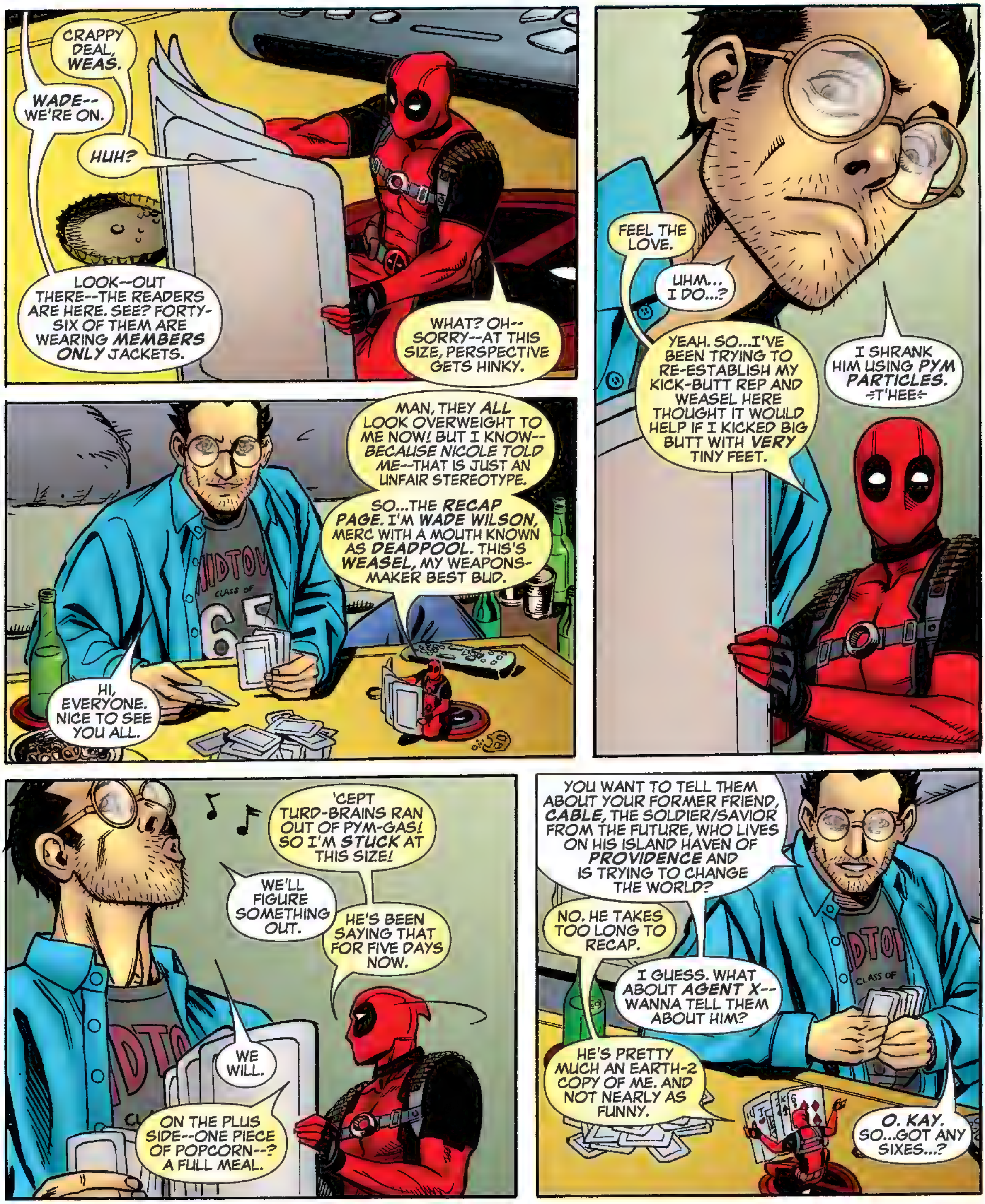
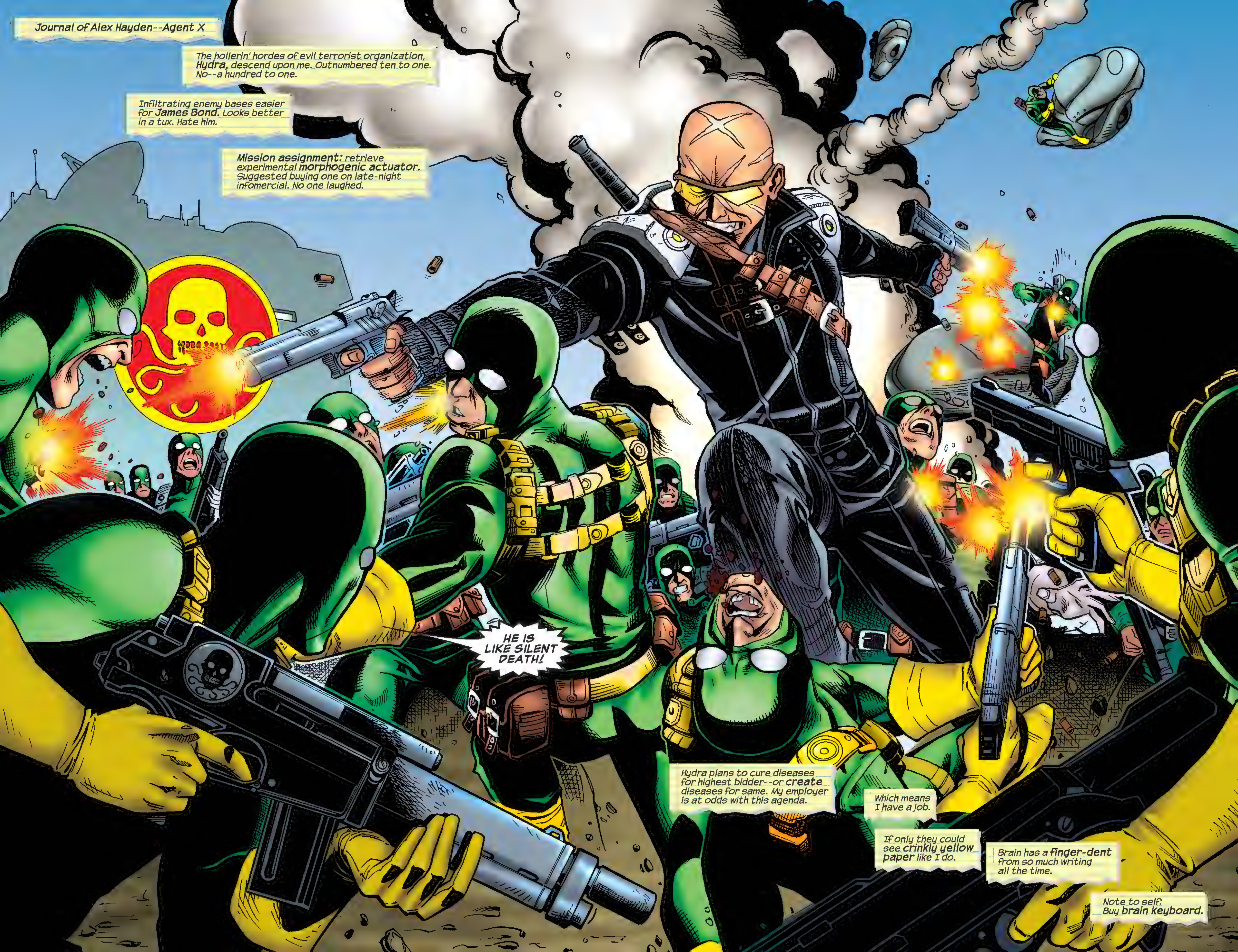
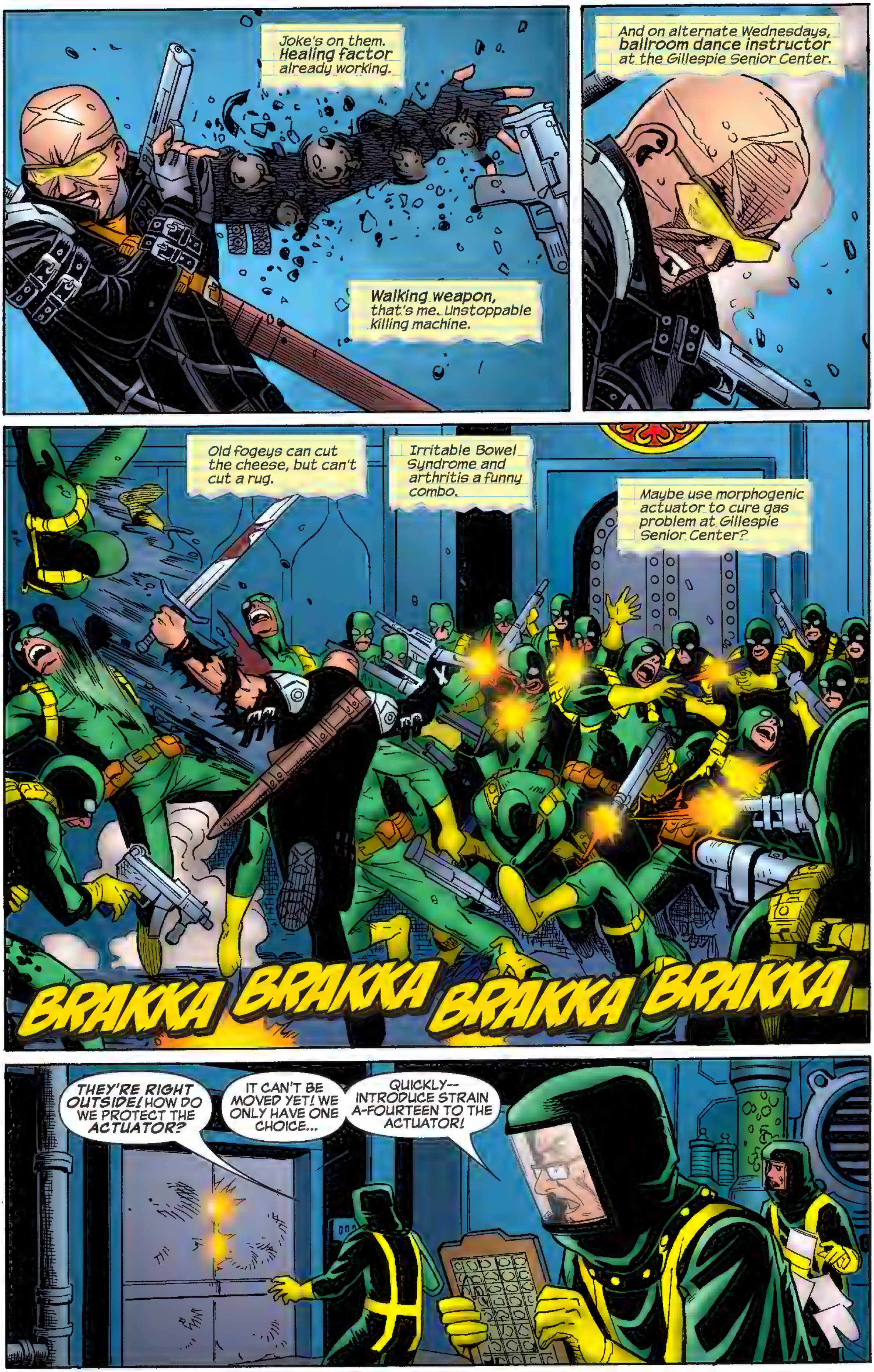
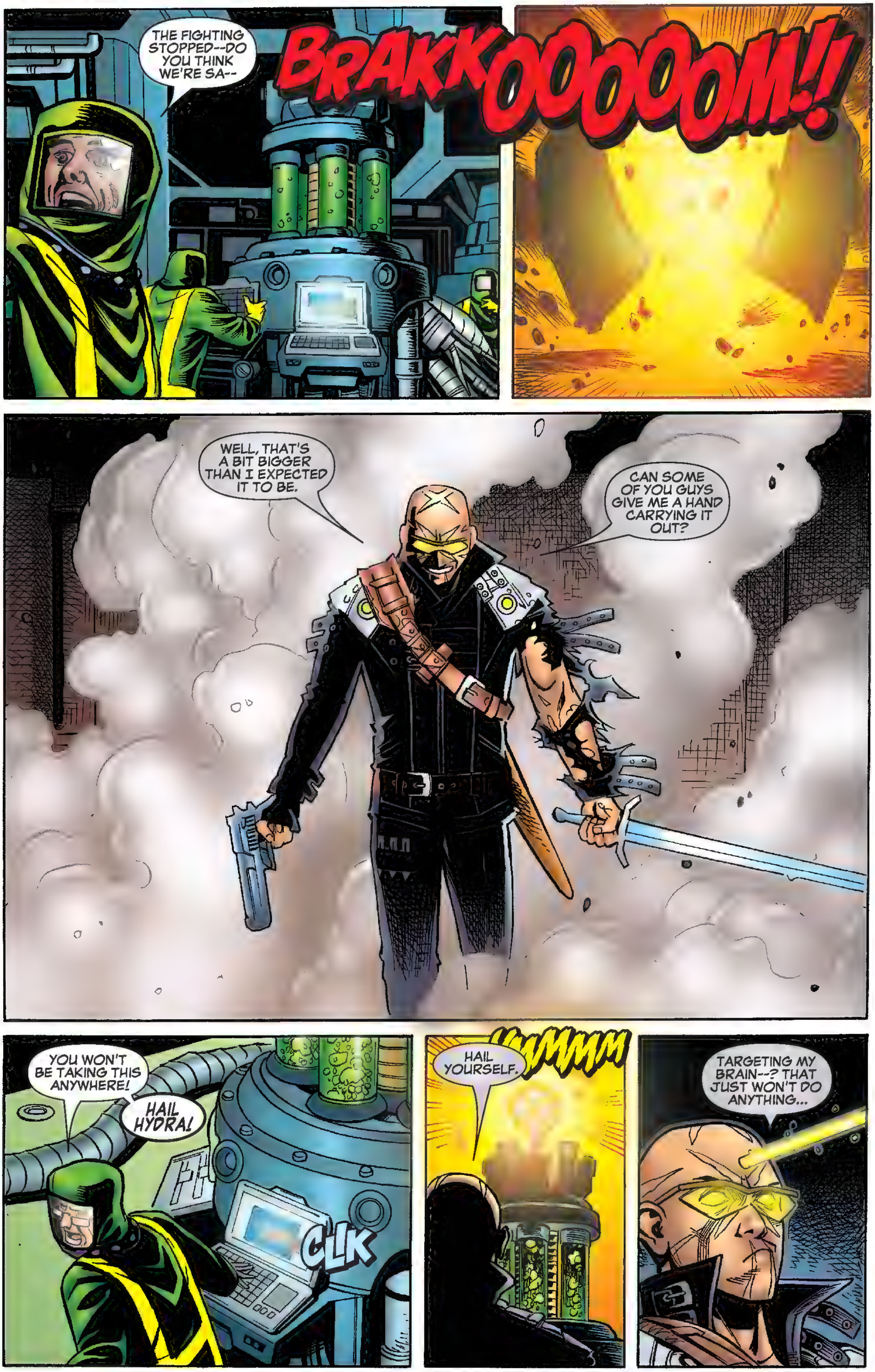


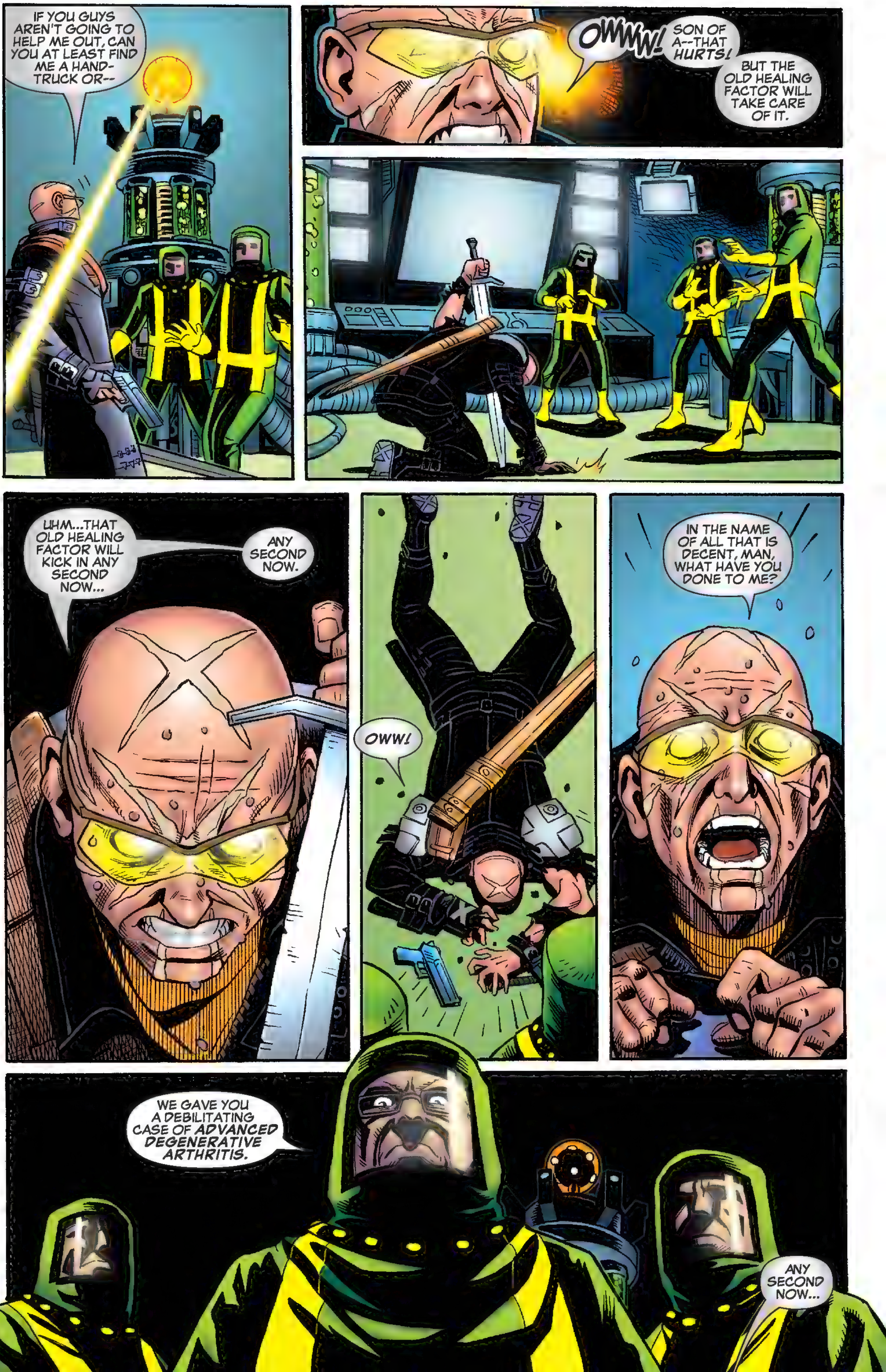
IT'S IN THE GENES

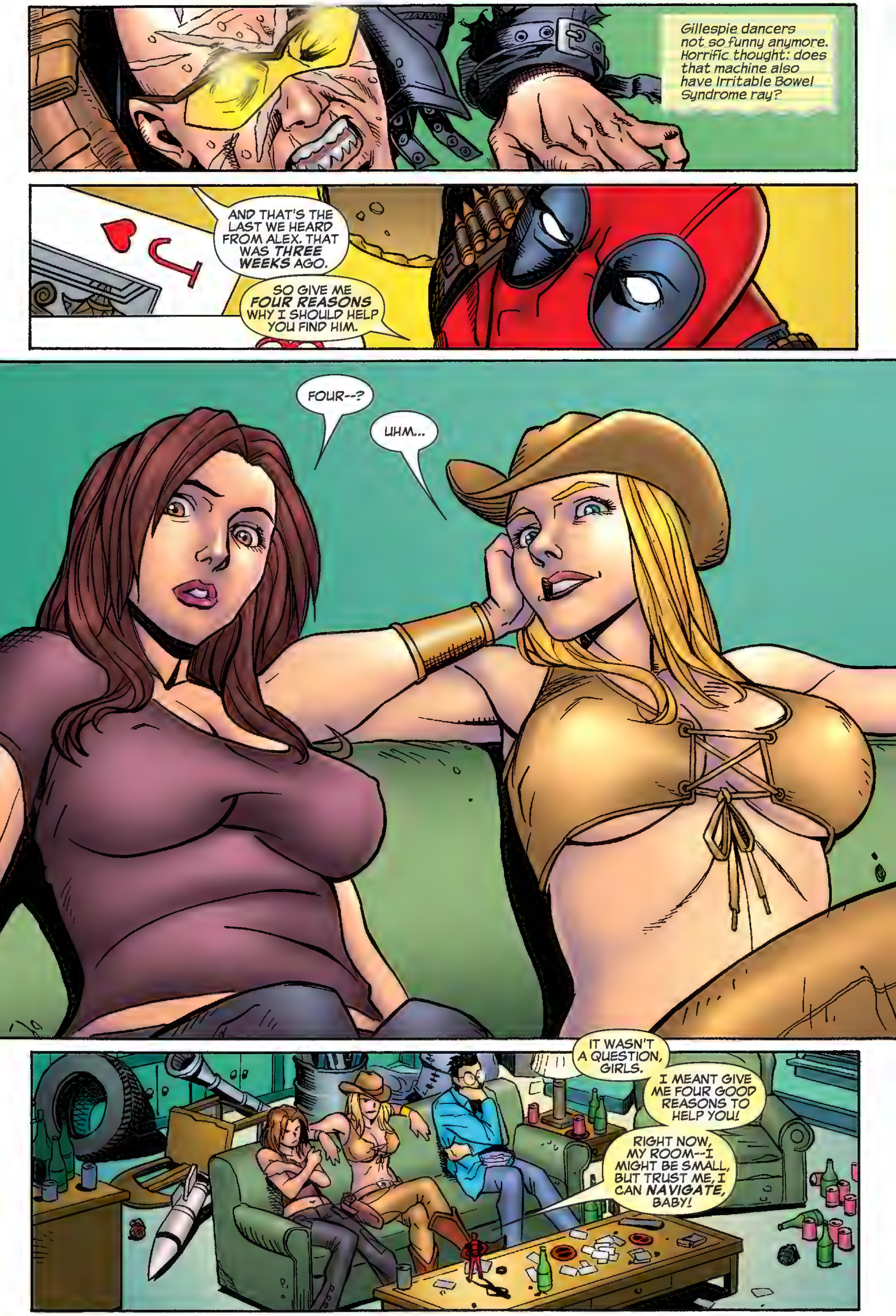

CRAPPY DEAL, WEAS.
WADE-- WE'RE ON.
HUH?
LOOK--OUT THERE--THE READERS ARE HERE. SEE? FORTY-SIX OF THEM ARE WEARING MEMBERS ONLY JACKETS.
WHAT? OH--SORRY--AT THIS SIZE, PERSPECTIVE GETS HINKY.
MAN, THEY ALL LOOK OVERWEIGHT TO ME NOW! BUT I KNOW--BECAUSE NICOLE TOLD ME--THAT IS JUST AN UNFAIR STEREOTYPE.
SO...THE RECAP PAGE. I'M WADE WILSON, MERC WITH A MOUTH KNOWN AS DEADPOOL. THIS'S WEASEL, MY WEAPONS-MAKER BEST BUD.
HI, EVERYONE. NICE TO SEE YOU ALL.
FEEL THE LOVE.
UHM... I DO...?
YEAH. SO...I'VE BEEN TRYING TO RE-ESTABLISH MY KICK-BUTT REP AND WEASEL HERE THOUGHT IT WOULD HELP IF I KICKED BIG BUTT WITH VERY TINY FEET.
I SHRANK HIM USING PYM PARTICLES. T'HEE
'CEPT TURD-BRAINS RAN OUT OF PYM-GAS! SO I'M STUCK AT THIS SIZE!
WE'LL FIGURE SOMETHING OUT.
HE'S BEEN SAYING THAT FOR FIVE DAYS NOW.
WE WILL.
ON THE PLUS SIDE--ONE PIECE OF POPCORN--? A FULL MEAL.
YOU WANT TO TELL THEM ABOUT YOUR FORMER FRIEND, CABLE, THE SOLDIER/SAVIOR FROM THE FUTURE, WHO LIVES ON HIS ISLAND HAVEN OF PROVIDENCE AND IS TRYING TO CHANGE THE WORLD?
NO. HE TAKES TOO LONG TO RECAP.
I GUESS. WHAT ABOUT AGENT X--WANNA TELL THEM ABOUT HIM?
HE'S PRETTY MUCH AN EARTH-2 COPY OF ME. AND NOT NEARLY AS FUNNY.
O. KAY. SO...GOT ANY SIXES...?

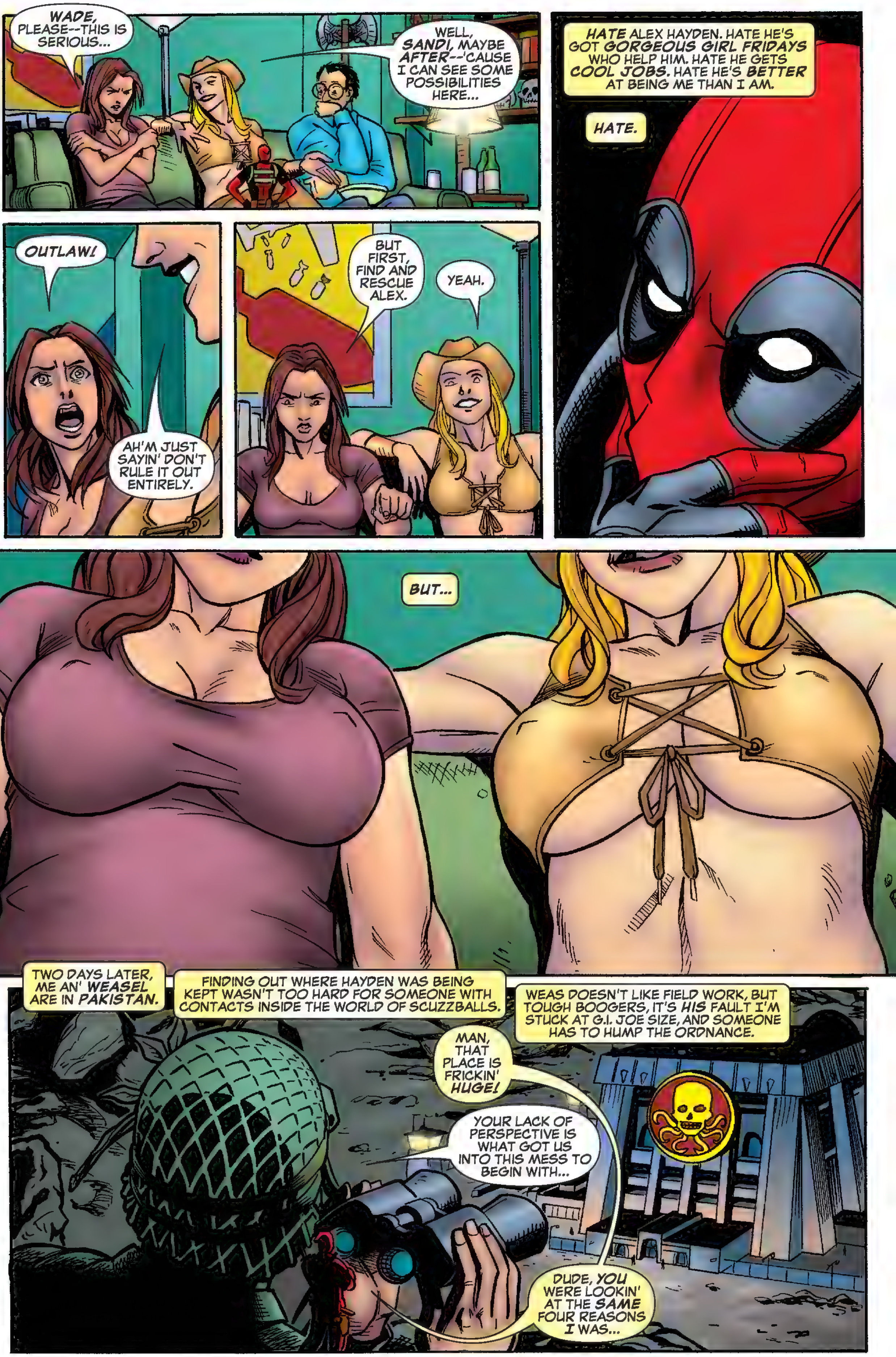

Journal of Alex Hayden--Agent X
The hollerin' hordes of evil terrorist organization, **Hydra**, descend upon me. Outnumbered ten to one. No--a hundred to one.
Infiltrating enemy bases easier for **James Bond**. Looks better in a tux. Hate him.
Mission assignment: retrieve experimental **morphogenic actuator.** Suggested buying one on late-night infomercial. No one laughed.
HE IS LIKE SILENT DEATH!
Hydra plans to cure diseases for highest bidder--or **create** diseases for same. My employer is at odds with this agenda.
Which means I have a job.
If only they could see **crinkly yellow paper** like I do.
Brain has a **finger-dent** from so much writing all the time.
Note to self: Buy **brain keyboard.**

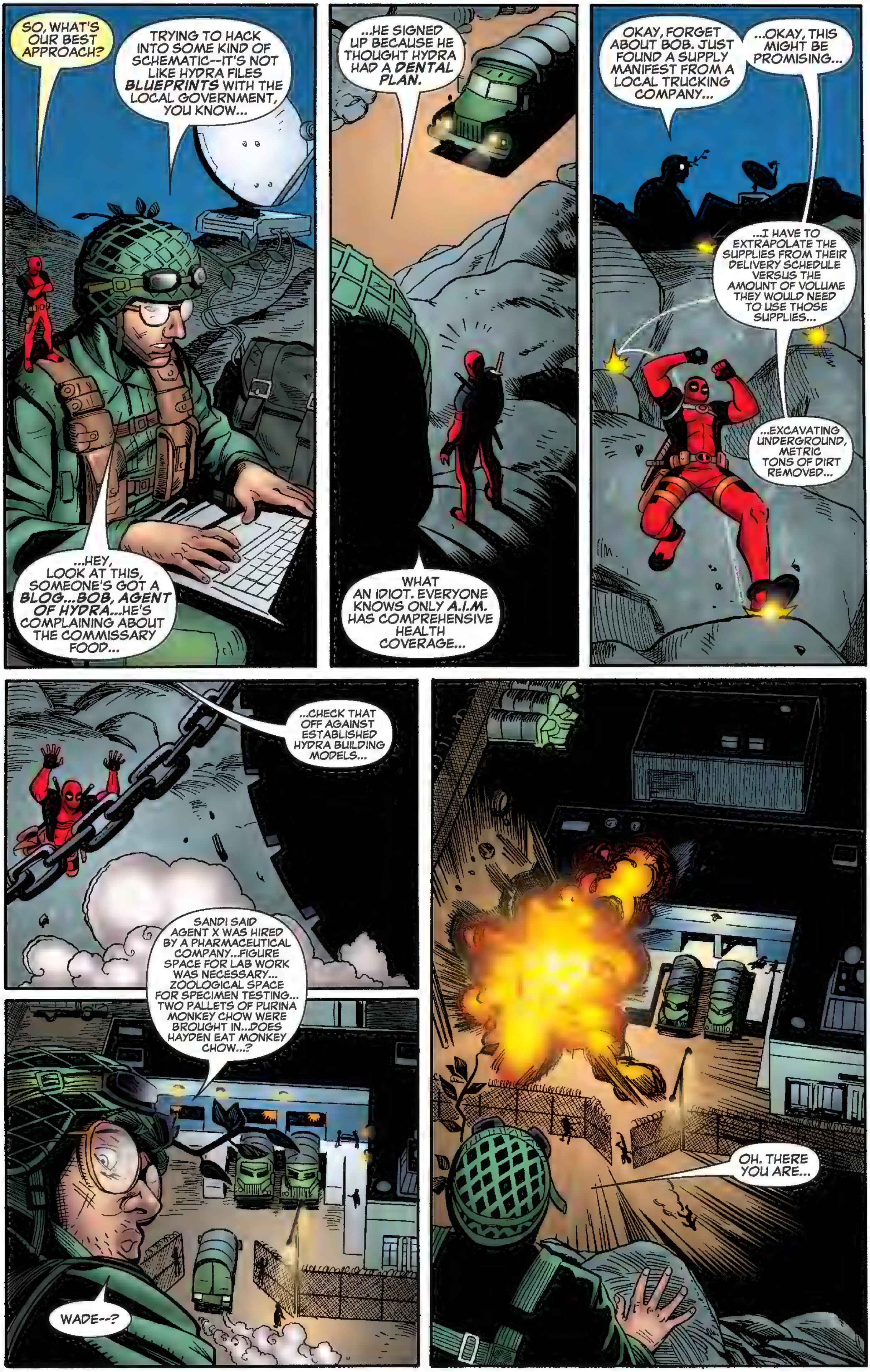

Joke's on them. Healing factor already working.
Walking weapon, that's me. Unstoppable killing machine.
And on alternate Wednesdays, ballroom dance instructor at the Gillespie Senior Center.
Old fogeys can cut the cheese, but can't cut a rug.
Irritable Bowel Syndrome and arthritis a funny combo.
Maybe use morphogenic actuator to cure gas problem at Gillespie Senior Center?
BRAKKA BRAKKA BRAKKA BRAKKA
THEY'RE RIGHT OUTSIDE! HOW DO WE PROTECT THE ACTUATOR?
IT CAN'T BE MOVED YET! WE ONLY HAVE ONE CHOICE...
QUICKLY-- INTRODUCE STRAIN A-FOURTEEN TO THE ACTUATOR!

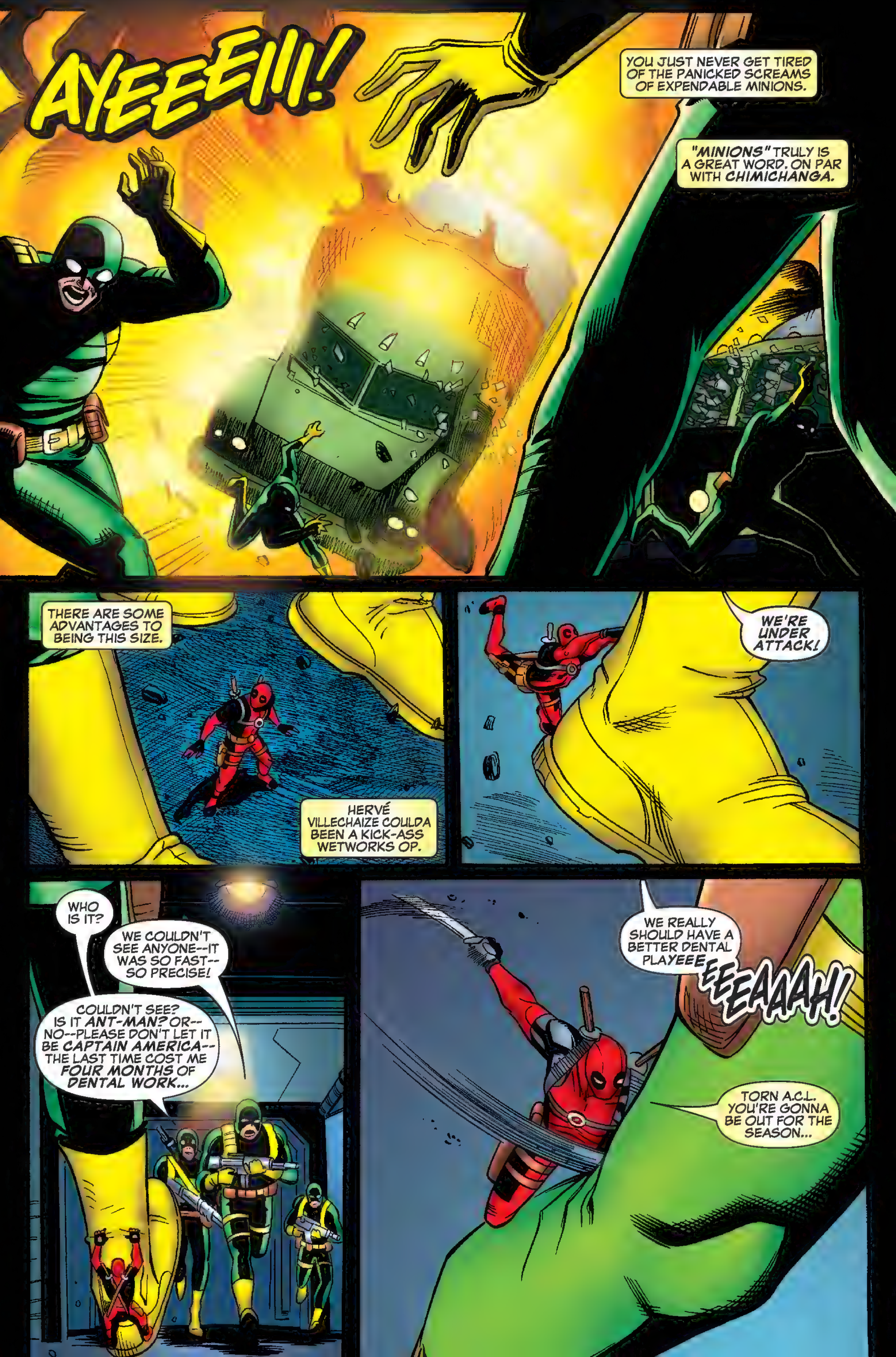

THE FIGHTING STOPPED--DO YOU THINK WE'RE SA--
BRAKKOOOOOOM!!
WELL, THAT'S A BIT BIGGER THAN I EXPECTED IT TO BE.
CAN SOME OF YOU GUYS GIVE ME A HAND CARRYING IT OUT?
YOU WON'T BE TAKING THIS ANYWHERE!
HAIL HYDRA!
CLIK
HAIL YOURSELF.
VMMMM
TARGETING MY BRAIN--? THAT JUST WON'T DO ANYTHING...

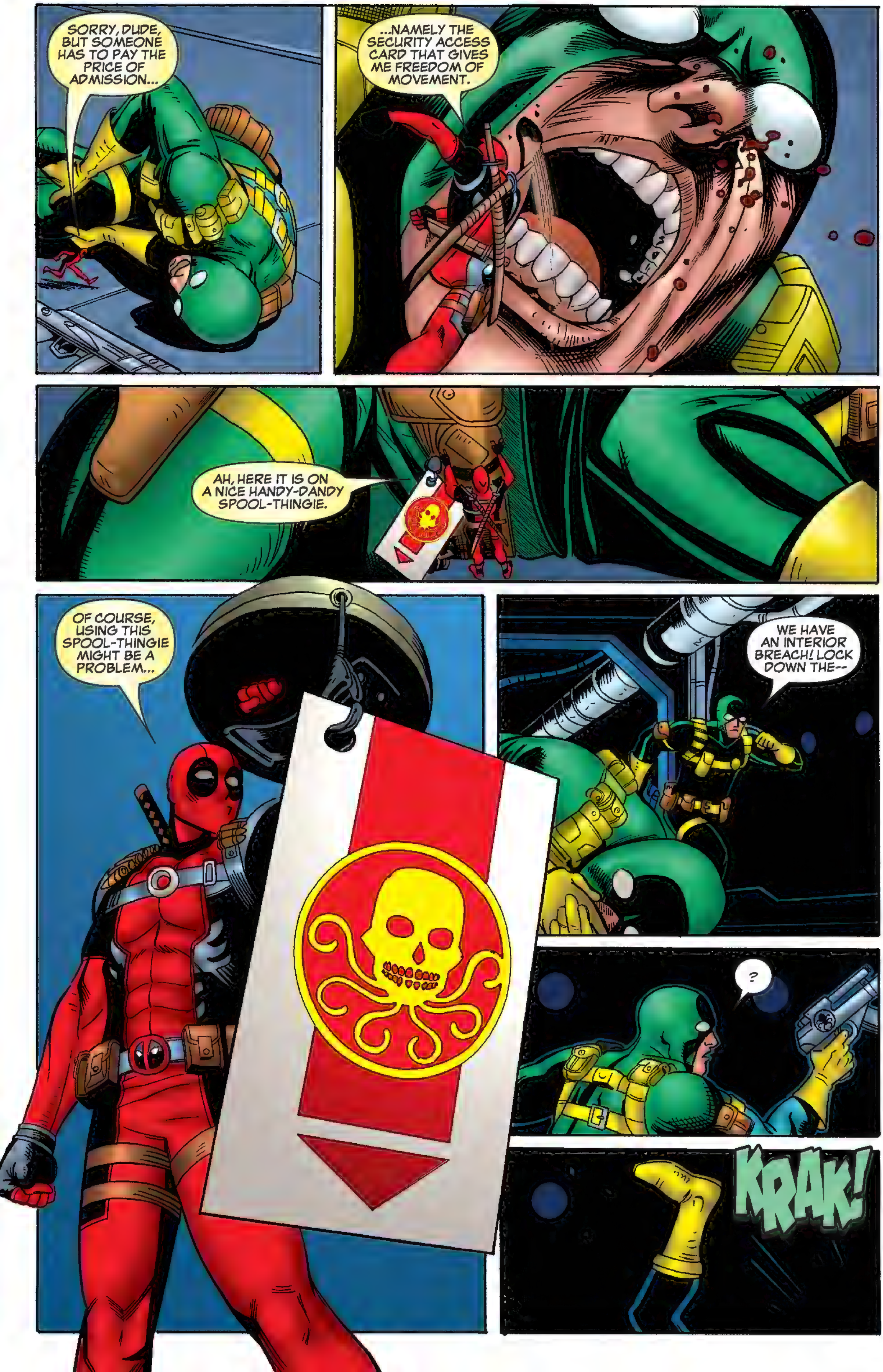

IF YOU GUYS AREN'T GOING TO HELP ME OUT, CAN YOU AT LEAST FIND ME A HAND-TRUCK OR--
OWWW!
SON OF A--THAT *HURTS!*
BUT THE OLD HEALING FACTOR WILL TAKE CARE OF IT.
UHM...THAT OLD HEALING FACTOR WILL KICK IN ANY SECOND NOW...
ANY SECOND NOW.
OWW!
IN THE NAME OF ALL THAT IS DECENT, MAN, WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO ME?
WE GAVE YOU A DEBILITATING CASE OF *ADVANCED DEGENERATIVE ARTHRITIS.*
ANY SECOND NOW...

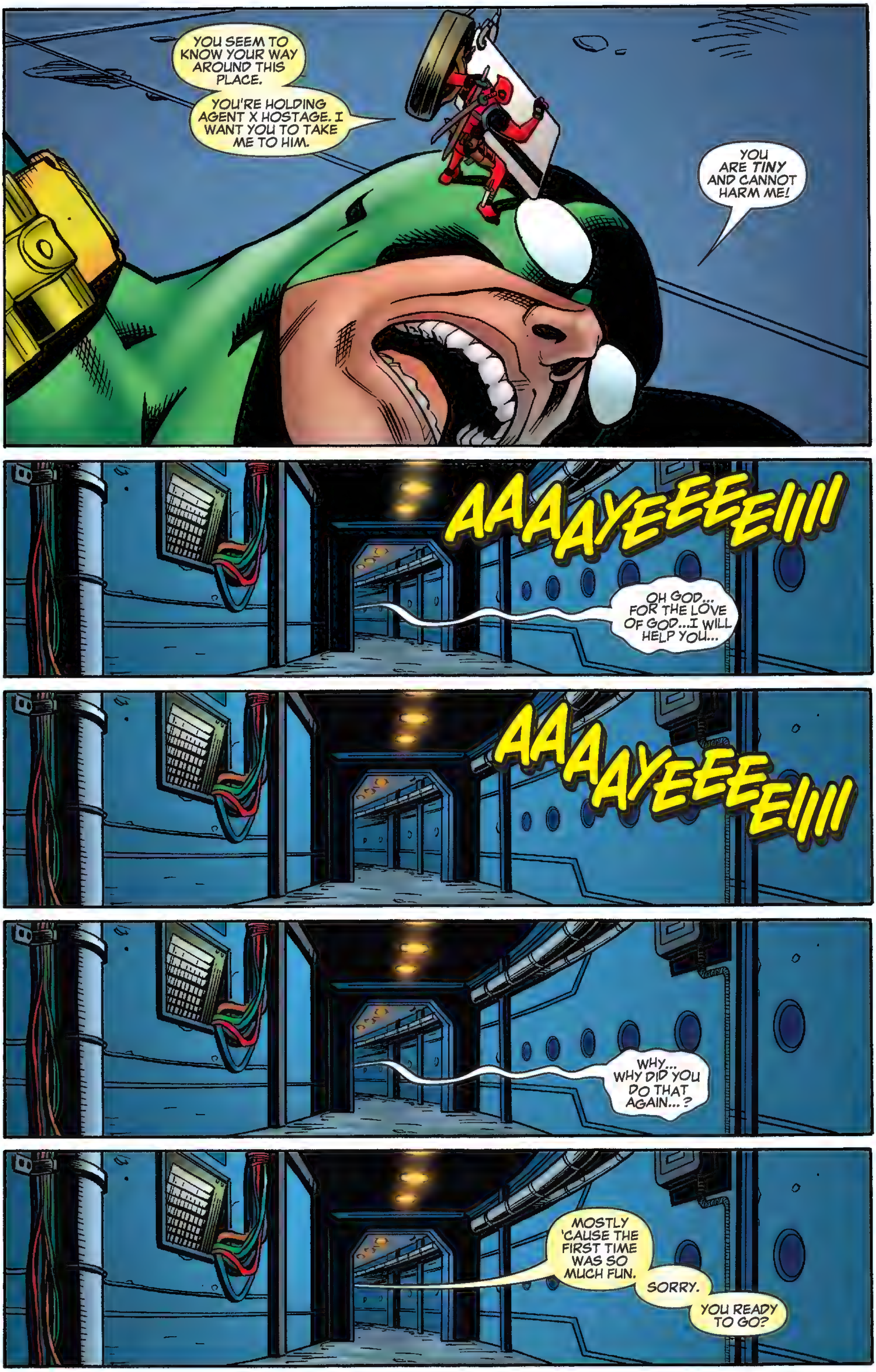

Gillespie dancers not so funny anymore. Horrific thought: does that machine also have Irritable Bowel Syndrome ray?
AND THAT'S THE LAST WE HEARD FROM ALEX. THAT WAS *THREE WEEKS* AGO.
SO GIVE ME *FOUR REASONS* WHY I SHOULD HELP YOU FIND HIM.
FOUR--?
UHM...
IT WASN'T A QUESTION, GIRLS.
I MEANT GIVE ME FOUR GOOD REASONS TO HELP YOU!
RIGHT NOW, MY ROOM--I MIGHT BE SMALL, BUT TRUST ME, I CAN *NAVIGATE*, BABY!

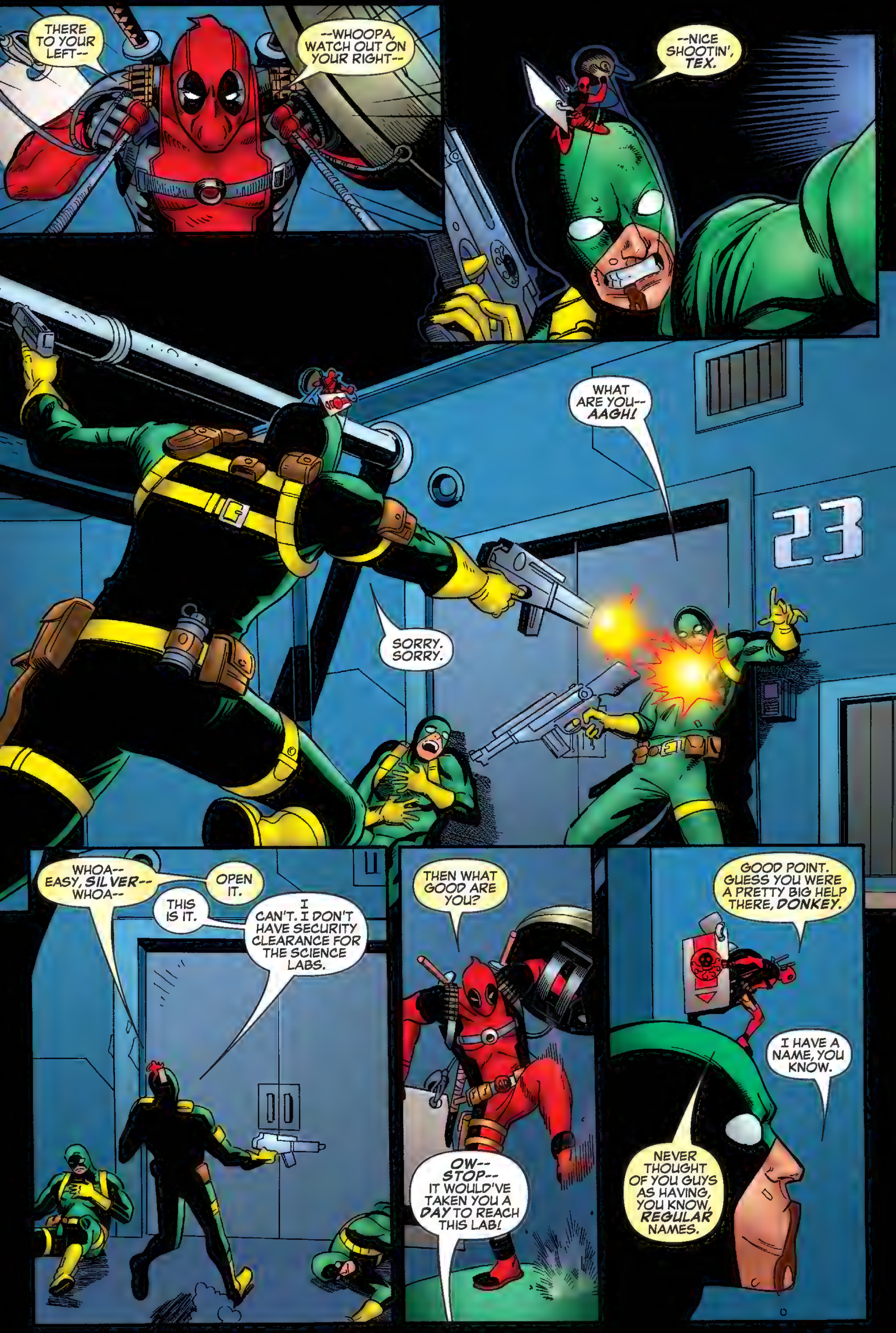

WADE, PLEASE--THIS IS SERIOUS...
WELL, SANDI, MAYBE AFTER--'CAUSE I CAN SEE SOME POSSIBILITIES HERE...
HATE ALEX HAYDEN. HATE HE'S GOT GORGEOUS GIRL FRIDAYS WHO HELP HIM. HATE HE GETS COOL JOBS. HATE HE'S BETTER AT BEING ME THAN I AM.
HATE.
OUTLAW!
AH'M JUST SAYIN' DON'T RULE IT OUT ENTIRELY.
BUT FIRST, FIND AND RESCUE ALEX.
YEAH.
BUT...
TWO DAYS LATER, ME AN' WEASEL ARE IN PAKISTAN.
FINDING OUT WHERE HAYDEN WAS BEING KEPT WASN'T TOO HARD FOR SOMEONE WITH CONTACTS INSIDE THE WORLD OF SCUZZBALLS.
WEAS DOESN'T LIKE FIELD WORK, BUT TOUGH BOOGERS, IT'S HIS FAULT I'M STUCK AT G.I. JOE SIZE, AND SOMEONE HAS TO HUMP THE ORDNANCE.
MAN, THAT PLACE IS FRICKIN' HUGE!
YOUR LACK OF PERSPECTIVE IS WHAT GOT US INTO THIS MESS TO BEGIN WITH...
DUDE, YOU WERE LOOKIN' AT THE SAME FOUR REASONS I WAS...

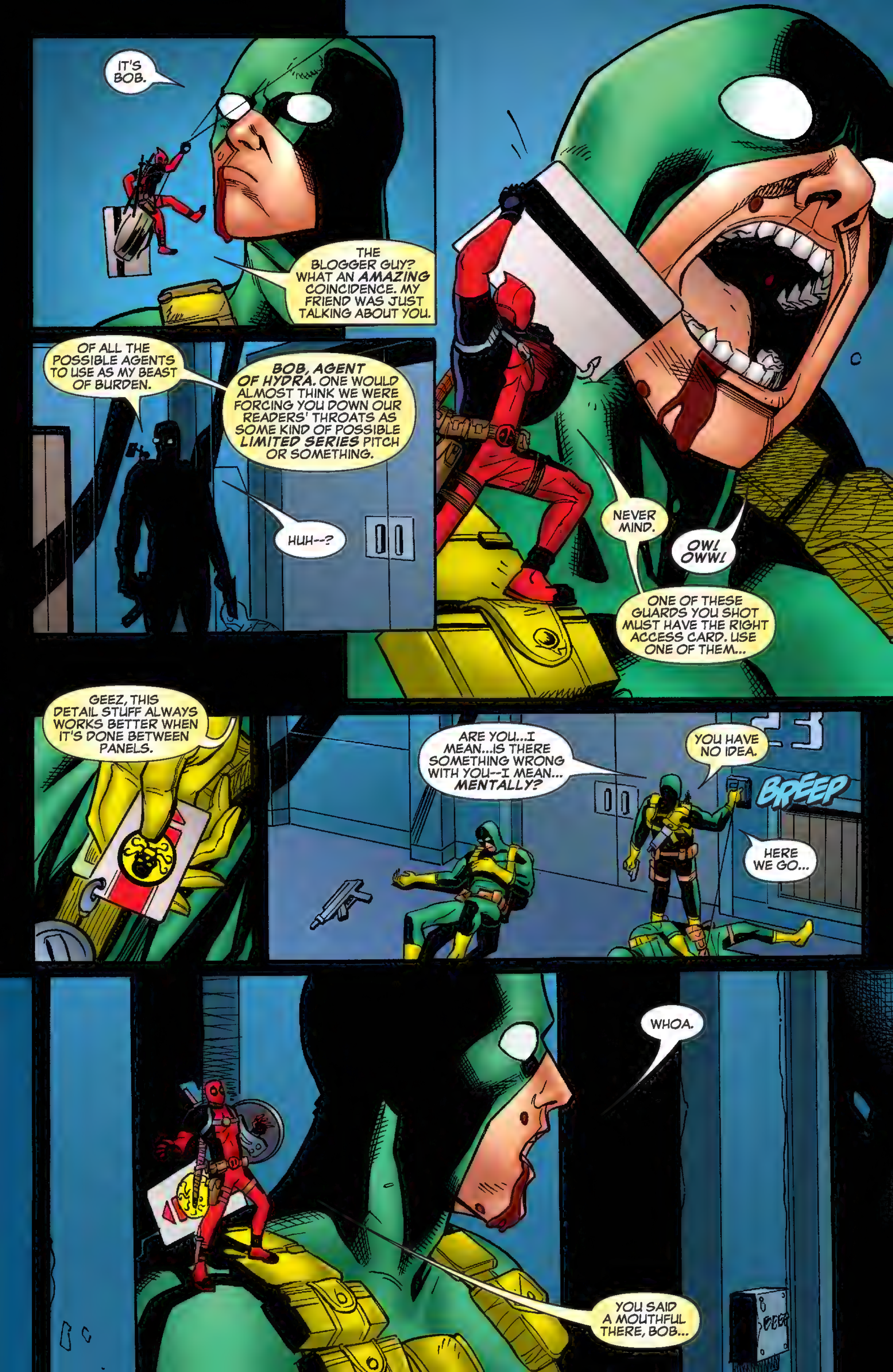

SO, WHAT'S OUR BEST APPROACH?
TRYING TO HACK INTO SOME KIND OF SCHEMATIC--IT'S NOT LIKE HYDRA FILES **BLUEPRINTS** WITH THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT, YOU KNOW...
...HEY, LOOK AT THIS, SOMEONE'S GOT A **BLOG...BOB, AGENT OF HYDRA...**HE'S COMPLAINING ABOUT THE COMMISSARY FOOD...
...HE SIGNED UP BECAUSE HE THOUGHT HYDRA HAD A **DENTAL PLAN.**
WHAT AN IDIOT. EVERYONE KNOWS ONLY ***A.I.M.*** HAS COMPREHENSIVE HEALTH COVERAGE...
OKAY, FORGET ABOUT BOB. JUST FOUND A SUPPLY MANIFEST FROM A LOCAL TRUCKING COMPANY...
...OKAY, THIS MIGHT BE PROMISING...
...I HAVE TO EXTRAPOLATE THE SUPPLIES FROM THEIR DELIVERY SCHEDULE VERSUS THE AMOUNT OF VOLUME THEY WOULD NEED TO USE THOSE SUPPLIES...
...EXCAVATING UNDERGROUND, METRIC TONS OF DIRT REMOVED...
...CHECK THAT OFF AGAINST ESTABLISHED HYDRA BUILDING MODELS...
SANDI SAID AGENT X WAS HIRED BY A PHARMACEUTICAL COMPANY...FIGURE SPACE FOR LAB WORK WAS NECESSARY... ZOOLOGICAL SPACE FOR SPECIMEN TESTING... TWO PALLETS OF PURINA MONKEY CHOW WERE BROUGHT IN...DOES HAYDEN EAT MONKEY CHOW...?
WADE--?
OH. THERE YOU ARE...

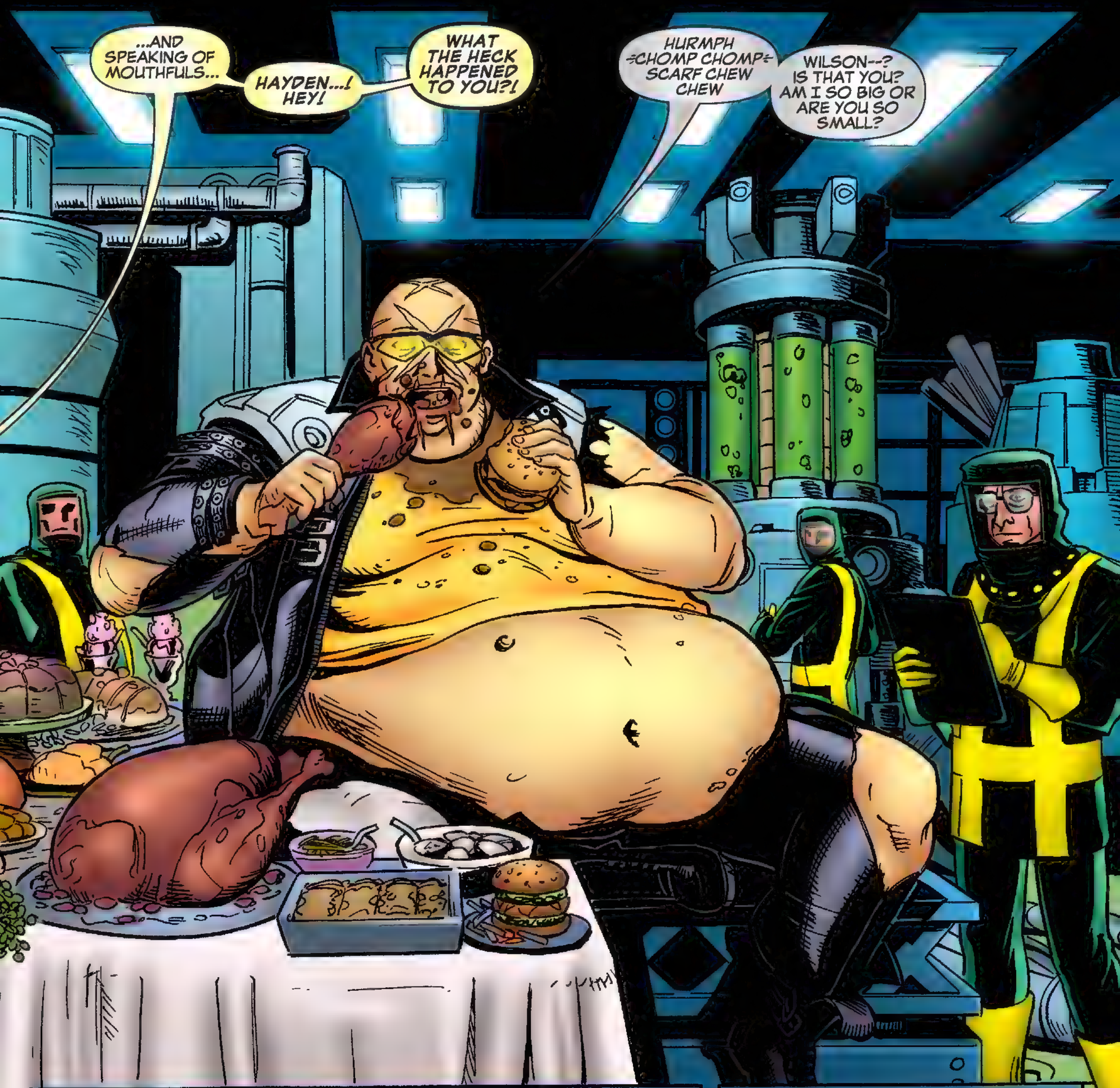

AYEEEIII!
YOU JUST NEVER GET TIRED OF THE PANICKED SCREAMS OF EXPENDABLE MINIONS.
"MINIONS" TRULY IS A GREAT WORD, ON PAR WITH CHIMICHANGA.
THERE ARE SOME ADVANTAGES TO BEING THIS SIZE.
HERVÉ VILLECHAIZE COULDA BEEN A KICK-ASS WETWORKS OP.
WE'RE UNDER ATTACK!
WHO IS IT?
WE COULDN'T SEE ANYONE--IT WAS SO FAST--SO PRECISE!
COULDN'T SEE? IS IT ANT-MAN? OR--NO--PLEASE DON'T LET IT BE CAPTAIN AMERICA--THE LAST TIME COST ME FOUR MONTHS OF DENTAL WORK...
WE REALLY SHOULD HAVE A BETTER DENTAL PLAYEEE EEEAAAAH!
TORN A.C.L. YOU'RE GONNA BE OUT FOR THE SEASON...

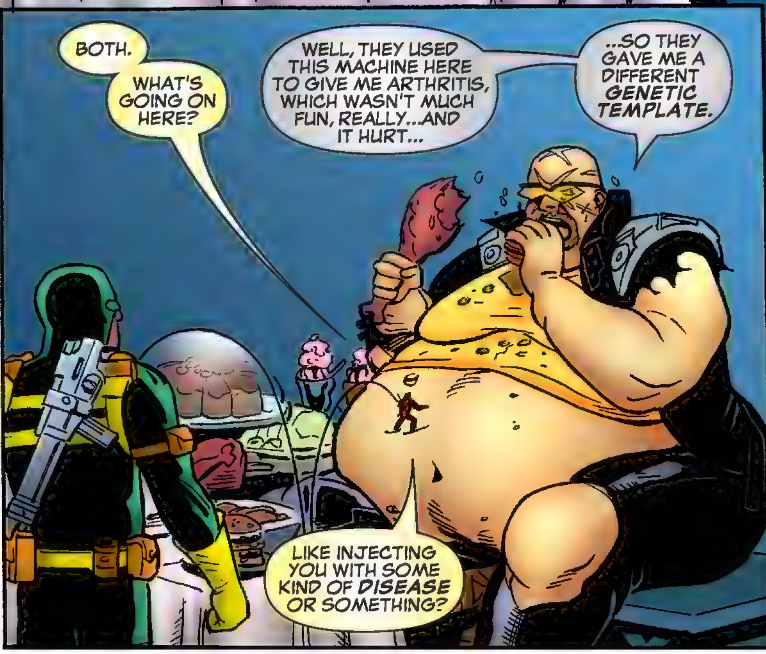

SORRY, DUDE, BUT SOMEONE HAS TO PAY THE PRICE OF ADMISSION...
...NAMELY THE SECURITY ACCESS CARD THAT GIVES ME FREEDOM OF MOVEMENT.
AH, HERE IT IS ON A NICE HANDY-DANDY SPOOL-THINGIE.
OF COURSE, USING THIS SPOOL-THINGIE MIGHT BE A PROBLEM...
WE HAVE AN INTERIOR BREACH! LOCK DOWN THE--
?
KRAK!

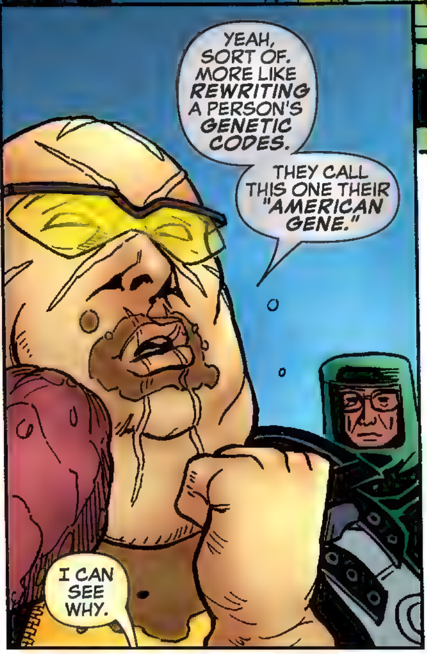

YOU SEEM TO KNOW YOUR WAY AROUND THIS PLACE.
YOU'RE HOLDING AGENT X HOSTAGE. I WANT YOU TO TAKE ME TO HIM.
YOU ARE *TINY* AND CANNOT HARM ME!
AAAAYEEEEEIIII
OH GOD... FOR THE LOVE OF GOD...I WILL HELP YOU...
AAAAYEEEEEIIII
WHY... WHY DID YOU DO THAT AGAIN...?
MOSTLY 'CAUSE THE FIRST TIME WAS SO MUCH FUN.
SORRY.
YOU READY TO GO?

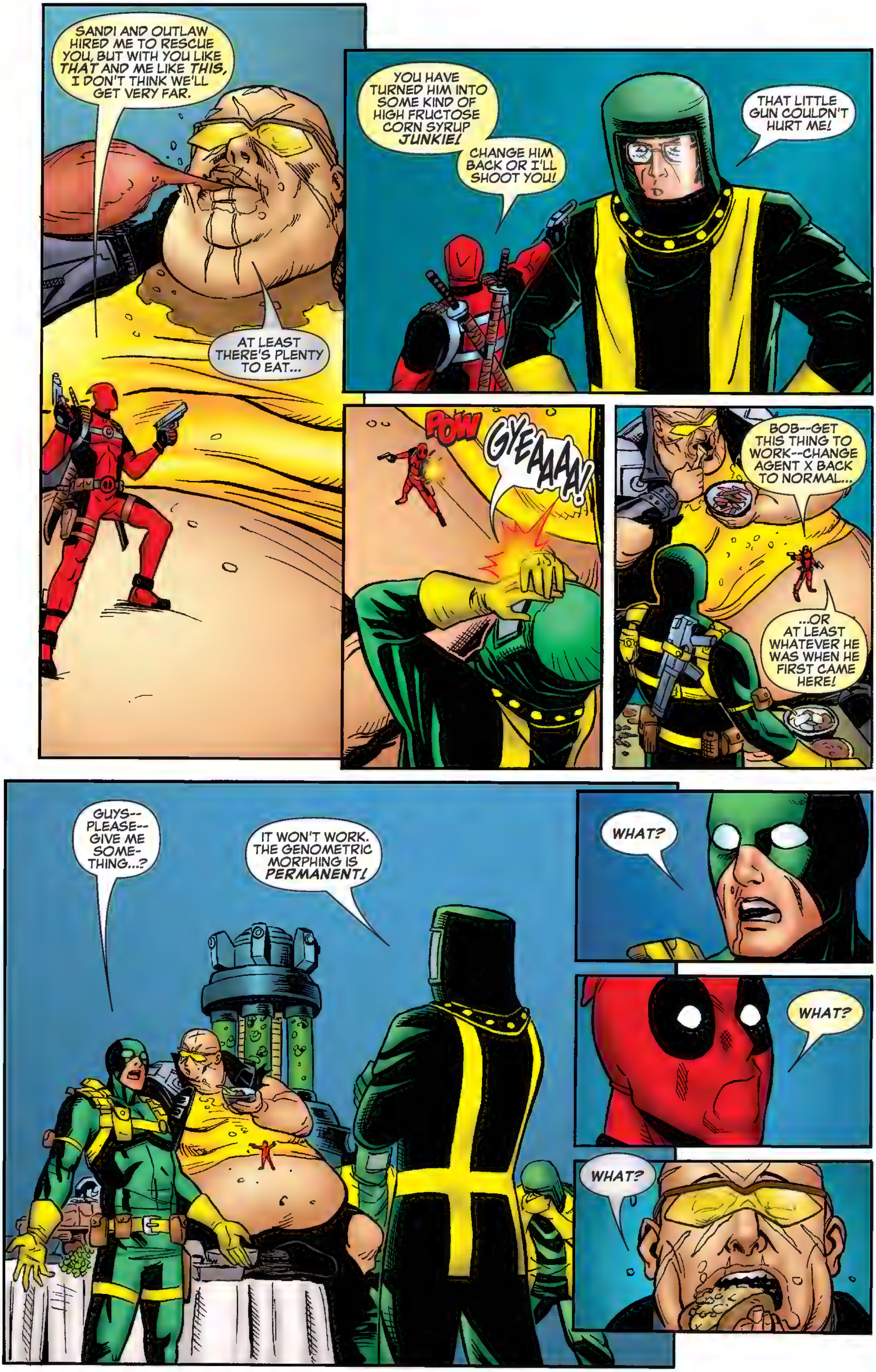

THERE TO YOUR LEFT--
--WHOOPA, WATCH OUT ON YOUR RIGHT--
--NICE SHOOTIN', **TEX.**
WHAT ARE YOU-- **AAGH!**
23
SORRY. SORRY.
WHOA-- EASY, **SILVER**-- WHOA--
OPEN IT.
THIS IS IT.
I CAN'T. I DON'T HAVE SECURITY CLEARANCE FOR THE SCIENCE LABS.
THEN WHAT GOOD ARE YOU?
OW-- STOP-- IT WOULD'VE TAKEN YOU A **DAY** TO REACH THIS LAB!
GOOD POINT. GUESS YOU WERE A PRETTY BIG HELP THERE, **DONKEY.**
I HAVE A NAME, YOU KNOW.
NEVER THOUGHT OF YOU GUYS AS HAVING, YOU KNOW, **REGULAR** NAMES.

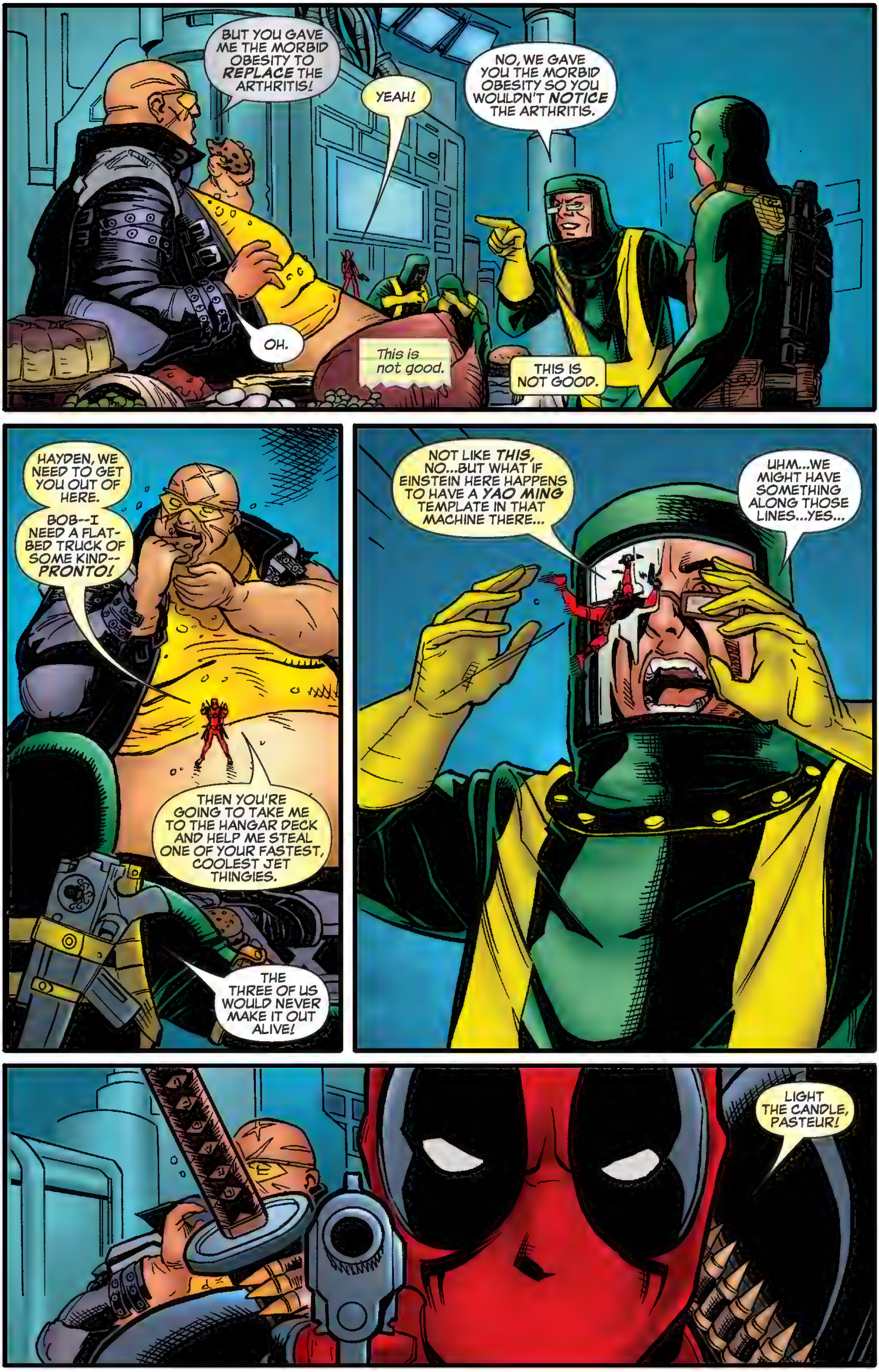

IT'S BOB.
THE BLOGGER GUY? WHAT AN **AMAZING** COINCIDENCE. MY FRIEND WAS JUST TALKING ABOUT YOU.
OF ALL THE POSSIBLE AGENTS TO USE AS MY BEAST OF BURDEN.
BOB, AGENT OF HYDRA. ONE WOULD ALMOST THINK WE WERE FORCING YOU DOWN OUR READERS' THROATS AS SOME KIND OF POSSIBLE **LIMITED SERIES** PITCH OR SOMETHING.
HUH--?
NEVER MIND.
OW! OWW!
ONE OF THESE GUARDS YOU SHOT MUST HAVE THE RIGHT ACCESS CARD. USE ONE OF THEM...
GEEZ, THIS DETAIL STUFF ALWAYS WORKS BETTER WHEN IT'S DONE BETWEEN PANELS.
ARE YOU...I MEAN...IS THERE SOMETHING WRONG WITH YOU--I MEAN... **MENTALLY?**
YOU HAVE NO IDEA.
BREEP
HERE WE GO...
WHOA.
YOU SAID A MOUTHFUL THERE, BOB...

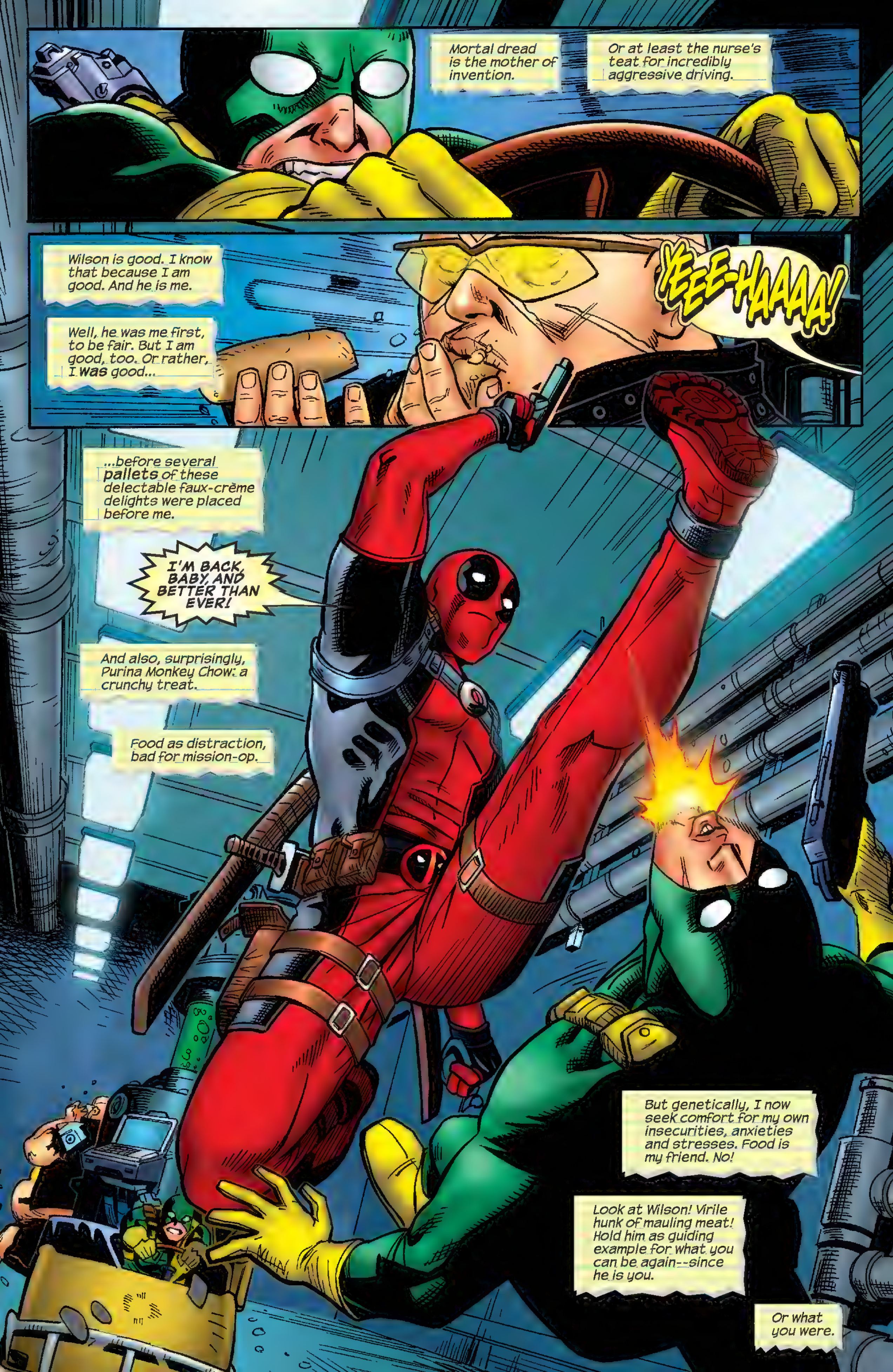

...AND SPEAKING OF MOUTHFULS...
HAYDEN...! HEY!
WHAT THE HECK HAPPENED TO YOU?!
HURMPH =CHOMP CHOMP= SCARF CHEW CHEW
WILSON--? IS THAT YOU? AM I SO BIG OR ARE YOU SO SMALL?

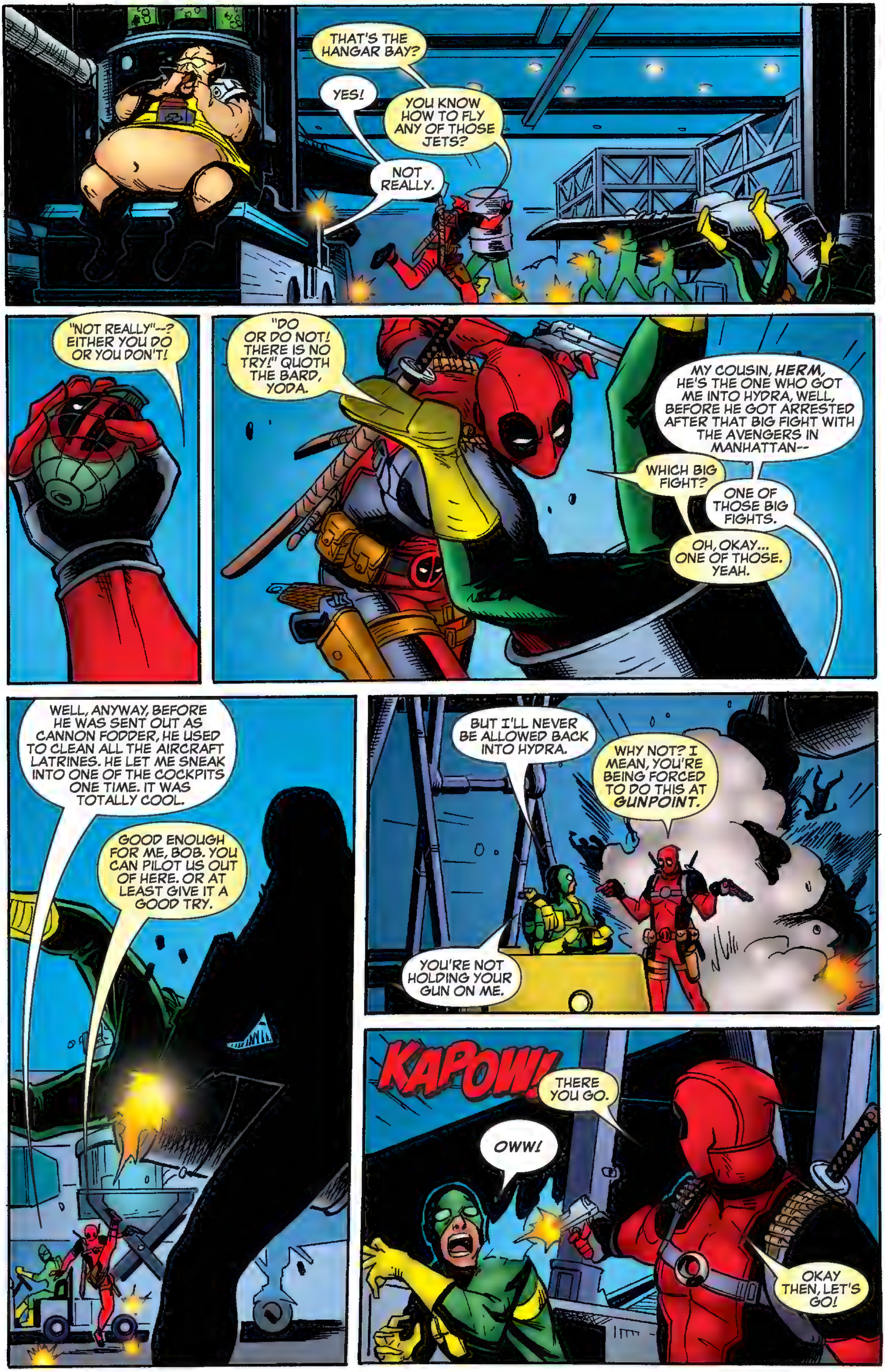

BOTH.
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
WELL, THEY USED THIS MACHINE HERE TO GIVE ME ARTHRITIS, WHICH WASN'T MUCH FUN, REALLY...AND IT HURT...
...SO THEY GAVE ME A DIFFERENT GENETIC TEMPLATE.
LIKE INJECTING YOU WITH SOME KIND OF DISEASE OR SOMETHING?

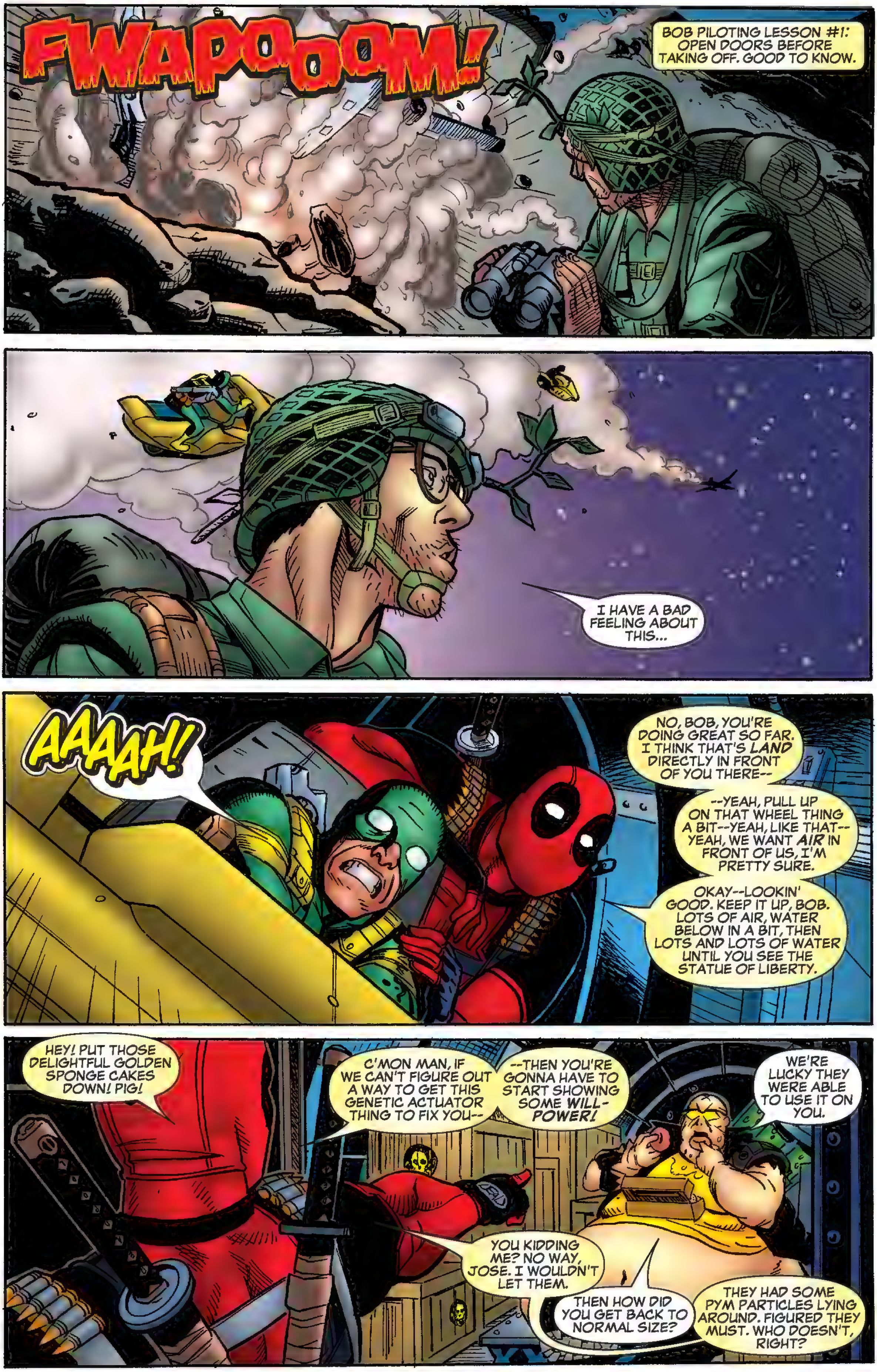

YEAH, SORT OF. MORE LIKE REWRITING A PERSON'S GENETIC CODES.
THEY CALL THIS ONE THEIR "AMERICAN GENE."
I CAN SEE WHY.

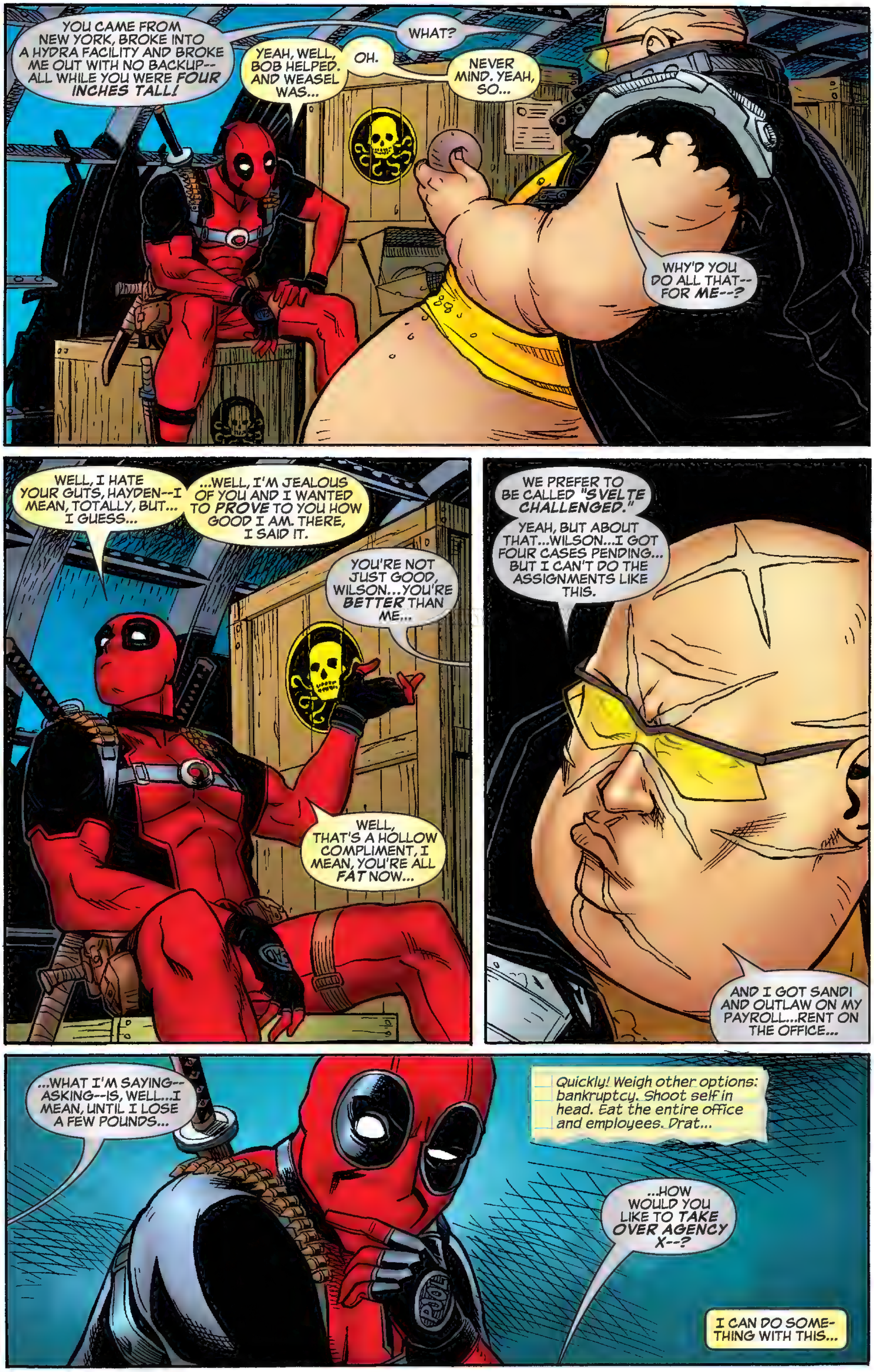

SANDI AND OUTLAW HIRED ME TO RESCUE YOU, BUT WITH YOU LIKE *THAT* AND ME LIKE *THIS*, I DON'T THINK WE'LL GET VERY FAR.
AT LEAST THERE'S PLENTY TO EAT...
YOU HAVE TURNED HIM INTO SOME KIND OF HIGH FRUCTOSE CORN SYRUP *JUNKIE!*
CHANGE HIM BACK OR I'LL SHOOT YOU!
THAT LITTLE GUN COULDN'T HURT ME!
POW
GYEAAAA!
BOB--GET THIS THING TO WORK--CHANGE AGENT X BACK TO NORMAL...
...OR AT LEAST WHATEVER HE WAS WHEN HE FIRST CAME HERE!
GUYS-- PLEASE-- GIVE ME SOME-THING...?
IT WON'T WORK. THE GENOMETRIC MORPHING IS *PERMANENT!*
WHAT?
WHAT?
WHAT?

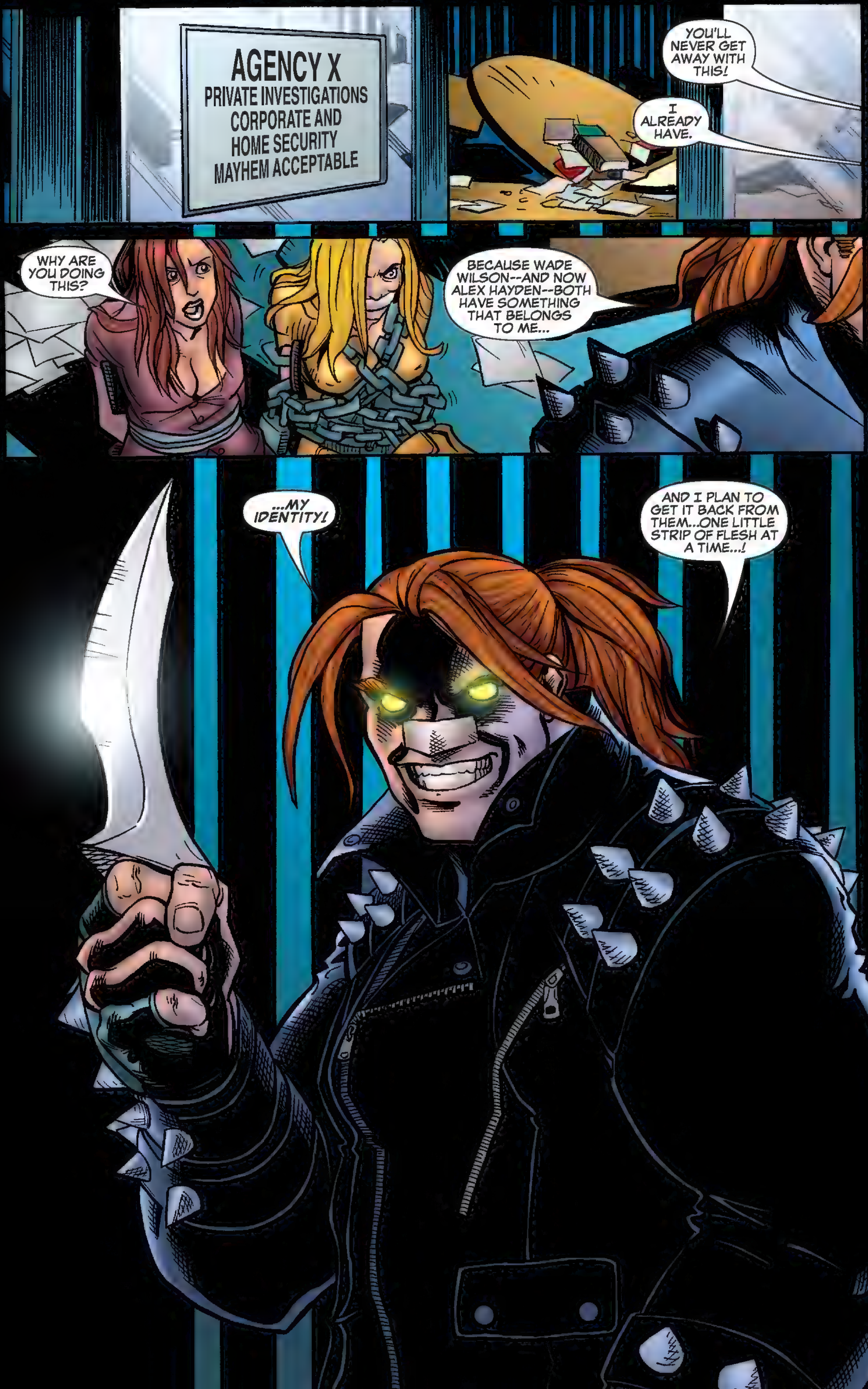

BUT YOU GAVE ME THE MORBID OBESITY TO *REPLACE* THE ARTHRITIS!
YEAH!
NO, WE GAVE YOU THE MORBID OBESITY SO YOU WOULDN'T *NOTICE* THE ARTHRITIS.
OH.
This is not good.
THIS IS NOT GOOD.
HAYDEN, WE NEED TO GET YOU OUT OF HERE.
BOB--I NEED A FLAT-BED TRUCK OF SOME KIND--*PRONTO!*
THEN YOU'RE GOING TO TAKE ME TO THE HANGAR DECK AND HELP ME STEAL ONE OF YOUR FASTEST, COOLEST JET THINGIES.
THE THREE OF US WOULD NEVER MAKE IT OUT ALIVE!
NOT LIKE *THIS*, NO...BUT WHAT IF EINSTEIN HERE HAPPENS TO HAVE A *YAO MING* TEMPLATE IN THAT MACHINE THERE...
UHM...WE MIGHT HAVE SOMETHING ALONG THOSE LINES...YES...
LIGHT THE CANDLE, PASTEUR!


Mortal dread is the mother of invention.
Or at least the nurse's teat for incredibly aggressive driving.
Wilson is good. I know that because I am good. And he is me.
Well, he was me first, to be fair. But I am good, too. Or rather, I **was** good...
YEEE-HAAAA!
...before several **pallets** of these delectable faux-crème delights were placed before me.
I'M BACK, BABY, AND BETTER THAN EVER!
And also, surprisingly, Purina Monkey Chow: a crunchy treat.
Food as distraction, bad for mission-op.
But genetically, I now seek comfort for my own insecurities, anxieties and stresses. Food is my friend. No!
Look at Wilson! Virile hunk of mauling meat! Hold him as guiding example for what you can be again--since he is you.
Or what you were.


THAT'S THE HANGAR BAY?
YES!
YOU KNOW HOW TO FLY ANY OF THOSE JETS?
NOT REALLY.
"NOT REALLY"--? EITHER YOU DO OR YOU DON'T!
"DO OR DO NOT! THERE IS NO TRY!" QUOTH THE BARD, YODA.
MY COUSIN, **HERM**, HE'S THE ONE WHO GOT ME INTO HYDRA, WELL, BEFORE HE GOT ARRESTED AFTER THAT BIG FIGHT WITH THE AVENGERS IN MANHATTAN--
WHICH BIG FIGHT?
ONE OF THOSE BIG FIGHTS.
OH, OKAY... ONE OF THOSE. YEAH.
WELL, ANYWAY, BEFORE HE WAS SENT OUT AS CANNON FODDER, HE USED TO CLEAN ALL THE AIRCRAFT LATRINES. HE LET ME SNEAK INTO ONE OF THE COCKPITS ONE TIME. IT WAS TOTALLY COOL.
GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME, BOB. YOU CAN PILOT US OUT OF HERE. OR AT LEAST GIVE IT A GOOD TRY.
BUT I'LL NEVER BE ALLOWED BACK INTO HYDRA.
WHY NOT? I MEAN, YOU'RE BEING FORCED TO DO THIS AT **GUNPOINT**.
YOU'RE NOT HOLDING YOUR GUN ON ME.
KAPOW!
THERE YOU GO.
OWW!
OKAY THEN, LET'S GO!


FWAPOOOOM!
BOB PILOTING LESSON #1: OPEN DOORS BEFORE TAKING OFF. GOOD TO KNOW.
I HAVE A BAD FEELING ABOUT THIS...
AAAAH!
NO, BOB, YOU'RE DOING GREAT SO FAR. I THINK THAT'S *LAND* DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF YOU THERE--
--YEAH, PULL UP ON THAT WHEEL THING A BIT--YEAH, LIKE THAT--YEAH, WE WANT *AIR* IN FRONT OF US, I'M PRETTY SURE.
OKAY--LOOKIN' GOOD. KEEP IT UP, BOB. LOTS OF AIR, WATER BELOW IN A BIT, THEN LOTS AND LOTS OF WATER UNTIL YOU SEE THE STATUE OF LIBERTY.
HEY! PUT THOSE DELIGHTFUL GOLDEN SPONGE CAKES DOWN! PIG!
C'MON MAN, IF WE CAN'T FIGURE OUT A WAY TO GET THIS GENETIC ACTUATOR THING TO FIX YOU--
--THEN YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO START SHOWING SOME *WILL-POWER!*
WE'RE LUCKY THEY WERE ABLE TO USE IT ON YOU.
YOU KIDDING ME? NO WAY, JOSE. I WOULDN'T LET THEM.
THEN HOW DID YOU GET BACK TO NORMAL SIZE?
THEY HAD SOME PYM PARTICLES LYING AROUND. FIGURED THEY MUST. WHO DOESN'T, RIGHT?


YOU CAME FROM NEW YORK, BROKE INTO A HYDRA FACILITY AND BROKE ME OUT WITH NO BACKUP-- ALL WHILE YOU WERE *FOUR INCHES TALL!*
YEAH, WELL, BOB HELPED. AND WEASEL WAS...
WHAT?
OH.
NEVER MIND. YEAH, SO...
WHY'D YOU DO ALL THAT-- FOR *ME*--?
WELL, I HATE YOUR GUTS, HAYDEN--I MEAN, TOTALLY, BUT... I GUESS...
...WELL, I'M JEALOUS OF YOU AND I WANTED TO *PROVE* TO YOU HOW GOOD I AM. THERE, I SAID IT.
YOU'RE NOT JUST GOOD, WILSON...YOU'RE *BETTER* THAN ME...
WELL, THAT'S A HOLLOW COMPLIMENT, I MEAN, YOU'RE ALL *FAT* NOW...
WE PREFER TO BE CALLED *"SVELTE CHALLENGED."*
YEAH, BUT ABOUT THAT...WILSON...I GOT FOUR CASES PENDING... BUT I CAN'T DO THE ASSIGNMENTS LIKE THIS.
AND I GOT SANDI AND OUTLAW ON MY PAYROLL...RENT ON THE OFFICE...
...WHAT I'M SAYING-- ASKING--IS, WELL...I MEAN, UNTIL I LOSE A FEW POUNDS...
Quickly! Weigh other options: bankruptcy. Shoot self in head. Eat the entire office and employees. Drat...
...HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO *TAKE OVER AGENCY X*--?
I CAN DO SOMETHING WITH THIS...


AGENCY X
PRIVATE INVESTIGATIONS
CORPORATE AND
HOME SECURITY
MAYHEM ACCEPTABLE
YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH THIS!
I ALREADY HAVE.
WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS?
BECAUSE WADE WILSON--AND NOW ALEX HAYDEN--BOTH HAVE SOMETHING THAT BELONGS TO ME...
...MY IDENTITY!
AND I PLAN TO GET IT BACK FROM THEM...ONE LITTLE STRIP OF FLESH AT A TIME...!

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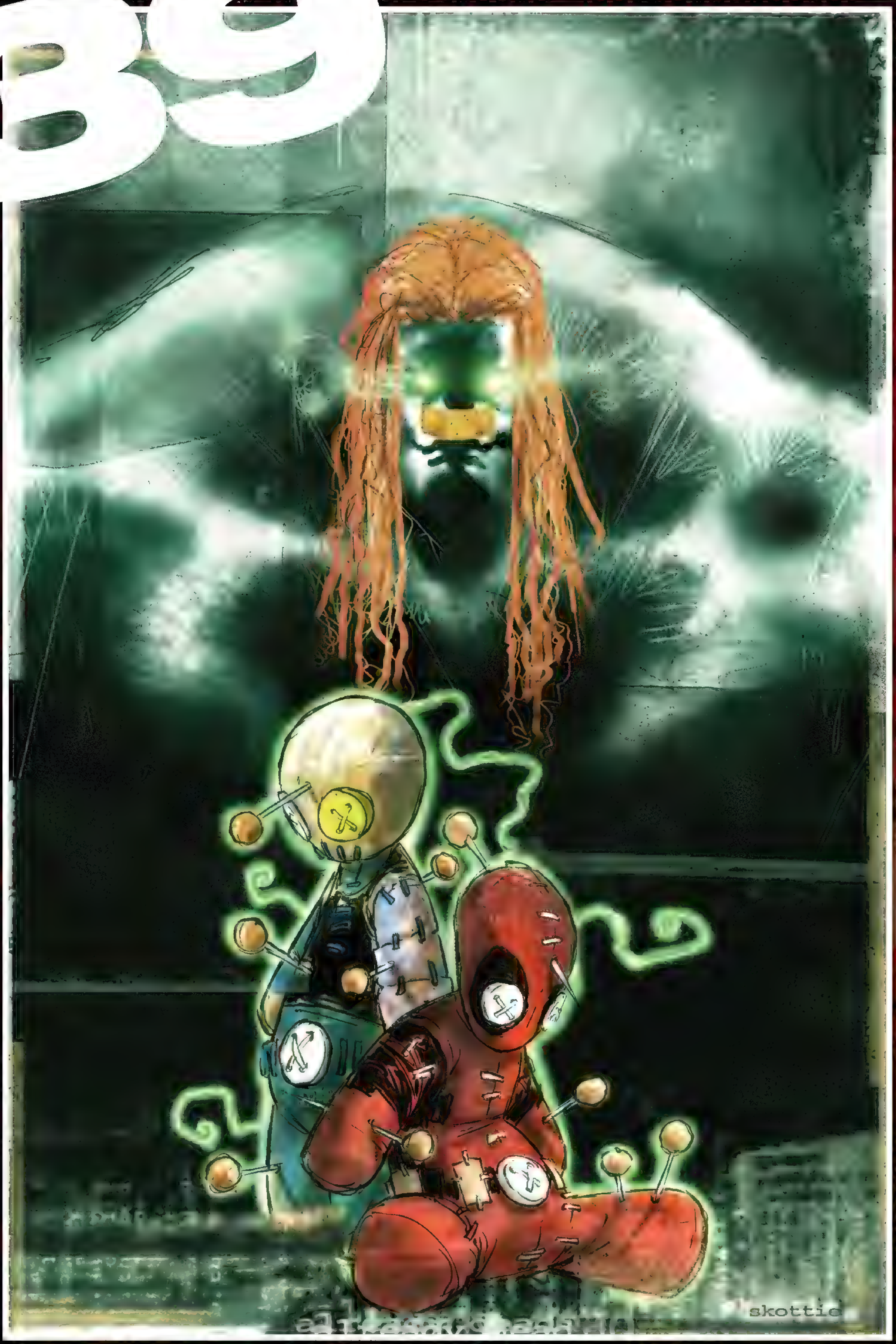
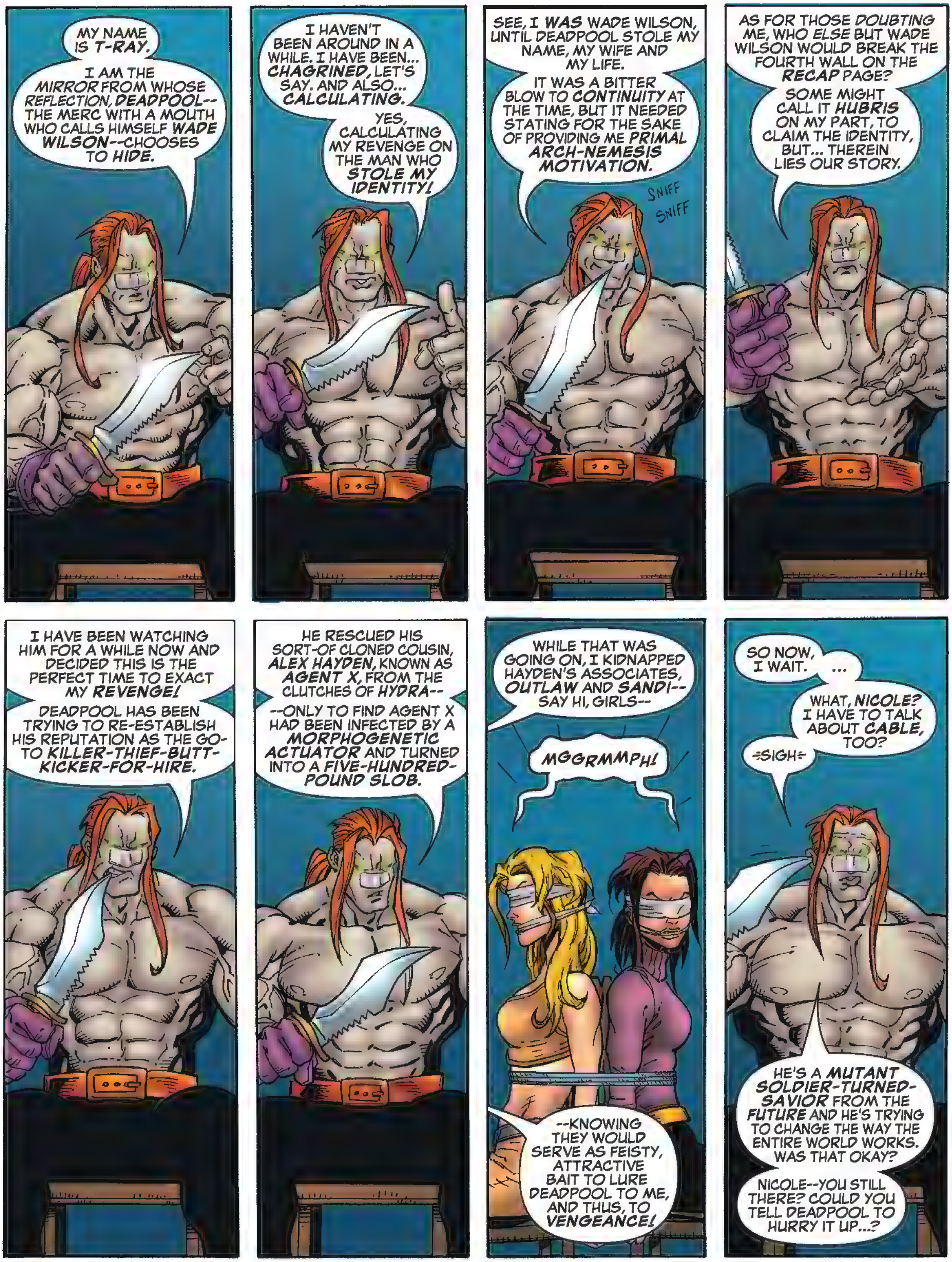
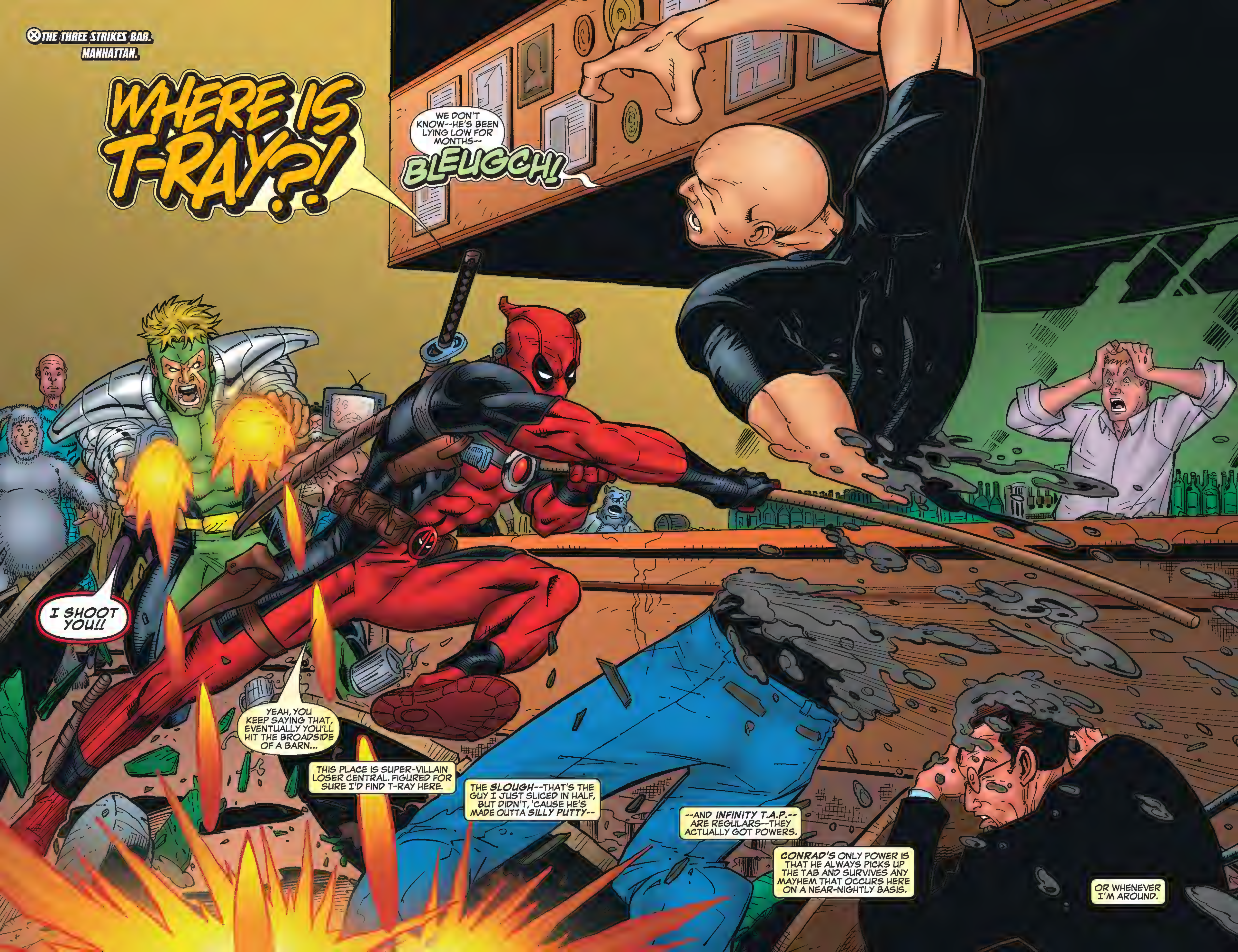
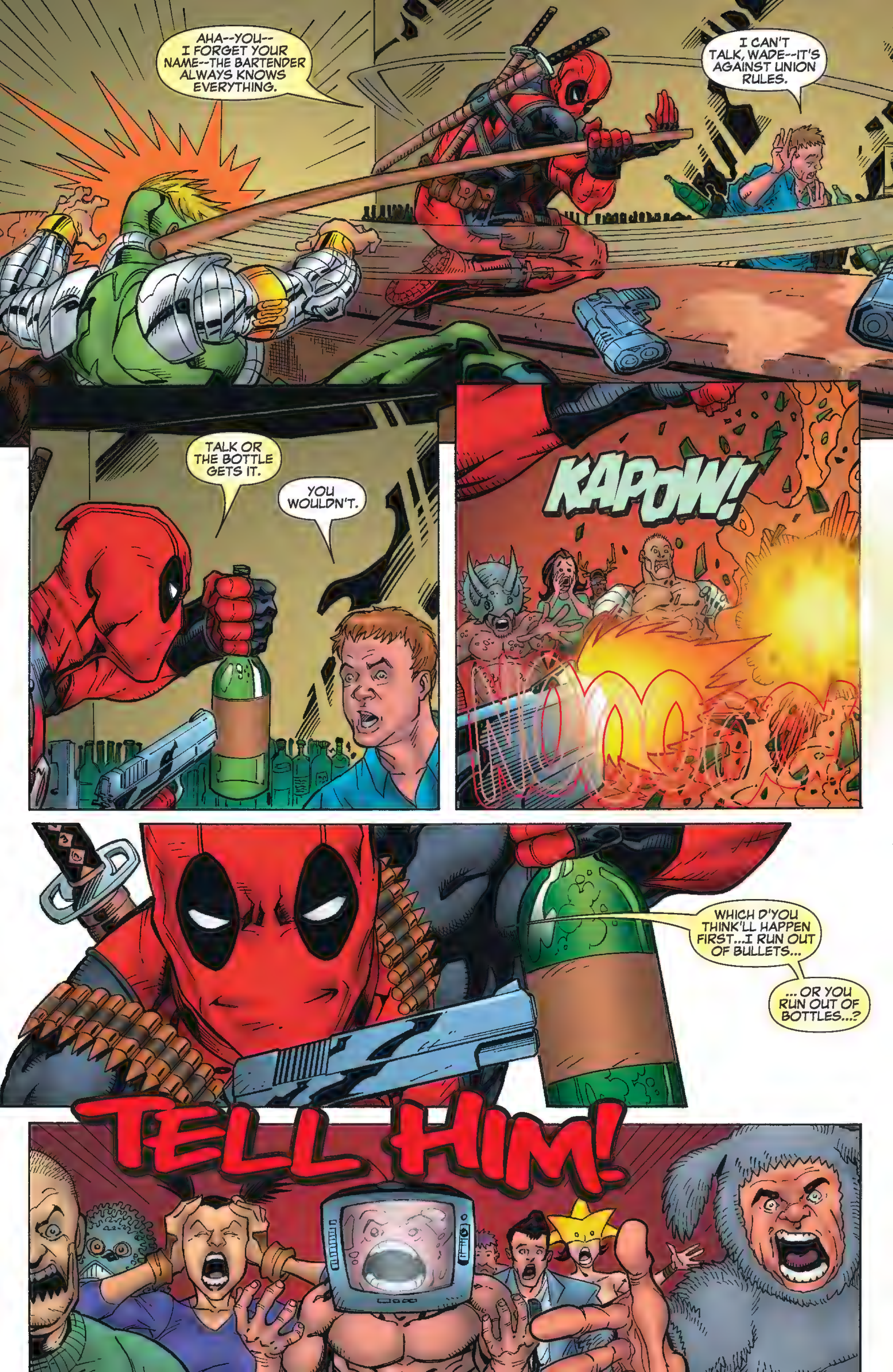
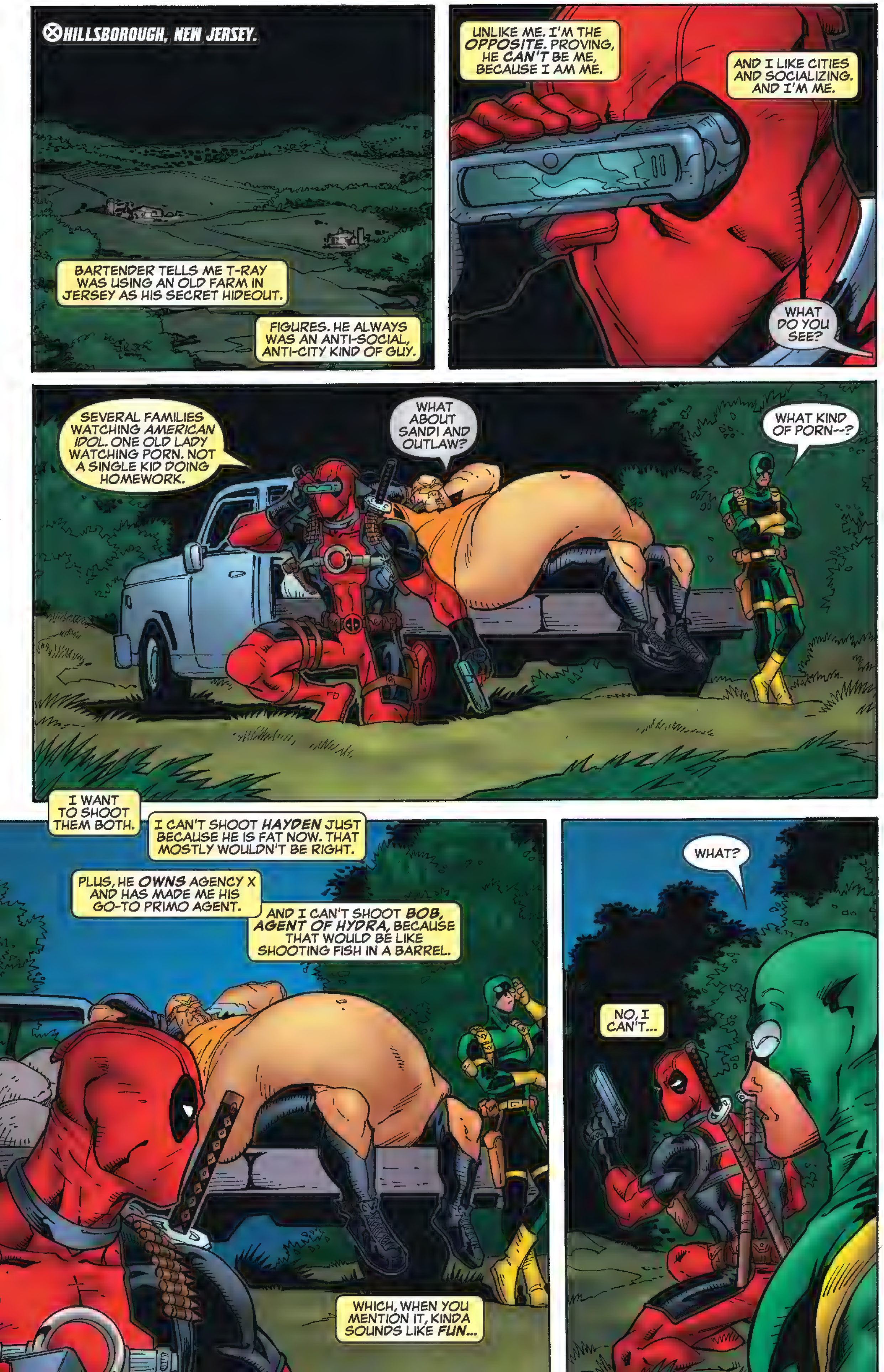


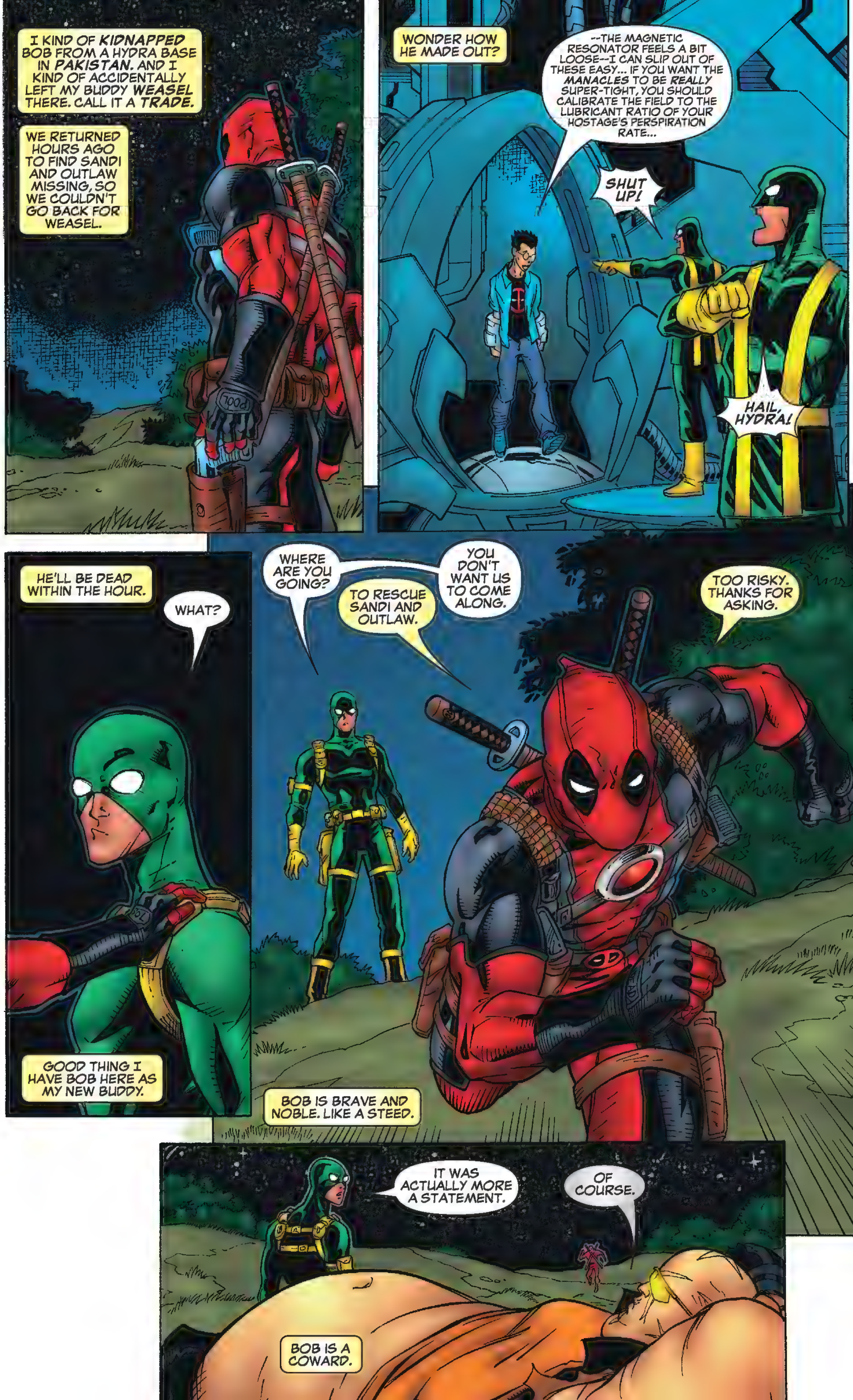
MISTAKEN IDENTITIES

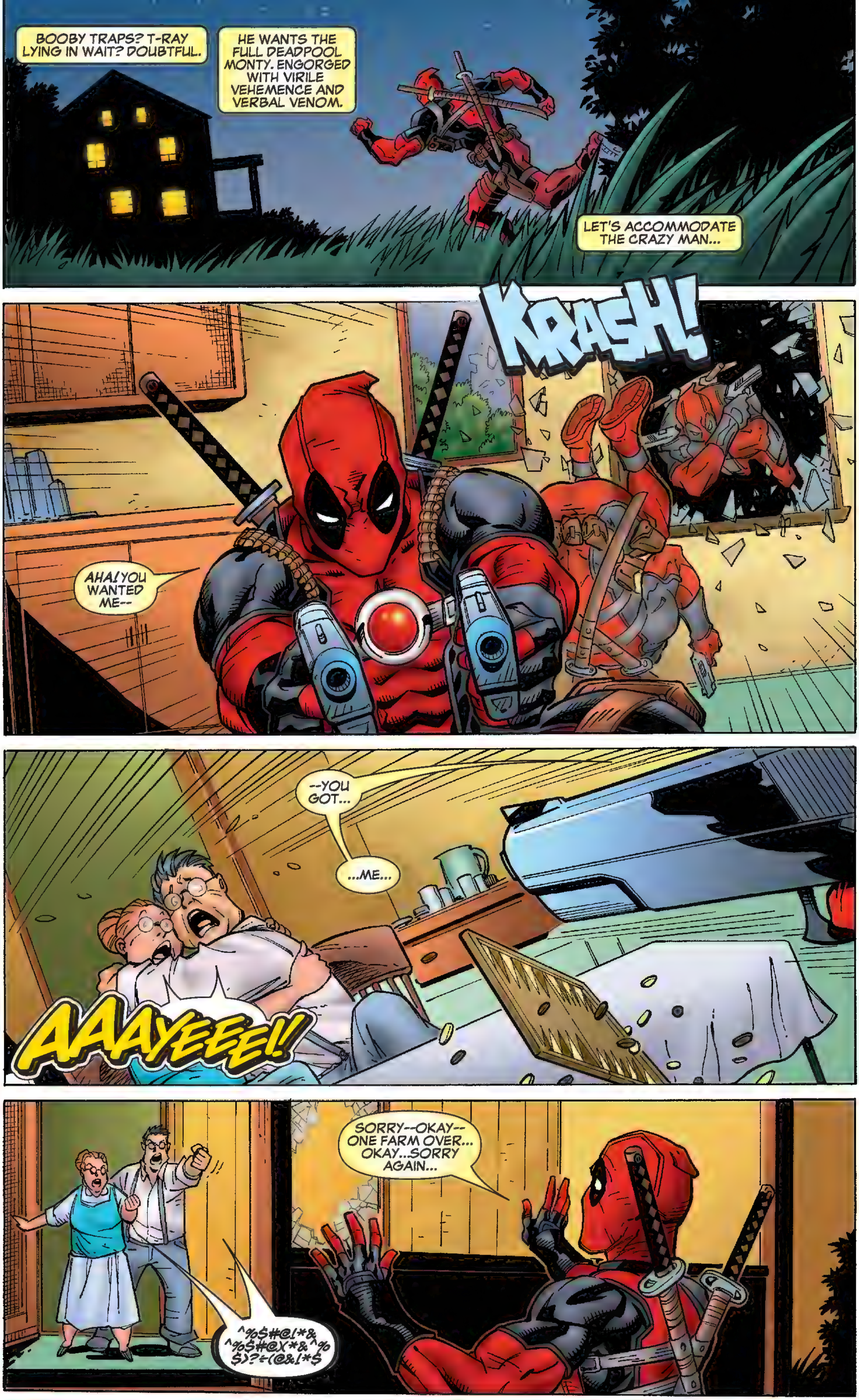

MY NAME IS T-RAY.
I AM THE MIRROR FROM WHOSE REFLECTION, DEADPOOL--THE MERC WITH A MOUTH WHO CALLS HIMSELF WADE WILSON--CHOOSES TO HIDE.
I HAVEN'T BEEN AROUND IN A WHILE. I HAVE BEEN... CHAGRINED, LET'S SAY. AND ALSO... CALCULATING.
YES, CALCULATING MY REVENGE ON THE MAN WHO STOLE MY IDENTITY!
SEE, I WAS WADE WILSON, UNTIL DEADPOOL STOLE MY NAME, MY WIFE AND MY LIFE.
IT WAS A BITTER BLOW TO CONTINUITY AT THE TIME, BUT IT NEEDED STATING FOR THE SAKE OF PROVIDING ME PRIMAL ARCH-NEMESIS MOTIVATION.
SNIFF SNIFF
AS FOR THOSE DOUBTING ME, WHO ELSE BUT WADE WILSON WOULD BREAK THE FOURTH WALL ON THE RECAP PAGE?
SOME MIGHT CALL IT HUBRIS ON MY PART, TO CLAIM THE IDENTITY, BUT... THEREIN LIES OUR STORY.
I HAVE BEEN WATCHING HIM FOR A WHILE NOW AND DECIDED THIS IS THE PERFECT TIME TO EXACT MY REVENGE!
DEADPOOL HAS BEEN TRYING TO RE-ESTABLISH HIS REPUTATION AS THE GO-TO KILLER-THIEF-BUTT-KICKER-FOR-HIRE.
HE RESCUED HIS SORT-OF CLONED COUSIN, ALEX HAYDEN, KNOWN AS AGENT X, FROM THE CLUTCHES OF HYDRA--
--ONLY TO FIND AGENT X HAD BEEN INFECTED BY A MORPHOGENETIC ACTUATOR AND TURNED INTO A FIVE-HUNDRED-POUND SLOB.
WHILE THAT WAS GOING ON, I KIDNAPPED HAYDEN'S ASSOCIATES, OUTLAW AND SANDI--SAY HI, GIRLS--
MGGRMMPH!
--KNOWING THEY WOULD SERVE AS FEISTY, ATTRACTIVE BAIT TO LURE DEADPOOL TO ME, AND THUS, TO VENGEANCE!
SO NOW, I WAIT.
...
WHAT, NICOLE? I HAVE TO TALK ABOUT CABLE, TOO?
=SIGH=
HE'S A MUTANT SOLDIER-TURNED-SAVIOR FROM THE FUTURE AND HE'S TRYING TO CHANGE THE WAY THE ENTIRE WORLD WORKS. WAS THAT OKAY?
NICOLE--YOU STILL THERE? COULD YOU TELL DEADPOOL TO HURRY IT UP...?

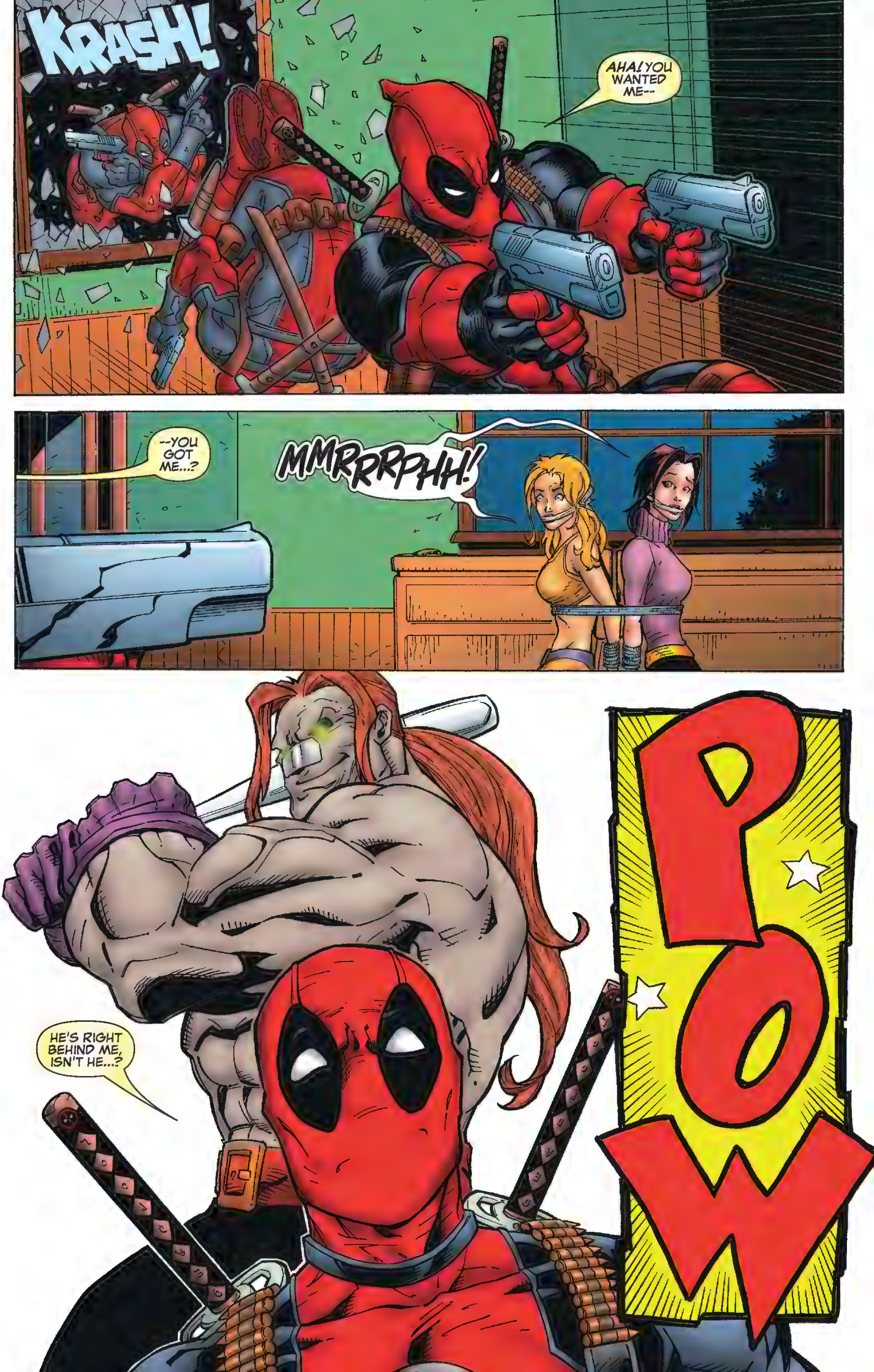

THE THREE STRIKES BAR. MANHATTAN.
WHERE IS T-RAY?!
WE DON'T KNOW--HE'S BEEN LYING LOW FOR MONTHS--
BLEUGCH!
I SHOOT YOU!!
YEAH, YOU KEEP SAYING THAT. EVENTUALLY YOU'LL HIT THE BROADSIDE OF A BARN...
THIS PLACE IS SUPER-VILLAIN LOSER CENTRAL. FIGURED FOR SURE I'D FIND T-RAY HERE.
THE SLOUGH--THAT'S THE GUY I JUST SLICED IN HALF, BUT DIDN'T, 'CAUSE HE'S MADE OUTTA SILLY PUTTY--
--AND INFINITY T.A.P.-- ARE REGULARS--THEY ACTUALLY GOT POWERS.
CONRAD'S ONLY POWER IS THAT HE ALWAYS PICKS UP THE TAB AND SURVIVES ANY MAYHEM THAT OCCURS HERE ON A NEAR-NIGHTLY BASIS.
OR WHENEVER I'M AROUND.

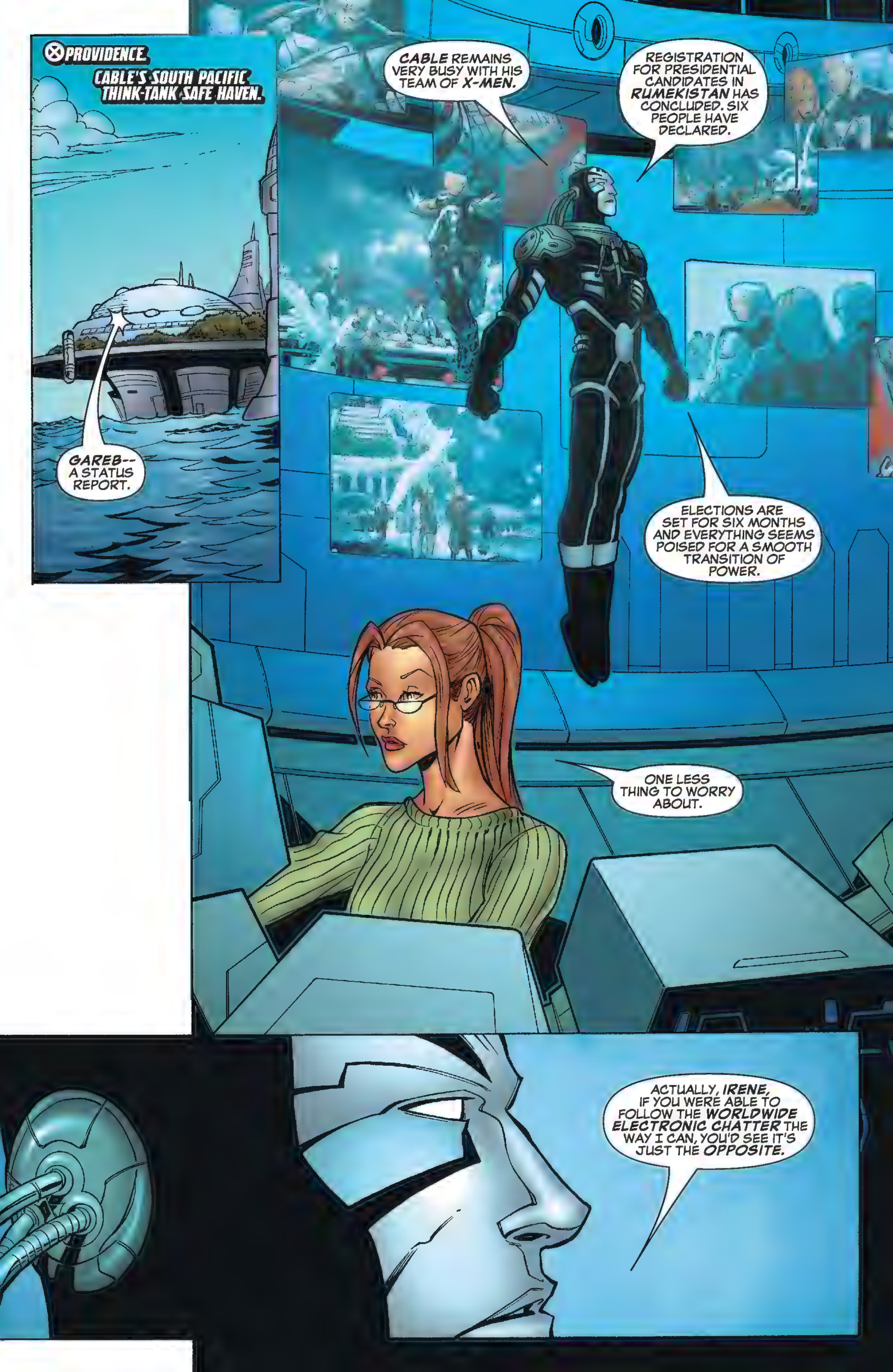

AHA--YOU--
I FORGET YOUR NAME--THE BARTENDER ALWAYS KNOWS EVERYTHING.
I CAN'T TALK, WADE--IT'S AGAINST UNION RULES.
TALK OR THE BOTTLE GETS IT.
YOU WOULDN'T.
KAPOW!
NOOOOO
WHICH D'YOU THINK'LL HAPPEN FIRST...I RUN OUT OF BULLETS...
...OR YOU RUN OUT OF BOTTLES...?
TELL HIM!

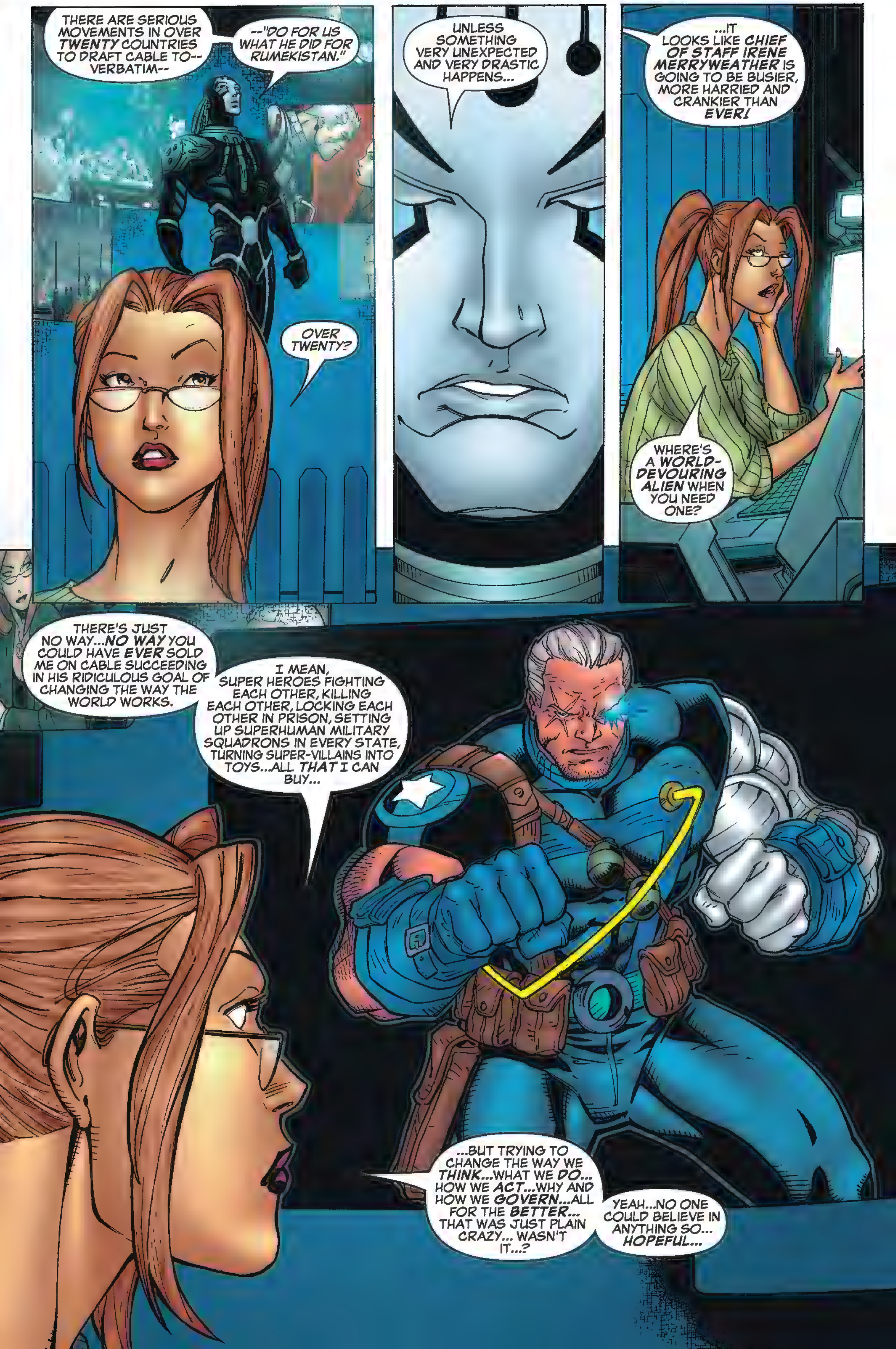

HILLSBOROUGH, NEW JERSEY.
BARTENDER TELLS ME T-RAY WAS USING AN OLD FARM IN JERSEY AS HIS SECRET HIDEOUT.
FIGURES. HE ALWAYS WAS AN ANTI-SOCIAL, ANTI-CITY KIND OF GUY.
UNLIKE ME. I'M THE OPPOSITE. PROVING, HE CAN'T BE ME, BECAUSE I AM ME.
AND I LIKE CITIES AND SOCIALIZING. AND I'M ME.
WHAT DO YOU SEE?
SEVERAL FAMILIES WATCHING AMERICAN IDOL. ONE OLD LADY WATCHING PORN. NOT A SINGLE KID DOING HOMEWORK.
WHAT ABOUT SANDI AND OUTLAW?
WHAT KIND OF PORN--?
I WANT TO SHOOT THEM BOTH.
I CAN'T SHOOT HAYDEN JUST BECAUSE HE IS FAT NOW. THAT MOSTLY WOULDN'T BE RIGHT.
PLUS, HE OWNS AGENCY X AND HAS MADE ME HIS GO-TO PRIMO AGENT.
AND I CAN'T SHOOT BOB, AGENT OF HYDRA, BECAUSE THAT WOULD BE LIKE SHOOTING FISH IN A BARREL.
WHICH, WHEN YOU MENTION IT, KINDA SOUNDS LIKE FUN...
WHAT?
NO, I CAN'T...

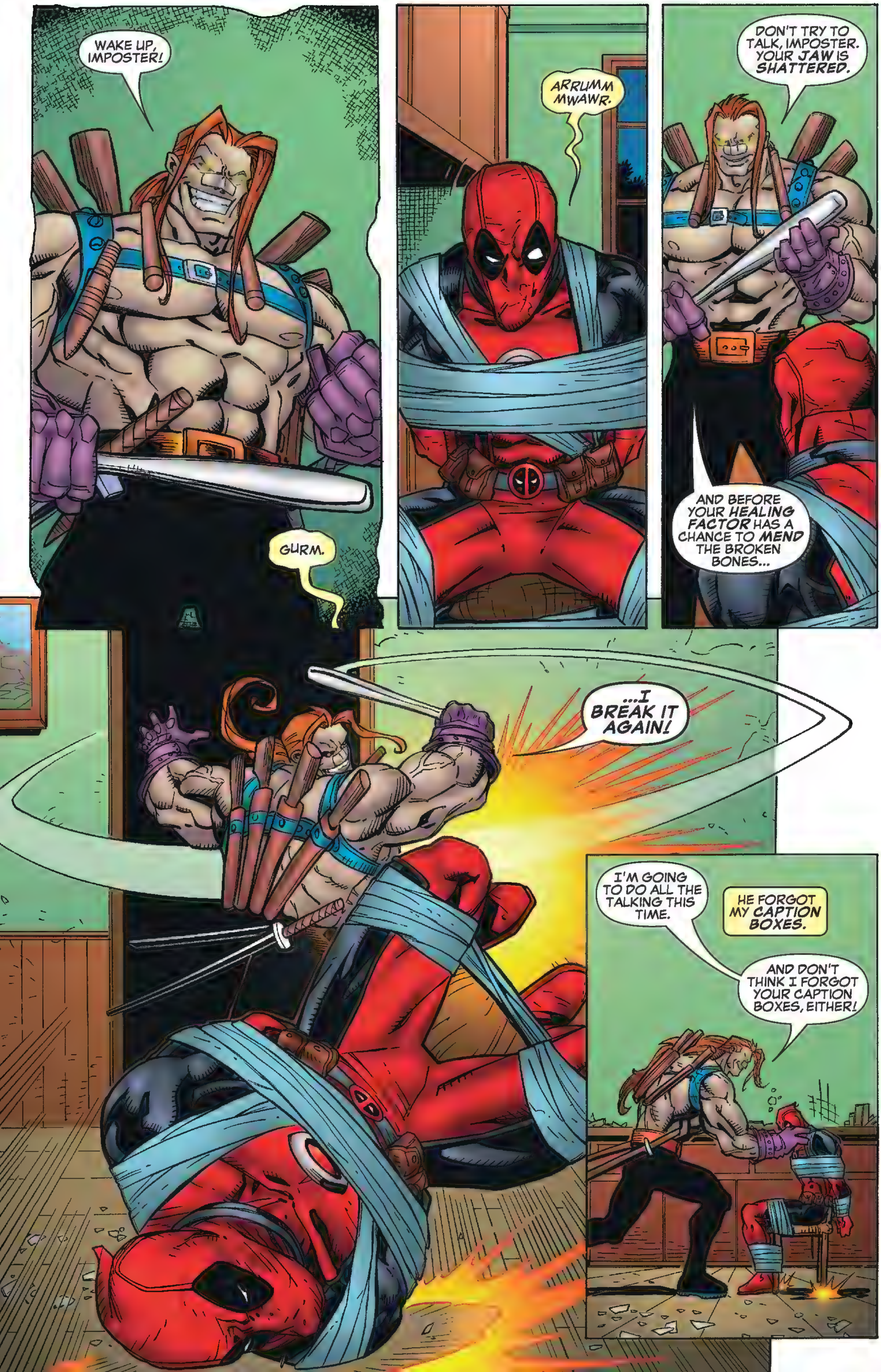

I KIND OF *KIDNAPPED* BOB FROM A HYDRA BASE IN *PAKISTAN*. AND I KIND OF ACCIDENTALLY LEFT MY BUDDY *WEASEL* THERE. CALL IT A *TRADE*.
WE RETURNED HOURS AGO TO FIND SANDI AND OUTLAW MISSING, SO WE COULDN'T GO BACK FOR WEASEL.
POOL
WONDER HOW HE MADE OUT?
--THE MAGNETIC RESONATOR FEELS A BIT LOOSE--I CAN SLIP OUT OF THESE EASY... IF YOU WANT THE *MANACLES* TO BE *REALLY* SUPER-TIGHT, YOU SHOULD CALIBRATE THE FIELD TO THE LUBRICANT RATIO OF YOUR HOSTAGE'S PERSPIRATION RATE...
SHUT UP!
HAIL, HYDRA!
HE'LL BE DEAD WITHIN THE HOUR.
WHAT?
GOOD THING I HAVE BOB HERE AS MY NEW BUDDY.
WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
TO RESCUE SANDI AND OUTLAW.
YOU DON'T WANT US TO COME ALONG.
TOO RISKY. THANKS FOR ASKING.
BOB IS BRAVE AND NOBLE. LIKE A STEED.
IT WAS ACTUALLY MORE A STATEMENT.
OF COURSE.
BOB IS A COWARD.

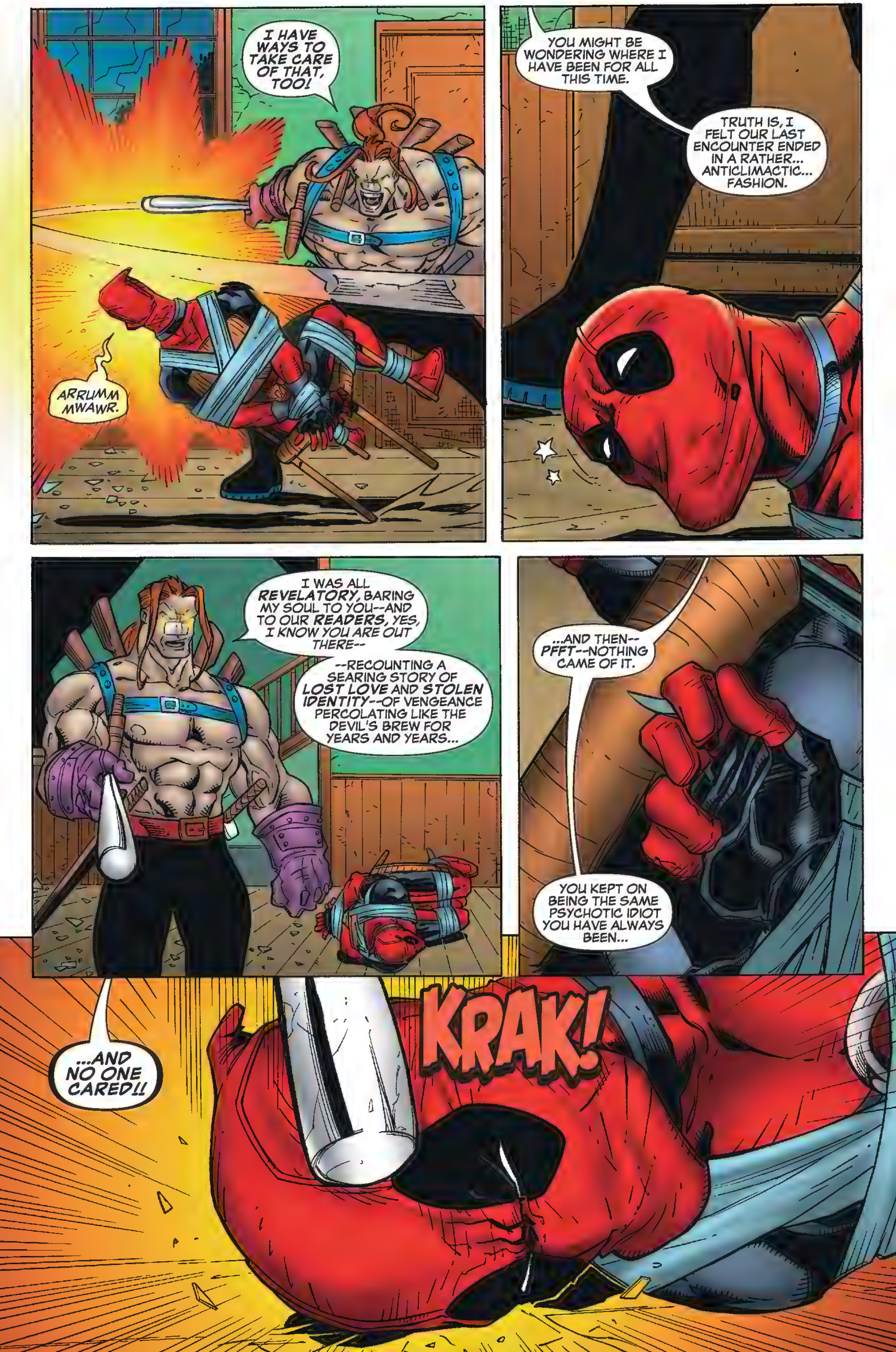

BOOBY TRAPS? T-RAY LYING IN WAIT? DOUBTFUL.
HE WANTS THE FULL DEADPOOL MONTY. ENGORGED WITH VIRILE VEHEMENCE AND VERBAL VENOM.
LET'S ACCOMMODATE THE CRAZY MAN...
KRASH!
AHA! YOU WANTED ME--
--YOU GOT...
...ME...
AAAYEEEE!
SORRY--OKAY-- ONE FARM OVER... OKAY...SORRY AGAIN...
^%$#@!*&^ ^%$#@X*&^% $)?÷(@&!*$

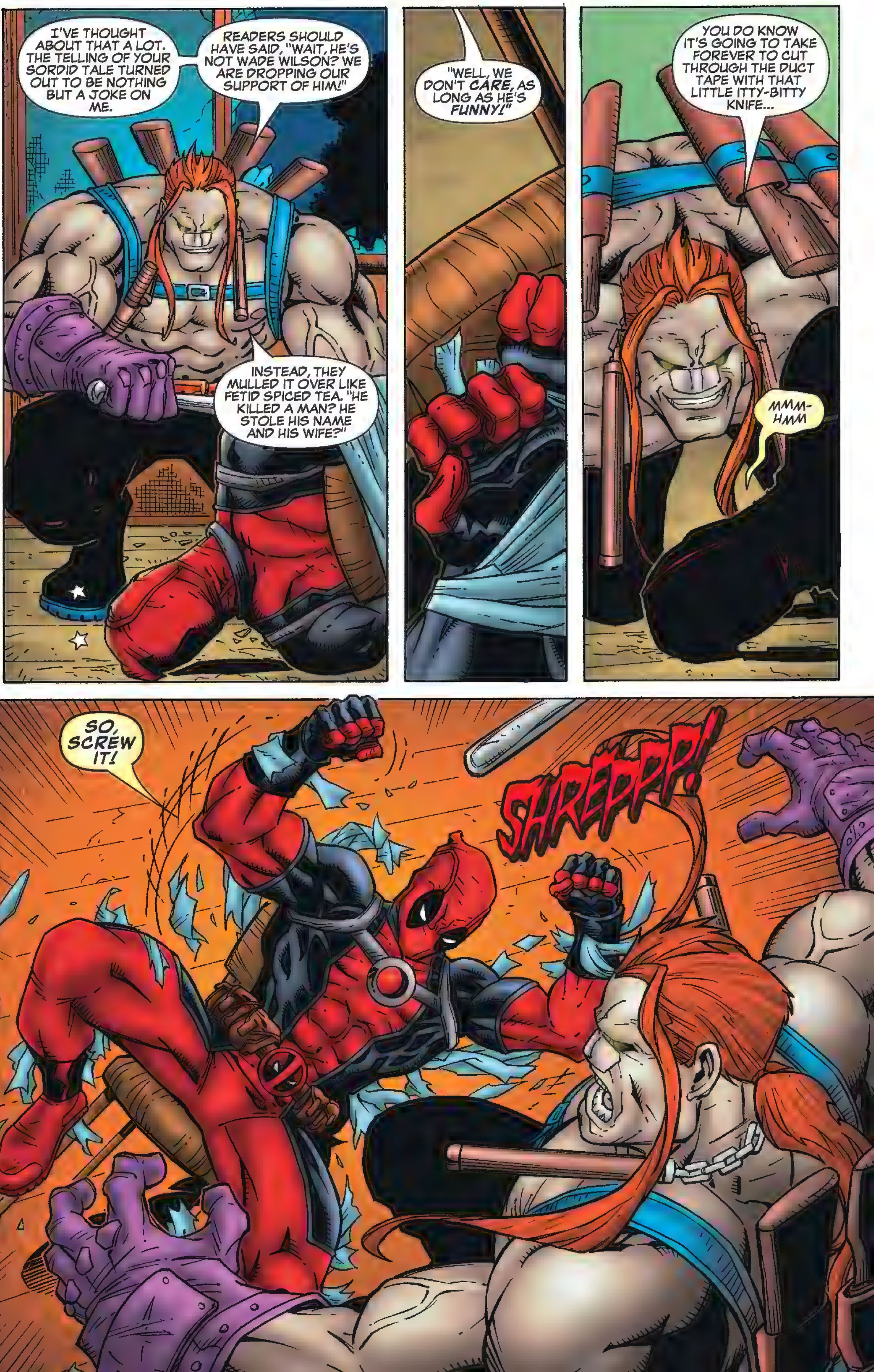

KRASH!
AHA! YOU WANTED ME--
--YOU GOT ME...?
MMRRRRPHH!
HE'S RIGHT BEHIND ME, ISN'T HE...?
POW

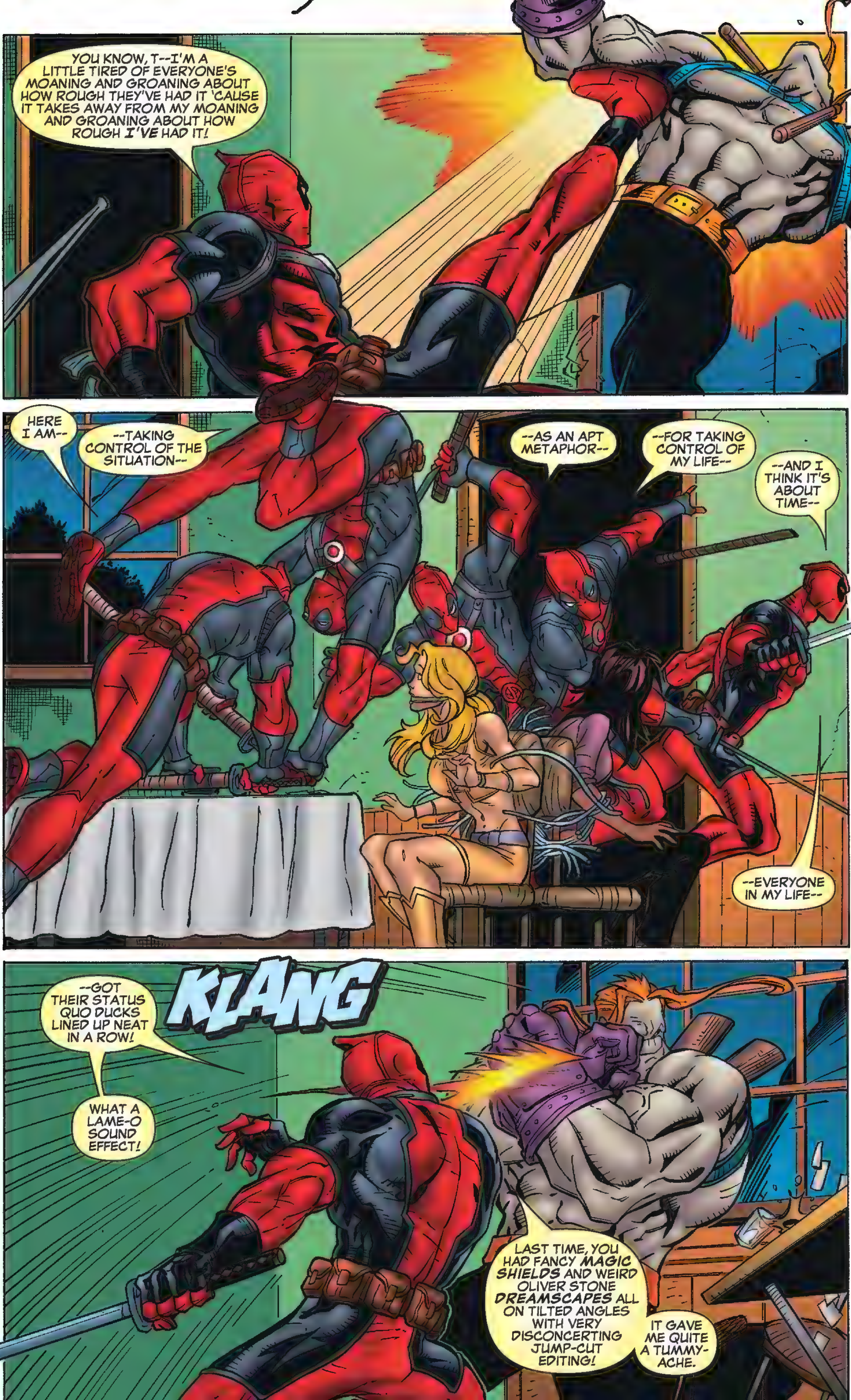

PROVIDENCE.
CABLE'S SOUTH PACIFIC THINK-TANK SAFE HAVEN.
GAREB-- A STATUS REPORT.
CABLE REMAINS VERY BUSY WITH HIS TEAM OF X-MEN.
REGISTRATION FOR PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES IN RUMEKISTAN HAS CONCLUDED. SIX PEOPLE HAVE DECLARED.
ELECTIONS ARE SET FOR SIX MONTHS AND EVERYTHING SEEMS POISED FOR A SMOOTH TRANSITION OF POWER.
ONE LESS THING TO WORRY ABOUT.
ACTUALLY, IRENE, IF YOU WERE ABLE TO FOLLOW THE WORLDWIDE ELECTRONIC CHATTER THE WAY I CAN, YOU'D SEE IT'S JUST THE OPPOSITE.

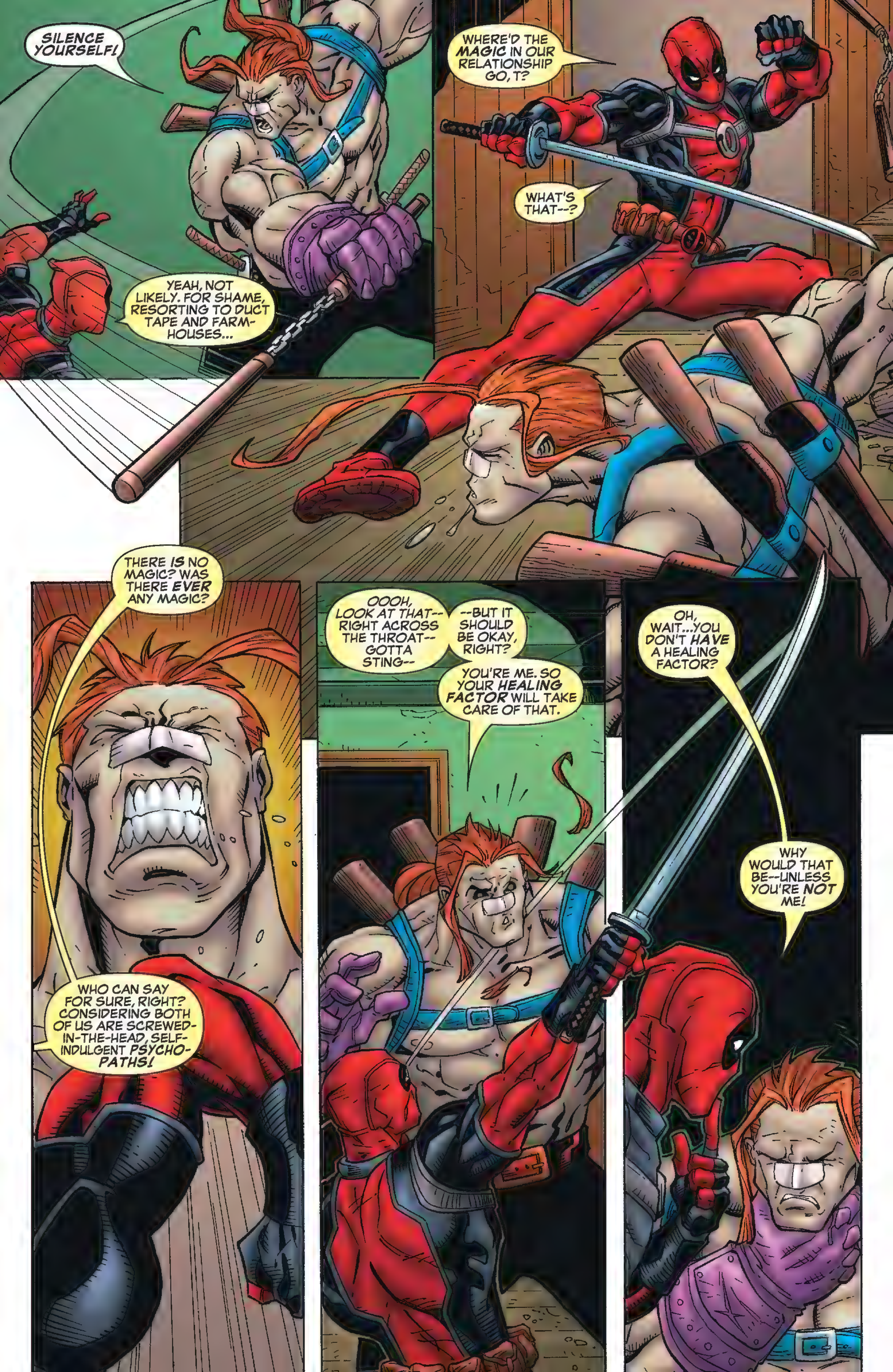

THERE ARE SERIOUS MOVEMENTS IN OVER **TWENTY** COUNTRIES TO DRAFT CABLE TO-- VERBATIM--
--*"DO FOR US WHAT HE DID FOR RUMEKISTAN."*
OVER TWENTY?
UNLESS SOMETHING VERY UNEXPECTED AND VERY DRASTIC HAPPENS...
...IT LOOKS LIKE ***CHIEF OF STAFF IRENE MERRYWEATHER*** IS GOING TO BE BUSIER, MORE HARRIED AND CRANKIER THAN ***EVER!***
WHERE'S A ***WORLD-DEVOURING ALIEN*** WHEN YOU NEED ONE?
THERE'S JUST NO WAY...***NO WAY*** YOU COULD HAVE ***EVER*** SOLD ME ON CABLE SUCCEEDING IN HIS RIDICULOUS GOAL OF CHANGING THE WAY THE WORLD WORKS.
I MEAN, SUPER HEROES FIGHTING EACH OTHER, KILLING EACH OTHER, LOCKING EACH OTHER IN PRISON, SETTING UP SUPERHUMAN MILITARY SQUADRONS IN EVERY STATE, TURNING SUPER-VILLAINS INTO TOYS...ALL ***THAT*** I CAN BUY...
...BUT TRYING TO CHANGE THE WAY WE ***THINK***...WHAT WE ***DO***... HOW WE ***ACT***...WHY AND HOW WE ***GOVERN***...ALL FOR THE ***BETTER***... THAT WAS JUST PLAIN CRAZY... WASN'T IT...?
YEAH...NO ONE COULD BELIEVE IN ANYTHING SO... ***HOPEFUL...***

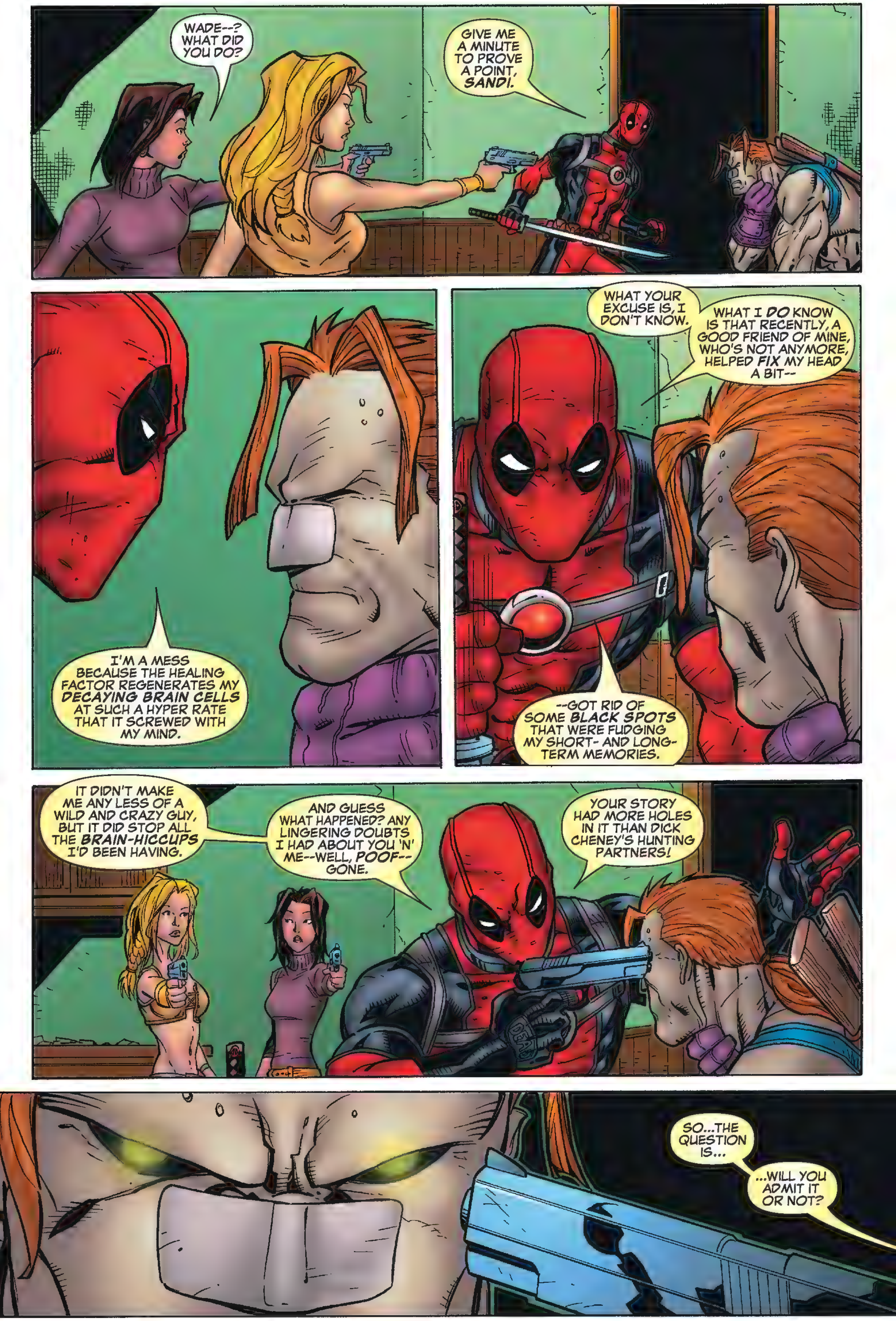

WAKE UP, IMPOSTER!
GURM.
ARRUMM MWAWR.
DON'T TRY TO TALK, IMPOSTER. YOUR JAW IS SHATTERED.
AND BEFORE YOUR HEALING FACTOR HAS A CHANCE TO MEND THE BROKEN BONES...
...I BREAK IT AGAIN!
I'M GOING TO DO ALL THE TALKING THIS TIME.
HE FORGOT MY CAPTION BOXES.
AND DON'T THINK I FORGOT YOUR CAPTION BOXES, EITHER!

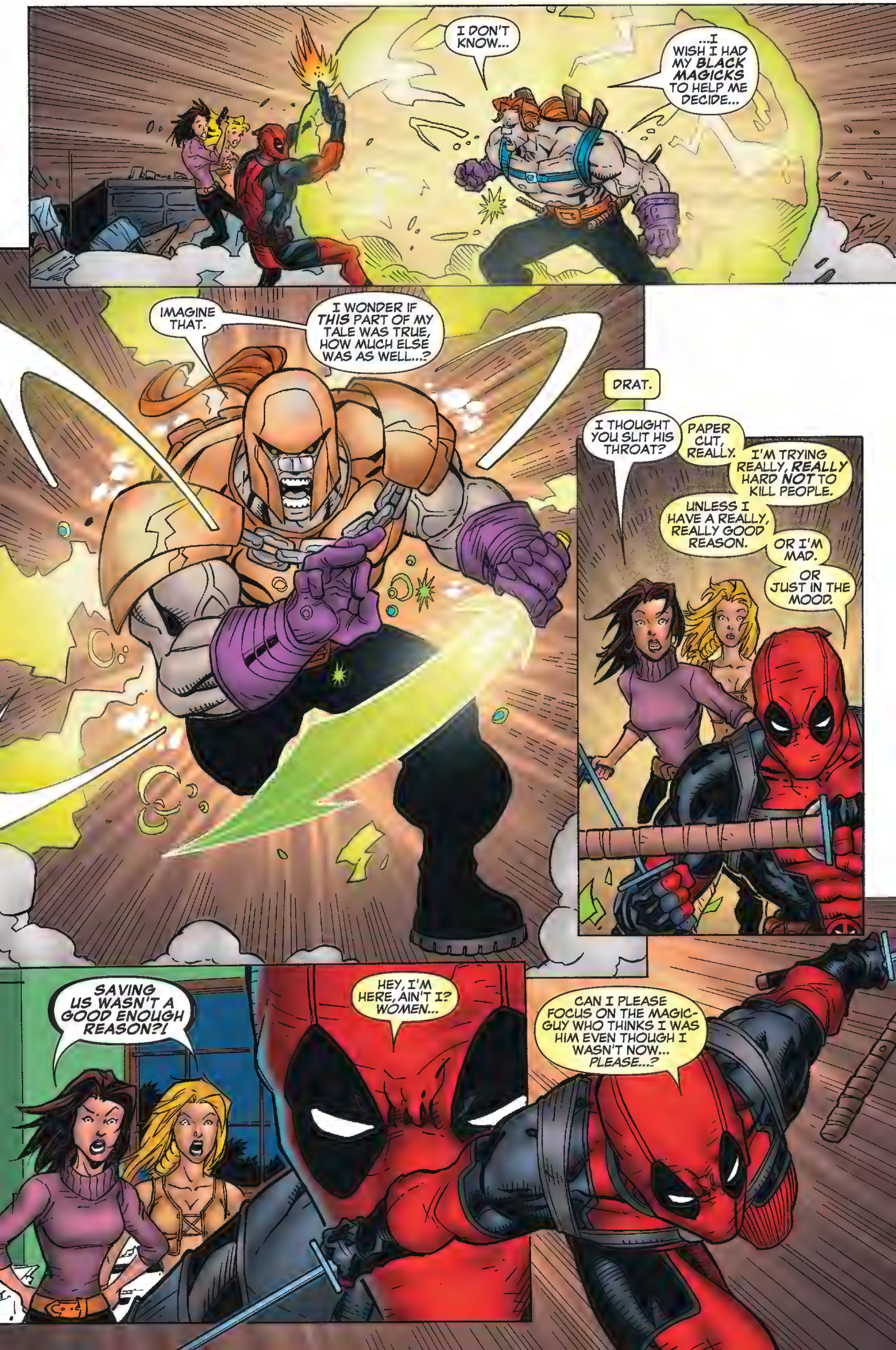

I HAVE WAYS TO TAKE CARE OF THAT, TOO!
ARRUMM MWAWR.
YOU MIGHT BE WONDERING WHERE I HAVE BEEN FOR ALL THIS TIME.
TRUTH IS, I FELT OUR LAST ENCOUNTER ENDED IN A RATHER... ANTICLIMACTIC... FASHION.
I WAS ALL REVELATORY, BARING MY SOUL TO YOU--AND TO OUR READERS, YES, I KNOW YOU ARE OUT THERE--
--RECOUNTING A SEARING STORY OF LOST LOVE AND STOLEN IDENTITY--OF VENGEANCE PERCOLATING LIKE THE DEVIL'S BREW FOR YEARS AND YEARS...
...AND THEN-- PFFT--NOTHING CAME OF IT.
YOU KEPT ON BEING THE SAME PSYCHOTIC IDIOT YOU HAVE ALWAYS BEEN...
...AND NO ONE CARED!!
KRAK!

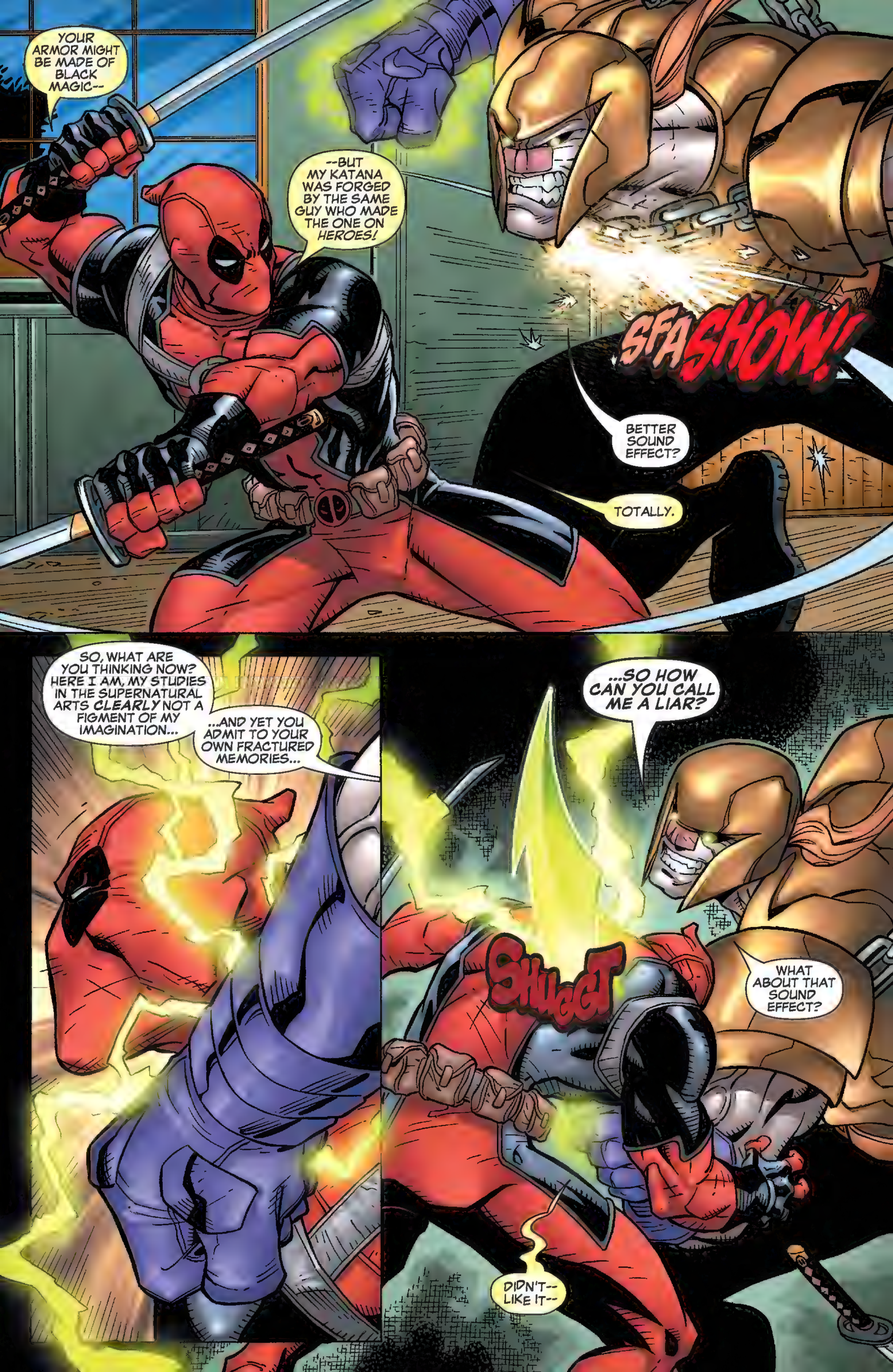

I'VE THOUGHT ABOUT THAT A LOT. THE TELLING OF YOUR SORDID TALE TURNED OUT TO BE NOTHING BUT A JOKE ON ME.
READERS SHOULD HAVE SAID, "WAIT, HE'S NOT WADE WILSON? WE ARE DROPPING OUR SUPPORT OF HIM!"
INSTEAD, THEY MULLED IT OVER LIKE FETID SPICED TEA. "HE KILLED A MAN? HE STOLE HIS NAME AND HIS WIFE?"
"WELL, WE DON'T **CARE**, AS LONG AS HE'S ***FUNNY!***"
YOU DO KNOW IT'S GOING TO TAKE FOREVER TO CUT THROUGH THE DUCT TAPE WITH THAT LITTLE ITTY-BITTY KNIFE...
MMM-HMM
SO, SCREW IT!
SHREDPP!

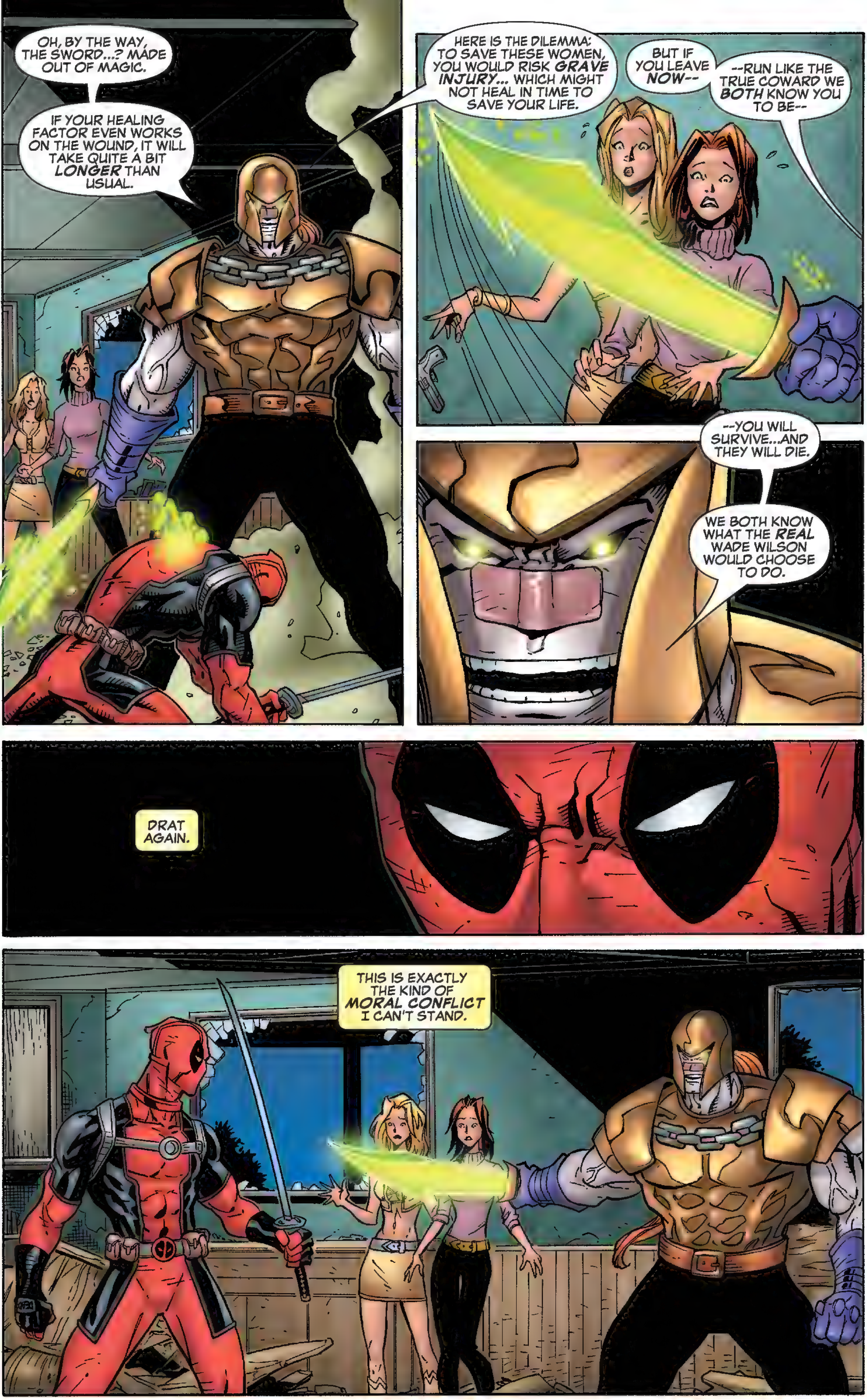

YOU KNOW, T--I'M A LITTLE TIRED OF EVERYONE'S MOANING AND GROANING ABOUT HOW ROUGH THEY'VE HAD IT 'CAUSE IT TAKES AWAY FROM MY MOANING AND GROANING ABOUT HOW ROUGH *I'VE* HAD IT!
HERE I AM--
--TAKING CONTROL OF THE SITUATION--
--AS AN APT METAPHOR--
--FOR TAKING CONTROL OF MY LIFE--
--AND I THINK IT'S ABOUT TIME--
--EVERYONE IN MY LIFE--
--GOT THEIR STATUS QUO DUCKS LINED UP NEAT IN A ROW!
KLANG
WHAT A LAME-O SOUND EFFECT!
LAST TIME, YOU HAD FANCY *MAGIC SHIELDS* AND WEIRD OLIVER STONE *DREAMSCAPES* ALL ON TILTED ANGLES WITH VERY DISCONCERTING JUMP-CUT EDITING!
IT GAVE ME QUITE A TUMMY-ACHE.

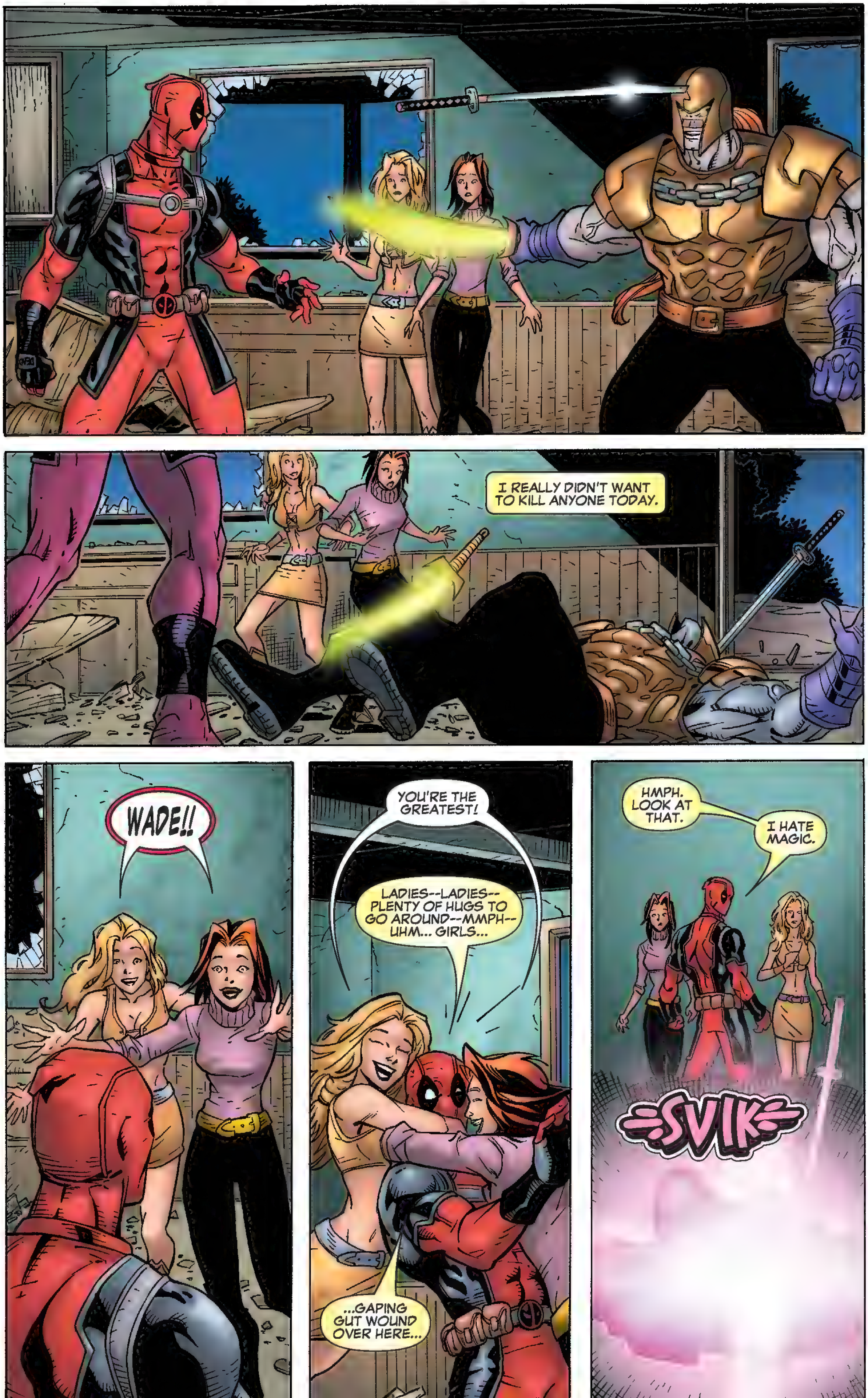

SILENCE YOURSELF!
YEAH, NOT LIKELY. FOR SHAME, RESORTING TO DUCT TAPE AND FARM-HOUSES...
WHERE'D THE MAGIC IN OUR RELATIONSHIP GO, T?
WHAT'S THAT--?
THERE IS NO MAGIC? WAS THERE EVER ANY MAGIC?
WHO CAN SAY FOR SURE, RIGHT? CONSIDERING BOTH OF US ARE SCREWED-IN-THE-HEAD, SELF-INDULGENT PSYCHO-PATHS!
OOOH, LOOK AT THAT-- RIGHT ACROSS THE THROAT-- GOTTA STING--
--BUT IT SHOULD BE OKAY, RIGHT?
YOU'RE ME. SO YOUR HEALING FACTOR WILL TAKE CARE OF THAT.
OH, WAIT...YOU DON'T HAVE A HEALING FACTOR?
WHY WOULD THAT BE--UNLESS YOU'RE NOT ME!

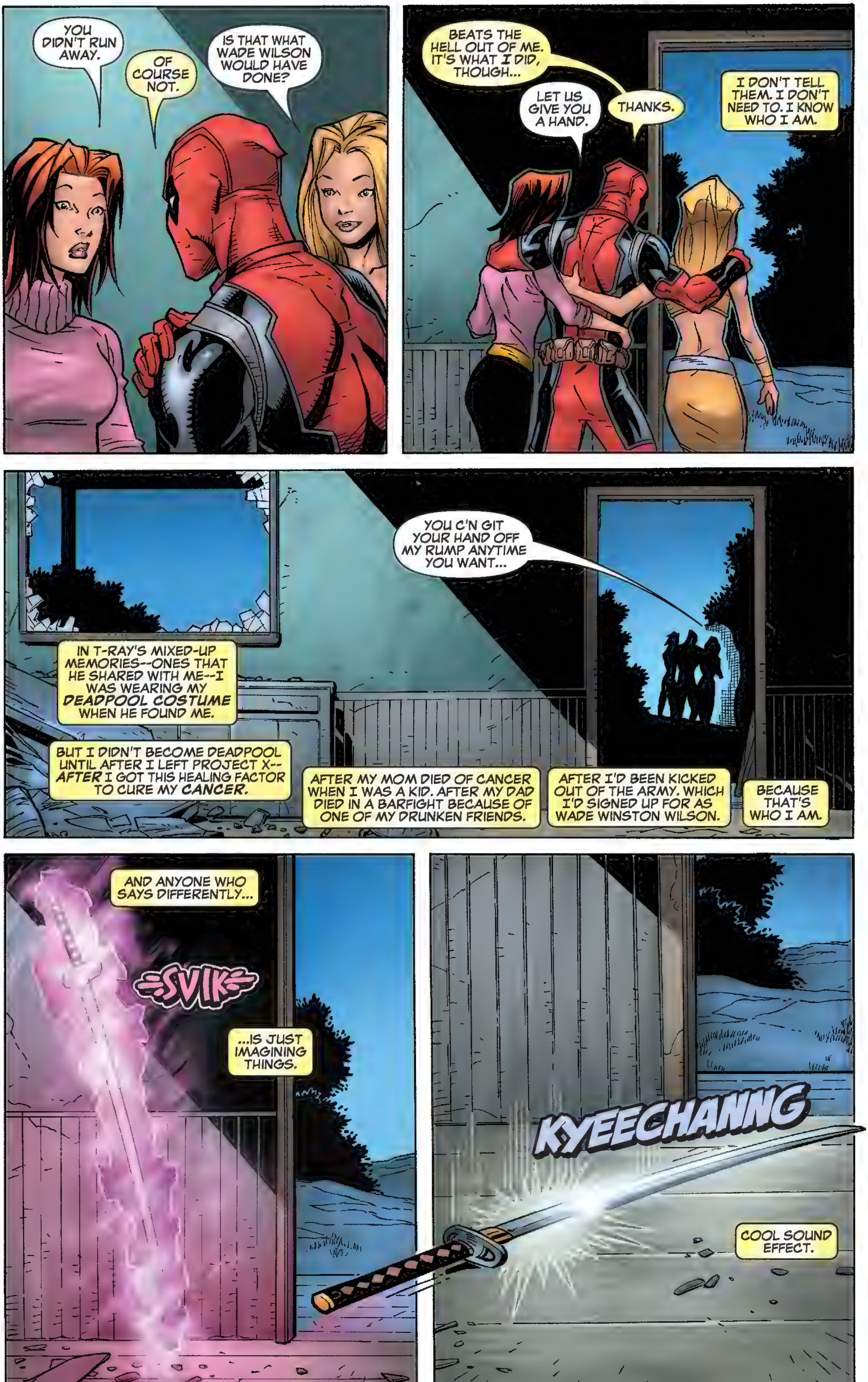

WADE--? WHAT DID YOU DO?
GIVE ME A MINUTE TO PROVE A POINT, **SANDI.**
I'M A MESS BECAUSE THE HEALING FACTOR REGENERATES MY **DECAYING BRAIN CELLS** AT SUCH A HYPER RATE THAT IT SCREWED WITH MY MIND.
WHAT YOUR EXCUSE IS, I DON'T KNOW.
WHAT I ***DO*** KNOW IS THAT RECENTLY, A GOOD FRIEND OF MINE, WHO'S NOT ANYMORE, HELPED ***FIX*** MY HEAD A BIT--
--GOT RID OF SOME ***BLACK SPOTS*** THAT WERE FUDGING MY SHORT- AND LONG-TERM MEMORIES.
IT DIDN'T MAKE ME ANY LESS OF A WILD AND CRAZY GUY, BUT IT DID STOP ALL THE ***BRAIN-HICCUPS*** I'D BEEN HAVING.
AND GUESS WHAT HAPPENED? ANY LINGERING DOUBTS I HAD ABOUT YOU 'N' ME--WELL, ***POOF***--GONE.
YOUR STORY HAD MORE HOLES IN IT THAN DICK CHENEY'S HUNTING PARTNERS!
SO...THE QUESTION IS...
...WILL YOU ADMIT IT OR NOT?

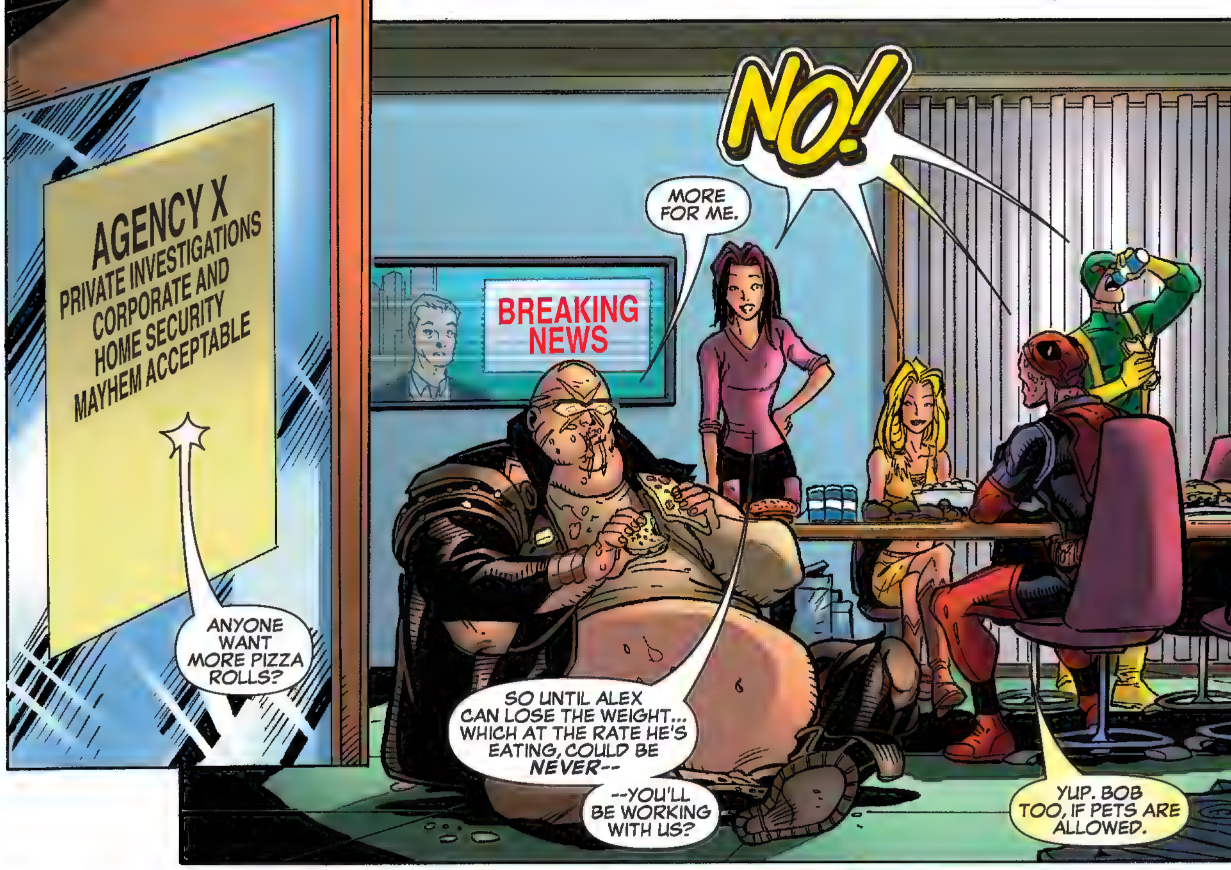

I DON'T KNOW...
...I WISH I HAD MY *BLACK MAGICKS* TO HELP ME DECIDE...
IMAGINE THAT.
I WONDER IF *THIS* PART OF MY TALE WAS TRUE, HOW MUCH ELSE WAS AS WELL...?
DRAT.
I THOUGHT YOU SLIT HIS THROAT?
PAPER CUT, REALLY.
I'M TRYING REALLY, *REALLY* HARD *NOT* TO KILL PEOPLE.
UNLESS I HAVE A REALLY, REALLY GOOD REASON.
OR I'M MAD.
OR JUST IN THE MOOD.
SAVING US WASN'T A GOOD ENOUGH REASON?!
HEY, I'M HERE, AIN'T I? WOMEN...
CAN I PLEASE FOCUS ON THE MAGIC-GUY WHO THINKS I WAS HIM EVEN THOUGH I WASN'T NOW... PLEASE...?

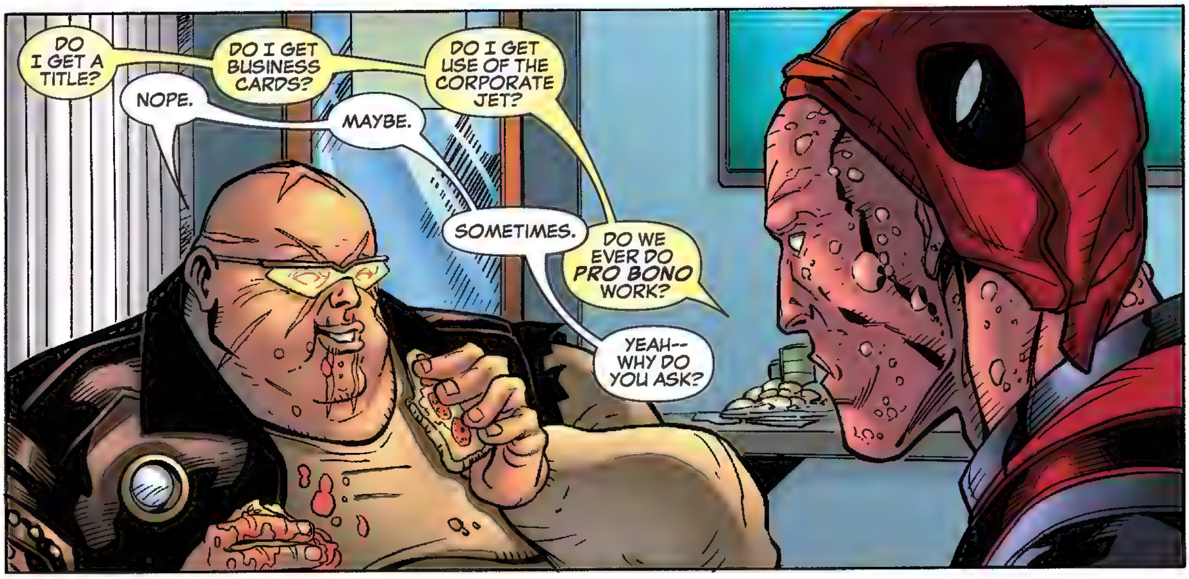

YOUR ARMOR MIGHT BE MADE OF BLACK MAGIC--
--BUT MY KATANA WAS FORGED BY THE SAME GUY WHO MADE THE ONE ON *HEROES!*
SFASHOW!
BETTER SOUND EFFECT?
TOTALLY.
SO, WHAT ARE YOU THINKING NOW? HERE I AM, MY STUDIES IN THE SUPERNATURAL ARTS ***CLEARLY*** NOT A FIGMENT OF MY IMAGINATION...
...AND YET YOU ADMIT TO YOUR OWN FRACTURED MEMORIES...
...SO HOW CAN YOU CALL ME A LIAR?
SHUGGT
WHAT ABOUT THAT SOUND EFFECT?
DIDN'T-- LIKE IT--

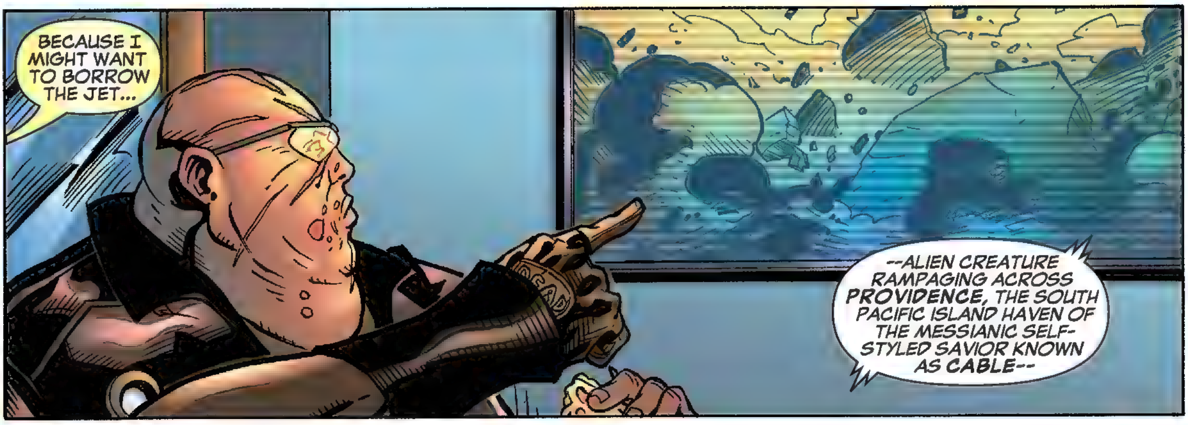

OH, BY THE WAY, THE SWORD...? MADE OUT OF MAGIC.
IF YOUR HEALING FACTOR EVEN WORKS ON THE WOUND, IT WILL TAKE QUITE A BIT **LONGER** THAN USUAL.
HERE IS THE DILEMMA: TO SAVE THESE WOMEN, YOU WOULD RISK **GRAVE INJURY...** WHICH MIGHT NOT HEAL IN TIME TO SAVE YOUR LIFE.
BUT IF YOU LEAVE **NOW**--
--RUN LIKE THE TRUE COWARD WE **BOTH** KNOW YOU TO BE--
--YOU WILL SURVIVE...AND THEY WILL DIE.
WE BOTH KNOW WHAT THE **REAL** WADE WILSON WOULD CHOOSE TO DO.
DRAT AGAIN.
THIS IS EXACTLY THE KIND OF **MORAL CONFLICT** I CAN'T STAND.

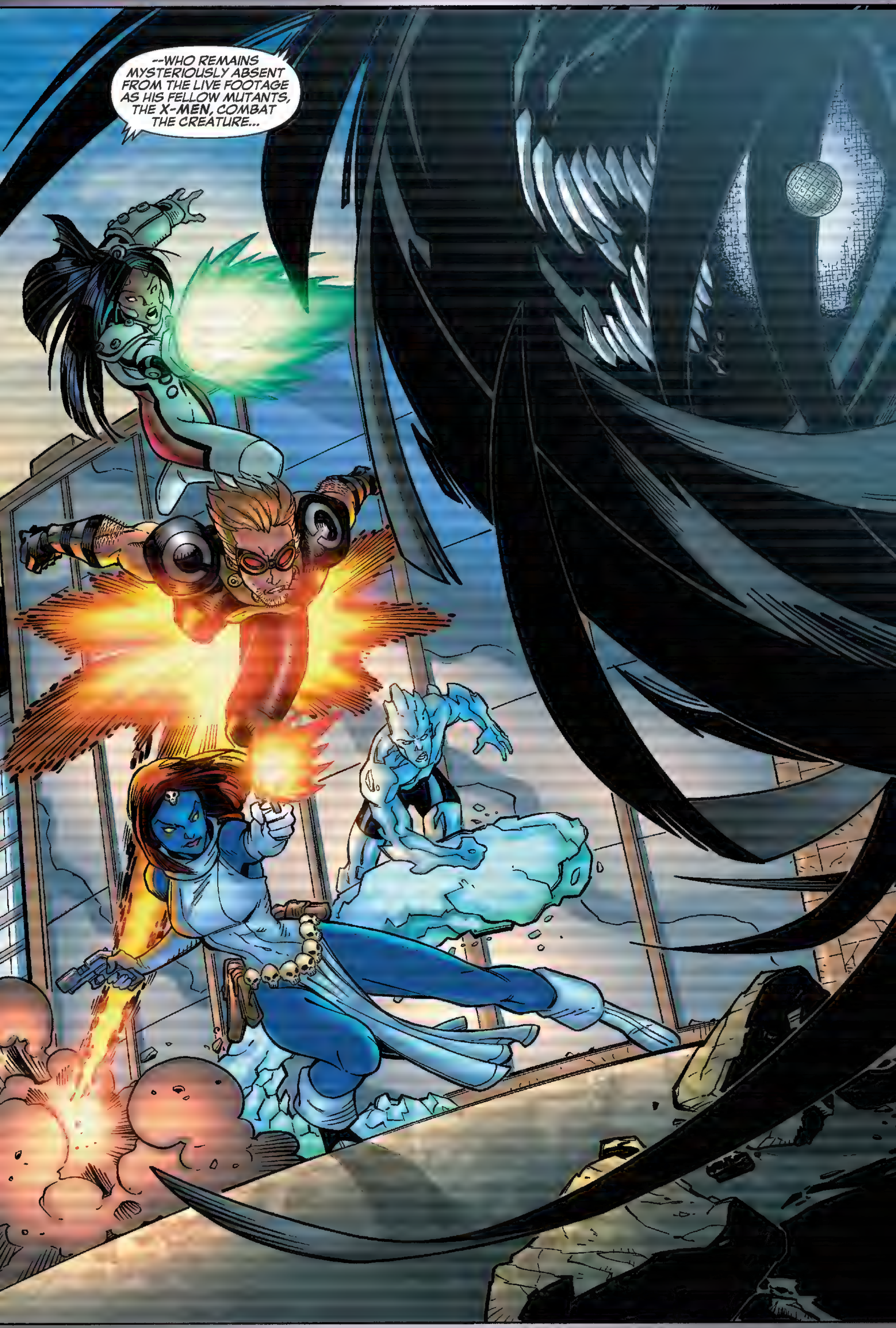

I REALLY DIDN'T WANT TO KILL ANYONE TODAY.
WADE!!
YOU'RE THE GREATEST!
LADIES--LADIES--PLENTY OF HUGS TO GO AROUND--MMPH--UHM... GIRLS...
...GAPING GUT WOUND OVER HERE...
HMPH. LOOK AT THAT.
I HATE MAGIC.
SVIK


YOU DIDN'T RUN AWAY.
OF COURSE NOT.
IS THAT WHAT WADE WILSON WOULD HAVE DONE?
BEATS THE HELL OUT OF ME. IT'S WHAT I DID, THOUGH...
LET US GIVE YOU A HAND.
THANKS.
I DON'T TELL THEM. I DON'T NEED TO. I KNOW WHO I AM.
YOU C'N GIT YOUR HAND OFF MY RUMP ANYTIME YOU WANT...
IN T-RAY'S MIXED-UP MEMORIES--ONES THAT HE SHARED WITH ME--I WAS WEARING MY DEADPOOL COSTUME WHEN HE FOUND ME.
BUT I DIDN'T BECOME DEADPOOL UNTIL AFTER I LEFT PROJECT X--AFTER I GOT THIS HEALING FACTOR TO CURE MY CANCER.
AFTER MY MOM DIED OF CANCER WHEN I WAS A KID. AFTER MY DAD DIED IN A BARFIGHT BECAUSE OF ONE OF MY DRUNKEN FRIENDS.
AFTER I'D BEEN KICKED OUT OF THE ARMY, WHICH I'D SIGNED UP FOR AS WADE WINSTON WILSON.
BECAUSE THAT'S WHO I AM.
AND ANYONE WHO SAYS DIFFERENTLY...
SVIK
...IS JUST IMAGINING THINGS.
KYEECHANNG
COOL SOUND EFFECT.


AGENCY X
PRIVATE INVESTIGATIONS
CORPORATE AND
HOME SECURITY
MAYHEM ACCEPTABLE
ANYONE WANT MORE PIZZA ROLLS?
BREAKING NEWS
MORE FOR ME.
NO!
SO UNTIL ALEX CAN LOSE THE WEIGHT... WHICH AT THE RATE HE'S EATING, COULD BE ***NEVER***--
--YOU'LL BE WORKING WITH US?
YUP. BOB TOO, IF PETS ARE ALLOWED.

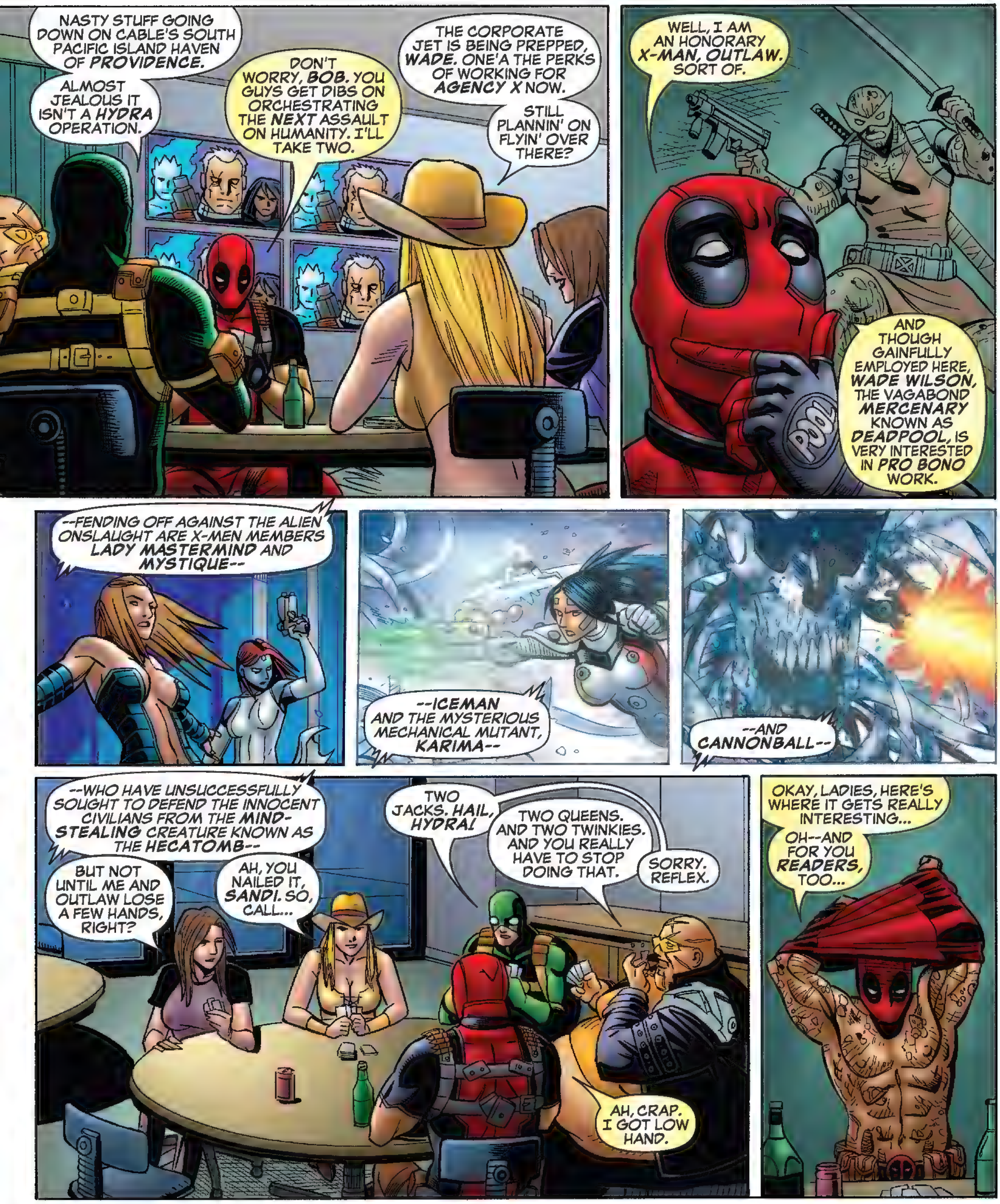

DO I GET A TITLE?
NOPE.
DO I GET BUSINESS CARDS?
MAYBE.
DO I GET USE OF THE CORPORATE JET?
SOMETIMES.
DO WE EVER DO ***PRO BONO*** WORK?
YEAH-- WHY DO YOU ASK?

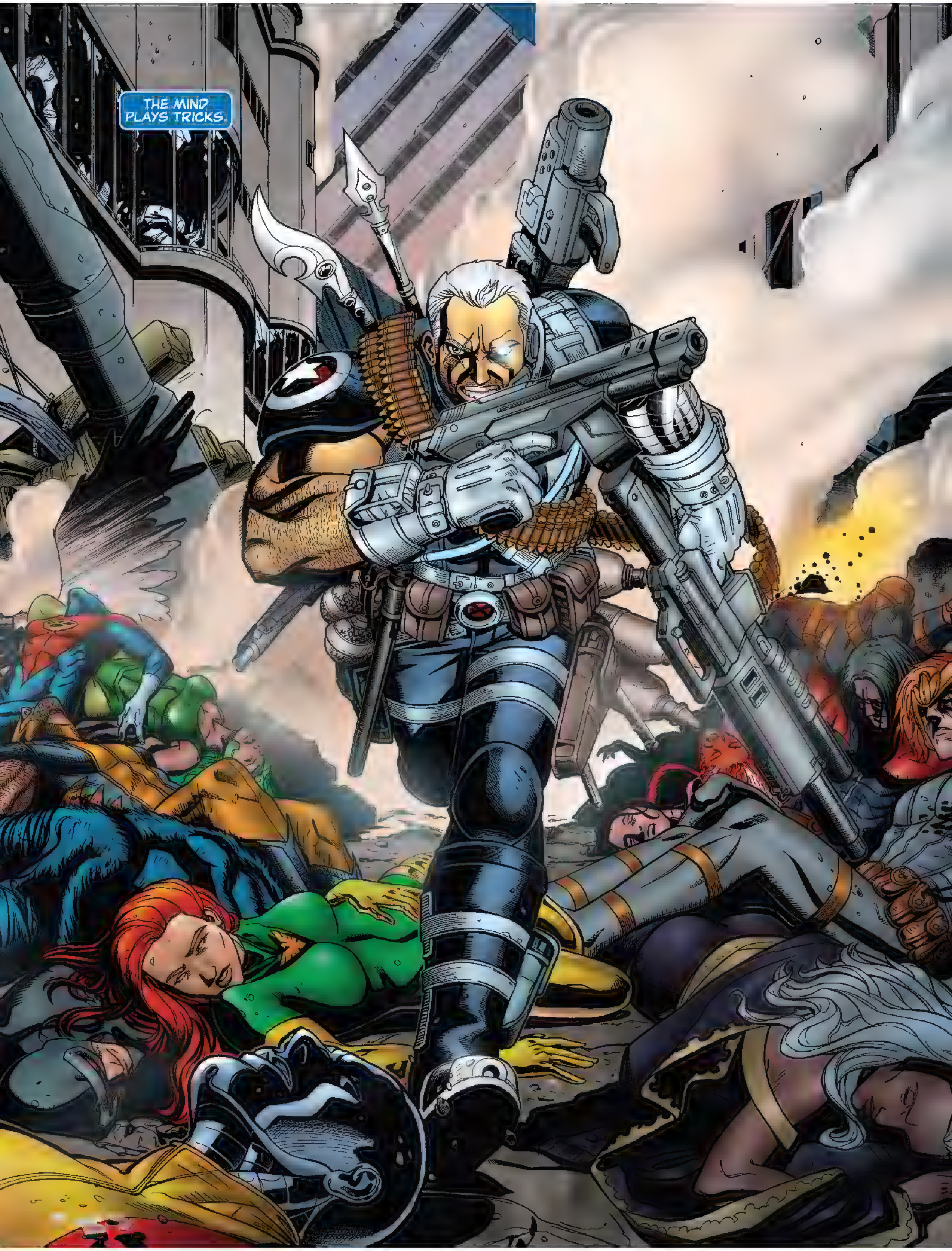

BECAUSE I MIGHT WANT TO BORROW THE JET...
--ALIEN CREATURE RAMPAGING ACROSS ***PROVIDENCE***, THE SOUTH PACIFIC ISLAND HAVEN OF THE MESSIANIC SELF-STYLED SAVIOR KNOWN AS ***CABLE***--

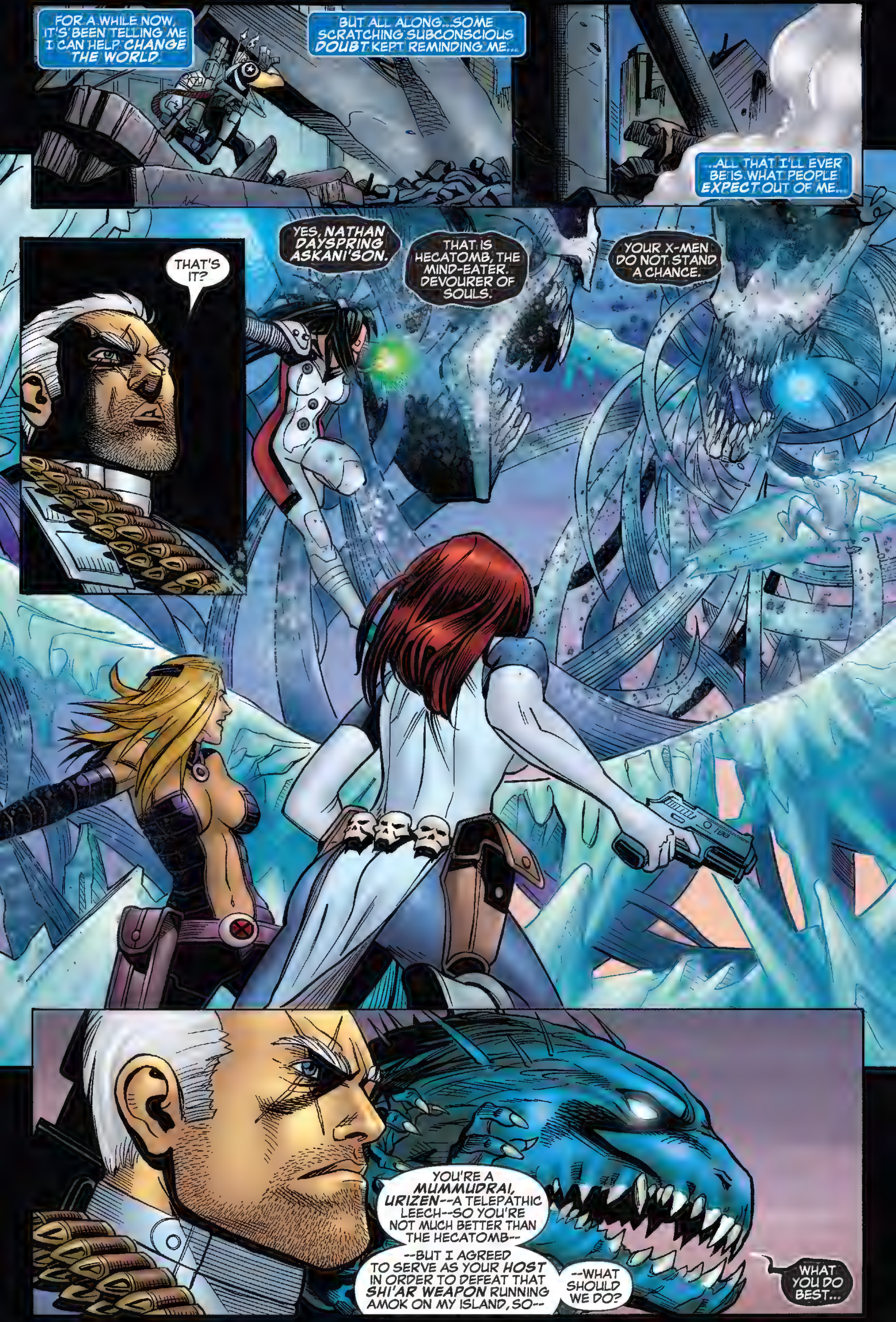

--WHO REMAINS MYSTERIOUSLY ABSENT FROM THE LIVE FOOTAGE AS HIS FELLOW MUTANTS, THE **X-MEN**, COMBAT THE CREATURE...

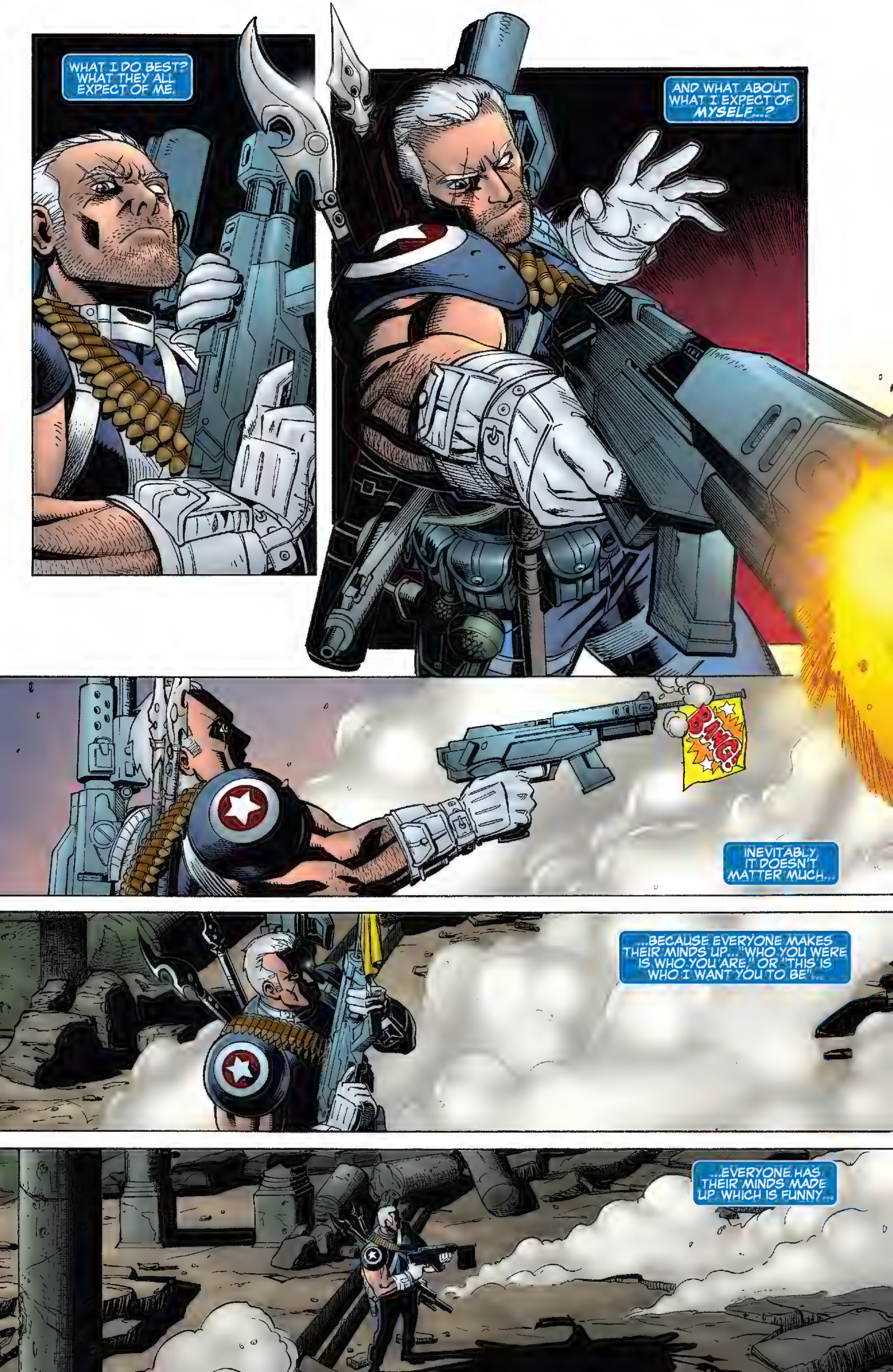
40

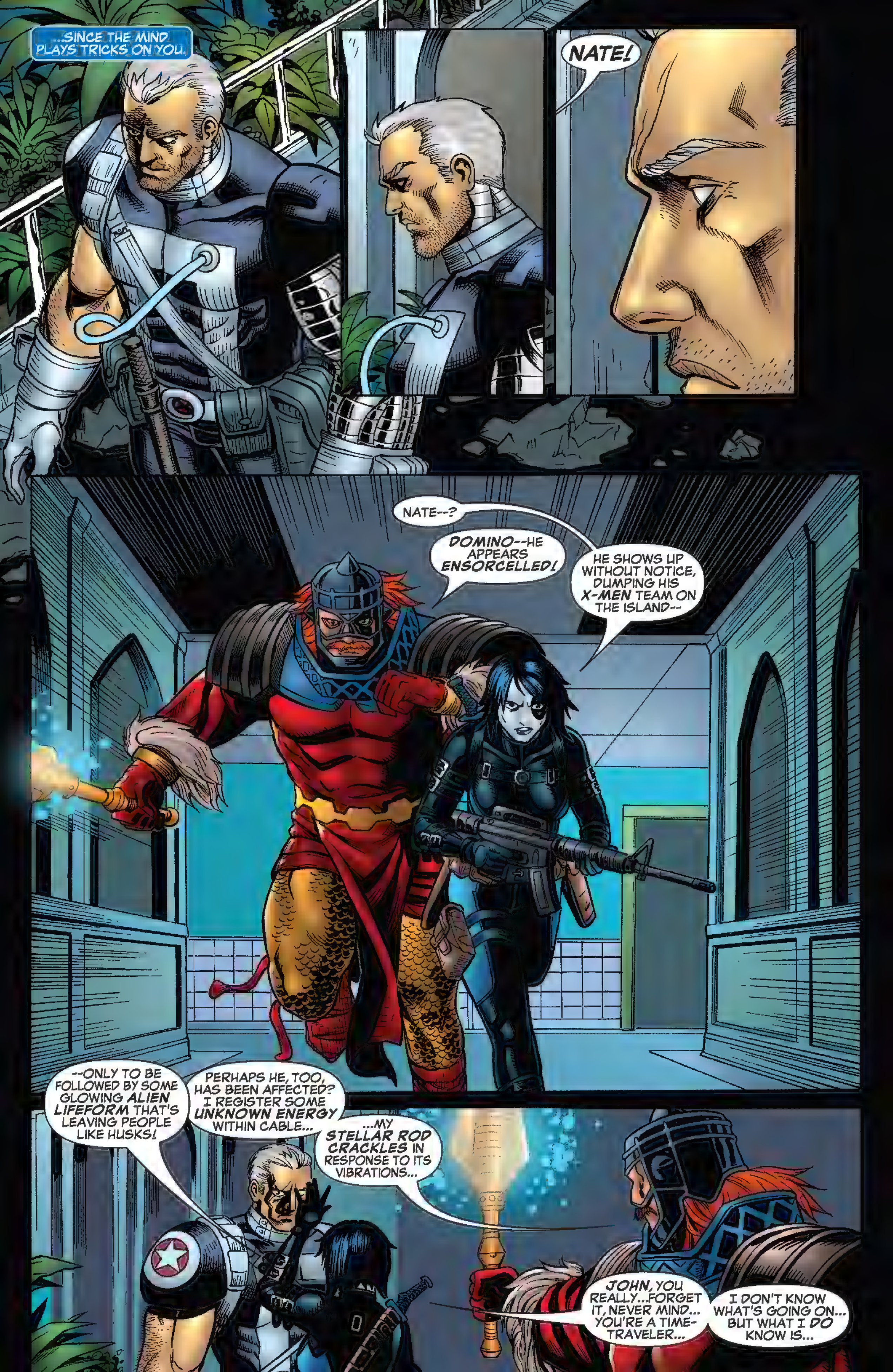
FRACTURED PART ONE

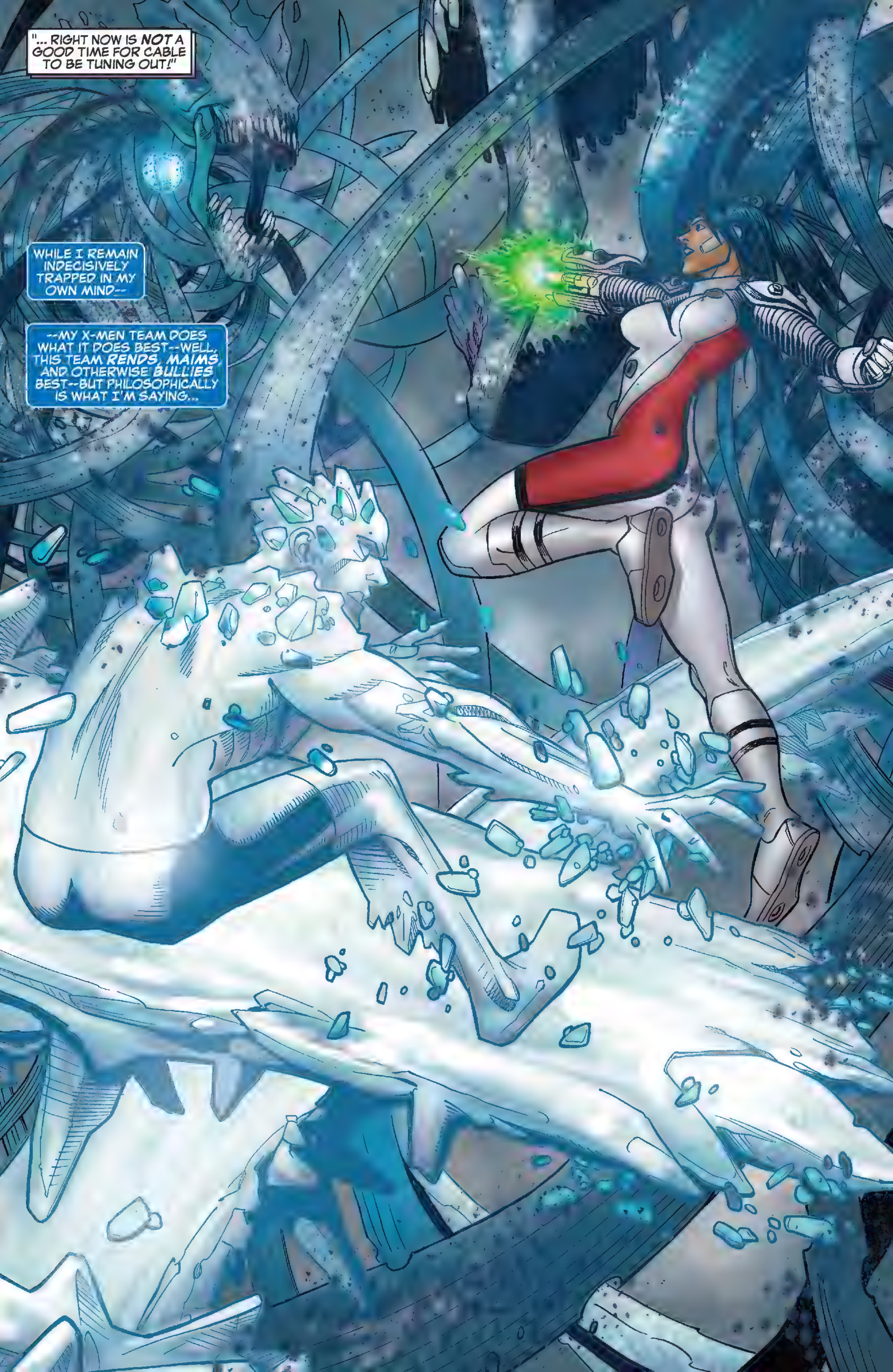

NASTY STUFF GOING DOWN ON CABLE'S SOUTH PACIFIC ISLAND HAVEN OF **PROVIDENCE**.
ALMOST JEALOUS IT ISN'T A **HYDRA** OPERATION.
DON'T WORRY, **BOB**. YOU GUYS GET DIBS ON ORCHESTRATING THE **NEXT** ASSAULT ON HUMANITY. I'LL TAKE TWO.
THE CORPORATE JET IS BEING PREPPED, **WADE**. ONE'A THE PERKS OF WORKING FOR **AGENCY X** NOW.
STILL PLANNIN' ON FLYIN' OVER THERE?
WELL, I AM AN HONORARY ***X-MAN, OUTLAW.*** SORT OF.
AND THOUGH GAINFULLY EMPLOYED HERE, ***WADE WILSON,*** THE VAGABOND ***MERCENARY*** KNOWN AS ***DEADPOOL,*** IS VERY INTERESTED IN ***PRO BONO*** WORK.
POOL
--FENDING OFF AGAINST THE ALIEN ONSLAUGHT ARE X-MEN MEMBERS ***LADY MASTERMIND*** AND ***MYSTIQUE***--
--***ICEMAN*** AND THE MYSTERIOUS MECHANICAL MUTANT, ***KARIMA***--
--AND ***CANNONBALL***--
--WHO HAVE UNSUCCESSFULLY SOUGHT TO DEFEND THE INNOCENT CIVILIANS FROM THE ***MIND-STEALING*** CREATURE KNOWN AS THE ***HECATOMB***--
BUT NOT UNTIL ME AND OUTLAW LOSE A FEW HANDS, RIGHT?
AH, YOU NAILED IT, ***SANDI.*** SO, CALL...
TWO JACKS. ***HAIL, HYDRA!***
TWO QUEENS. AND TWO TWINKIES. AND YOU REALLY HAVE TO STOP DOING THAT.
SORRY. REFLEX.
AH, CRAP. I GOT LOW HAND.
OKAY, LADIES, HERE'S WHERE IT GETS REALLY INTERESTING...
OH--AND FOR YOU ***READERS,*** TOO...

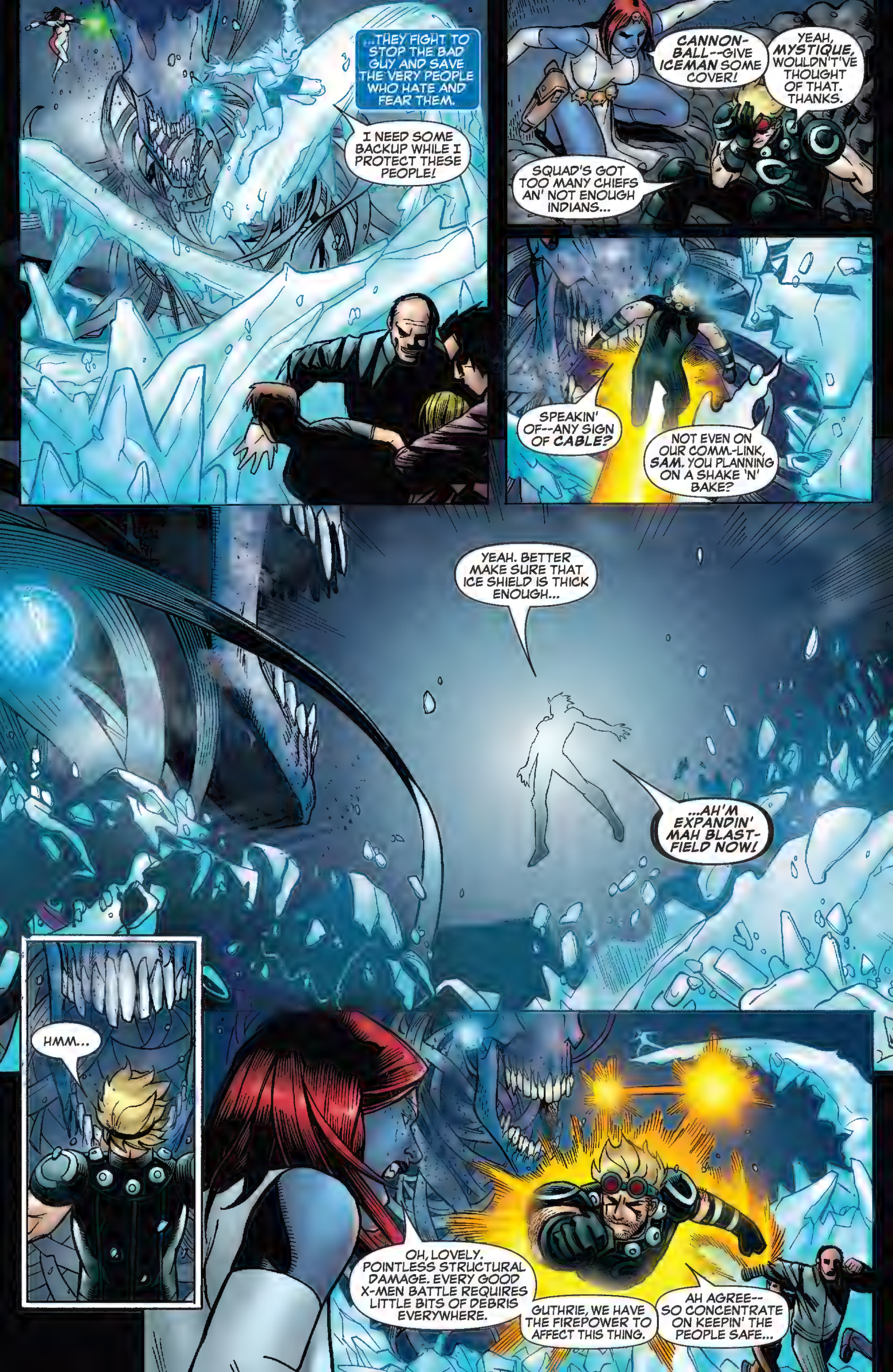

THE MIND PLAYS TRICKS.

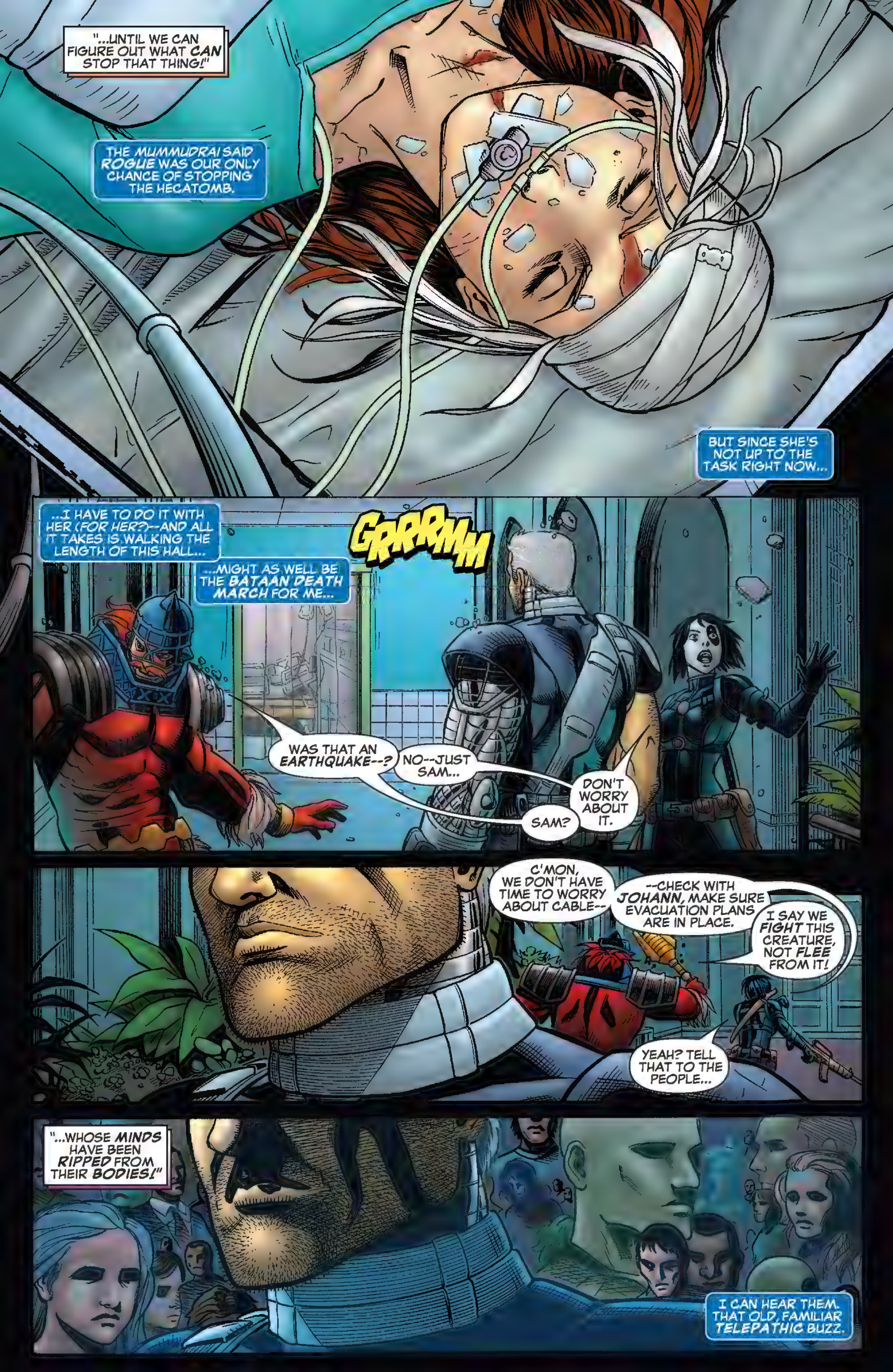

FOR A WHILE NOW, IT'S BEEN TELLING ME I CAN HELP *CHANGE THE WORLD.*
BUT ALL ALONG...SOME SCRATCHING SUBCONSCIOUS *DOUBT* KEPT REMINDING ME...
...ALL THAT I'LL EVER BE IS WHAT PEOPLE *EXPECT* OUT OF ME...
THAT'S IT?
YES, *NATHAN DAYSPRING ASKANI'SON.*
THAT IS HECATOMB, THE MIND-EATER. DEVOURER OF SOULS.
YOUR X-MEN DO NOT STAND A CHANCE.
YOU'RE A *MUMMUDRAI, URIZEN*--A TELEPATHIC LEECH--SO YOU'RE NOT MUCH BETTER THAN THE HECATOMB--
--BUT I AGREED TO SERVE AS YOUR *HOST* IN ORDER TO DEFEAT THAT *SHI'AR WEAPON* RUNNING AMOK ON MY ISLAND, SO--
--WHAT SHOULD WE DO?
WHAT YOU DO BEST...

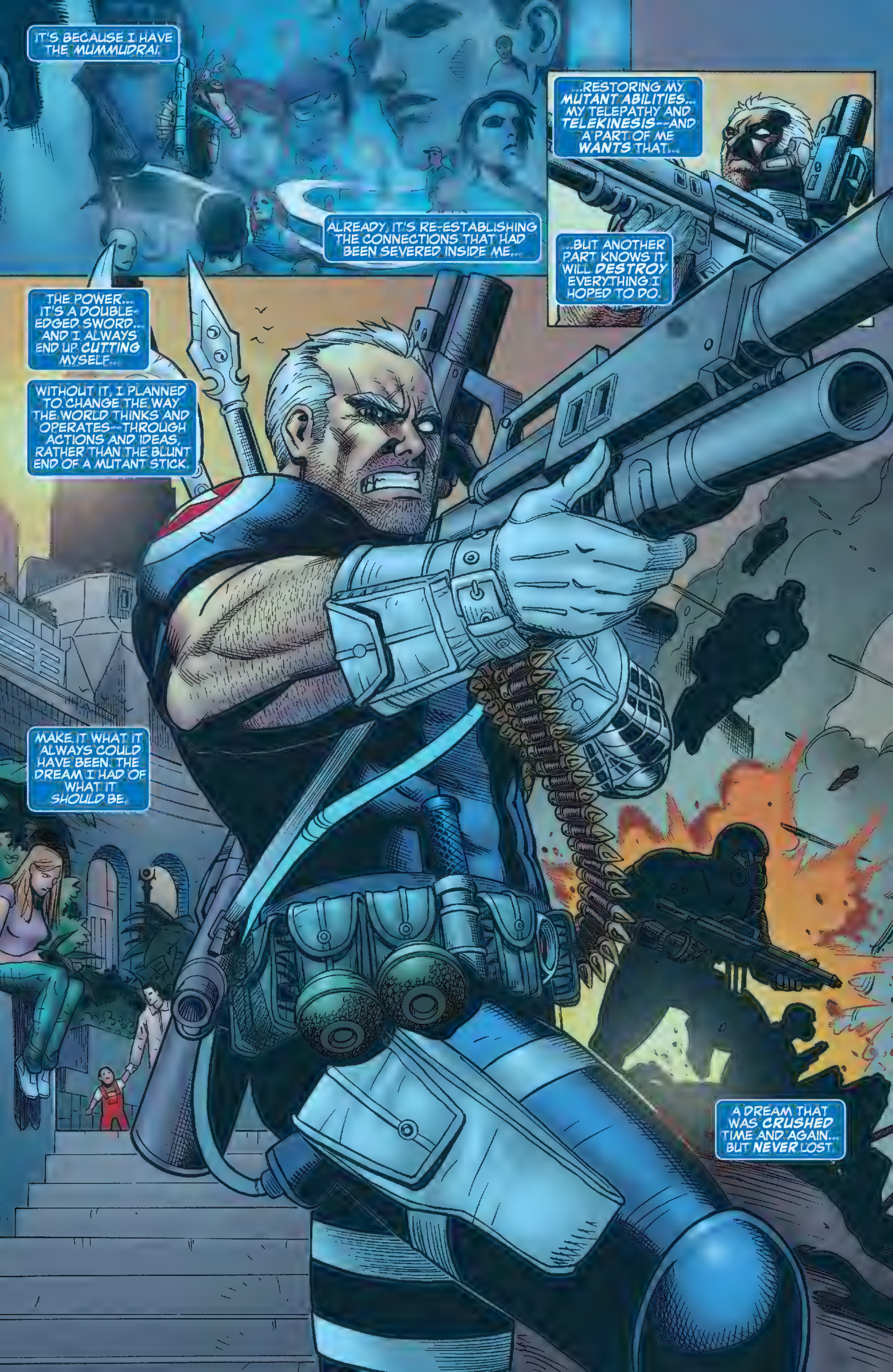

WHAT I DO BEST? WHAT THEY ALL EXPECT OF ME.
AND WHAT ABOUT WHAT I EXPECT OF MYSELF...?
BANG!
INEVITABLY IT DOESN'T MATTER MUCH...
...BECAUSE EVERYONE MAKES THEIR MINDS UP... "WHO YOU WERE IS WHO YOU ARE," OR "THIS IS WHO I WANT YOU TO BE"...
...EVERYONE HAS THEIR MINDS MADE UP WHICH IS FUNNY...

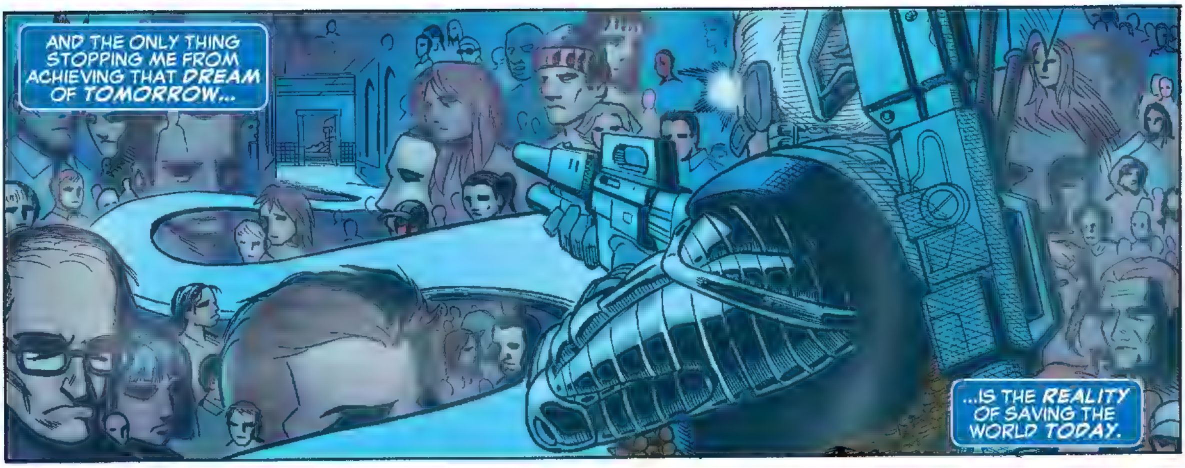

...SINCE THE MIND PLAYS TRICKS ON YOU.
NATE!
NATE--?
DOMINO--HE APPEARS ENSORCELLED!
HE SHOWS UP WITHOUT NOTICE, DUMPING HIS X-MEN TEAM ON THE ISLAND--
--ONLY TO BE FOLLOWED BY SOME GLOWING ALIEN LIFEFORM THAT'S LEAVING PEOPLE LIKE HUSKS!
PERHAPS HE, TOO, HAS BEEN AFFECTED? I REGISTER SOME UNKNOWN ENERGY WITHIN CABLE...
...MY STELLAR ROD CRACKLES IN RESPONSE TO ITS VIBRATIONS...
JOHN, YOU REALLY...FORGET IT, NEVER MIND... YOU'RE A TIME-TRAVELER...
I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON... BUT WHAT I DO KNOW IS...

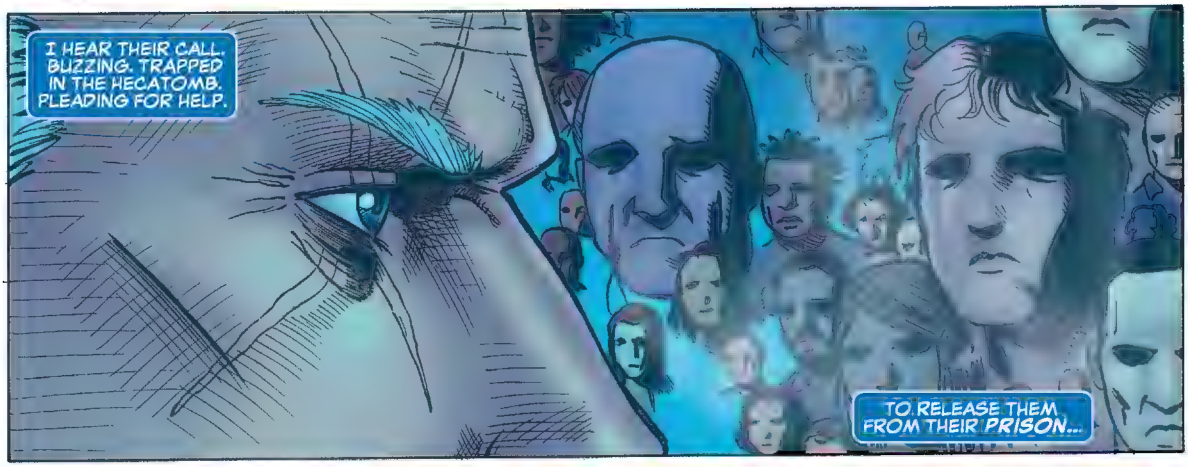

"... RIGHT NOW IS **NOT** A GOOD TIME FOR CABLE TO BE TUNING OUT!"
WHILE I REMAIN INDECISIVELY TRAPPED IN MY OWN MIND--
--MY X-MEN TEAM DOES WHAT IT DOES BEST--WELL, THIS TEAM **RENDS**, **MAIMS**, AND OTHERWISE **BULLIES** BEST--BUT PHILOSOPHICALLY IS WHAT I'M SAYING...

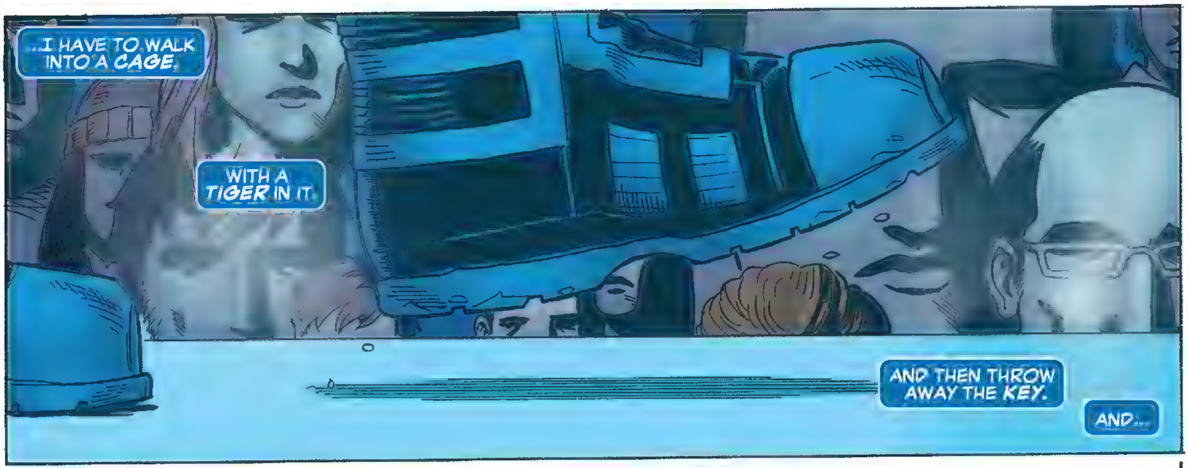

...THEY FIGHT TO STOP THE BAD GUY AND SAVE THE VERY PEOPLE WHO HATE AND FEAR THEM.
I NEED SOME BACKUP WHILE I PROTECT THESE PEOPLE!
CANNONBALL--GIVE ICEMAN SOME COVER!
YEAH, MYSTIQUE, WOULDN'T'VE THOUGHT OF THAT. THANKS.
SQUAD'S GOT TOO MANY CHIEFS AN' NOT ENOUGH INDIANS...
SPEAKIN' OF--ANY SIGN OF CABLE?
NOT EVEN ON OUR COMM.-LINK, SAM. YOU PLANNING ON A SHAKE 'N' BAKE?
YEAH. BETTER MAKE SURE THAT ICE SHIELD IS THICK ENOUGH...
...AH'M EXPANDIN' MAH BLAST-FIELD NOW!
HMM...
OH, LOVELY. POINTLESS STRUCTURAL DAMAGE. EVERY GOOD X-MEN BATTLE REQUIRES LITTLE BITS OF DEBRIS EVERYWHERE.
GUTHRIE, WE HAVE THE FIREPOWER TO AFFECT THIS THING.
AH AGREE--SO CONCENTRATE ON KEEPIN' THE PEOPLE SAFE...

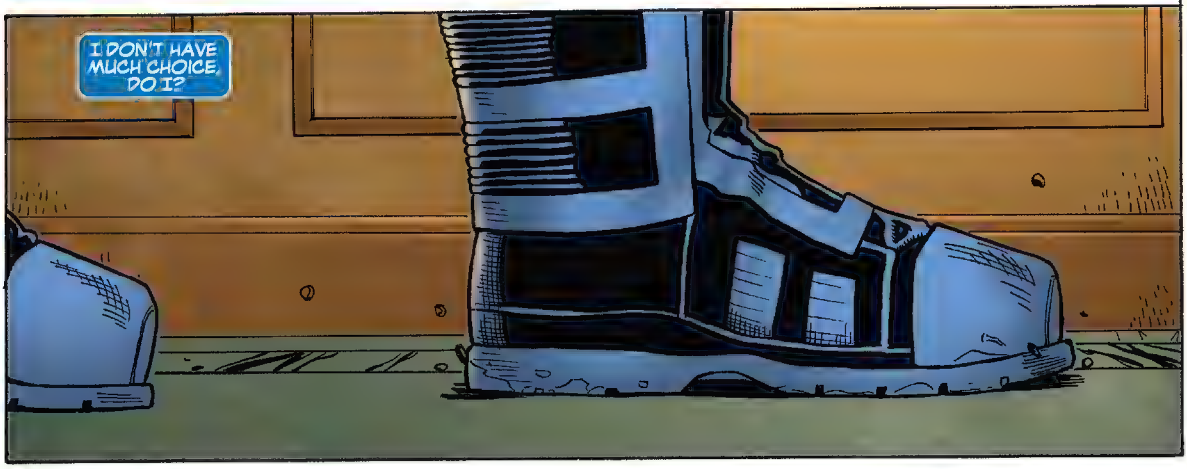

"...UNTIL WE CAN FIGURE OUT WHAT *CAN* STOP THAT THING!"
THE *MUMMUDRAI* SAID *ROGUE* WAS OUR ONLY CHANCE OF STOPPING THE HECATOMB.
BUT SINCE SHE'S NOT UP TO THE TASK RIGHT NOW...
...I HAVE TO DO IT WITH HER (FOR HER?)--AND ALL IT TAKES IS WALKING THE LENGTH OF THIS HALL...
...MIGHT AS WELL BE THE *BATAAN DEATH MARCH* FOR ME...
GRRRMM
WAS THAT AN *EARTHQUAKE*--?
NO--JUST SAM...
DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT.
SAM?
C'MON, WE DON'T HAVE TIME TO WORRY ABOUT CABLE--
--CHECK WITH *JOHANN*, MAKE SURE EVACUATION PLANS ARE IN PLACE.
I SAY WE *FIGHT* THIS CREATURE, NOT *FLEE* FROM IT!
YEAH? TELL THAT TO THE PEOPLE...
"...WHOSE *MINDS* HAVE BEEN *RIPPED* FROM THEIR *BODIES!*"
I CAN HEAR THEM. THAT OLD, FAMILIAR *TELEPATHIC* BUZZ.

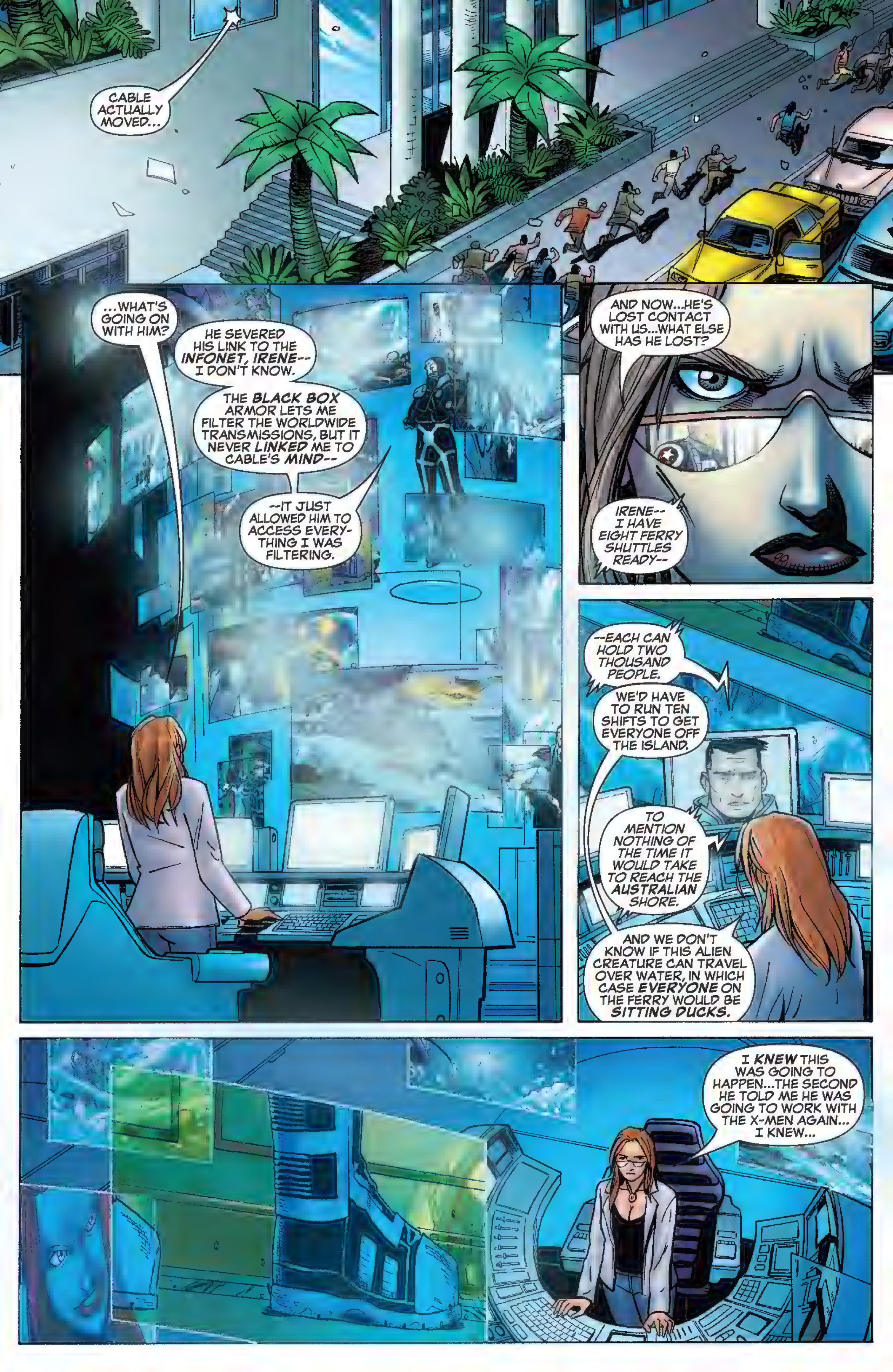

IT'S BECAUSE I HAVE THE MUMMUDRAI.
ALREADY, IT'S RE-ESTABLISHING THE CONNECTIONS THAT HAD BEEN SEVERED INSIDE ME...
...RESTORING MY MUTANT ABILITIES... MY TELEPATHY AND TELEKINESIS--AND A PART OF ME WANTS THAT...
...BUT ANOTHER PART KNOWS IT WILL DESTROY EVERYTHING I HOPED TO DO.
THE POWER... IT'S A DOUBLE-EDGED SWORD... AND I ALWAYS END UP CUTTING MYSELF...
WITHOUT IT, I PLANNED TO CHANGE THE WAY THE WORLD THINKS AND OPERATES--THROUGH ACTIONS AND IDEAS, RATHER THAN THE BLUNT END OF A MUTANT STICK.
MAKE IT WHAT IT ALWAYS COULD HAVE BEEN. THE DREAM I HAD OF WHAT IT SHOULD BE.
A DREAM THAT WAS CRUSHED TIME AND AGAIN... BUT NEVER LOST.

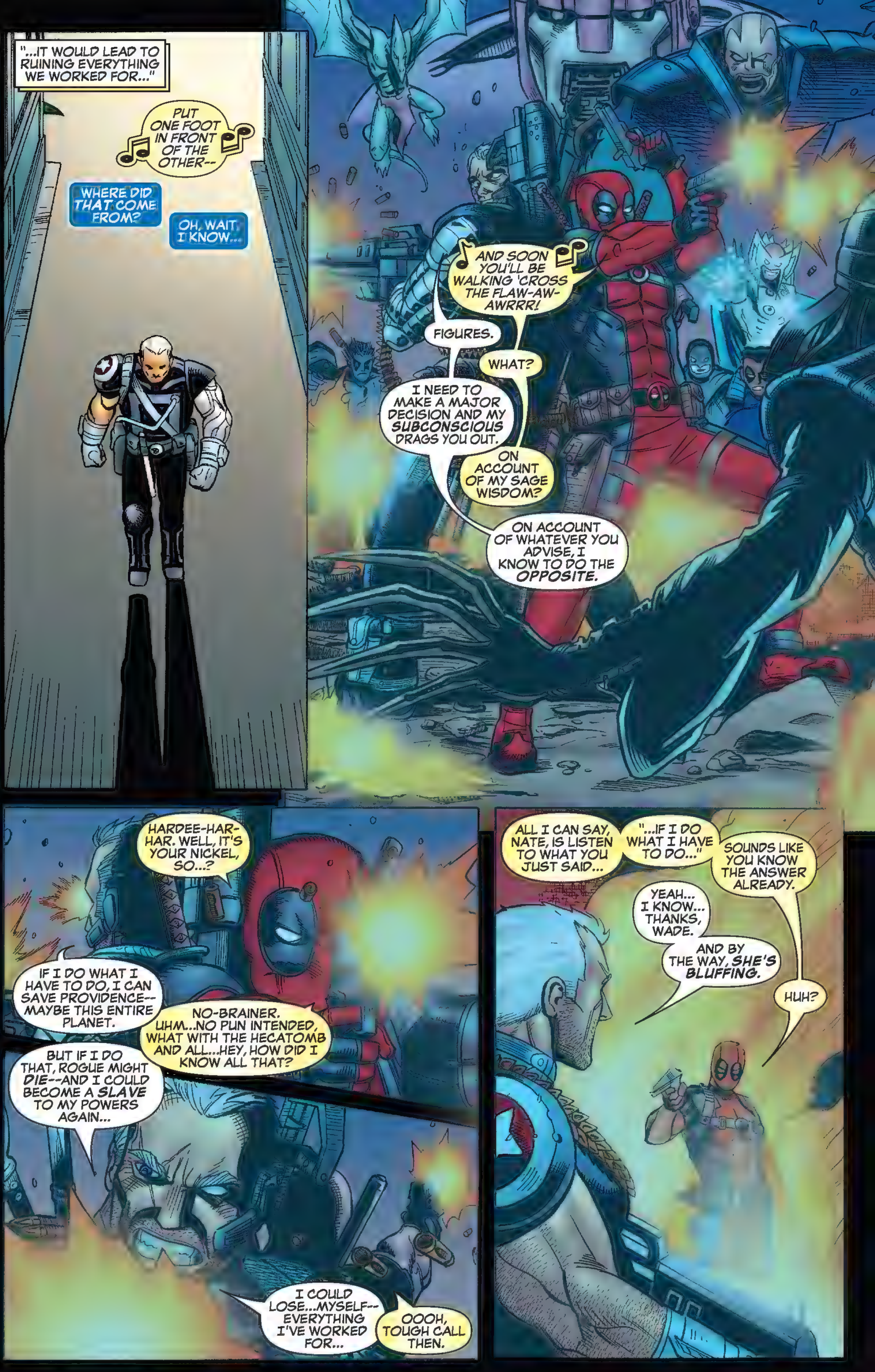

AND THE ONLY THING STOPPING ME FROM ACHIEVING THAT DREAM OF TOMORROW...
...IS THE REALITY OF SAVING THE WORLD TODAY.

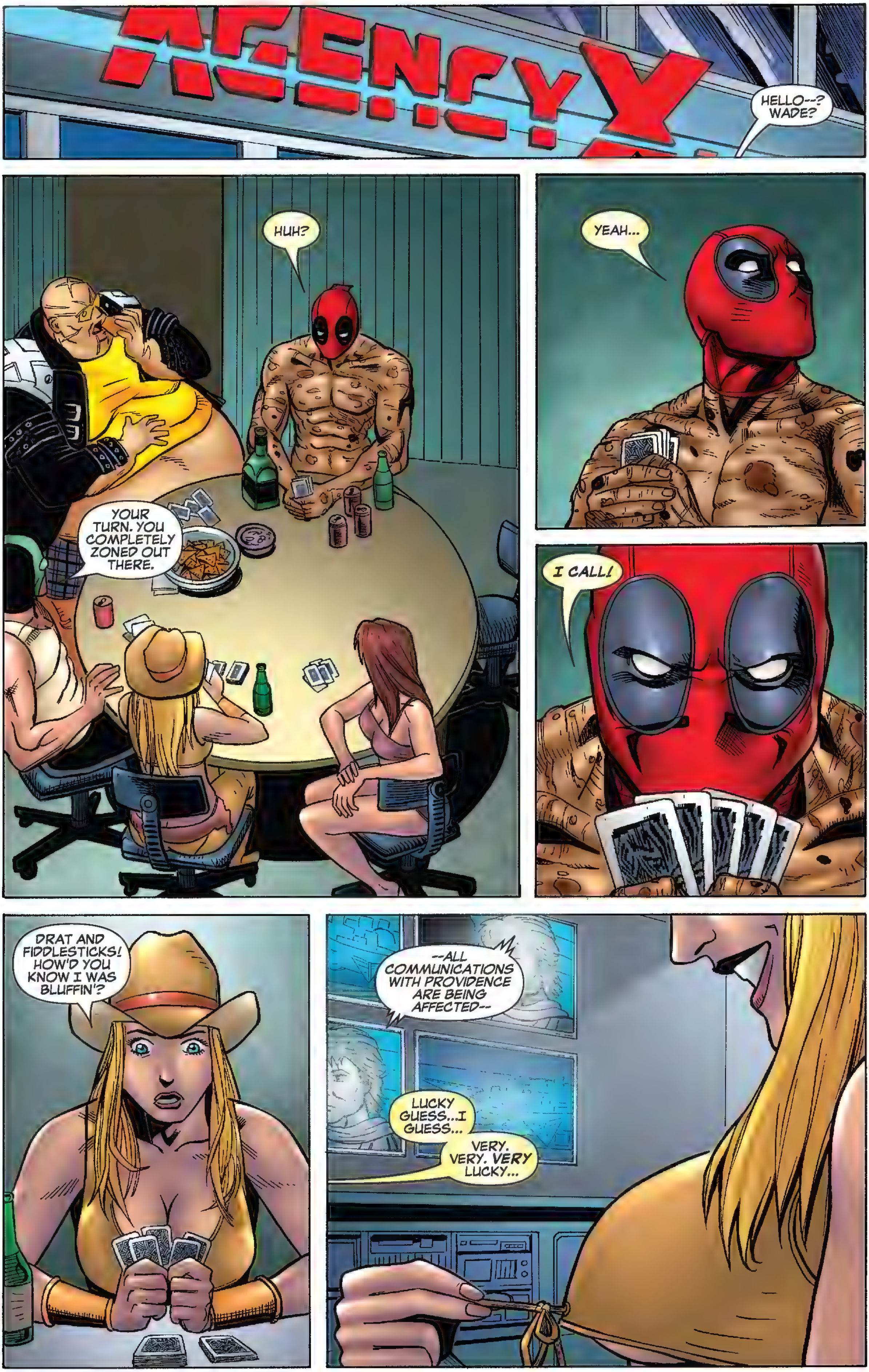

I HEAR THEIR CALL. BUZZING. TRAPPED IN THE HECATOMB. PLEADING FOR HELP.
TO RELEASE THEM FROM THEIR PRISON...

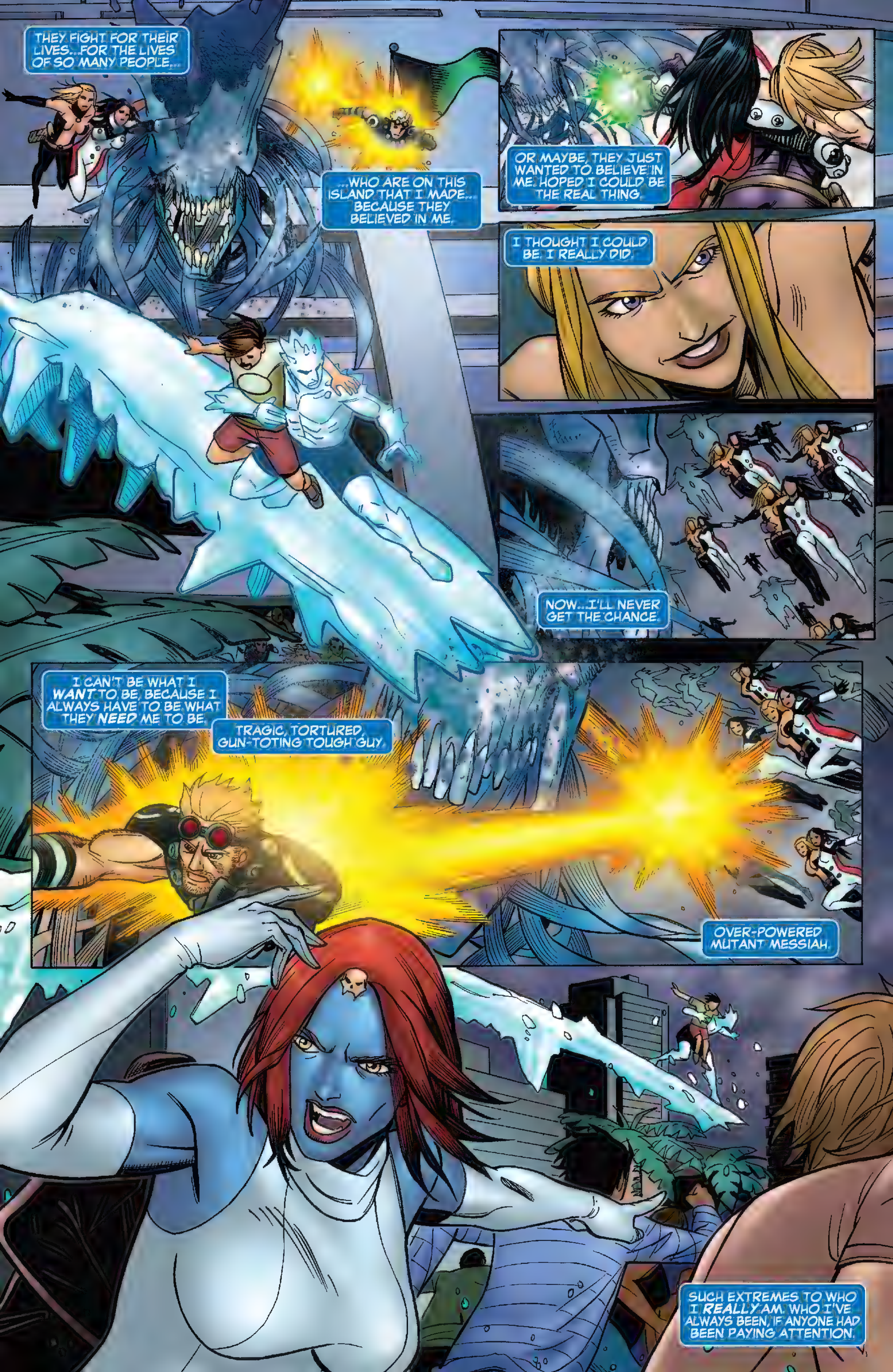

...I HAVE TO WALK INTO A CAGE.
WITH A TIGER IN IT.
AND THEN THROW AWAY THE KEY.
AND...

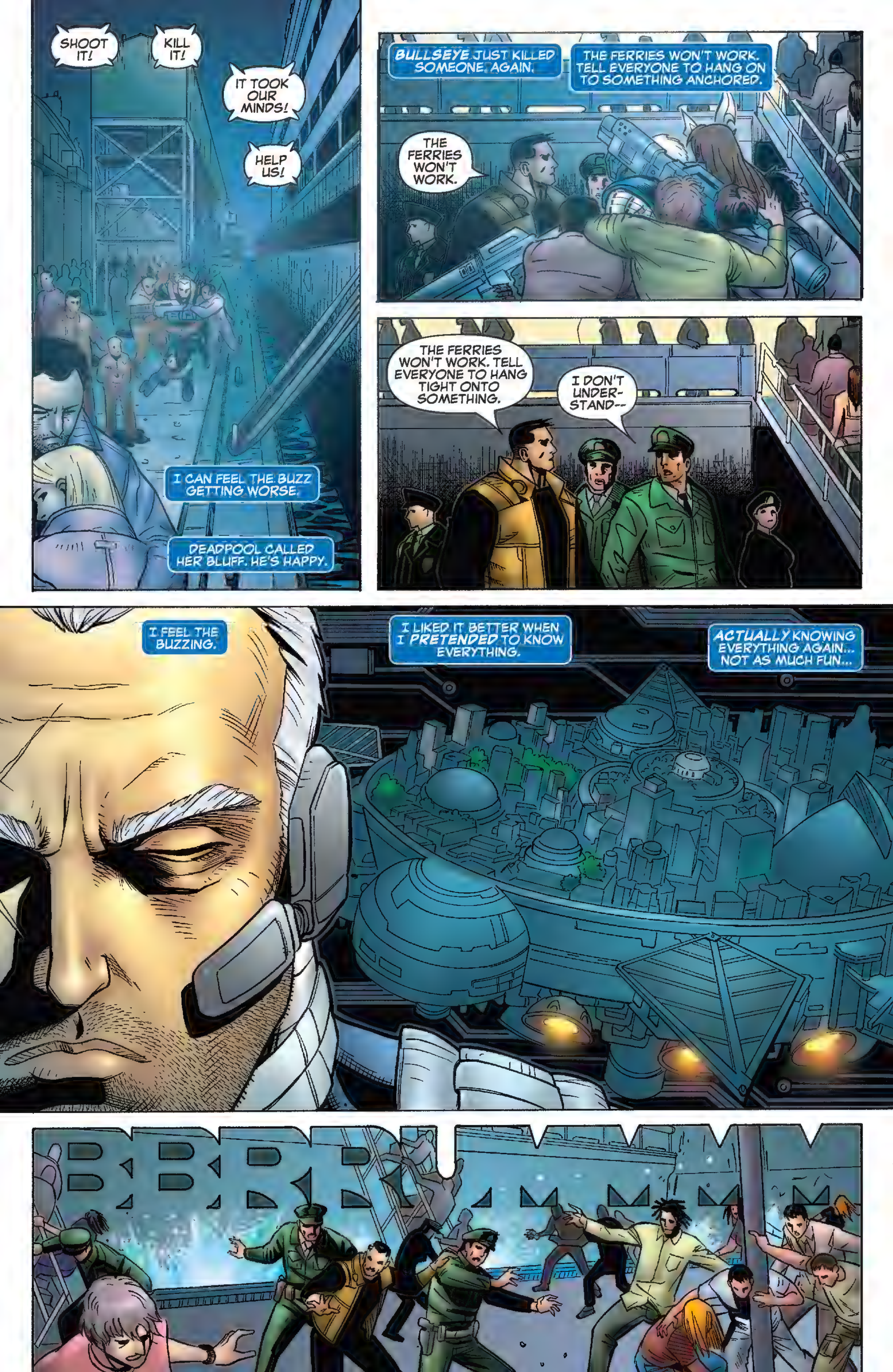

I DON'T HAVE MUCH CHOICE, DO I?

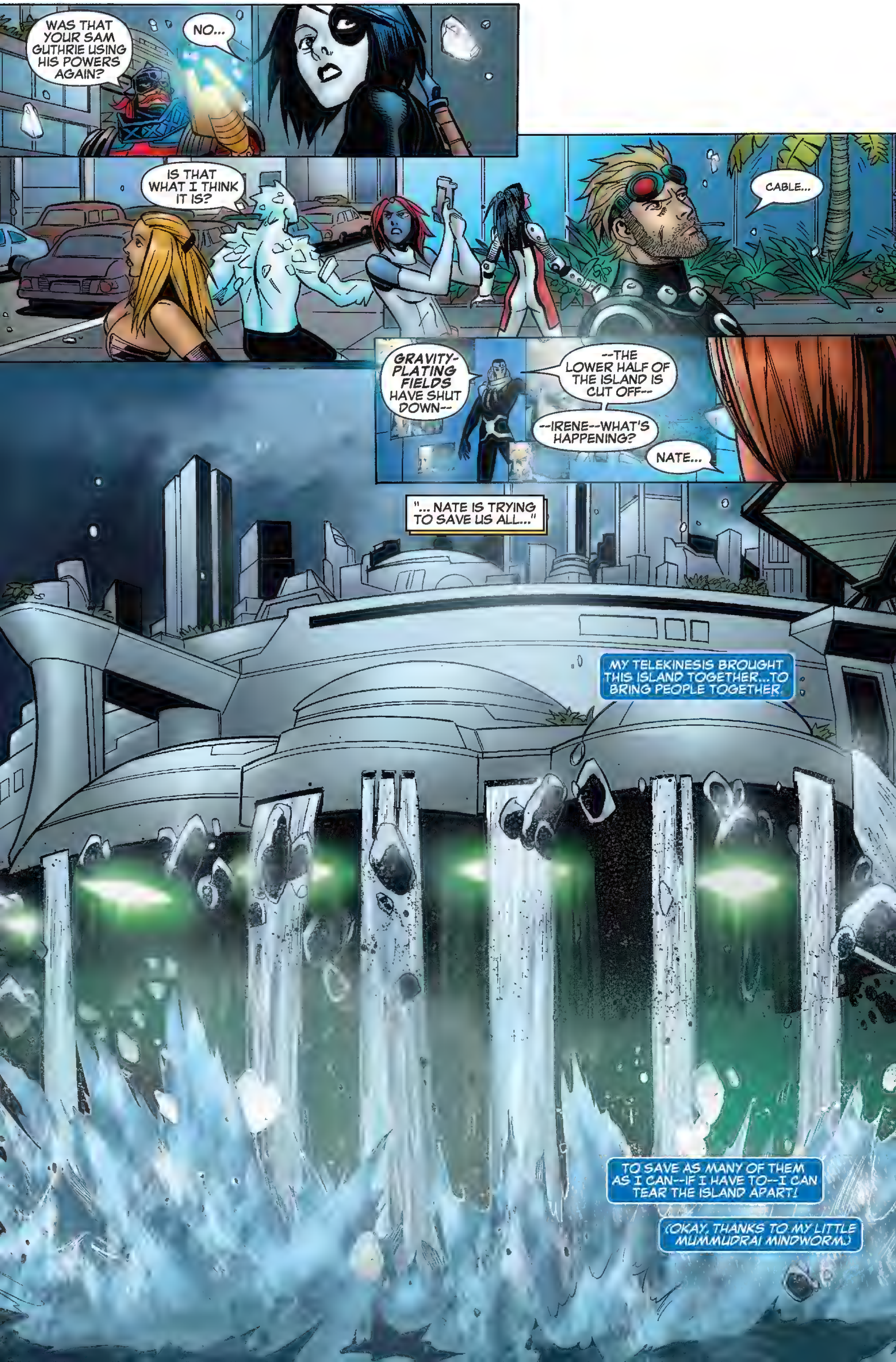

CABLE ACTUALLY MOVED...
...WHAT'S GOING ON WITH HIM?
HE SEVERED HIS LINK TO THE **INFONET, IRENE**-- I DON'T KNOW.
THE **BLACK BOX** ARMOR LETS ME FILTER THE WORLDWIDE TRANSMISSIONS, BUT IT NEVER **LINKED** ME TO CABLE'S **MIND**--
--IT JUST ALLOWED HIM TO ACCESS EVERYTHING I WAS FILTERING.
AND NOW...HE'S LOST CONTACT WITH US...WHAT ELSE HAS HE LOST?
IRENE-- I HAVE EIGHT FERRY SHUTTLES READY--
--EACH CAN HOLD TWO THOUSAND PEOPLE.
WE'D HAVE TO RUN TEN SHIFTS TO GET EVERYONE OFF THE ISLAND.
*TO MENTION NOTHING OF THE TIME IT WOULD TAKE TO REACH THE **AUSTRALIAN** SHORE.*
AND WE DON'T KNOW IF THIS ALIEN CREATURE CAN TRAVEL OVER WATER, IN WHICH CASE **EVERYONE** ON THE FERRY WOULD BE ***SITTING DUCKS.***
I **KNEW** THIS WAS GOING TO HAPPEN...THE SECOND HE TOLD ME HE WAS GOING TO WORK WITH THE X-MEN AGAIN... I KNEW...

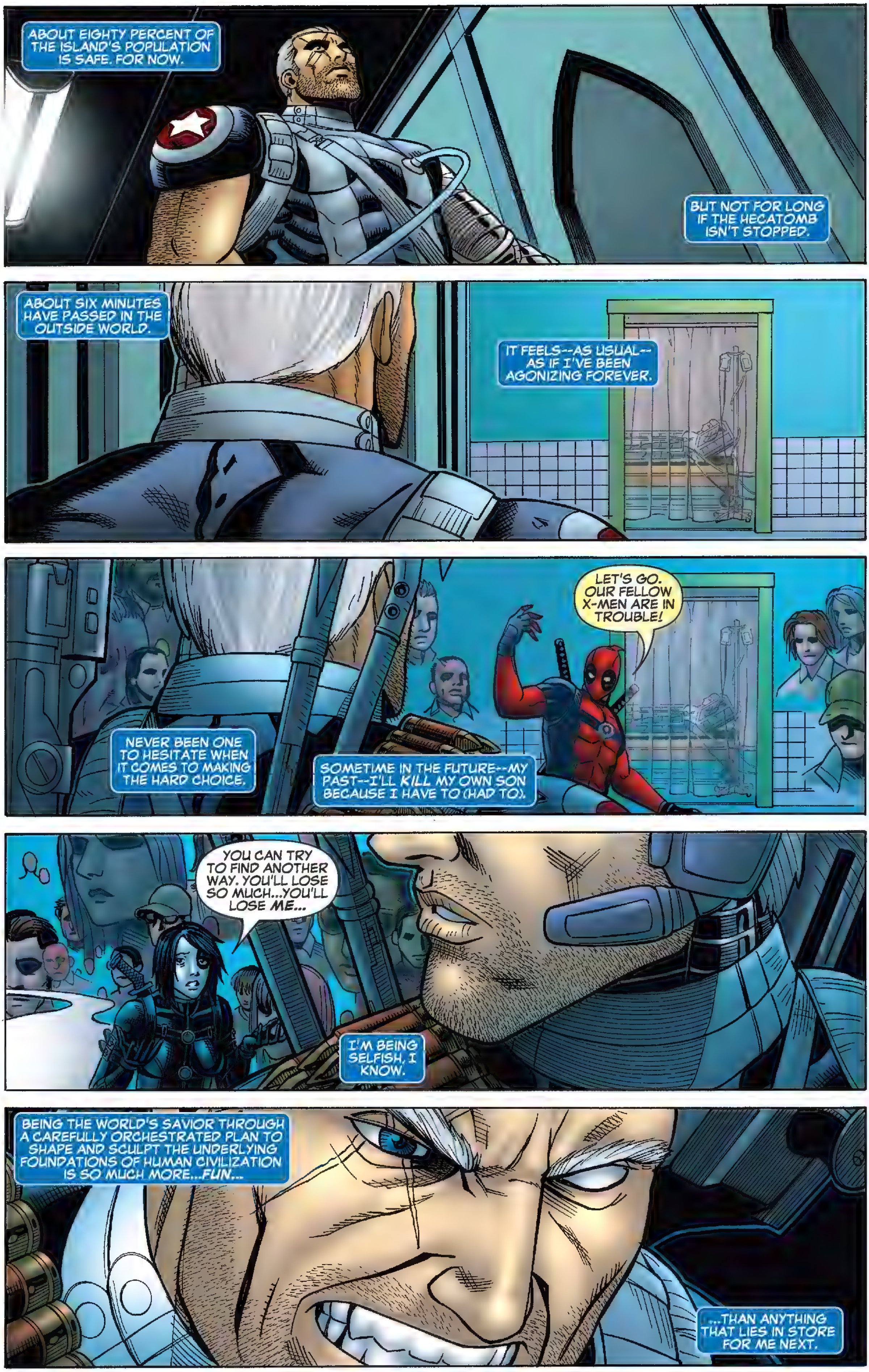

"...IT WOULD LEAD TO RUINING EVERYTHING WE WORKED FOR..."
PUT ONE FOOT IN FRONT OF THE OTHER--
WHERE DID THAT COME FROM?
OH, WAIT. I KNOW...
AND SOON YOU'LL BE WALKING 'CROSS THE FLAW-AW-AWRRR!
FIGURES.
WHAT?
I NEED TO MAKE A MAJOR DECISION AND MY *SUBCONSCIOUS* DRAGS YOU OUT.
ON ACCOUNT OF MY SAGE WISDOM?
ON ACCOUNT OF WHATEVER YOU ADVISE, I KNOW TO DO THE *OPPOSITE.*
HARDEE-HAR-HAR. WELL, IT'S YOUR NICKEL, SO...?
IF I DO WHAT I HAVE TO DO, I CAN SAVE PROVIDENCE--MAYBE THIS ENTIRE PLANET.
NO-BRAINER. UHM...NO PUN INTENDED, WHAT WITH THE HECATOMB AND ALL...HEY, HOW DID I KNOW ALL THAT?
BUT IF I DO THAT, ROGUE MIGHT *DIE*--AND I COULD BECOME A *SLAVE* TO MY POWERS AGAIN...
I COULD LOSE...MYSELF--EVERYTHING I'VE WORKED FOR...
OOOH, TOUGH CALL THEN.
ALL I CAN SAY, NATE, IS LISTEN TO WHAT YOU JUST SAID...
"...IF I DO WHAT I HAVE TO DO..."
SOUNDS LIKE YOU KNOW THE ANSWER ALREADY.
YEAH... I KNOW... THANKS, WADE.
AND BY THE WAY, *SHE'S BLUFFING.*
HUH?

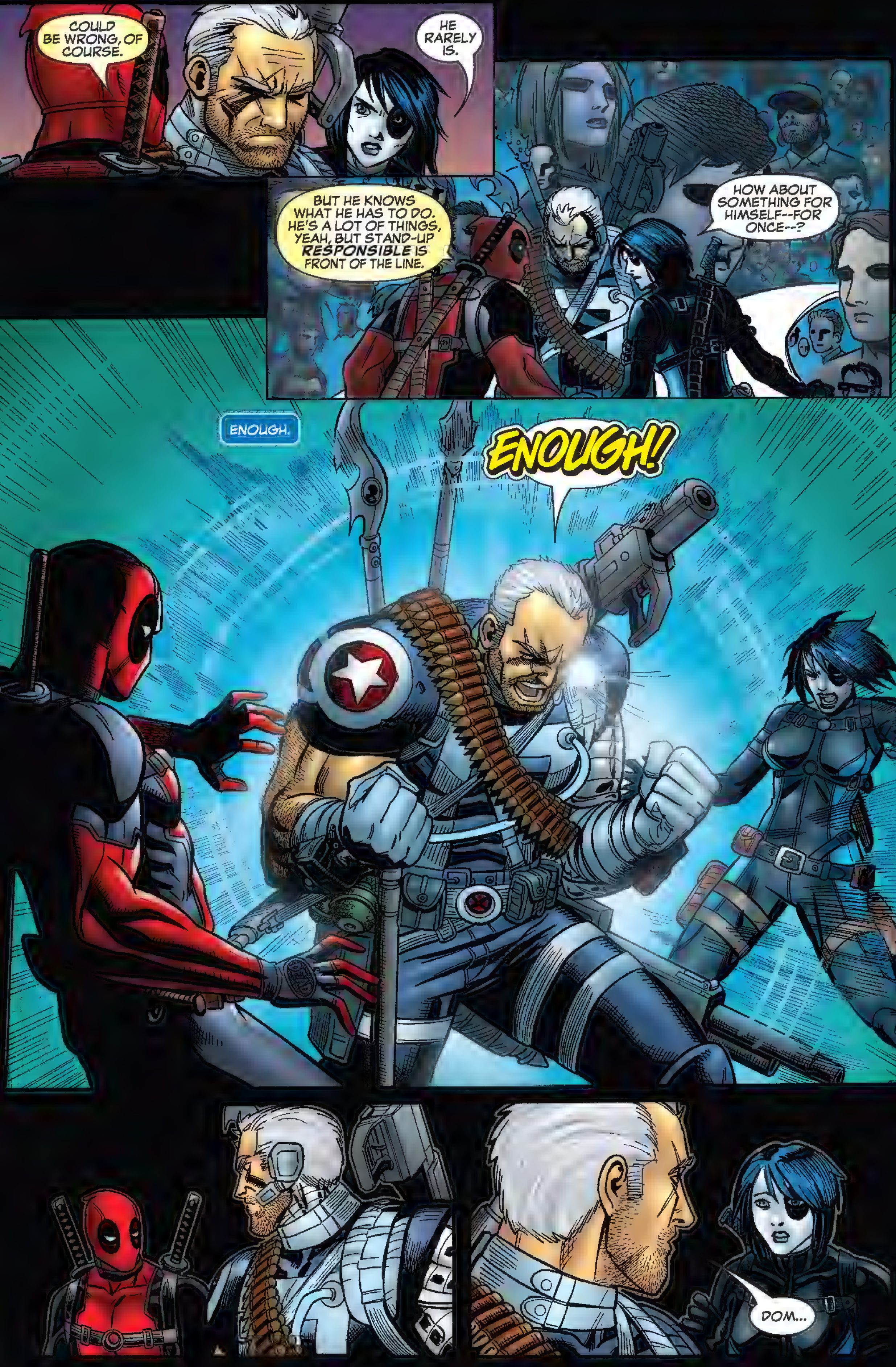

AGENCY X
HELLO--? WADE?
HUH?
YOUR TURN. YOU COMPLETELY ZONED OUT THERE.
YEAH...
I CALL!
DRAT AND FIDDLESTICKS! HOW'D YOU KNOW I WAS BLUFFIN'?
--ALL COMMUNICATIONS WITH PROVIDENCE ARE BEING AFFECTED--
LUCKY GUESS...I GUESS...
VERY. VERY. VERY LUCKY...

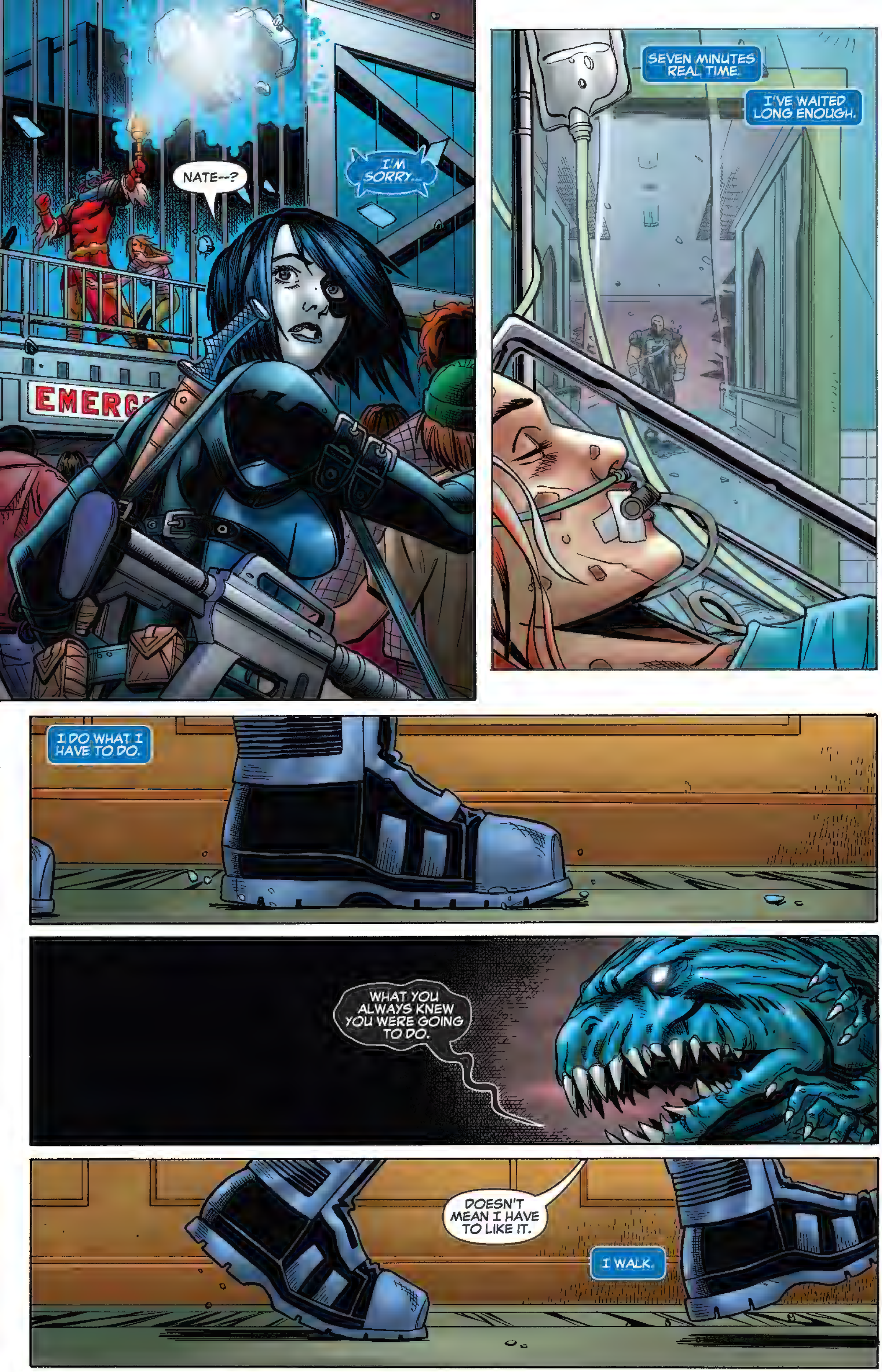

THEY FIGHT FOR THEIR LIVES...FOR THE LIVES OF SO MANY PEOPLE...
...WHO ARE ON THIS ISLAND THAT I MADE... BECAUSE THEY BELIEVED IN ME.
OR MAYBE, THEY JUST WANTED TO BELIEVE IN ME. HOPED I COULD BE THE REAL THING.
I THOUGHT I COULD BE. I REALLY DID.
NOW...I'LL NEVER GET THE CHANCE.
I CAN'T BE WHAT I **WANT** TO BE, BECAUSE I ALWAYS HAVE TO BE WHAT THEY **NEED** ME TO BE.
TRAGIC, TORTURED, GUN-TOTING TOUGH GUY.
OVER-POWERED MUTANT MESSIAH.
SUCH EXTREMES TO WHO I **REALLY** AM. WHO I'VE ALWAYS BEEN, IF ANYONE HAD BEEN PAYING ATTENTION.

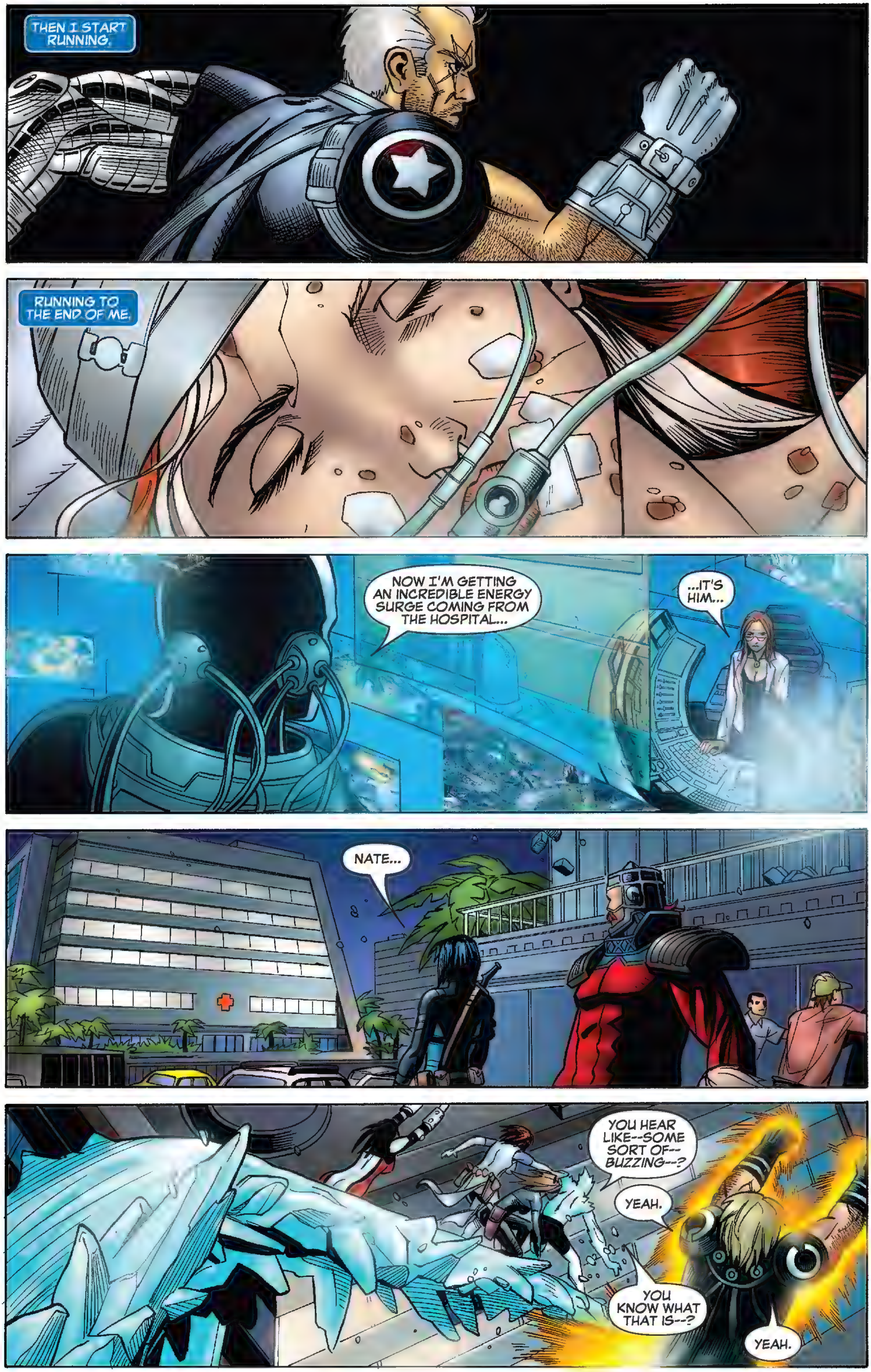

SHOOT IT!
KILL IT!
IT TOOK OUR MINDS!
HELP US!
I CAN FEEL THE BUZZ GETTING WORSE.
DEADPOOL CALLED HER BLUFF. HE'S HAPPY.
BULLSEYE JUST KILLED SOMEONE. AGAIN.
THE FERRIES WON'T WORK. TELL EVERYONE TO HANG ON TO SOMETHING ANCHORED.
THE FERRIES WON'T WORK.
THE FERRIES WON'T WORK. TELL EVERYONE TO HANG TIGHT ONTO SOMETHING.
I DON'T UNDERSTAND--
I FEEL THE BUZZING.
I LIKED IT BETTER WHEN I PRETENDED TO KNOW EVERYTHING.
ACTUALLY KNOWING EVERYTHING AGAIN... NOT AS MUCH FUN...
BBBBUMMMMM

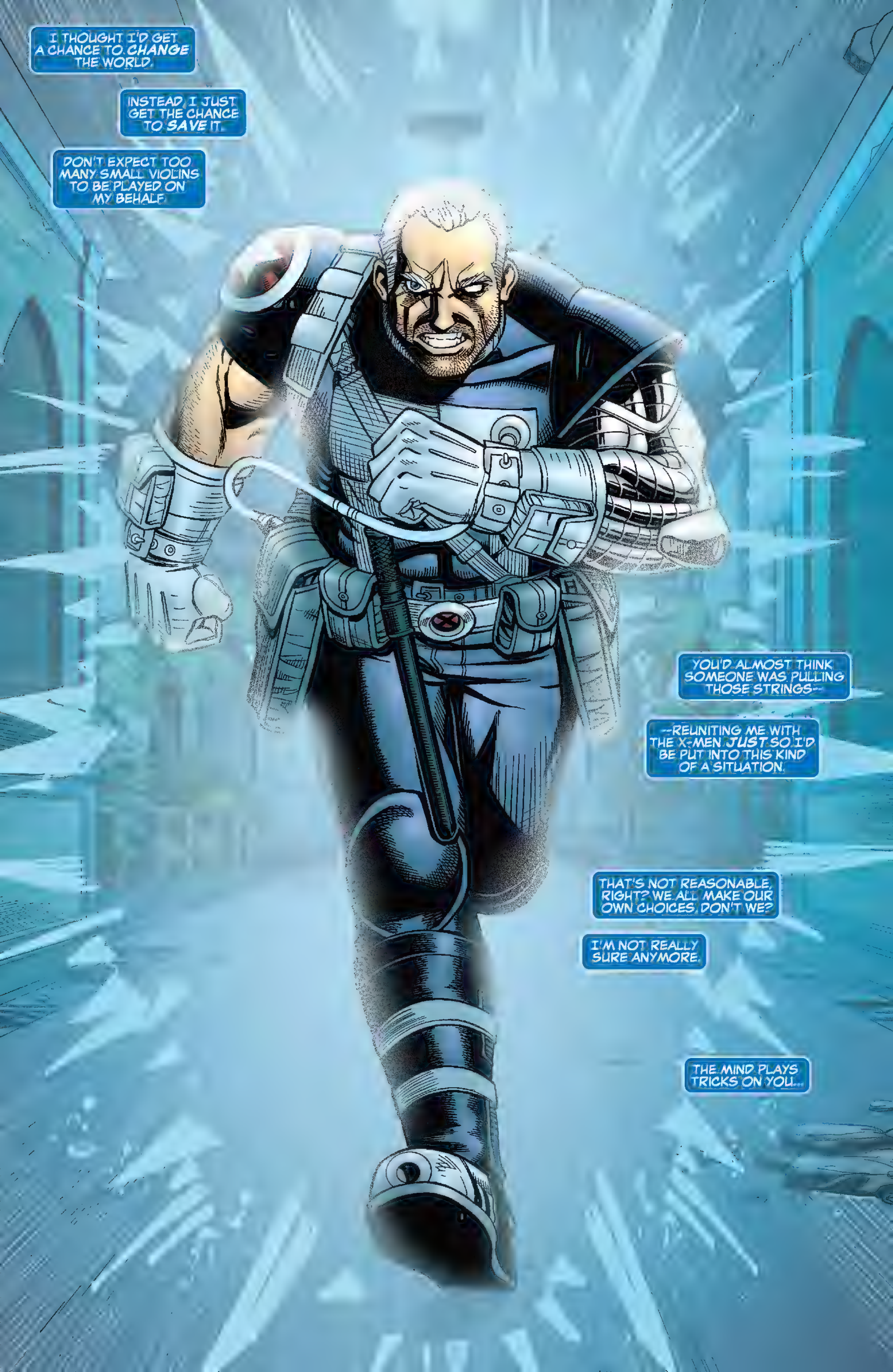

WAS THAT YOUR SAM GUTHRIE USING HIS POWERS AGAIN?
NO...
IS THAT WHAT I THINK IT IS?
CABLE...
GRAVITY-PLATING FIELDS HAVE SHUT DOWN--
--THE LOWER HALF OF THE ISLAND IS CUT OFF--
--IRENE--WHAT'S HAPPENING?
NATE...
"...NATE IS TRYING TO SAVE US ALL..."
MY TELEKINESIS BROUGHT THIS ISLAND TOGETHER...TO BRING PEOPLE TOGETHER.
TO SAVE AS MANY OF THEM AS I CAN--IF I HAVE TO--I CAN TEAR THE ISLAND APART!
(OKAY, THANKS TO MY LITTLE MUMMUDRAI MINDWORM.)


ABOUT EIGHTY PERCENT OF THE ISLAND'S POPULATION IS SAFE. FOR NOW.
BUT NOT FOR LONG IF THE HECATOMB ISN'T STOPPED.
ABOUT SIX MINUTES HAVE PASSED IN THE OUTSIDE WORLD.
IT FEELS--AS USUAL--AS IF I'VE BEEN AGONIZING FOREVER.
LET'S GO. OUR FELLOW X-MEN ARE IN TROUBLE!
NEVER BEEN ONE TO HESITATE WHEN IT COMES TO MAKING THE HARD CHOICE.
SOMETIME IN THE FUTURE--MY PAST--I'LL *KILL* MY OWN SON BECAUSE I HAVE TO (HAD TO).
YOU CAN TRY TO FIND ANOTHER WAY. YOU'LL LOSE SO MUCH...YOU'LL LOSE *ME*...
I'M BEING SELFISH, I KNOW.
BEING THE WORLD'S SAVIOR THROUGH A CAREFULLY ORCHESTRATED PLAN TO SHAPE AND SCULPT THE UNDERLYING FOUNDATIONS OF HUMAN CIVILIZATION IS SO MUCH MORE...*FUN*...
...THAN ANYTHING THAT LIES IN STORE FOR ME NEXT.


COULD BE WRONG, OF COURSE.
HE RARELY IS.
BUT HE KNOWS WHAT HE HAS TO DO. HE'S A LOT OF THINGS, YEAH, BUT STAND-UP RESPONSIBLE IS FRONT OF THE LINE.
HOW ABOUT SOMETHING FOR HIMSELF--FOR ONCE--?
ENOUGH.
ENOUGH!
DOM...


NATE--?
I'M SORRY...
EMERG
SEVEN MINUTES REAL TIME.
I'VE WAITED LONG ENOUGH.
I DO WHAT I HAVE TO DO.
WHAT YOU ALWAYS KNEW YOU WERE GOING TO DO.
DOESN'T MEAN I HAVE TO LIKE IT.
I WALK.


THEN I START RUNNING.
RUNNING TO THE END OF ME.
NOW I'M GETTING AN INCREDIBLE ENERGY SURGE COMING FROM THE HOSPITAL...
...IT'S HIM...
NATE...
YOU HEAR LIKE--SOME SORT OF--BUZZING--?
YEAH.
YOU KNOW WHAT THAT IS--?
YEAH.


I THOUGHT I'D GET A CHANCE TO *CHANGE* THE WORLD.
INSTEAD, I JUST GET THE CHANCE TO *SAVE* IT.
DON'T EXPECT TOO MANY SMALL VIOLINS TO BE PLAYED ON MY BEHALF.
YOU'D ALMOST THINK SOMEONE WAS PULLING THOSE STRINGS--
--REUNITING ME WITH THE X-MEN *JUST* SO I'D BE PUT INTO THIS KIND OF A SITUATION.
THAT'S NOT REASONABLE, RIGHT? WE ALL MAKE OUR OWN CHOICES, DON'T WE?
I'M NOT REALLY SURE ANYMORE.
THE MIND PLAYS TRICKS ON YOU...

DEAR DEADPOOL

Dear Deadpool,

Okay, I recently discovered you in *Marvel: Ultimate Alliance* [the video game], and I laughed quite profusely at your jokes. I wandered up to my local comic book store and decided to check out your series with Cable. I've got to admit, I haven't ever thought of laughing at a comic book, but lo, I was blown away by your antics.

I would like you to make sure your next series will be named *Deadpool vs. Squirrel Girl* and I promise you it will be one of the most epic monthly comics ever to hit comic stores.

Thanks!
Darrin R.

We're glad to have you aboard, Darrin!

If you've never thought of laughing at a comic book before, we have lots of recommendations – most of them written by our very own Fabian Nicieza, many of them having an X-letter in the title... and, of course, his comic *NFL Superpro*, which doesn't have an X, but had lots of X's and O's (that's a football joke, you couch potatoes).

I'm not interested in any book called *Deadpool vs. Squirrel Girl*. That "vs." part is a killer – she's a tough nut. Now if the book were called *Deadpool Shaves Squirrel Girl's Tail*, I could see that. Maybe that'll happen in the *Deadpool / Great Lakes Initiative Summer Fun Spectacular* being written by Fabes and Dandy Dan Slott, on sale this Fourth of July.

Dear Deadpool,

Hiya! I just wanted to say that in the last issue that came out, the panel where you were sittin' back and singing along to the *Maude* theme song was the cutest thing I've ever seen. I actually photocopied it and taped it to my mirror, and I giggle at it almost every day. Not today, though; I was really tired.

Also, I saw that letter from Sondra a few issues back. Just wanted to let her know she's not the only girl *Cable & Deadpool* fan.

Anyways! Questions for ya! (Sorry, not conforming to the numbered questions thing.) First of all, where do you get all that crazy Deadpool stuff? I mean, like the sneakers and stuff... they were very cool. Also, you commented on how you wish the Deadpool Recap Page was part of regular continuity. Where DOES it fit in?

Big fan, keep up the good work!
Much love!
Campbell

Hiya, Campbell! Now your letter has me humming the *Maude* theme song all over again. Drat – it'll be stuck in my head all day now...

I get all my crazy stuff at the Deadpool Store. Go to Marvel.com and see all the latest Deadpool paraphernalia. Oh, wait, there IS no Deadpool Store at the Marvel site? Figures. Go buy a "Whose Side Are You On?" t-shirt and then write: "Deadpool's side!" on it.

As for where our Recap Page fits in – I checked with all the continuity doctorates out there, Professors Sanderson and Brevoort – I even combed through the archive diaries of the Great Gruenwald, Master of All Continuity. They all agreed: our recap page fits in between the inside front cover and page 2.

Dear Deadpool,

Where may I buy one of those super awesome Deadpool key chains? I would buy one from the Marvel people if they made it available (nudge, nudge). I would buy it just because issue 37 was one of the funniest Deadpool (and/or that other guy) issues ever. This issue was so funny, I'm tempted to buy extra copies and share the love with others. And it's good to see Weasel back. I missed him. Does he still have an accent, and if so can you kick him for me until it goes away?

Anyway, on to the lettered questions:

A) Are lettered questions the arch-nemesis of numbered questions? 'Cause aren't they basically accomplishing the same thing... kinda like Agent X? Does Agent X prefer lettered questions? I bet he prefers burritos to chimichangas too.

B) Is your infatuation with Bea Arthur a symptom of your blatant romantic tension with Blind Al? And when is she coming back, or did someone steal her walker?

C) My wife is pregnant (Ssh! She doesn't know I'm a nerd). How do I convince her that Wade is the best name ever?

D) I teach kids karate. Amongst the many push-ups I give them, I enlighten them to the many wonders of Deadpool. How do I convince their parents that buying your comics is an investment in their child's future?

Make mine Deadpool,
Nate in Albuquerque
(Turn left, and you'll find a chimichanga)

Nate, you can buy a nifty Deadpool Keychain at the Marvel.com site. Oh, wait... never mind.

Oooh, lettered questions!

A) Alex and I can do letters or numbers. We're flexible. Well... he's not anymore...

B) My infatuation with Bea is symptomatic of my red-blooded, all-American MANLINESS!

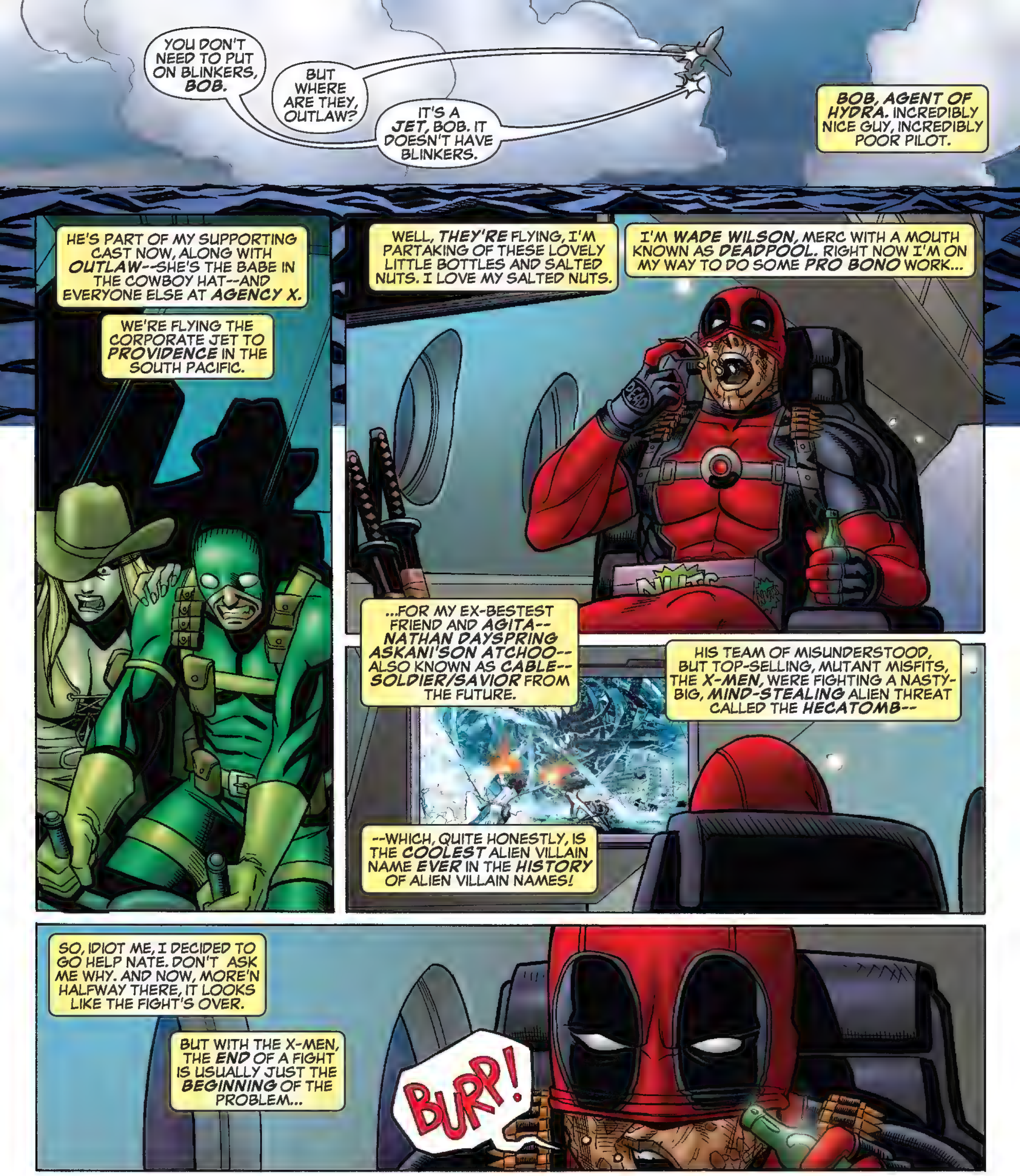
C) I think by trying to convince your wife that Wade is the best name ever, she will likely know that you are a nerd. As if she didn't know that already.

D) Uhm... I have absolutely no answer for this one. Go to the Marvel.com site and have the kids buy Deadpool Karate Bricks. Great for splitting with hands or heads. *[Ed. note: Cable & Deadpool does not, in reality, endorse child-brick interaction.]*

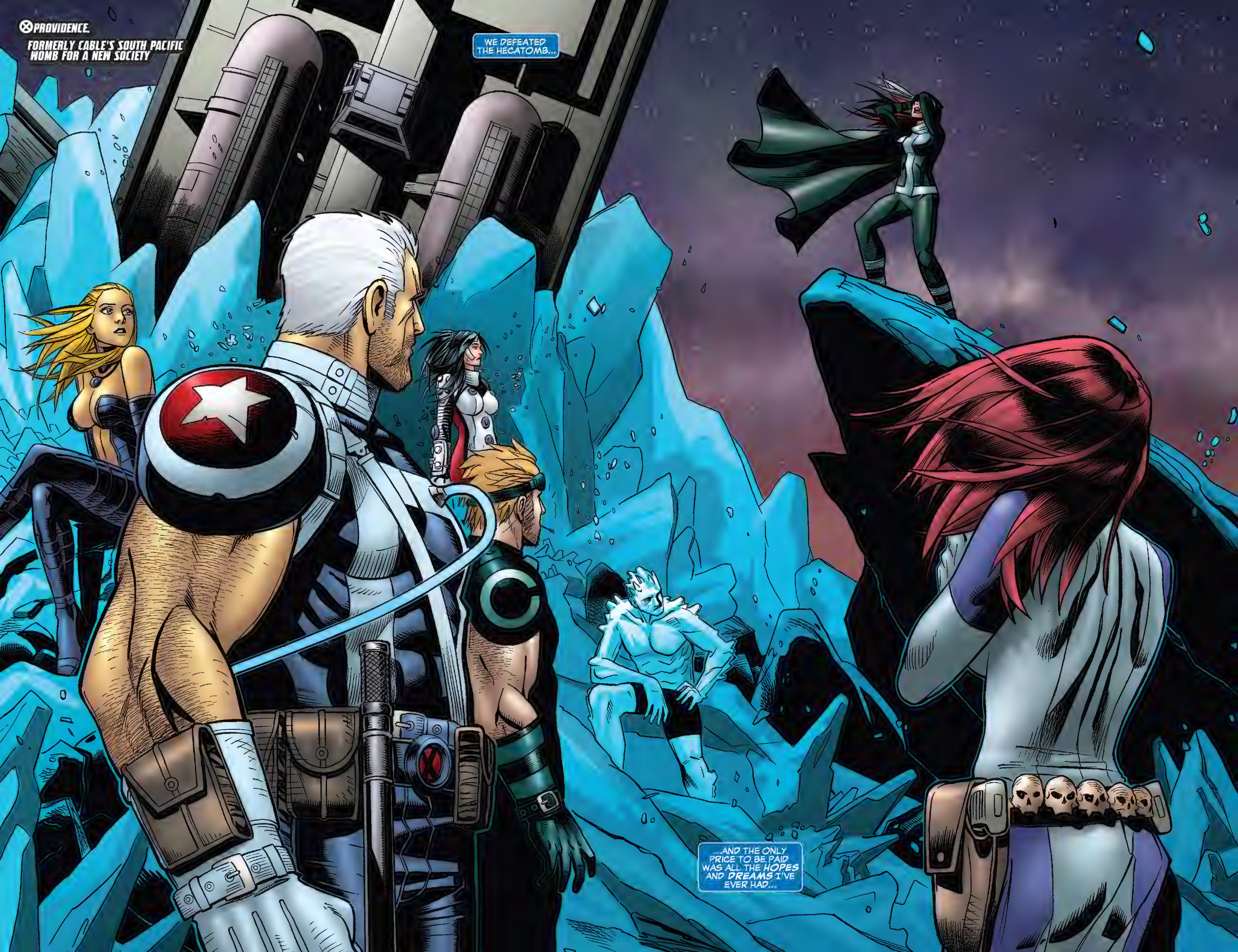
That's it for this month! Make sure you check out X-Men #199 before our next issue, since we're sort of crossing over. Kind of. And I'll be back next month, when I get one of my coolest, baddest mo-fo fight scenes ever!

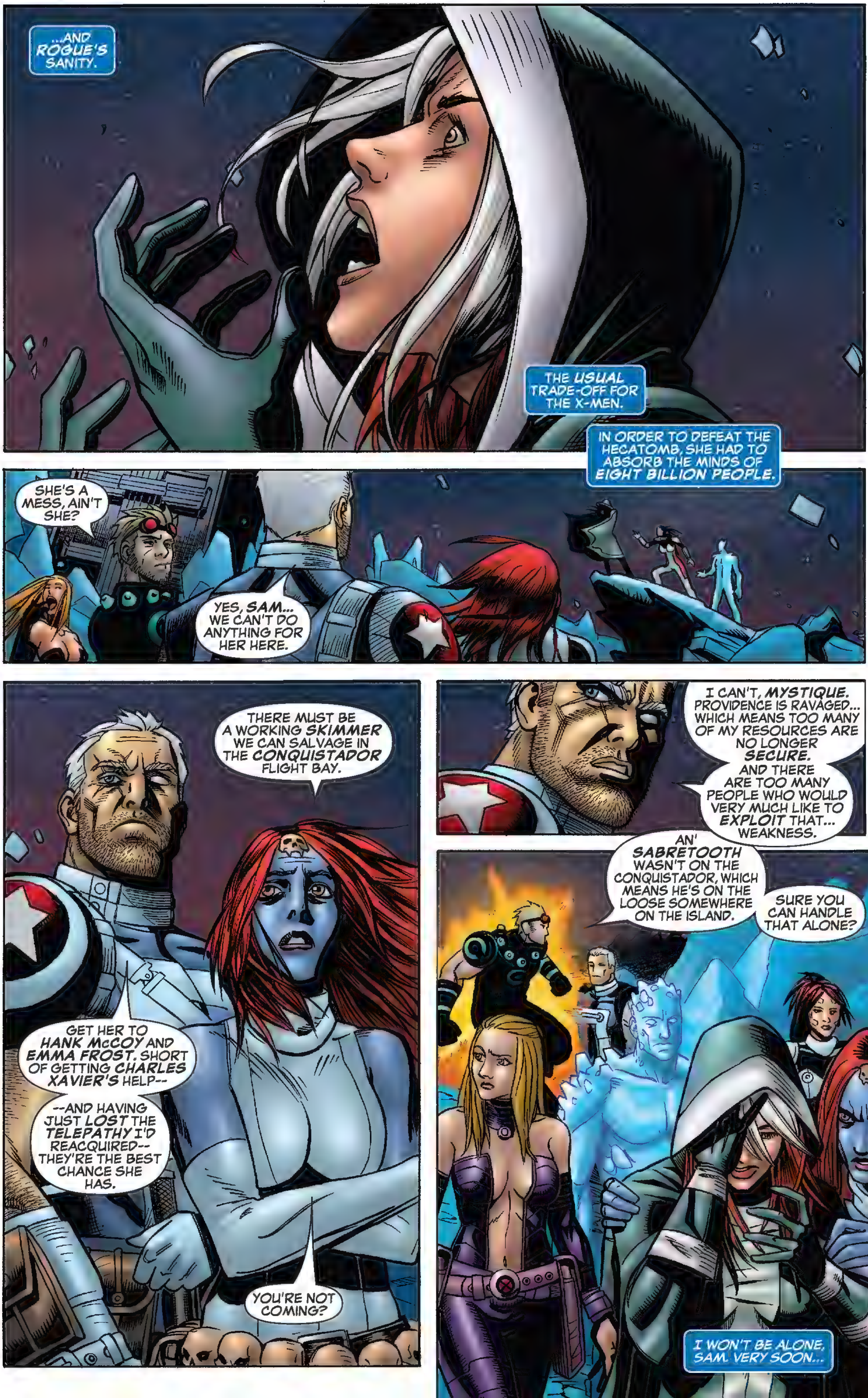
41

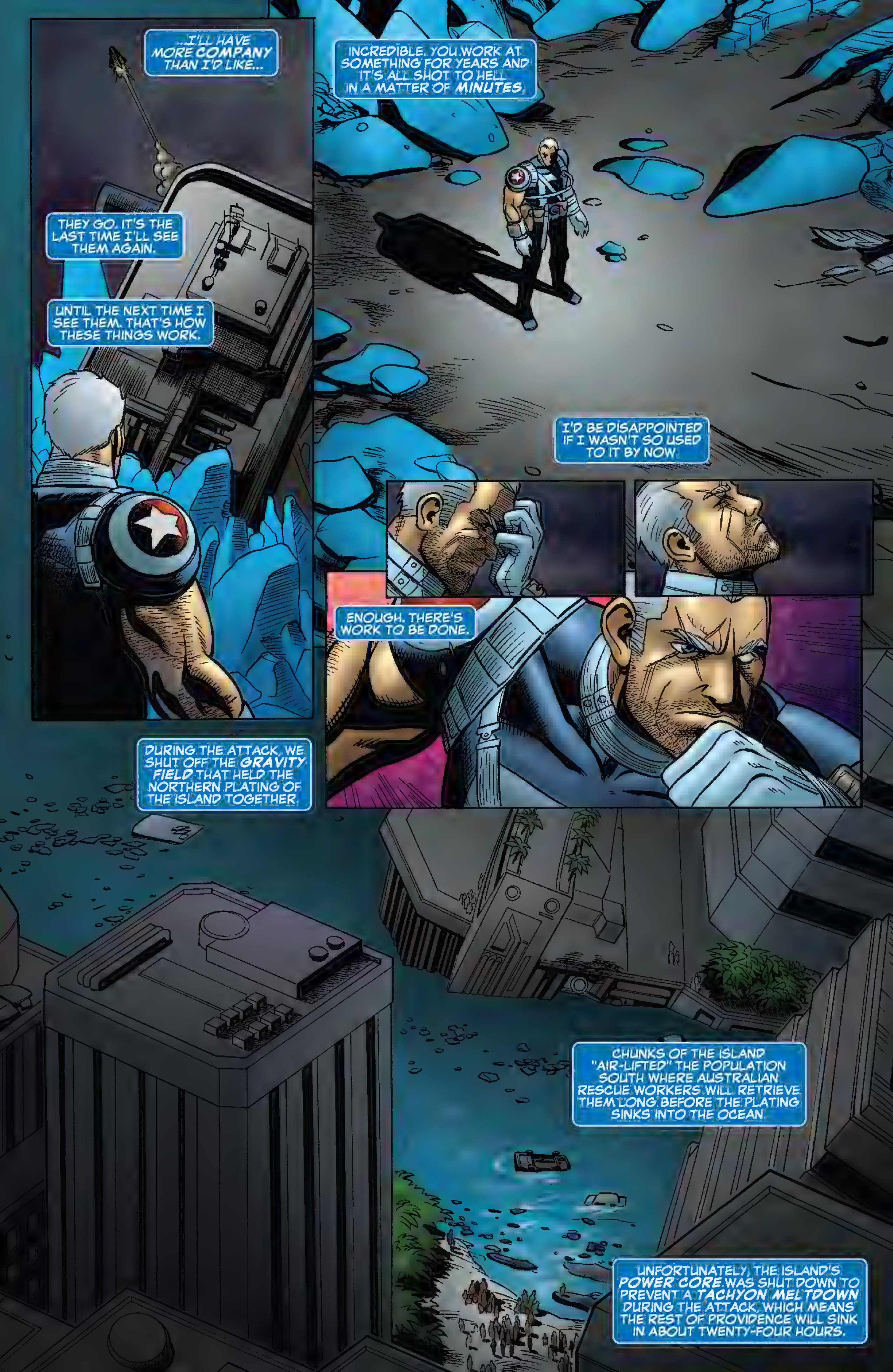
CARTONS
M62
LOT RA
LOT RA
CARTONS

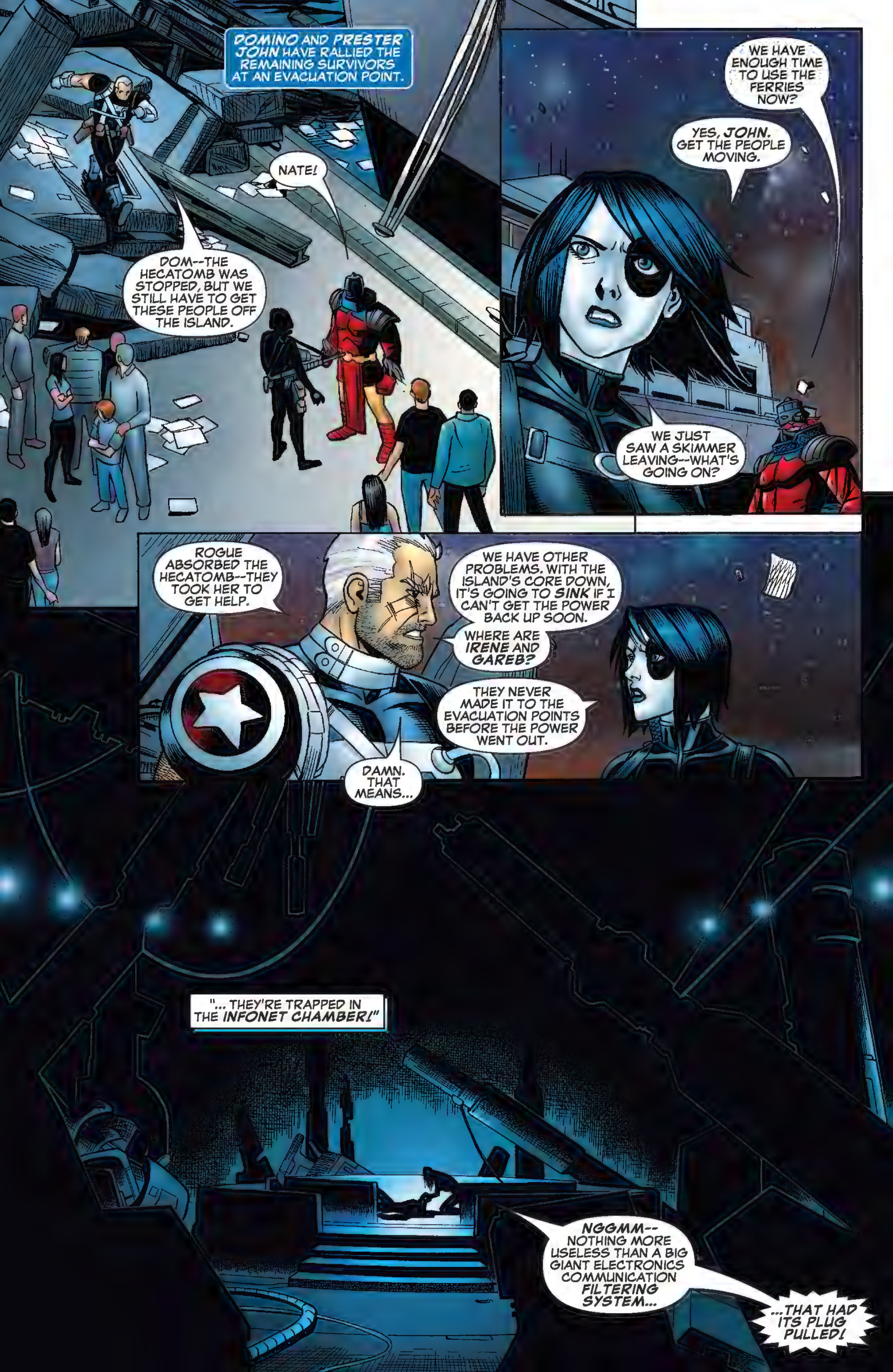

YOU DON'T NEED TO PUT ON BLINKERS, **BOB.**
BUT WHERE ARE THEY, OUTLAW?
IT'S A **JET**, BOB. IT DOESN'T HAVE BLINKERS.
BOB, AGENT OF HYDRA. INCREDIBLY NICE GUY, INCREDIBLY POOR PILOT.
HE'S PART OF MY SUPPORTING CAST NOW, ALONG WITH **OUTLAW**--SHE'S THE BABE IN THE COWBOY HAT--AND EVERYONE ELSE AT **AGENCY X.**
WE'RE FLYING THE CORPORATE JET TO **PROVIDENCE** IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC.
WELL, **THEY'RE** FLYING, I'M PARTAKING OF THESE LOVELY LITTLE BOTTLES AND SALTED NUTS. I LOVE MY SALTED NUTS.
I'M **WADE WILSON**, MERC WITH A MOUTH KNOWN AS **DEADPOOL.** RIGHT NOW I'M ON MY WAY TO DO SOME **PRO BONO** WORK...
DEAD
NUTS
NUTS
...FOR MY EX-BESTEST FRIEND AND **AGITA**-- **NATHAN DAYSPRING ASKANI'SON ATCHOO**-- ALSO KNOWN AS **CABLE**-- **SOLDIER/SAVIOR** FROM THE FUTURE.
HIS TEAM OF MISUNDERSTOOD, BUT TOP-SELLING, MUTANT MISFITS, THE **X-MEN**, WERE FIGHTING A NASTY-BIG, **MIND-STEALING** ALIEN THREAT CALLED THE **HECATOMB**--
--WHICH, QUITE HONESTLY, IS THE **COOLEST** ALIEN VILLAIN NAME **EVER** IN THE **HISTORY** OF ALIEN VILLAIN NAMES!
SO, IDIOT ME, I DECIDED TO GO HELP NATE. DON'T ASK ME WHY. AND NOW, MORE'N HALFWAY THERE, IT LOOKS LIKE THE FIGHT'S OVER.
BUT WITH THE X-MEN, THE **END** OF A FIGHT IS USUALLY JUST THE **BEGINNING** OF THE PROBLEM...
BURP!

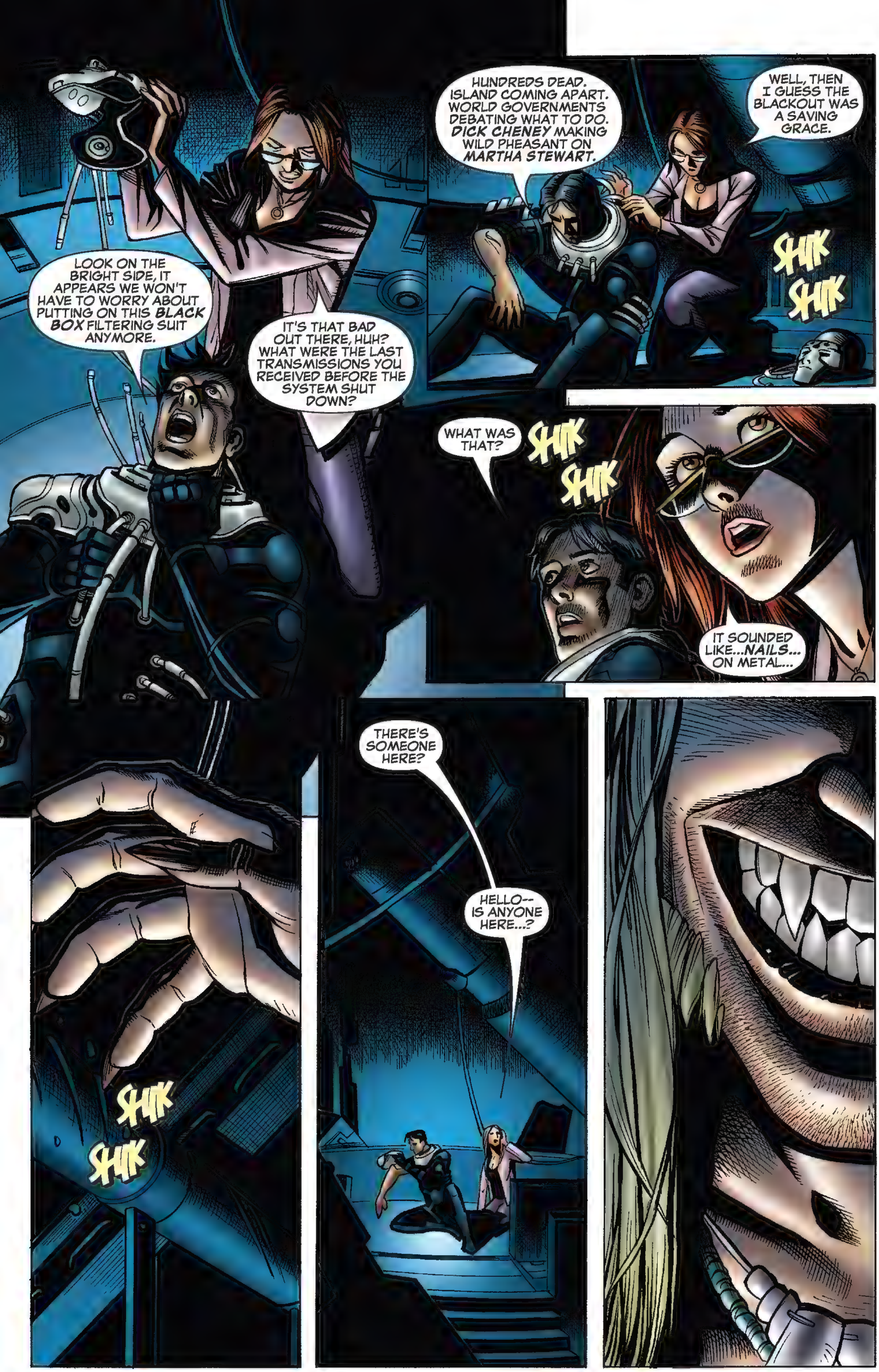
FRACTURED PART TWO

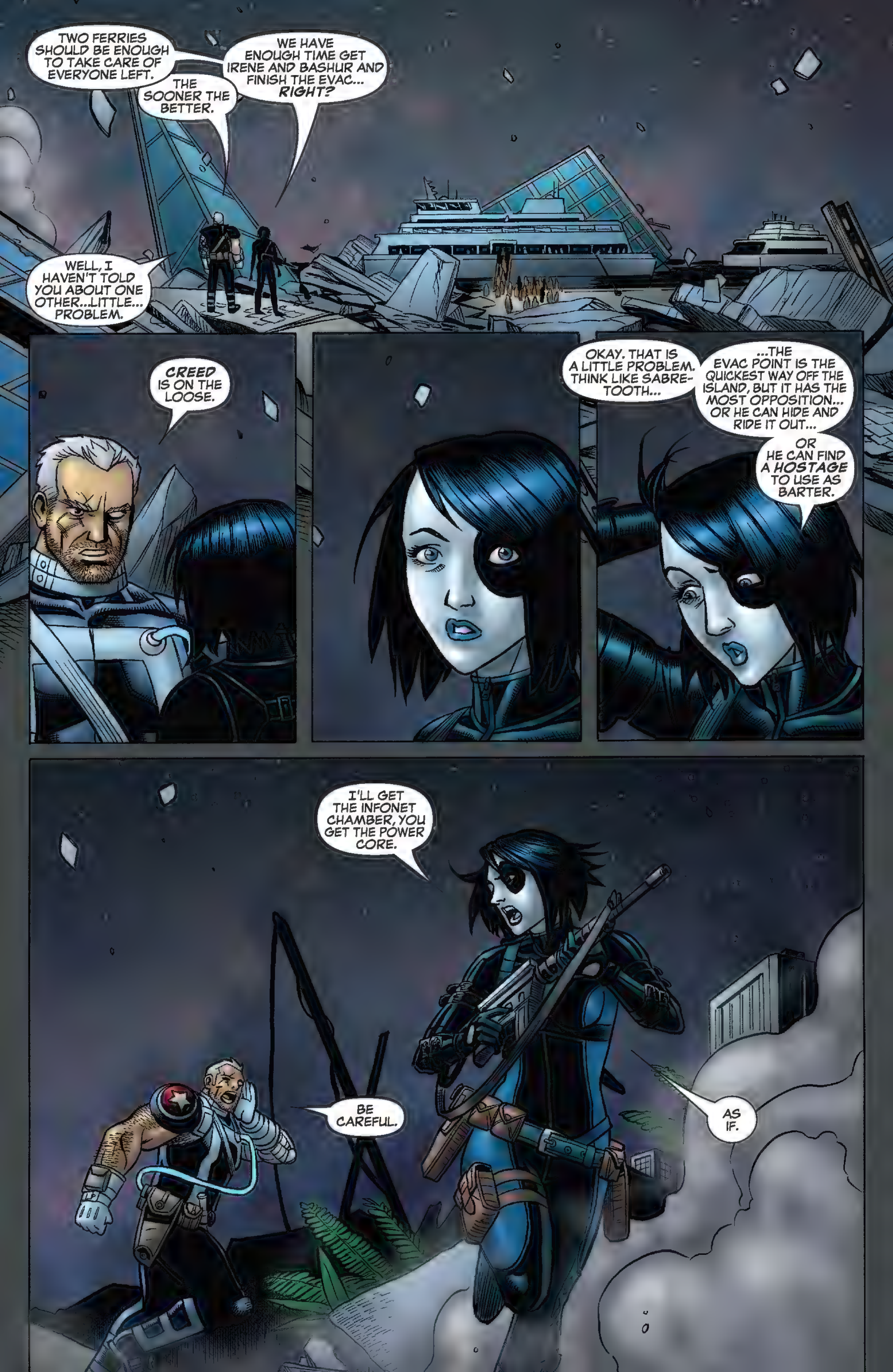

PROVIDENCE.
FORMERLY CABLE'S SOUTH PACIFIC WOMB FOR A NEW SOCIETY
WE DEFEATED THE HECATOMB...
...AND THE ONLY PRICE TO BE PAID WAS ALL THE HOPES AND DREAMS I'VE EVER HAD...

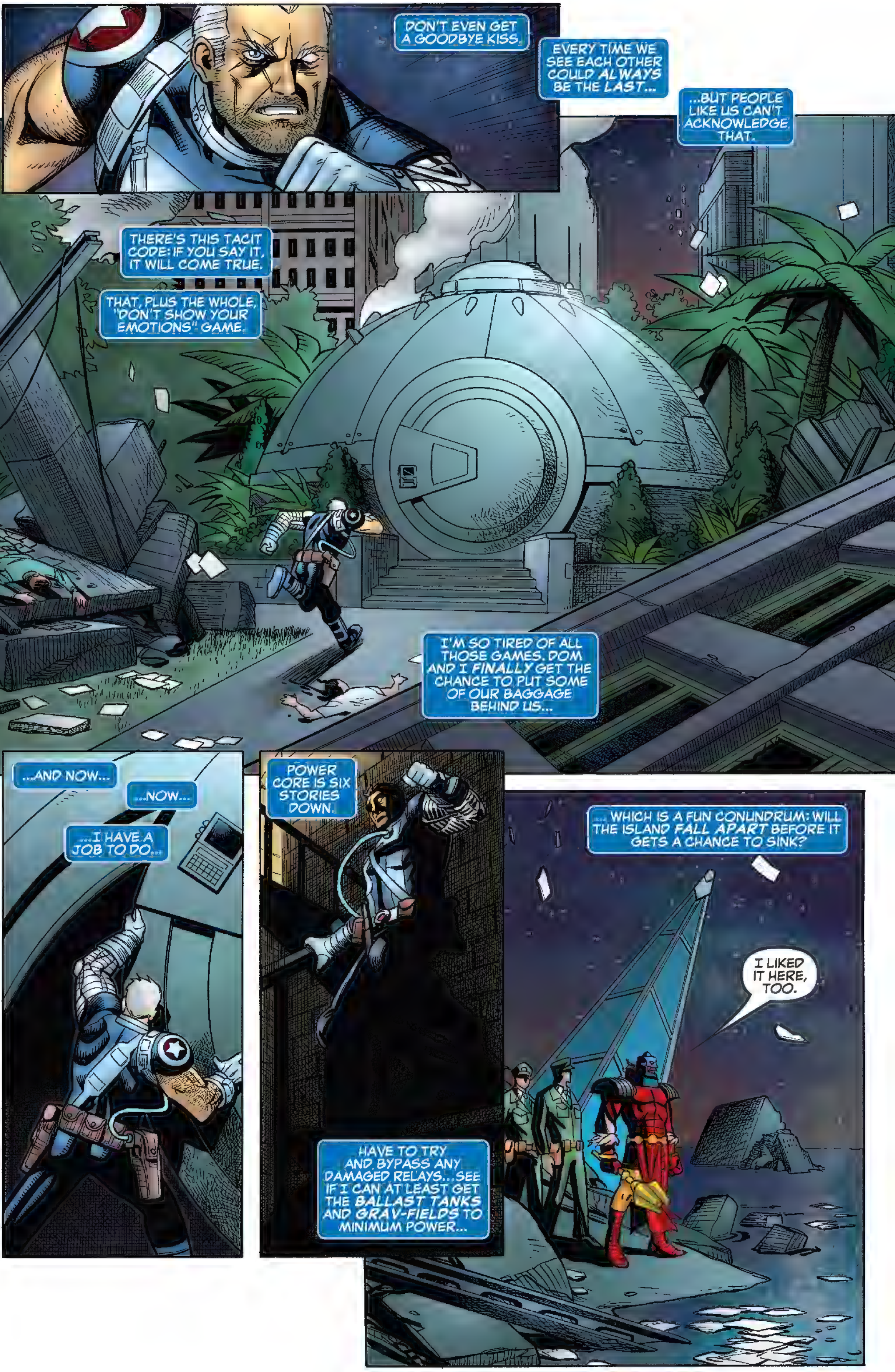

...AND ROGUE'S SANITY.
THE USUAL TRADE-OFF FOR THE X-MEN.
IN ORDER TO DEFEAT THE HECATOMB, SHE HAD TO ABSORB THE MINDS OF EIGHT BILLION PEOPLE.
SHE'S A MESS, AIN'T SHE?
YES, SAM... WE CAN'T DO ANYTHING FOR HER HERE.
THERE MUST BE A WORKING SKIMMER WE CAN SALVAGE IN THE CONQUISTADOR FLIGHT BAY.
GET HER TO HANK McCOY AND EMMA FROST. SHORT OF GETTING CHARLES XAVIER'S HELP--
--AND HAVING JUST LOST THE TELEPATHY I'D REACQUIRED--THEY'RE THE BEST CHANCE SHE HAS.
YOU'RE NOT COMING?
I CAN'T, MYSTIQUE. PROVIDENCE IS RAVAGED... WHICH MEANS TOO MANY OF MY RESOURCES ARE NO LONGER SECURE.
AND THERE ARE TOO MANY PEOPLE WHO WOULD VERY MUCH LIKE TO EXPLOIT THAT... WEAKNESS.
AN' SABRETOOTH WASN'T ON THE CONQUISTADOR, WHICH MEANS HE'S ON THE LOOSE SOMEWHERE ON THE ISLAND.
SURE YOU CAN HANDLE THAT ALONE?
I WON'T BE ALONE, SAM. VERY SOON...

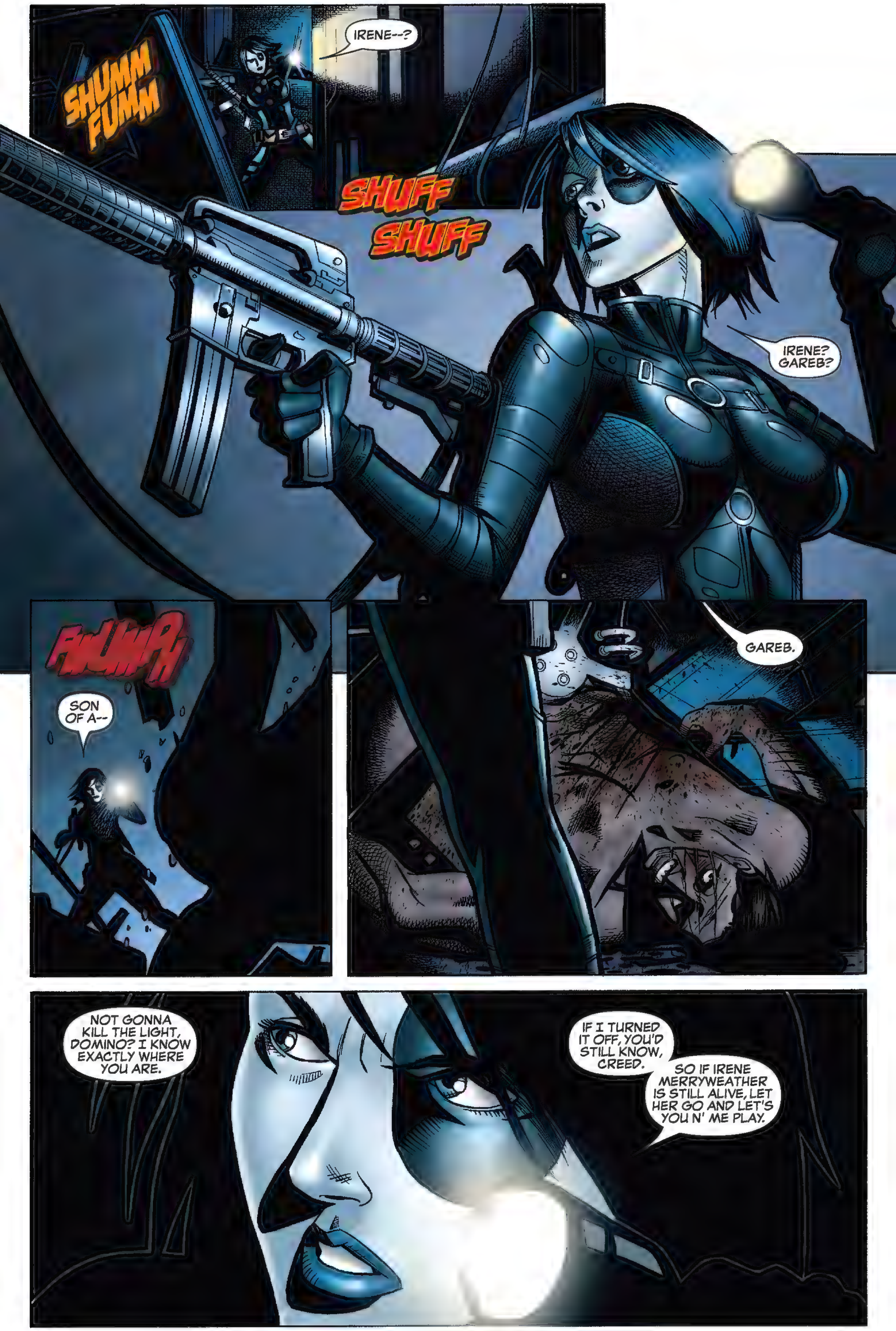

...I'LL HAVE MORE **COMPANY** THAN I'D LIKE...
THEY GO. IT'S THE LAST TIME I'LL SEE THEM AGAIN.
UNTIL THE NEXT TIME I SEE THEM. THAT'S HOW THESE THINGS WORK.
INCREDIBLE. YOU WORK AT SOMETHING FOR YEARS AND IT'S ALL SHOT TO HELL IN A MATTER OF **MINUTES**.
I'D BE DISAPPOINTED IF I WASN'T SO USED TO IT BY NOW.
ENOUGH. THERE'S WORK TO BE DONE.
DURING THE ATTACK, WE SHUT OFF THE **GRAVITY FIELD** THAT HELD THE NORTHERN PLATING OF THE ISLAND TOGETHER.
CHUNKS OF THE ISLAND "AIR-LIFTED" THE POPULATION SOUTH WHERE AUSTRALIAN RESCUE WORKERS WILL RETRIEVE THEM LONG BEFORE THE PLATING SINKS INTO THE OCEAN.
UNFORTUNATELY, THE ISLAND'S **POWER CORE** WAS SHUT DOWN TO PREVENT A **TACHYON MELTDOWN** DURING THE ATTACK, WHICH MEANS THE REST OF PROVIDENCE WILL SINK IN ABOUT TWENTY-FOUR HOURS.

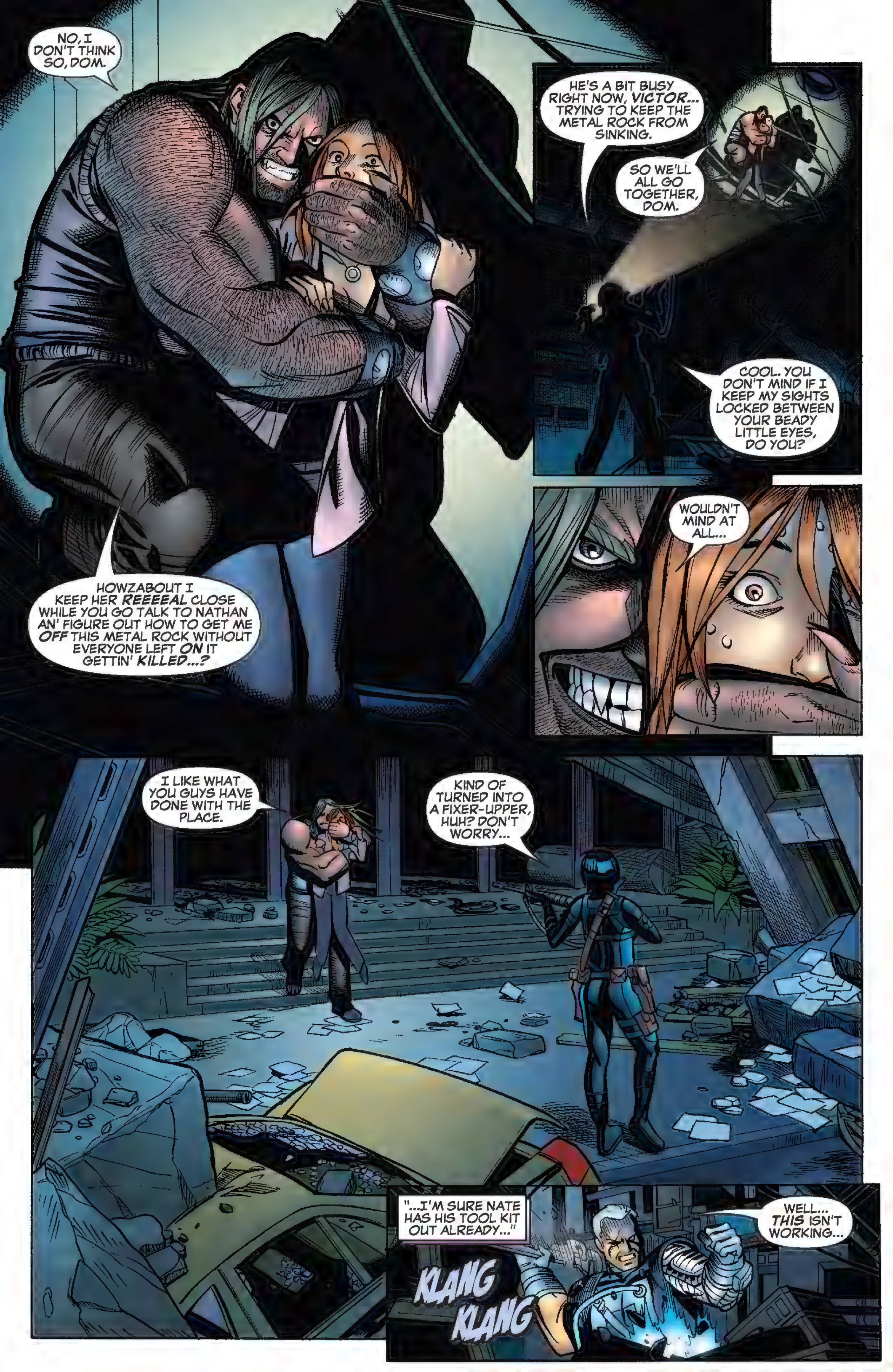

DOMINO AND PRESTER JOHN HAVE RALLIED THE REMAINING SURVIVORS AT AN EVACUATION POINT.
NATE!
DOM--THE HECATOMB WAS STOPPED, BUT WE STILL HAVE TO GET THESE PEOPLE OFF THE ISLAND.
WE JUST SAW A SKIMMER LEAVING--WHAT'S GOING ON?
WE HAVE ENOUGH TIME TO USE THE FERRIES NOW?
YES, JOHN. GET THE PEOPLE MOVING.
ROGUE ABSORBED THE HECATOMB--THEY TOOK HER TO GET HELP.
WE HAVE OTHER PROBLEMS. WITH THE ISLAND'S CORE DOWN, IT'S GOING TO SINK IF I CAN'T GET THE POWER BACK UP SOON.
WHERE ARE IRENE AND GAREB?
THEY NEVER MADE IT TO THE EVACUATION POINTS BEFORE THE POWER WENT OUT.
DAMN. THAT MEANS...
"...THEY'RE TRAPPED IN THE INFONET CHAMBER!"
NGGMM-- NOTHING MORE USELESS THAN A BIG GIANT ELECTRONICS COMMUNICATION FILTERING SYSTEM...
...THAT HAD ITS PLUG PULLED!

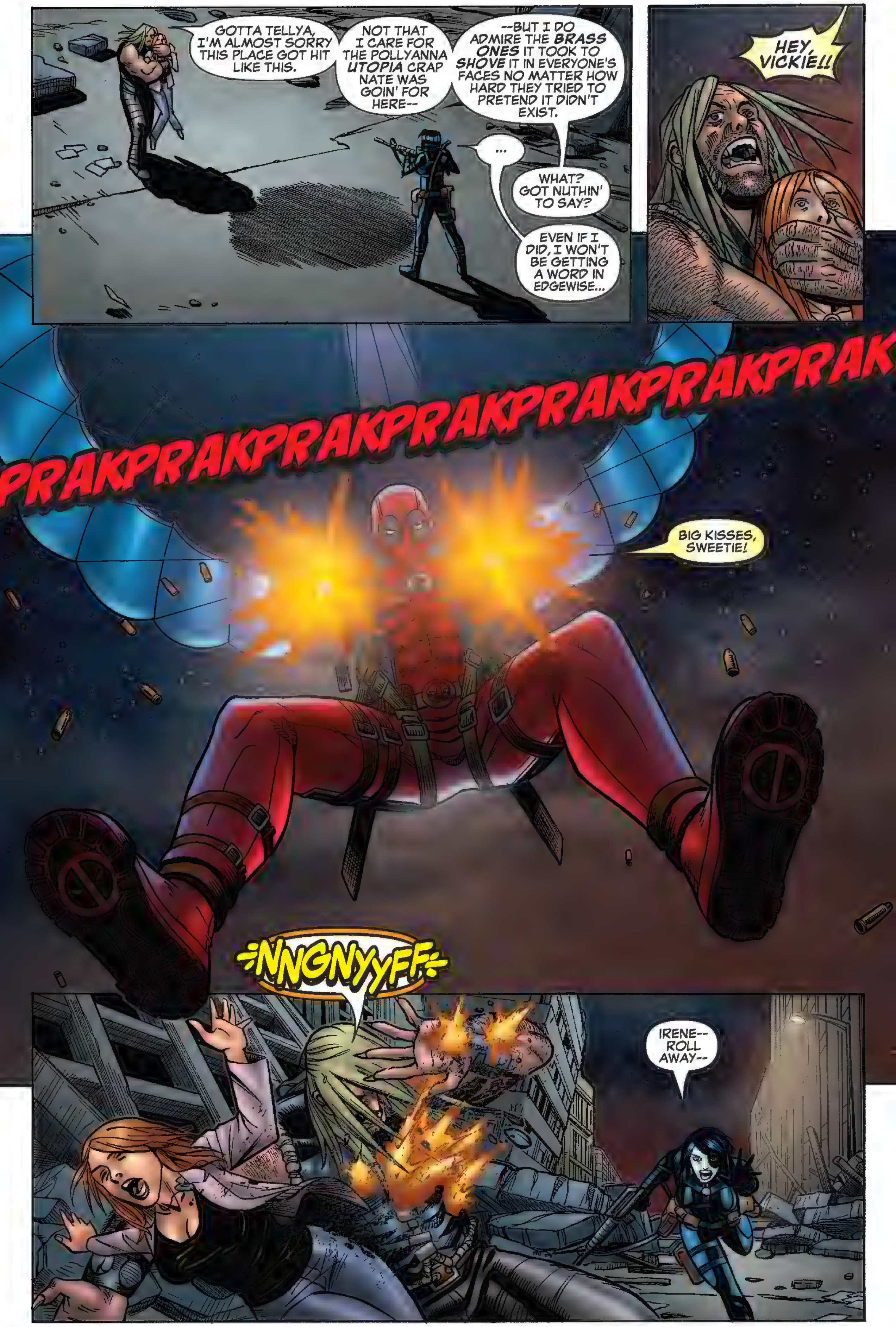

LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE, IT APPEARS WE WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT PUTTING ON THIS **BLACK BOX** FILTERING SUIT ANYMORE.
IT'S THAT BAD OUT THERE, HUH? WHAT WERE THE LAST TRANSMISSIONS YOU RECEIVED BEFORE THE SYSTEM SHUT DOWN?
HUNDREDS DEAD. ISLAND COMING APART. WORLD GOVERNMENTS DEBATING WHAT TO DO. ***DICK CHENEY*** MAKING WILD PHEASANT ON ***MARTHA STEWART***.
WELL, THEN I GUESS THE BLACKOUT WAS A SAVING GRACE.
SHIK
SHIK
WHAT WAS THAT?
SHIK
SHIK
IT SOUNDED LIKE...***NAILS***... ON METAL...
SHIK
SHIK
THERE'S SOMEONE HERE?
HELLO-- IS ANYONE HERE...?

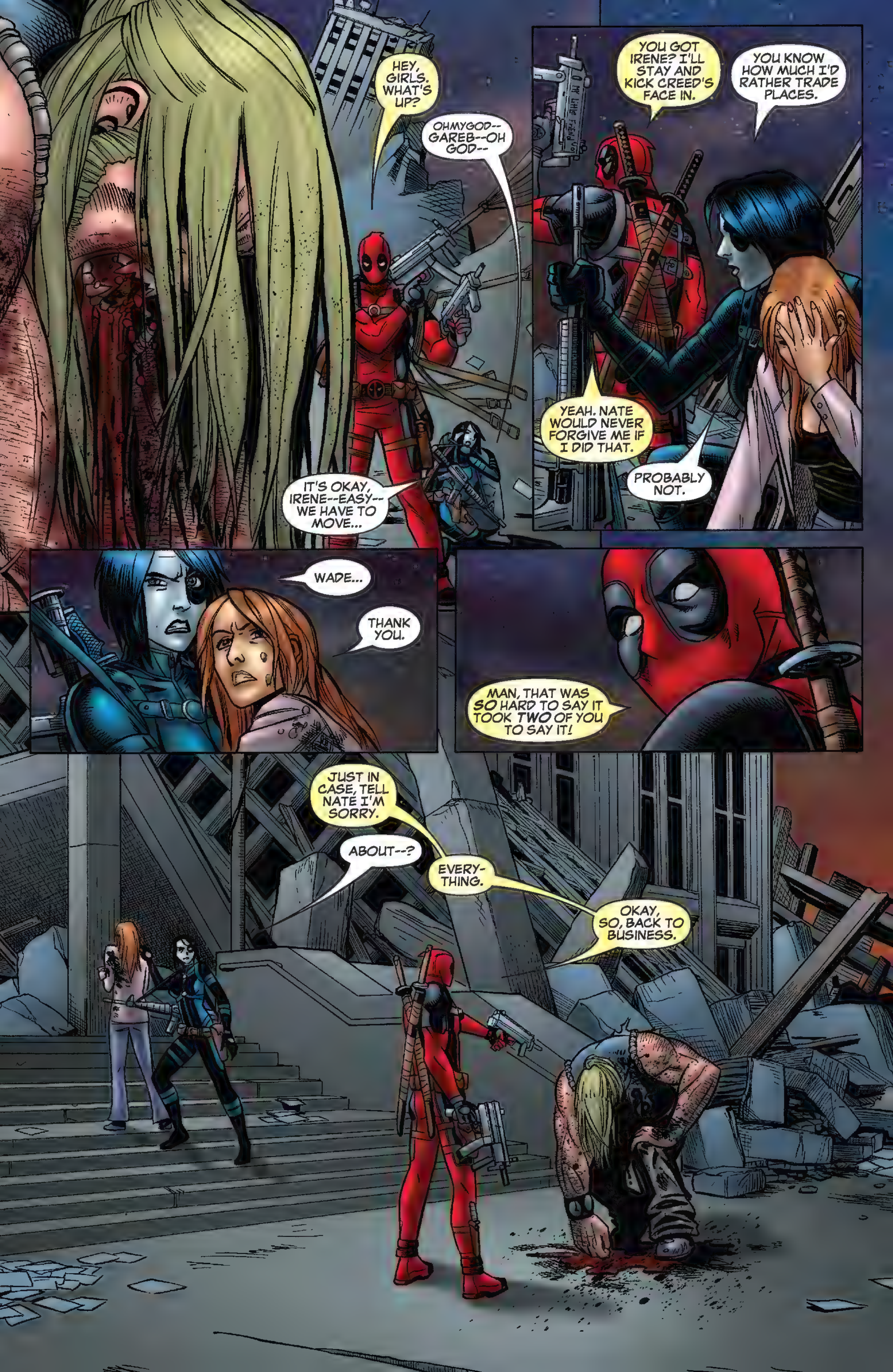

TWO FERRIES SHOULD BE ENOUGH TO TAKE CARE OF EVERYONE LEFT.
WE HAVE ENOUGH TIME GET IRENE AND BASHUR AND FINISH THE EVAC... *RIGHT?*
THE SOONER THE BETTER.
WELL, I HAVEN'T TOLD YOU ABOUT ONE OTHER...LITTLE... PROBLEM.
CREED IS ON THE LOOSE.
OKAY. THAT IS A LITTLE PROBLEM. THINK LIKE SABRETOOTH...
...THE EVAC POINT IS THE QUICKEST WAY OFF THE ISLAND, BUT IT HAS THE MOST OPPOSITION... OR HE CAN HIDE AND RIDE IT OUT...
OR HE CAN FIND A *HOSTAGE* TO USE AS BARTER.
I'LL GET THE INFONET CHAMBER, YOU GET THE POWER CORE.
BE CAREFUL.
AS IF.

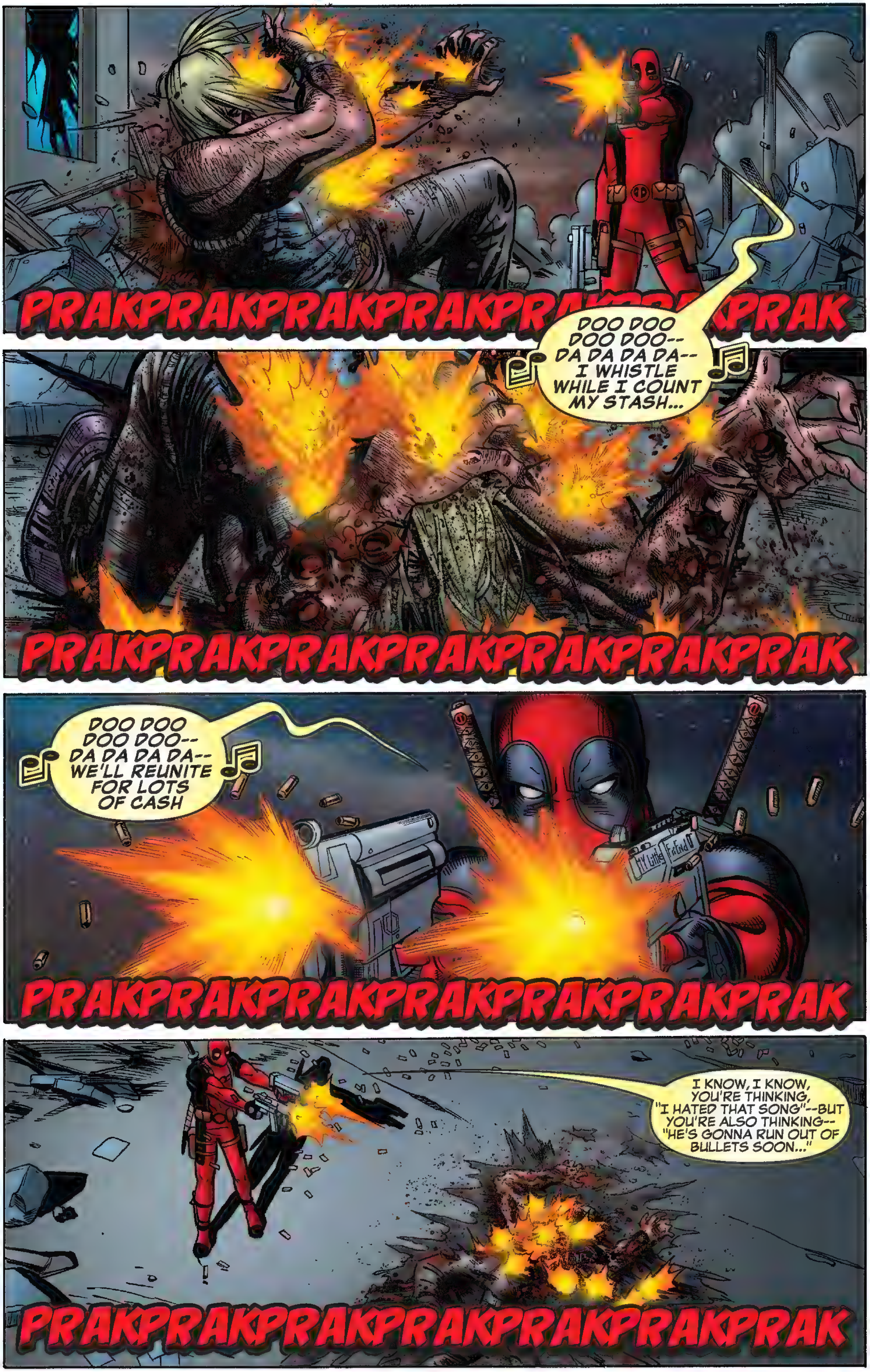

DON'T EVEN GET A GOODBYE KISS.
EVERY TIME WE SEE EACH OTHER COULD *ALWAYS* BE THE *LAST*...
...BUT PEOPLE LIKE US CAN'T ACKNOWLEDGE THAT.
THERE'S THIS TACIT CODE: IF YOU SAY IT, IT WILL COME TRUE.
THAT, PLUS THE WHOLE, "DON'T SHOW YOUR EMOTIONS" GAME.
I'M SO TIRED OF ALL THOSE GAMES. DOM AND I *FINALLY* GET THE CHANCE TO PUT SOME OF OUR BAGGAGE BEHIND US...
...AND NOW...
...NOW...
...I HAVE A JOB TO DO...
POWER CORE IS SIX STORIES DOWN.
HAVE TO TRY AND BYPASS ANY DAMAGED RELAYS...SEE IF I CAN AT LEAST GET THE *BALLAST TANKS* AND *GRAV-FIELDS* TO MINIMUM POWER...
...WHICH IS A FUN CONUNDRUM: WILL THE ISLAND *FALL APART* BEFORE IT GETS A CHANCE TO SINK?
I LIKED IT HERE, TOO.

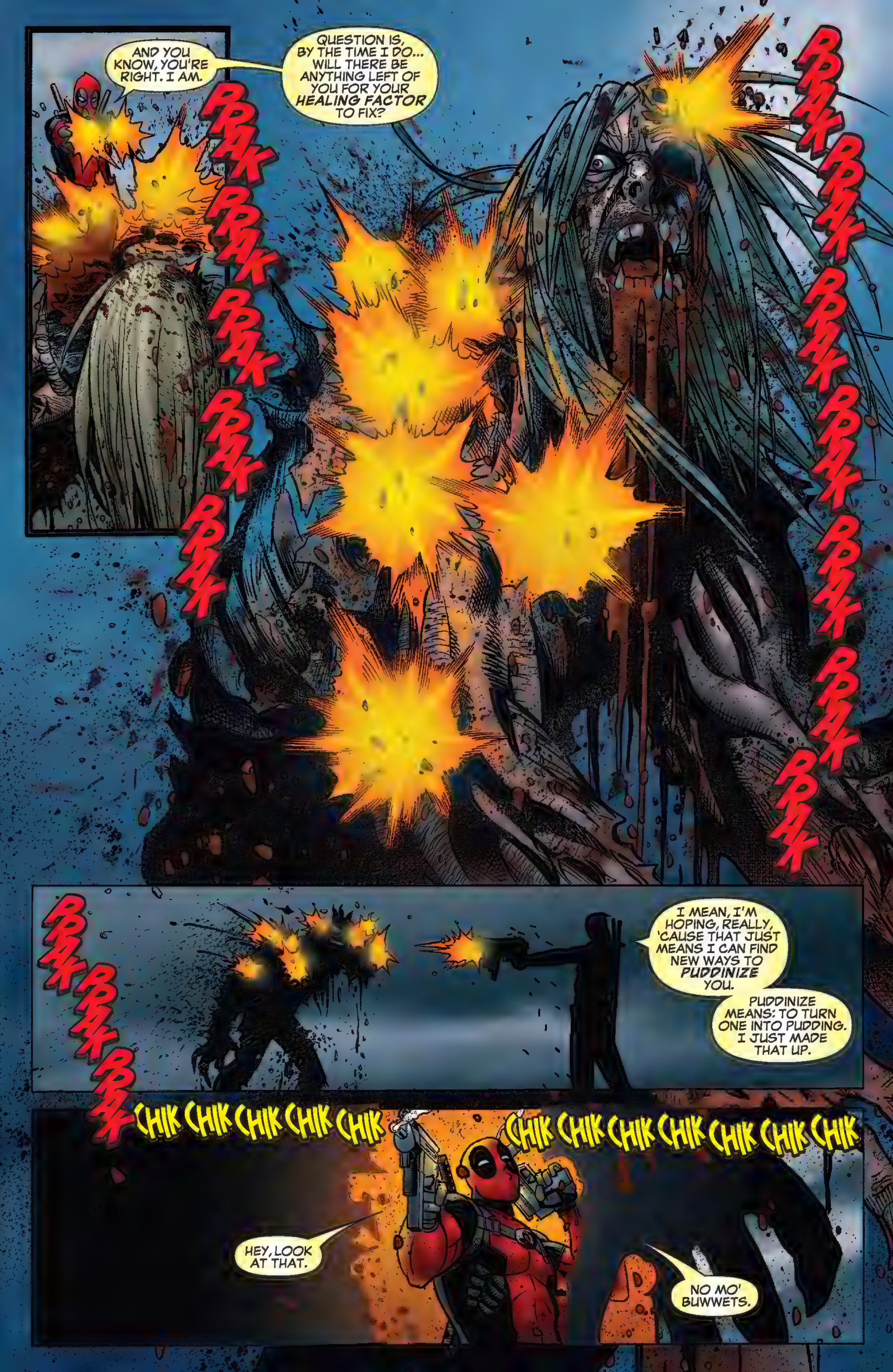

SHUMM FUMM
IRENE--?
SHUFF SHUFF
IRENE? GAREB?
FWUMP
SON OF A--
GAREB.
NOT GONNA KILL THE LIGHT, DOMINO? I KNOW EXACTLY WHERE YOU ARE.
IF I TURNED IT OFF, YOU'D STILL KNOW, CREED.
SO IF IRENE MERRYWEATHER IS STILL ALIVE, LET HER GO AND LET'S YOU N' ME PLAY.

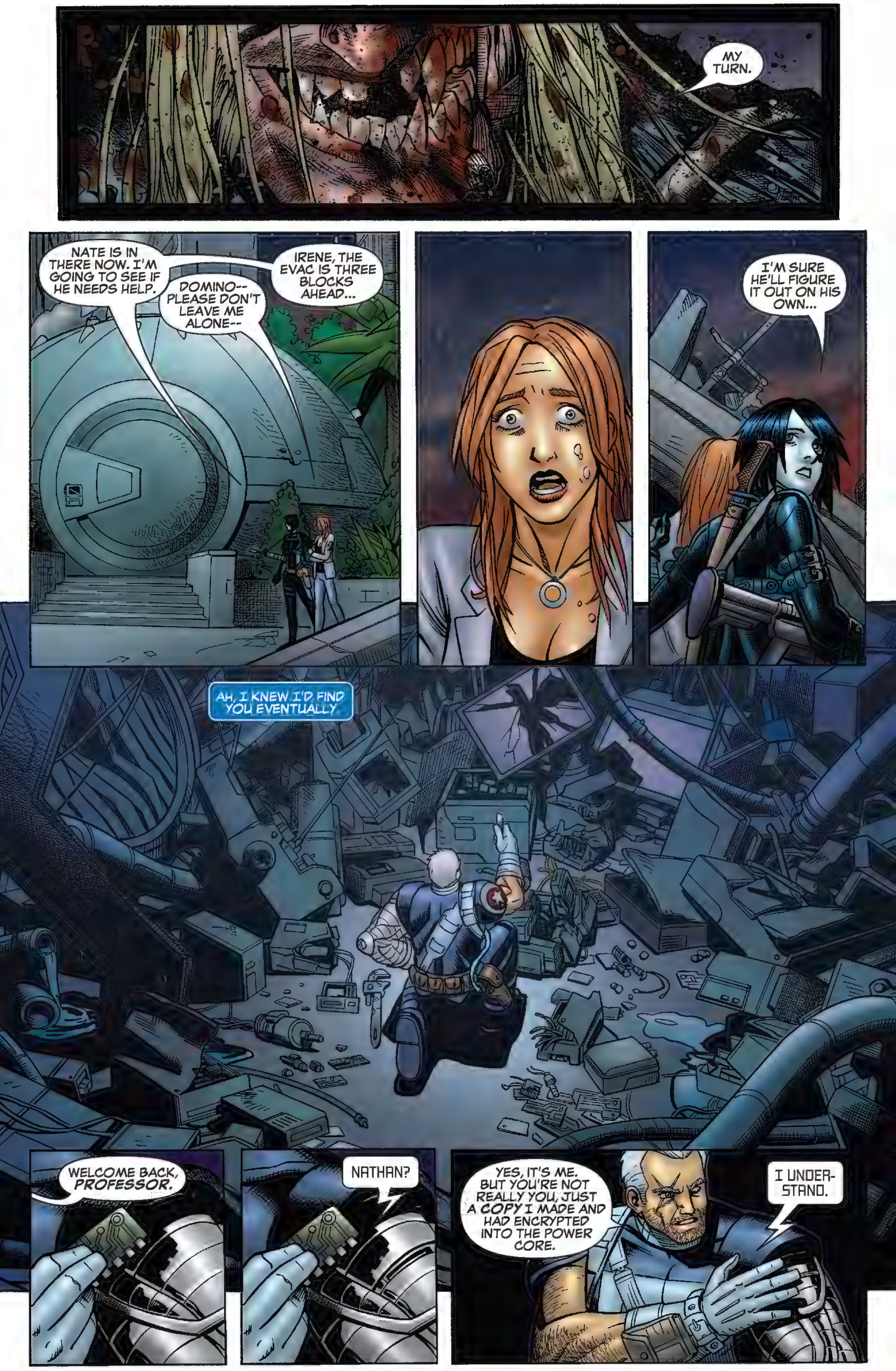

NO, I DON'T THINK SO, DOM.
HOWZABOUT I KEEP HER REEEEAL CLOSE WHILE YOU GO TALK TO NATHAN AN' FIGURE OUT HOW TO GET ME OFF THIS METAL ROCK WITHOUT EVERYONE LEFT ON IT GETTIN' KILLED...?
HE'S A BIT BUSY RIGHT NOW, VICTOR... TRYING TO KEEP THE METAL ROCK FROM SINKING.
SO WE'LL ALL GO TOGETHER, DOM.
COOL. YOU DON'T MIND IF I KEEP MY SIGHTS LOCKED BETWEEN YOUR BEADY LITTLE EYES, DO YOU?
WOULDN'T MIND AT ALL...
I LIKE WHAT YOU GUYS HAVE DONE WITH THE PLACE.
KIND OF TURNED INTO A FIXER-UPPER, HUH? DON'T WORRY...
"...I'M SURE NATE HAS HIS TOOL KIT OUT ALREADY..."
WELL... THIS ISN'T WORKING...
KLANG
KLANG

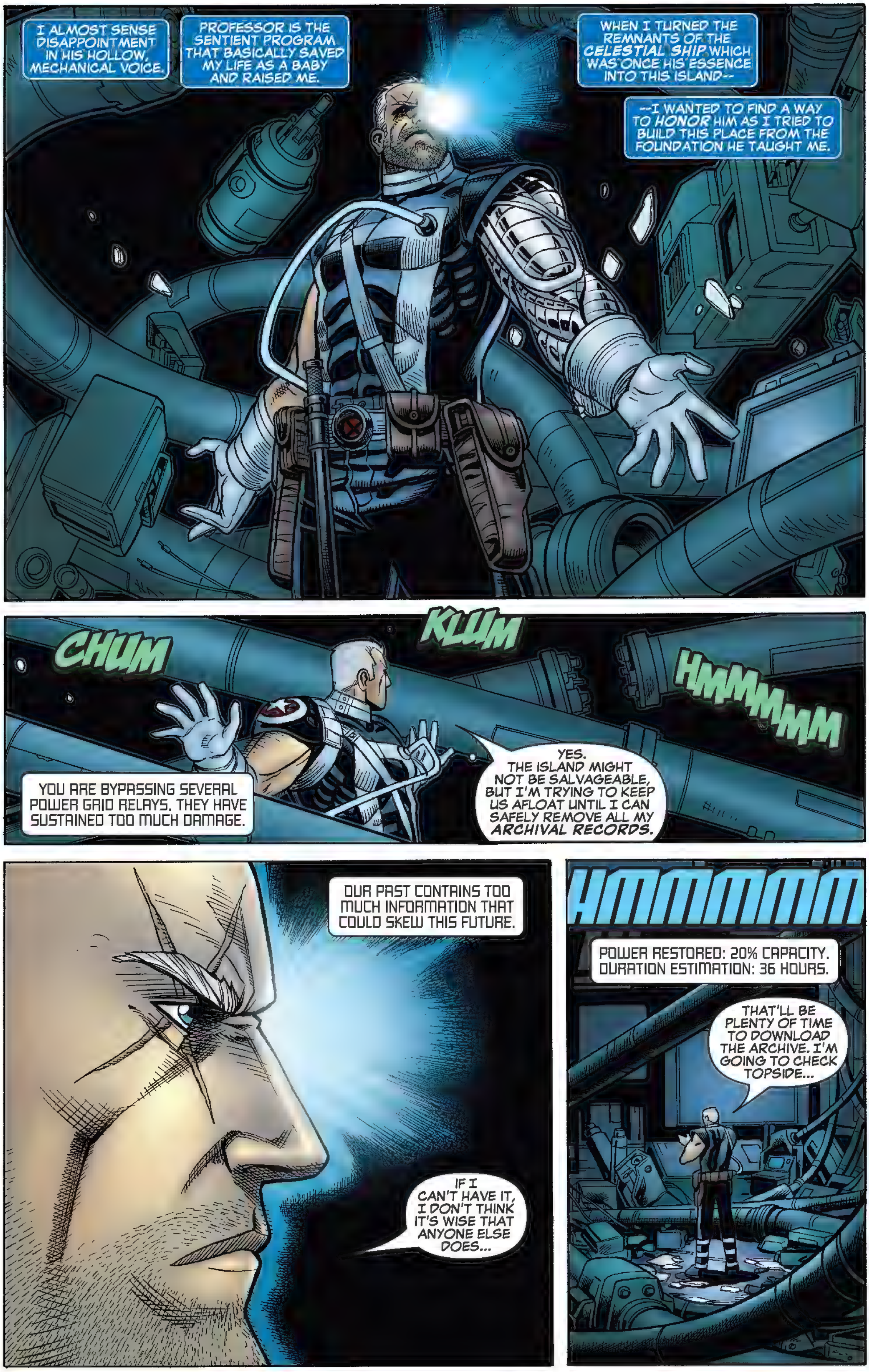

GOTTA TELLYA, I'M ALMOST SORRY THIS PLACE GOT HIT LIKE THIS.
NOT THAT I CARE FOR THE POLLYANNA *UTOPIA* CRAP NATE WAS GOIN' FOR HERE--
--BUT I DO ADMIRE THE **BRASS ONES** IT TOOK TO **SHOVE** IT IN EVERYONE'S FACES NO MATTER HOW HARD THEY TRIED TO PRETEND IT DIDN'T EXIST.
...
WHAT? GOT NUTHIN' TO SAY?
EVEN IF I DID, I WON'T BE GETTING A WORD IN EDGEWISE...
HEY, VICKIE!!
PRAKPRAKPRAKPRAKPRAKPRAKPRAK
BIG KISSES, SWEETIE!
NNGNYYFF
IRENE-- ROLL AWAY--

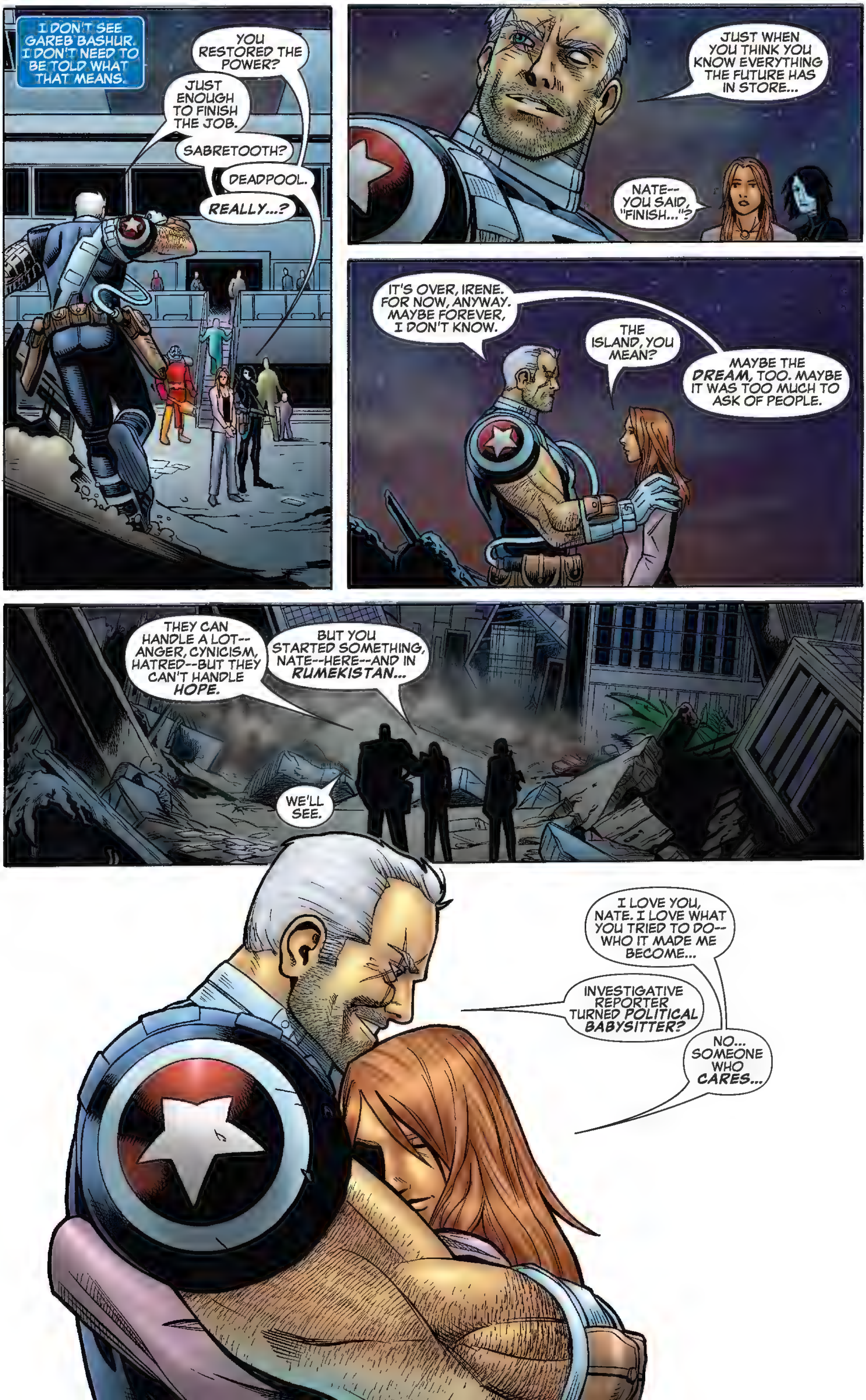

HEY, GIRLS. WHAT'S UP?
OHMYGOD--GAREB--OH GOD--
IT'S OKAY, IRENE--EASY--WE HAVE TO MOVE...
YOU GOT IRENE? I'LL STAY AND KICK CREED'S FACE IN.
YOU KNOW HOW MUCH I'D RATHER TRADE PLACES.
YEAH. NATE WOULD NEVER FORGIVE ME IF I DID THAT.
PROBABLY NOT.
WADE...
THANK YOU.
MAN, THAT WAS *SO* HARD TO SAY IT TOOK *TWO* OF YOU TO SAY IT!
JUST IN CASE, TELL NATE I'M SORRY.
ABOUT--?
EVERYTHING.
OKAY, SO, BACK TO BUSINESS.

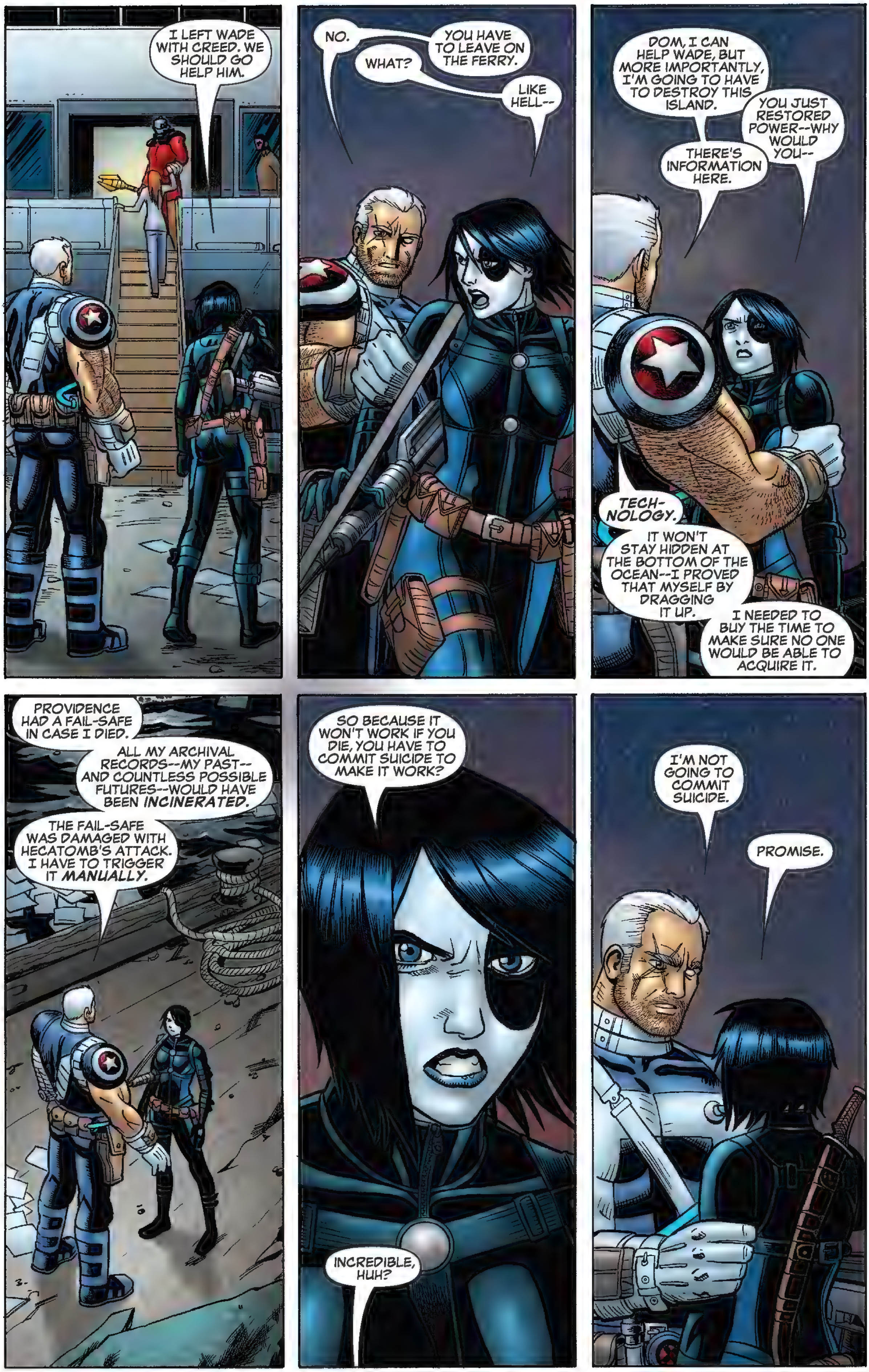

PRAKPRAKPRAKPRAKPRA
KPRAK
DOO DOO DOO DOO-- DA DA DA DA-- I WHISTLE WHILE I COUNT MY STASH...
PRAKPRAKPRAKPRAKPRAKPRAKPRAK
DOO DOO DOO DOO-- DA DA DA DA-- WE'LL REUNITE FOR LOTS OF CASH
MY Little Friend II
PRAKPRAKPRAKPRAKPRAKPRAKPRAK
I KNOW, I KNOW, YOU'RE THINKING, "I HATED THAT SONG"--BUT YOU'RE ALSO THINKING-- "HE'S GONNA RUN OUT OF BULLETS SOON..."
PRAKPRAKPRAKPRAKPRAKPRAKPRAKPRAK

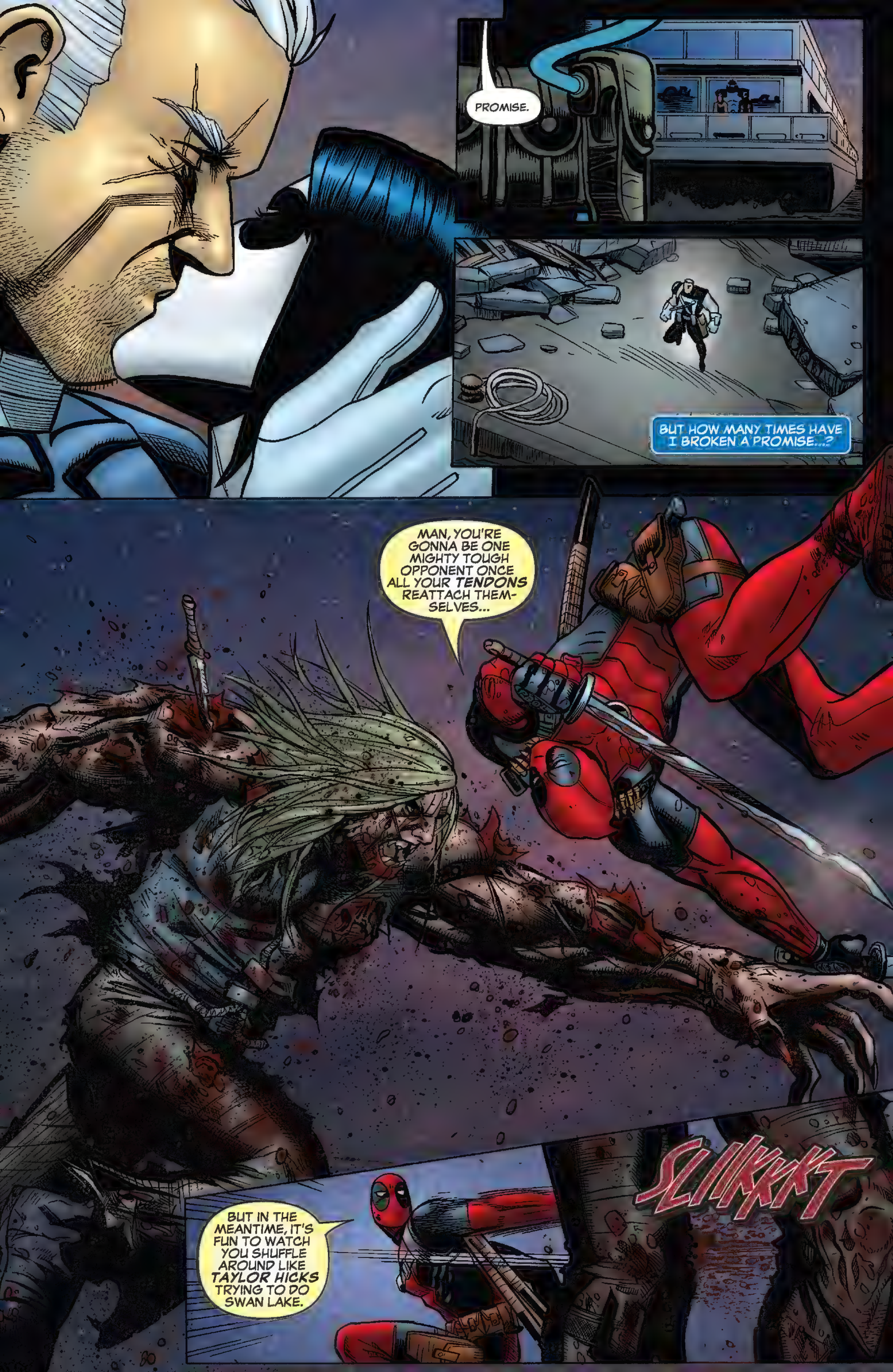

AND YOU KNOW, YOU'RE RIGHT. I AM.
QUESTION IS, BY THE TIME I DO... WILL THERE BE ANYTHING LEFT OF YOU FOR YOUR *HEALING FACTOR* TO FIX?
BRAK BRAK BRAK BRAK BRAK
BRAK BRAK BRAK BRAK BRAK BRAK BRAK
BRAK BRAK BRAK
I MEAN, I'M HOPING, REALLY, 'CAUSE THAT JUST MEANS I CAN FIND NEW WAYS TO *PUDDINIZE* YOU.
PUDDINIZE MEANS: TO TURN ONE INTO PUDDING. I JUST MADE THAT UP.
CHIK CHIK CHIK CHIK CHIK
CHIK CHIK CHIK CHIK CHIK CHIK CHIK
HEY, LOOK AT THAT.
NO MO' BUWWETS.

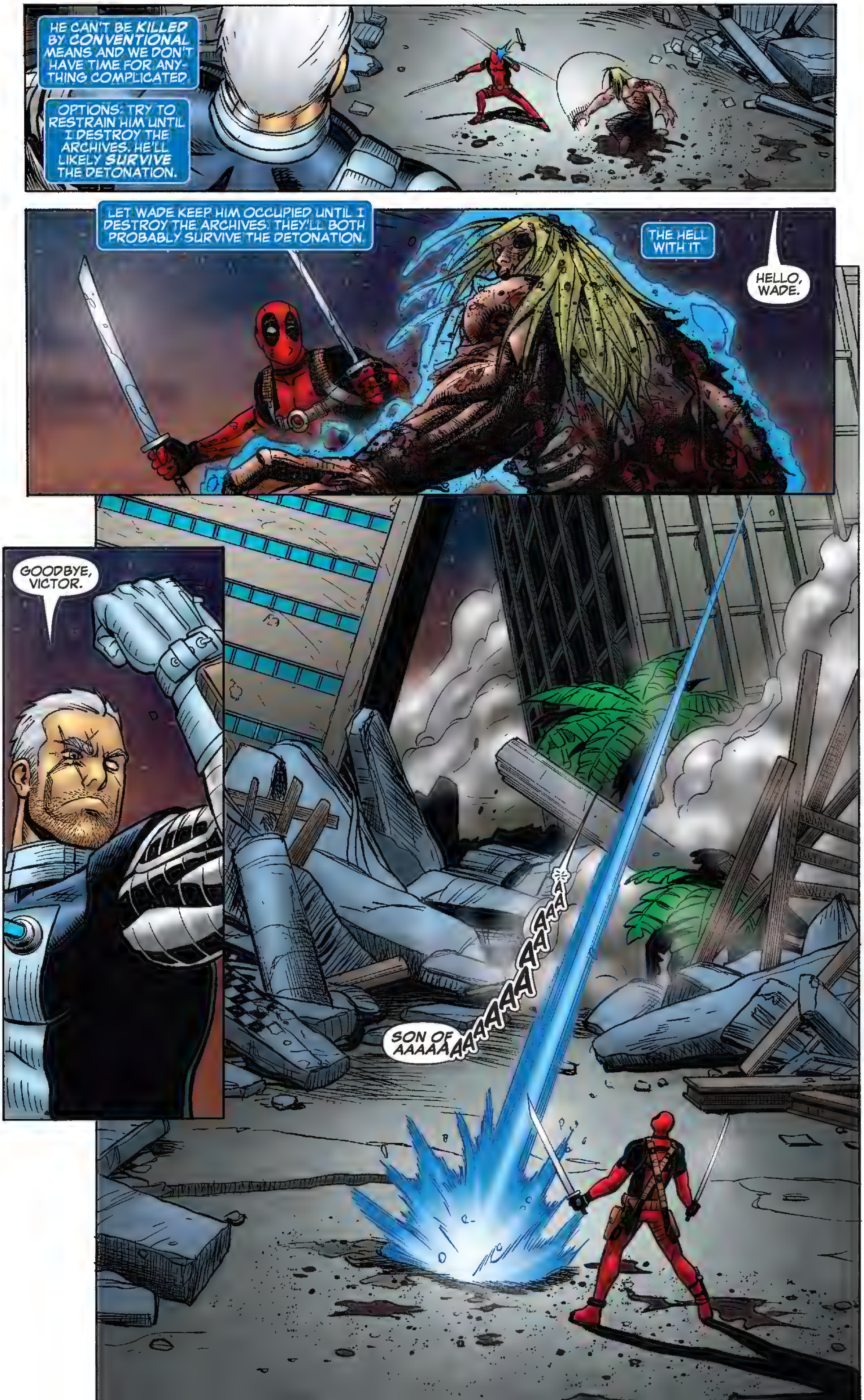

MY TURN.
NATE IS IN THERE NOW. I'M GOING TO SEE IF HE NEEDS HELP.
IRENE, THE EVAC IS THREE BLOCKS AHEAD...
DOMINO-- PLEASE DON'T LEAVE ME ALONE--
I'M SURE HE'LL FIGURE IT OUT ON HIS OWN...
AH, I KNEW I'D FIND YOU EVENTUALLY.
WELCOME BACK, PROFESSOR.
NATHAN?
YES, IT'S ME. BUT YOU'RE NOT REALLY YOU, JUST A COPY I MADE AND HAD ENCRYPTED INTO THE POWER CORE.
I UNDERSTAND.

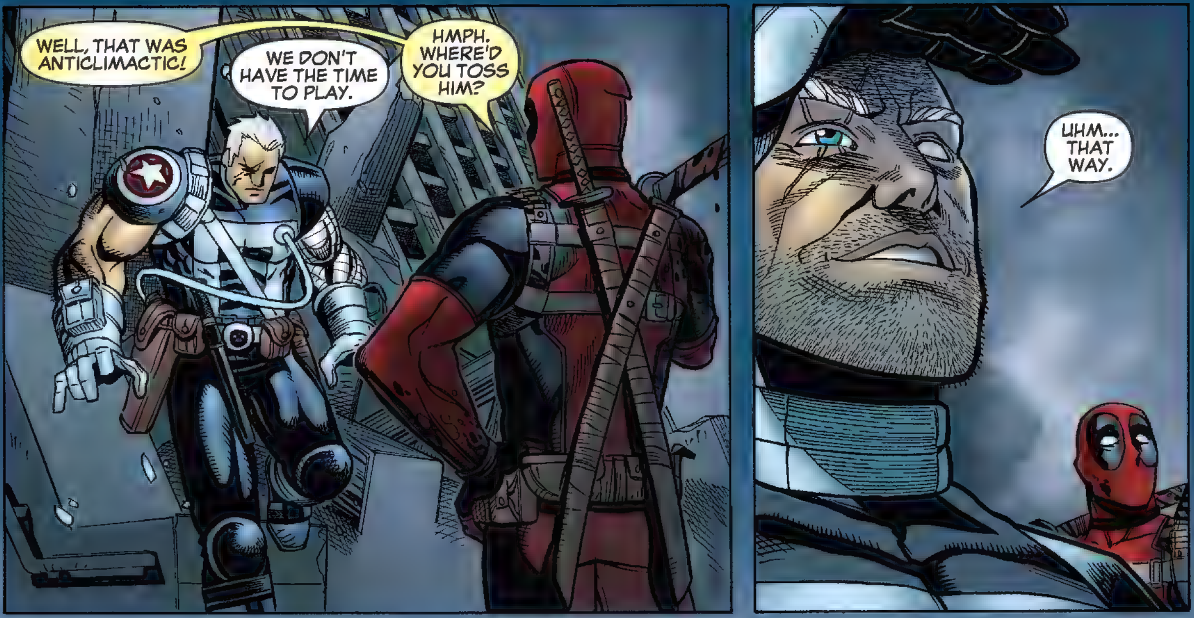

I ALMOST SENSE DISAPPOINTMENT IN HIS HOLLOW, MECHANICAL VOICE.
PROFESSOR IS THE SENTIENT PROGRAM THAT BASICALLY SAVED MY LIFE AS A BABY AND RAISED ME.
WHEN I TURNED THE REMNANTS OF THE CELESTIAL SHIP WHICH WAS ONCE HIS ESSENCE INTO THIS ISLAND--
--I WANTED TO FIND A WAY TO HONOR HIM AS I TRIED TO BUILD THIS PLACE FROM THE FOUNDATION HE TAUGHT ME.
CHUM
KLUM
HMMMMM
YOU ARE BYPASSING SEVERAL POWER GRID RELAYS. THEY HAVE SUSTAINED TOO MUCH DAMAGE.
YES. THE ISLAND MIGHT NOT BE SALVAGEABLE, BUT I'M TRYING TO KEEP US AFLOAT UNTIL I CAN SAFELY REMOVE ALL MY ARCHIVAL RECORDS.
OUR PAST CONTAINS TOO MUCH INFORMATION THAT COULD SKEW THIS FUTURE.
IF I CAN'T HAVE IT, I DON'T THINK IT'S WISE THAT ANYONE ELSE DOES...
HMMMMMM
POWER RESTORED: 20% CAPACITY. DURATION ESTIMATION: 36 HOURS.
THAT'LL BE PLENTY OF TIME TO DOWNLOAD THE ARCHIVE. I'M GOING TO CHECK TOPSIDE...

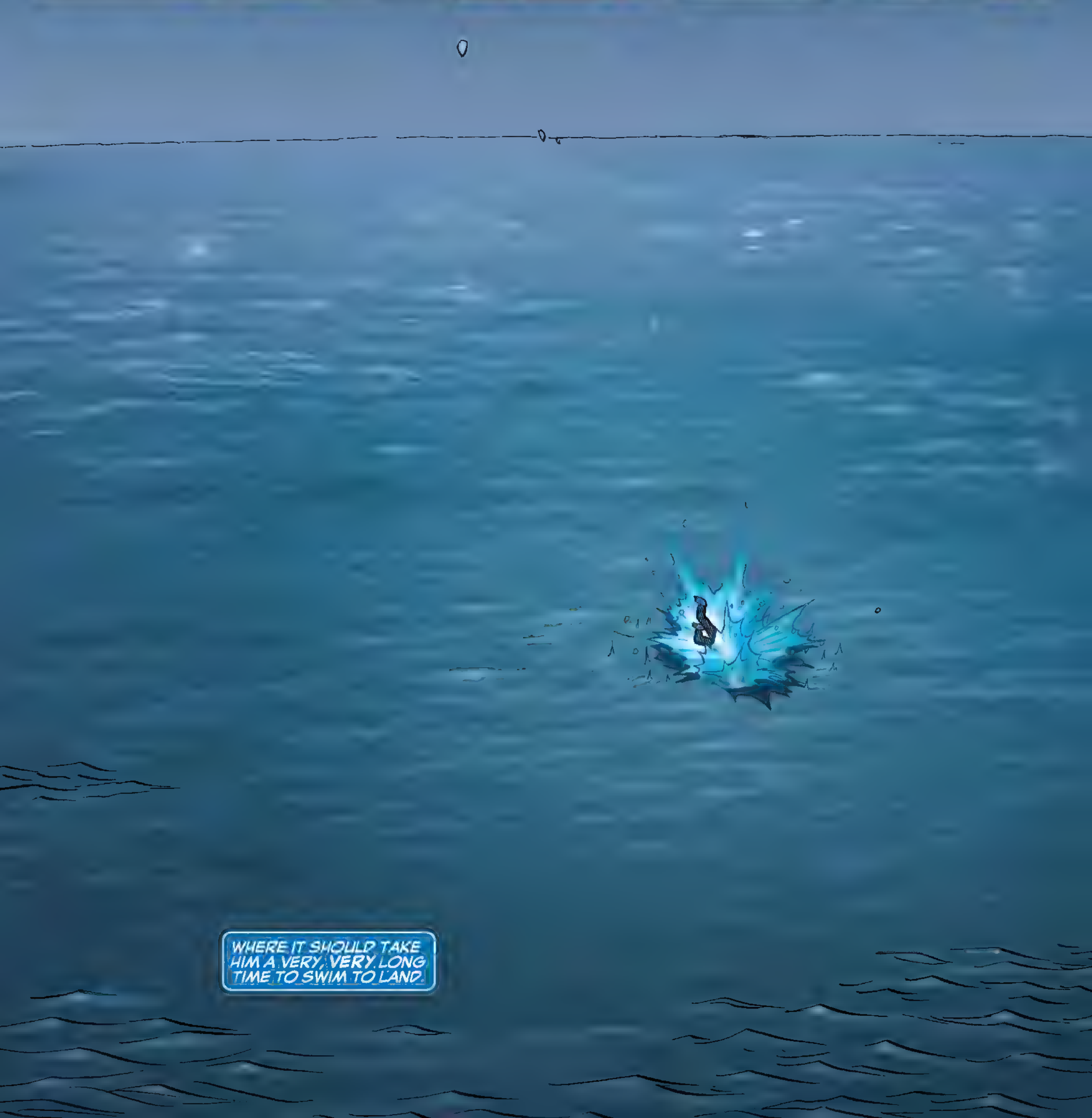

I DON'T SEE GAREB BASHUR. I DON'T NEED TO BE TOLD WHAT THAT MEANS.
YOU RESTORED THE POWER?
JUST ENOUGH TO FINISH THE JOB.
SABRETOOTH?
DEADPOOL.
REALLY...?
JUST WHEN YOU THINK YOU KNOW EVERYTHING THE FUTURE HAS IN STORE...
NATE-- YOU SAID, "FINISH..."?
IT'S OVER, IRENE. FOR NOW, ANYWAY. MAYBE FOREVER, I DON'T KNOW.
THE ISLAND, YOU MEAN?
MAYBE THE DREAM, TOO. MAYBE IT WAS TOO MUCH TO ASK OF PEOPLE.
THEY CAN HANDLE A LOT-- ANGER, CYNICISM, HATRED--BUT THEY CAN'T HANDLE HOPE.
BUT YOU STARTED SOMETHING, NATE--HERE--AND IN RUMEKISTAN...
WE'LL SEE.
I LOVE YOU, NATE. I LOVE WHAT YOU TRIED TO DO-- WHO IT MADE ME BECOME...
INVESTIGATIVE REPORTER TURNED POLITICAL BABYSITTER?
NO... SOMEONE WHO CARES...

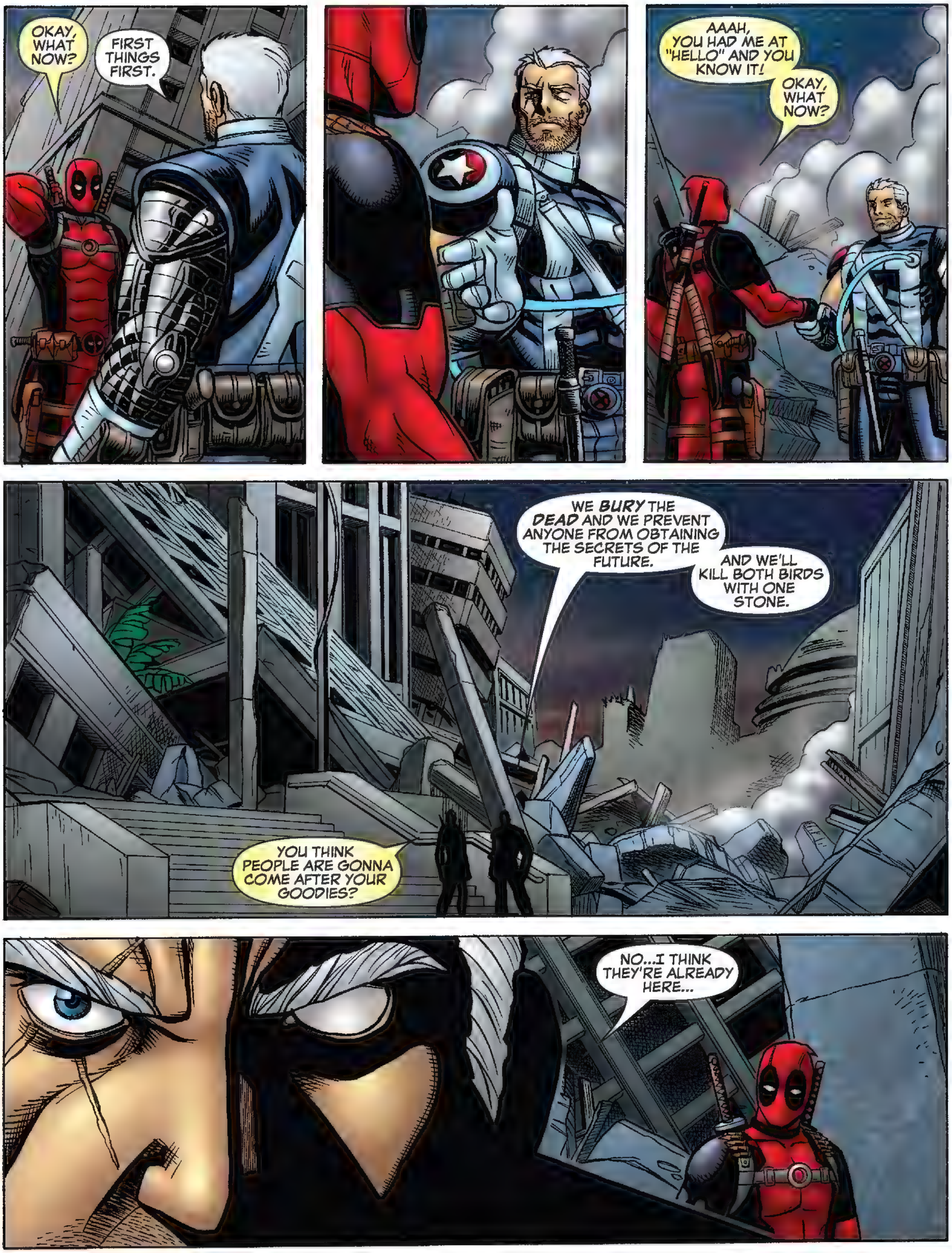

I LEFT WADE WITH CREED. WE SHOULD GO HELP HIM.
NO.
YOU HAVE TO LEAVE ON THE FERRY.
WHAT?
LIKE HELL--
DOM, I CAN HELP WADE, BUT MORE IMPORTANTLY, I'M GOING TO HAVE TO DESTROY THIS ISLAND.
YOU JUST RESTORED POWER--WHY WOULD YOU--
THERE'S INFORMATION HERE.
TECH-NOLOGY.
IT WON'T STAY HIDDEN AT THE BOTTOM OF THE OCEAN--I PROVED THAT MYSELF BY DRAGGING IT UP.
I NEEDED TO BUY THE TIME TO MAKE SURE NO ONE WOULD BE ABLE TO ACQUIRE IT.
PROVIDENCE HAD A FAIL-SAFE IN CASE I DIED.
ALL MY ARCHIVAL RECORDS--MY PAST--AND COUNTLESS POSSIBLE FUTURES--WOULD HAVE BEEN *INCINERATED.*
THE FAIL-SAFE WAS DAMAGED WITH HECATOMB'S ATTACK. I HAVE TO TRIGGER IT *MANUALLY.*
3.
SO BECAUSE IT WON'T WORK IF YOU DIE, YOU HAVE TO COMMIT SUICIDE TO MAKE IT WORK?
INCREDIBLE, HUH?
I'M NOT GOING TO COMMIT SUICIDE.
PROMISE.


PROMISE.
BUT HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I BROKEN A PROMISE...?
MAN, YOU'RE GONNA BE ONE MIGHTY TOUGH OPPONENT ONCE ALL YOUR TENDONS REATTACH THEMSELVES...
SLIKKKT
BUT IN THE MEANTIME, IT'S FUN TO WATCH YOU SHUFFLE AROUND LIKE TAYLOR HICKS TRYING TO DO SWAN LAKE.


HE CAN'T BE KILLED BY CONVENTIONAL MEANS AND WE DON'T HAVE TIME FOR ANYTHING COMPLICATED.
OPTIONS: TRY TO RESTRAIN HIM UNTIL I DESTROY THE ARCHIVES. HE'LL LIKELY SURVIVE THE DETONATION.
LET WADE KEEP HIM OCCUPIED UNTIL I DESTROY THE ARCHIVES. THEY'LL BOTH PROBABLY SURVIVE THE DETONATION.
THE HELL WITH IT
HELLO, WADE.
GOODBYE, VICTOR.
SON OF AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA


WELL, THAT WAS ANTICLIMACTIC!
WE DON'T HAVE THE TIME TO PLAY.
HMPH. WHERE'D YOU TOSS HIM?
UHM... THAT WAY.


WHERE IT SHOULD TAKE HIM A VERY, VERY, LONG TIME TO SWIM TO LAND.


OKAY, WHAT NOW?
FIRST THINGS FIRST.
AAAH, YOU HAD ME AT "HELLO" AND YOU KNOW IT!
OKAY, WHAT NOW?
WE BURY THE DEAD AND WE PREVENT ANYONE FROM OBTAINING THE SECRETS OF THE FUTURE.
AND WE'LL KILL BOTH BIRDS WITH ONE STONE.
YOU THINK PEOPLE ARE GONNA COME AFTER YOUR GOODIES?
NO...I THINK THEY'RE ALREADY HERE...

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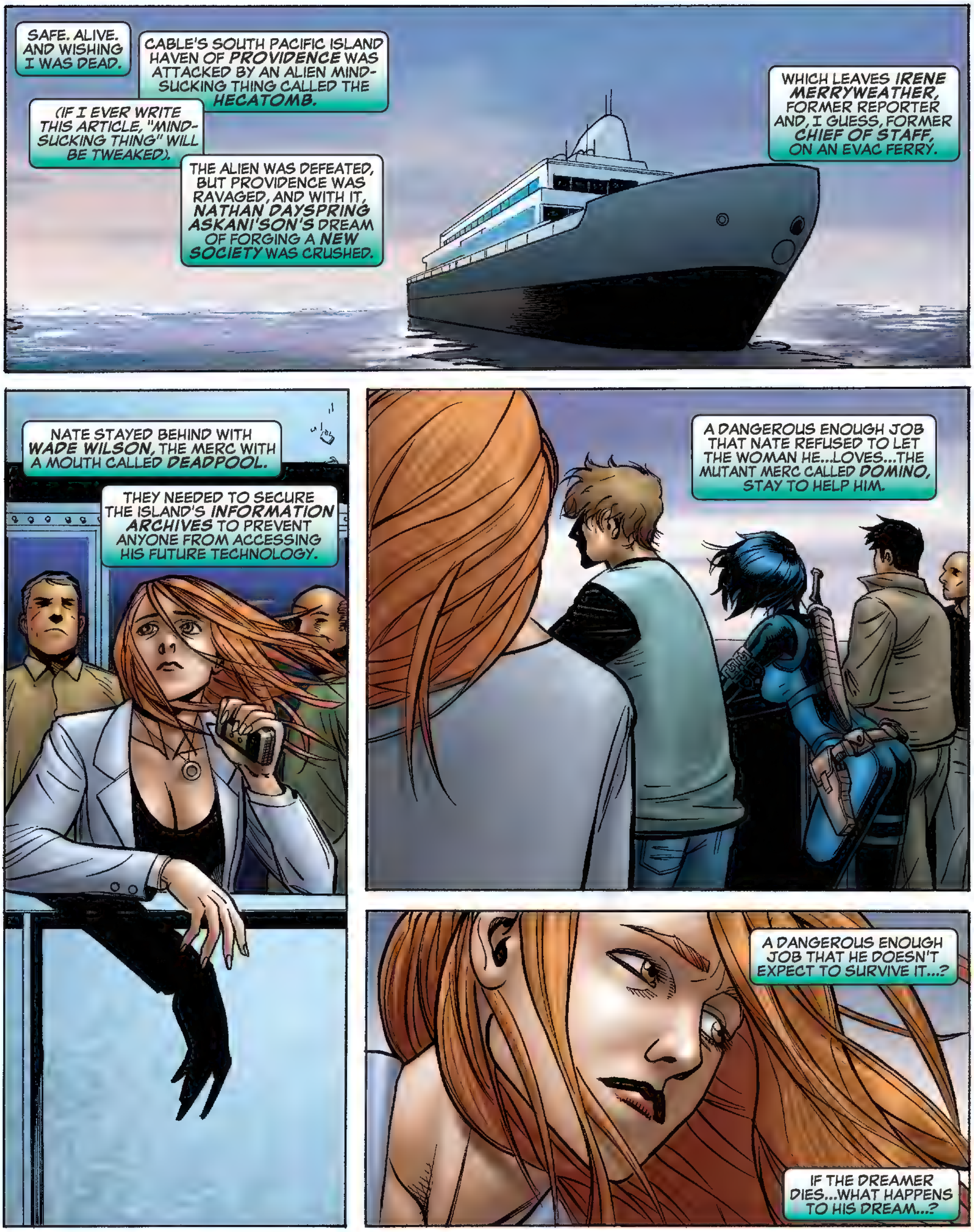
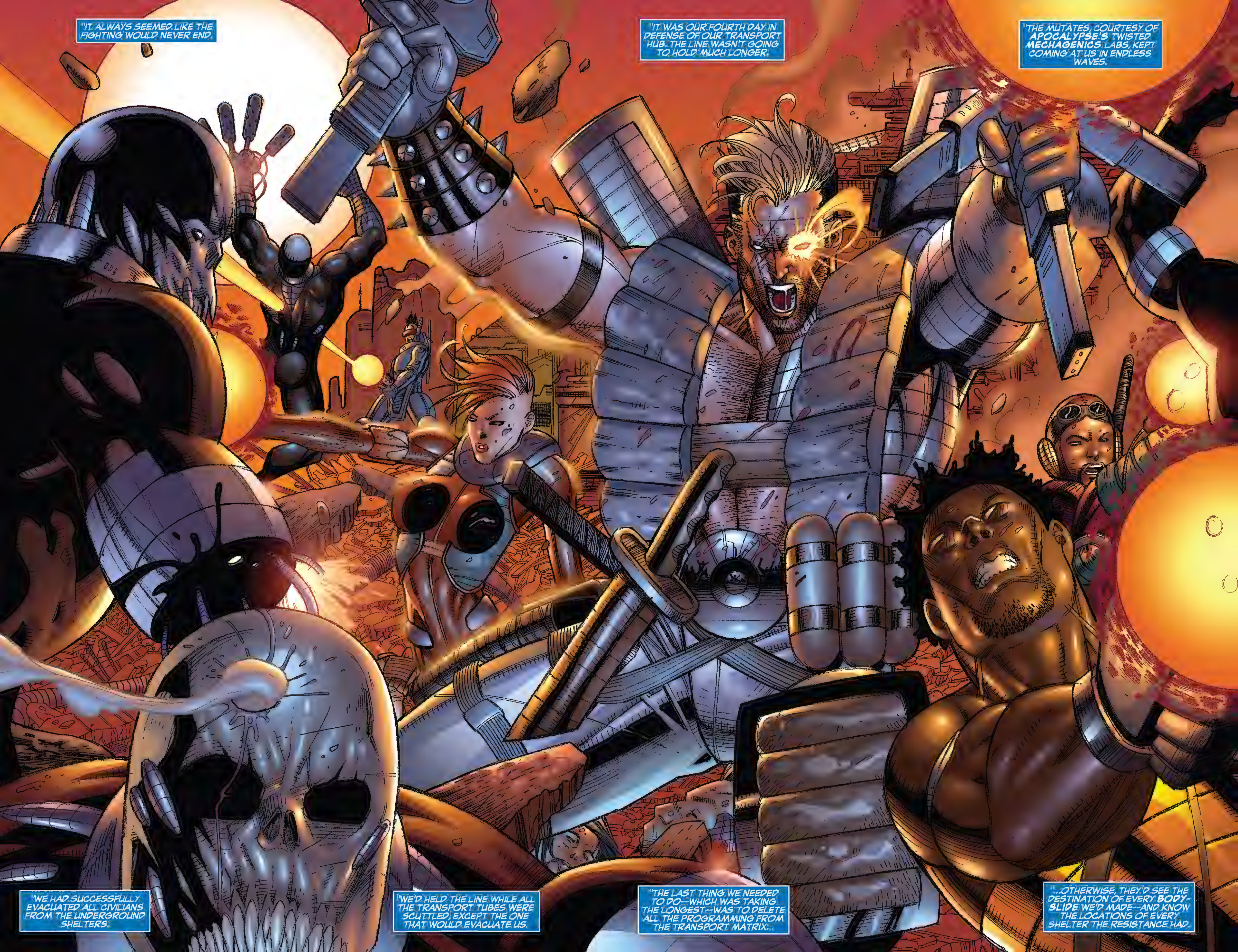
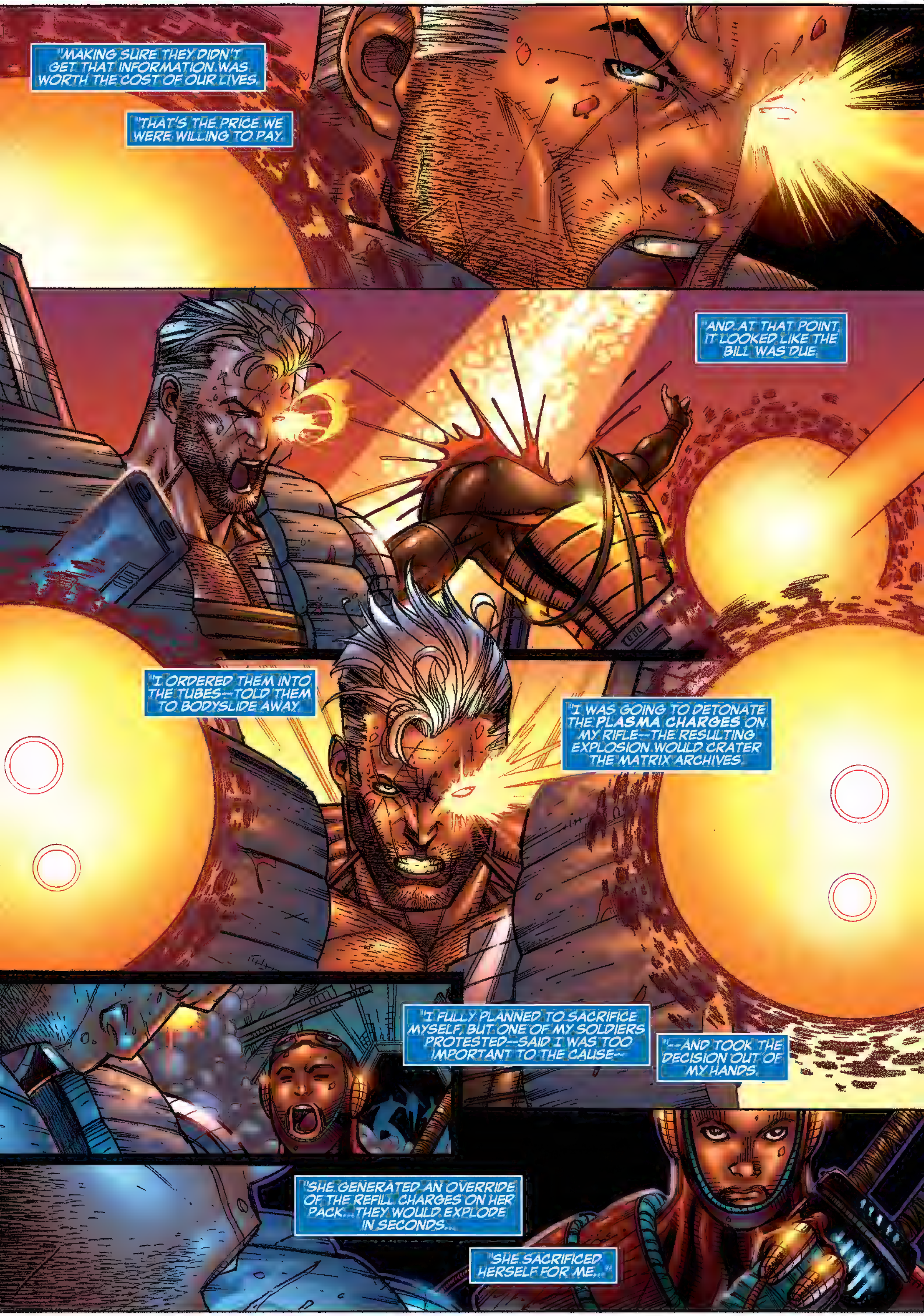
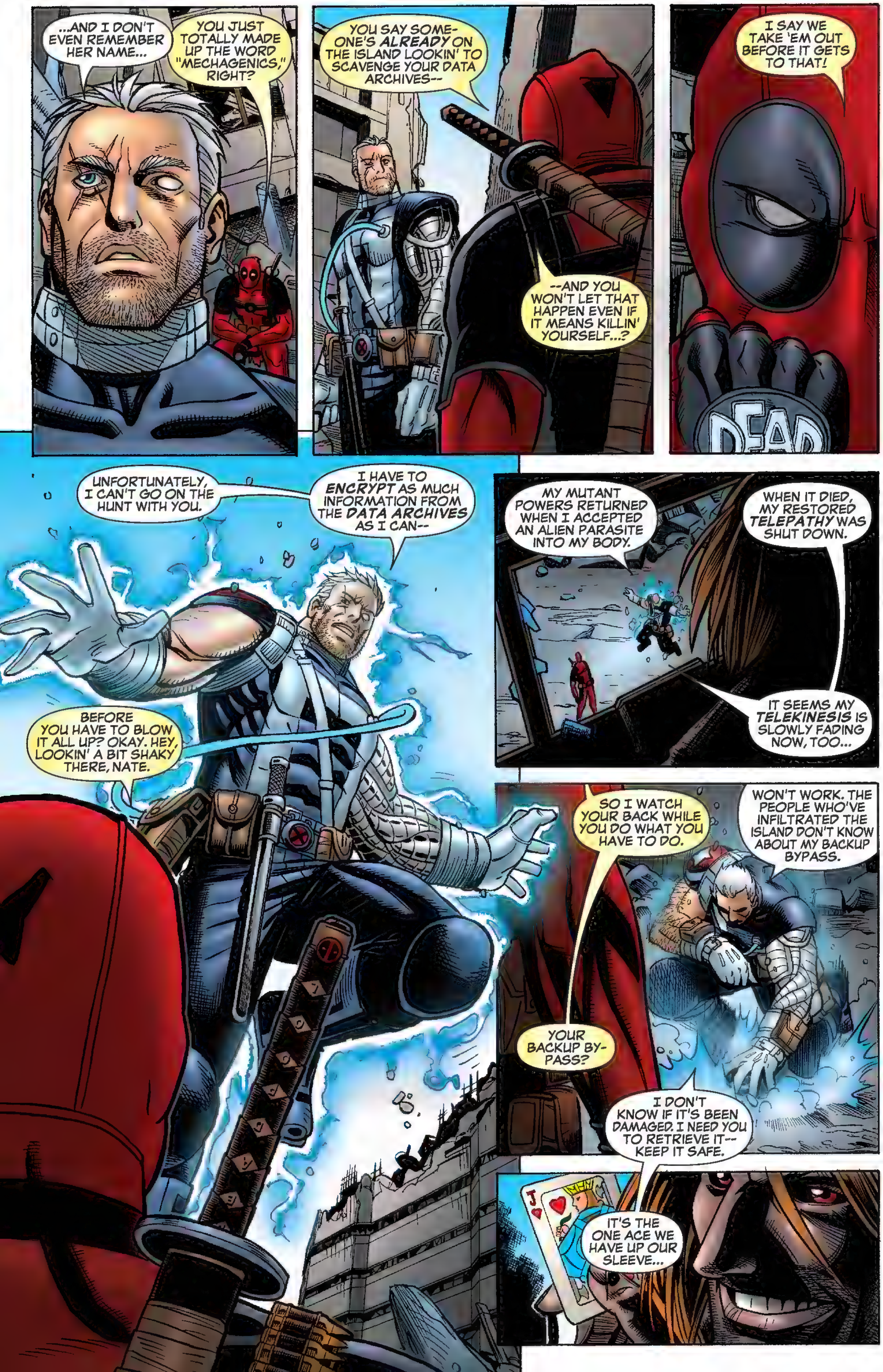
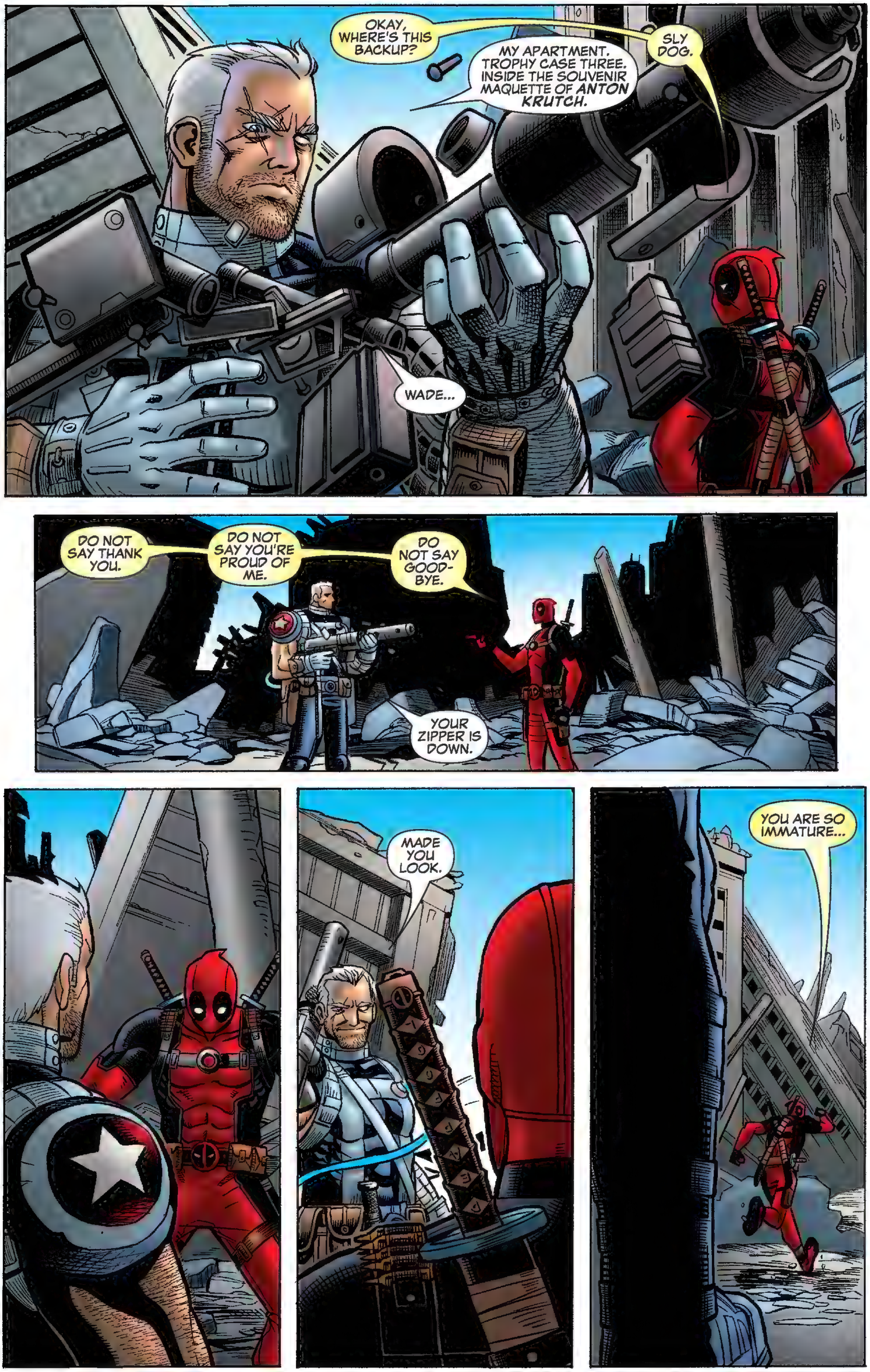
FRACTURED PART THREE

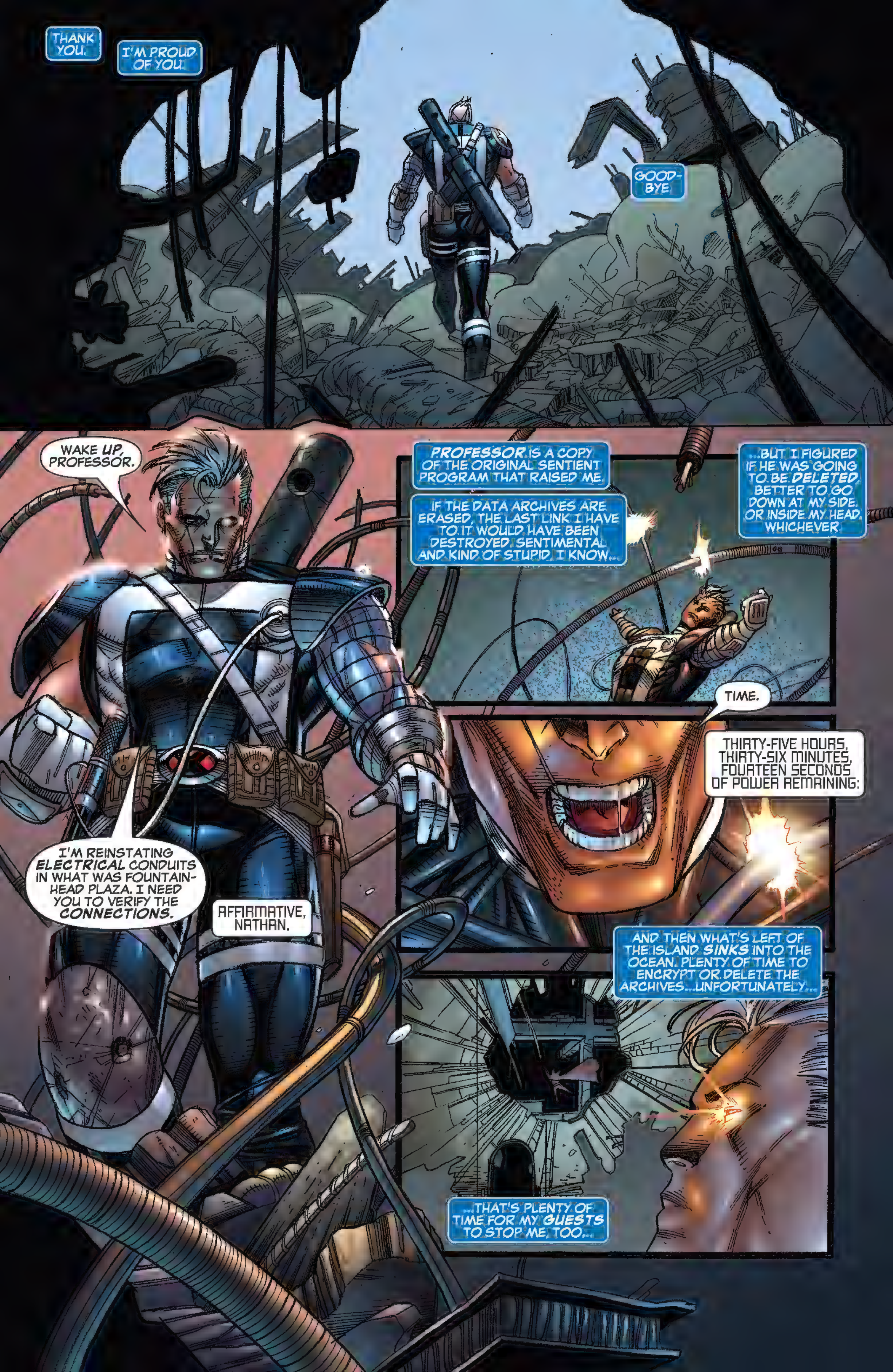

SAFE. ALIVE. AND WISHING I WAS DEAD.
CABLE'S SOUTH PACIFIC ISLAND HAVEN OF PROVIDENCE WAS ATTACKED BY AN ALIEN MIND-SUCKING THING CALLED THE HECATOMB.
(IF I EVER WRITE THIS ARTICLE, "MIND-SUCKING THING" WILL BE TWEAKED).
THE ALIEN WAS DEFEATED, BUT PROVIDENCE WAS RAVAGED, AND WITH IT, NATHAN DAYSPRING ASKANI'SON'S DREAM OF FORGING A NEW SOCIETY WAS CRUSHED.
WHICH LEAVES IRENE MERRYWEATHER, FORMER REPORTER AND, I GUESS, FORMER CHIEF OF STAFF, ON AN EVAC FERRY.
NATE STAYED BEHIND WITH WADE WILSON, THE MERC WITH A MOUTH CALLED DEADPOOL.
THEY NEEDED TO SECURE THE ISLAND'S INFORMATION ARCHIVES TO PREVENT ANYONE FROM ACCESSING HIS FUTURE TECHNOLOGY.
A DANGEROUS ENOUGH JOB THAT NATE REFUSED TO LET THE WOMAN HE...LOVES...THE MUTANT MERC CALLED DOMINO, STAY TO HELP HIM.
A DANGEROUS ENOUGH JOB THAT HE DOESN'T EXPECT TO SURVIVE IT...?
IF THE DREAMER DIES...WHAT HAPPENS TO HIS DREAM...?

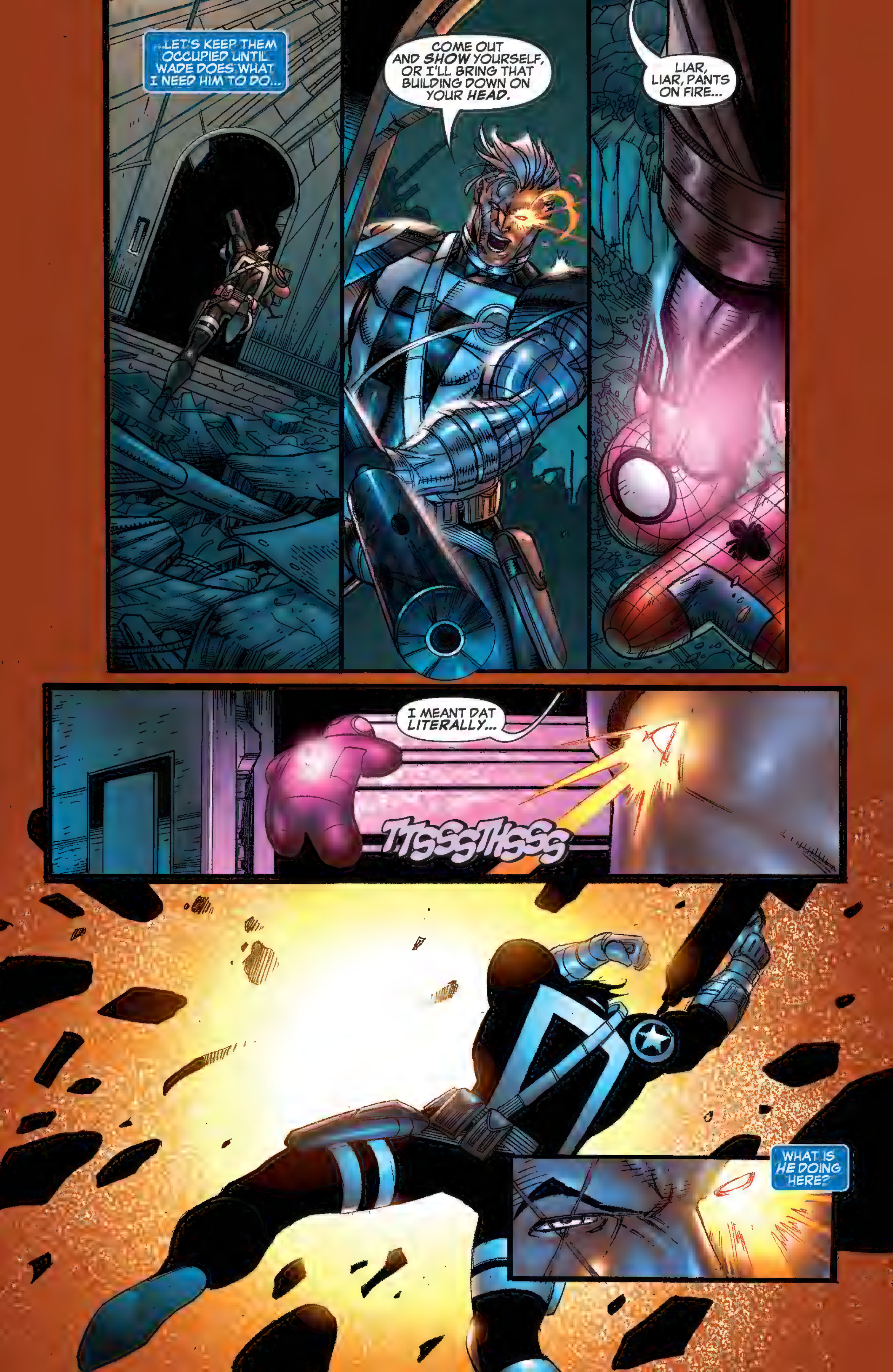

"IT ALWAYS SEEMED LIKE THE FIGHTING WOULD NEVER END.
"IT WAS OUR FOURTH DAY IN DEFENSE OF OUR TRANSPORT HUB. THE LINE WASN'T GOING TO HOLD MUCH LONGER.
"THE MUTATES, COURTESY OF **APOCALYPSE'S** TWISTED **MECHAGENICS** LABS, KEPT COMING AT US IN ENDLESS WAVES.
"WE HAD SUCCESSFULLY EVACUATED ALL CIVILIANS FROM THE UNDERGROUND SHELTERS.
"WE'D HELD THE LINE WHILE ALL THE TRANSPORT TUBES WERE SCUTTLED, EXCEPT THE ONE THAT WOULD EVACUATE US.
"THE LAST THING WE NEEDED TO DO--WHICH WAS TAKING THE LONGEST--WAS TO DELETE ALL THE PROGRAMMING FROM THE TRANSPORT MATRIX...
"...OTHERWISE, THEY'D SEE THE DESTINATION OF EVERY **BODY-SLIDE** WE'D MADE--AND KNOW THE LOCATIONS OF EVERY SHELTER THE RESISTANCE HAD.

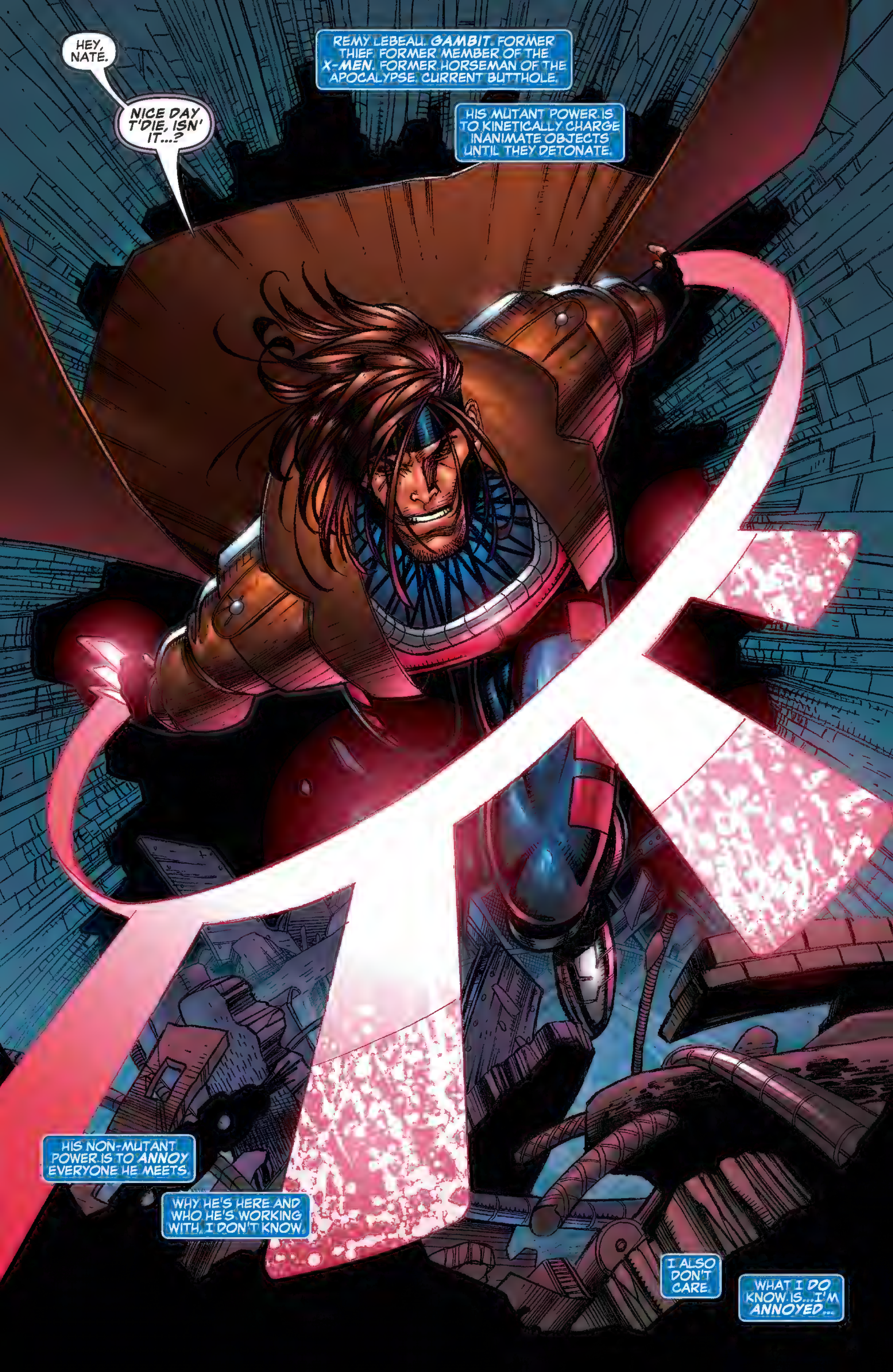

"MAKING SURE THEY DIDN'T GET THAT INFORMATION WAS WORTH THE COST OF OUR LIVES.
"THAT'S THE PRICE WE WERE WILLING TO PAY.
"AND AT THAT POINT IT LOOKED LIKE THE BILL WAS DUE.
"I ORDERED THEM INTO THE TUBES--TOLD THEM TO BODYSLIDE AWAY.
"I WAS GOING TO DETONATE THE **PLASMA CHARGES** ON MY RIFLE--THE RESULTING EXPLOSION WOULD CRATER THE MATRIX ARCHIVES.
"I FULLY PLANNED TO SACRIFICE MYSELF, BUT ONE OF MY SOLDIERS PROTESTED--SAID I WAS TOO IMPORTANT TO THE CAUSE--
"--AND TOOK THE DECISION OUT OF MY HANDS.
"SHE GENERATED AN OVERRIDE OF THE REFILL CHARGES ON HER PACK...THEY WOULD EXPLODE IN SECONDS...
"SHE SACRIFICED HERSELF FOR ME..."

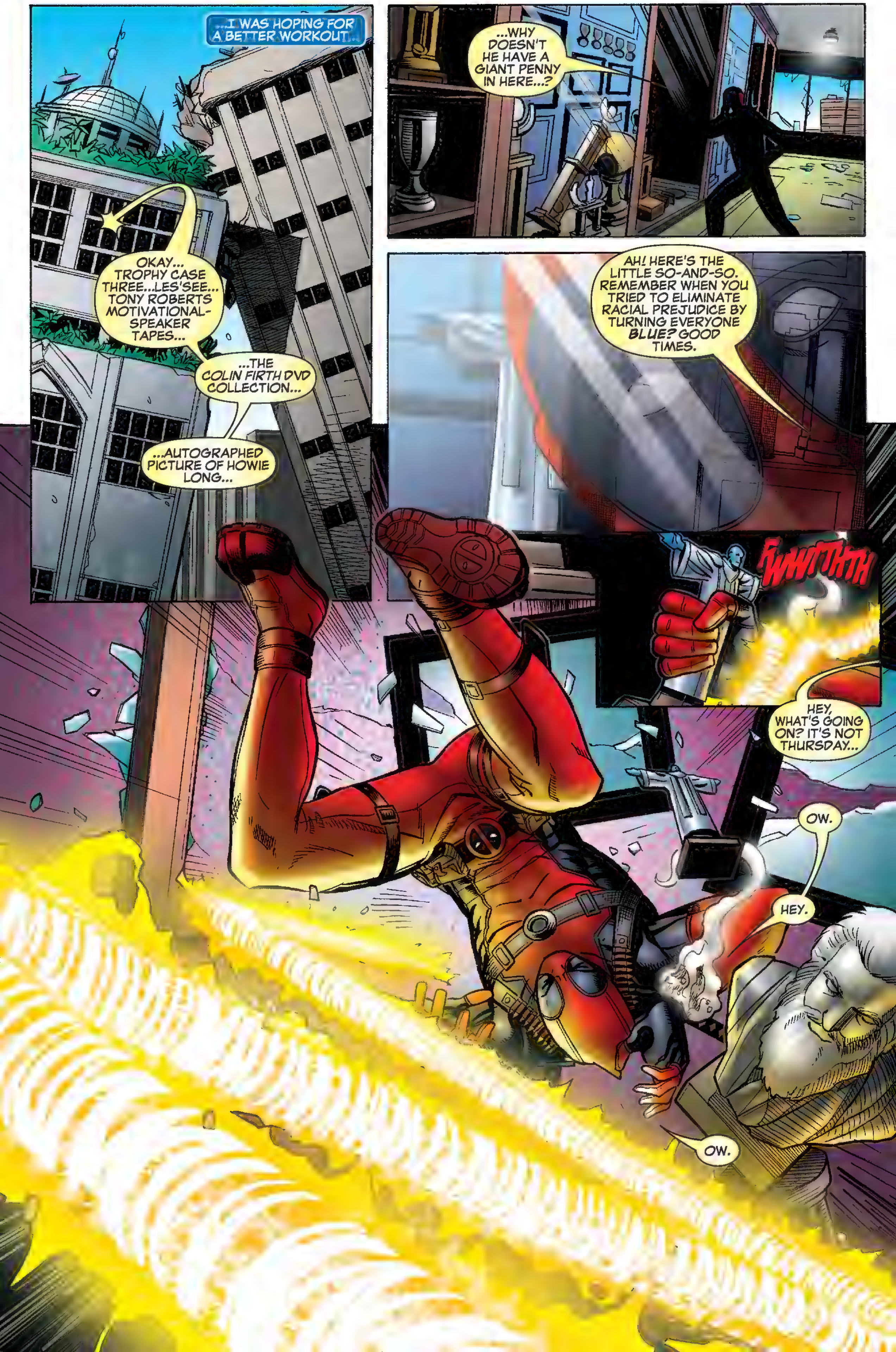

...AND I DON'T EVEN REMEMBER HER NAME...
YOU JUST TOTALLY MADE UP THE WORD "MECHAGENICS," RIGHT?
YOU SAY SOMEONE'S ***ALREADY*** ON THE ISLAND LOOKIN' TO SCAVENGE YOUR DATA ARCHIVES--
--AND YOU WON'T LET THAT HAPPEN EVEN IF IT MEANS KILLIN' YOURSELF...?
I SAY WE TAKE 'EM OUT BEFORE IT GETS TO THAT!
DEAD
UNFORTUNATELY, I CAN'T GO ON THE HUNT WITH YOU.
I HAVE TO ***ENCRYPT*** AS MUCH INFORMATION FROM THE ***DATA ARCHIVES*** AS I CAN--
BEFORE YOU HAVE TO BLOW IT ALL UP? OKAY. HEY, LOOKIN' A BIT SHAKY THERE, NATE.
MY MUTANT POWERS RETURNED WHEN I ACCEPTED AN ALIEN PARASITE INTO MY BODY.
WHEN IT DIED, MY RESTORED ***TELEPATHY*** WAS SHUT DOWN.
IT SEEMS MY ***TELEKINESIS*** IS SLOWLY FADING NOW, TOO...
SO I WATCH YOUR BACK WHILE YOU DO WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO.
WON'T WORK. THE PEOPLE WHO'VE INFILTRATED THE ISLAND DON'T KNOW ABOUT MY BACKUP BYPASS.
YOUR BACKUP BYPASS?
I DON'T KNOW IF IT'S BEEN DAMAGED. I NEED YOU TO RETRIEVE IT--KEEP IT SAFE.
J
IT'S THE ONE ACE WE HAVE UP OUR SLEEVE...

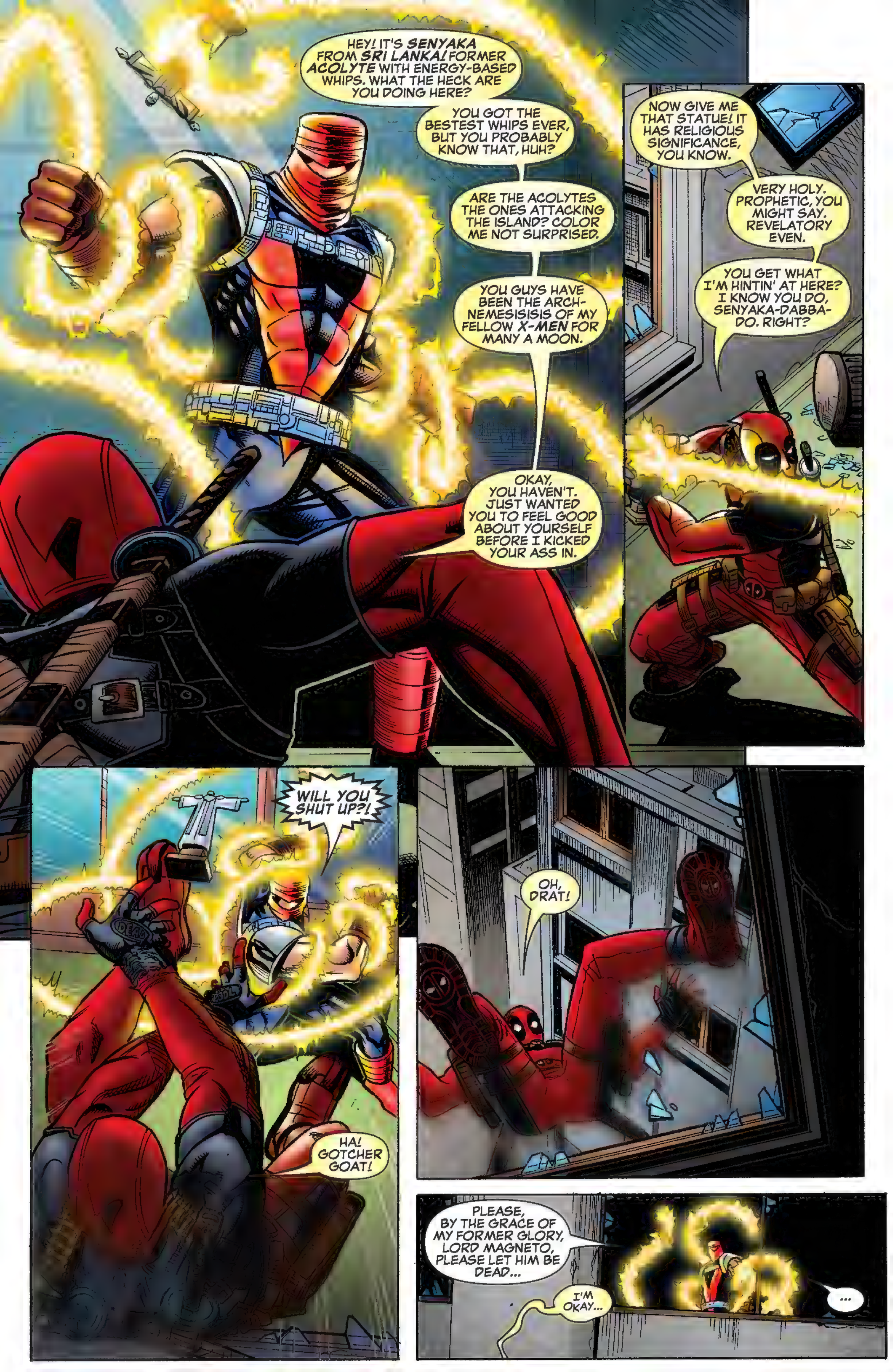

OKAY, WHERE'S THIS BACKUP?
MY APARTMENT. TROPHY CASE THREE. INSIDE THE SOUVENIR MAQUETTE OF *ANTON KRUTCH.*
SLY DOG.
WADE...
DO NOT SAY THANK YOU.
DO NOT SAY YOU'RE PROUD OF ME.
DO NOT SAY GOOD-BYE.
YOUR ZIPPER IS DOWN.
MADE YOU LOOK.
YOU ARE SO IMMATURE...

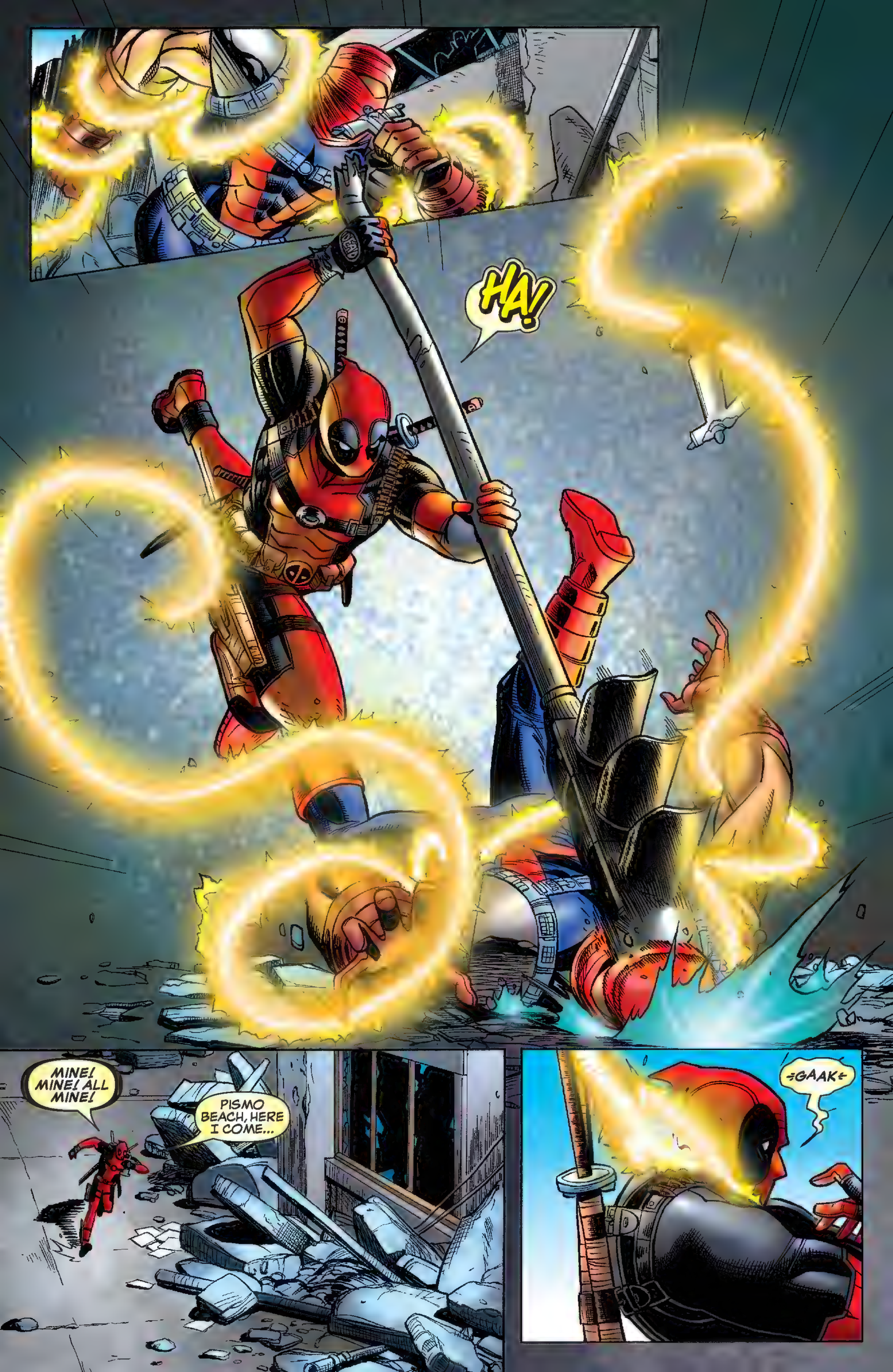

THANK YOU.
I'M PROUD OF YOU.
GOOD-BYE.
WAKE UP, PROFESSOR.
I'M REINSTATING ELECTRICAL CONDUITS IN WHAT WAS FOUNTAINHEAD PLAZA. I NEED YOU TO VERIFY THE CONNECTIONS.
AFFIRMATIVE, NATHAN.
PROFESSOR IS A COPY OF THE ORIGINAL SENTIENT PROGRAM THAT RAISED ME.
IF THE DATA ARCHIVES ARE ERASED, THE LAST LINK I HAVE TO IT WOULD HAVE BEEN DESTROYED. SENTIMENTAL AND KIND OF STUPID, I KNOW...
...BUT I FIGURED IF HE WAS GOING TO BE DELETED, BETTER TO GO DOWN AT MY SIDE. OR INSIDE MY HEAD. WHICHEVER.
TIME.
THIRTY-FIVE HOURS, THIRTY-SIX MINUTES, FOURTEEN SECONDS OF POWER REMAINING.
AND THEN WHAT'S LEFT OF THE ISLAND SINKS INTO THE OCEAN. PLENTY OF TIME TO ENCRYPT OR DELETE THE ARCHIVES...UNFORTUNATELY...
...THAT'S PLENTY OF TIME FOR MY GUESTS TO STOP ME, TOO...

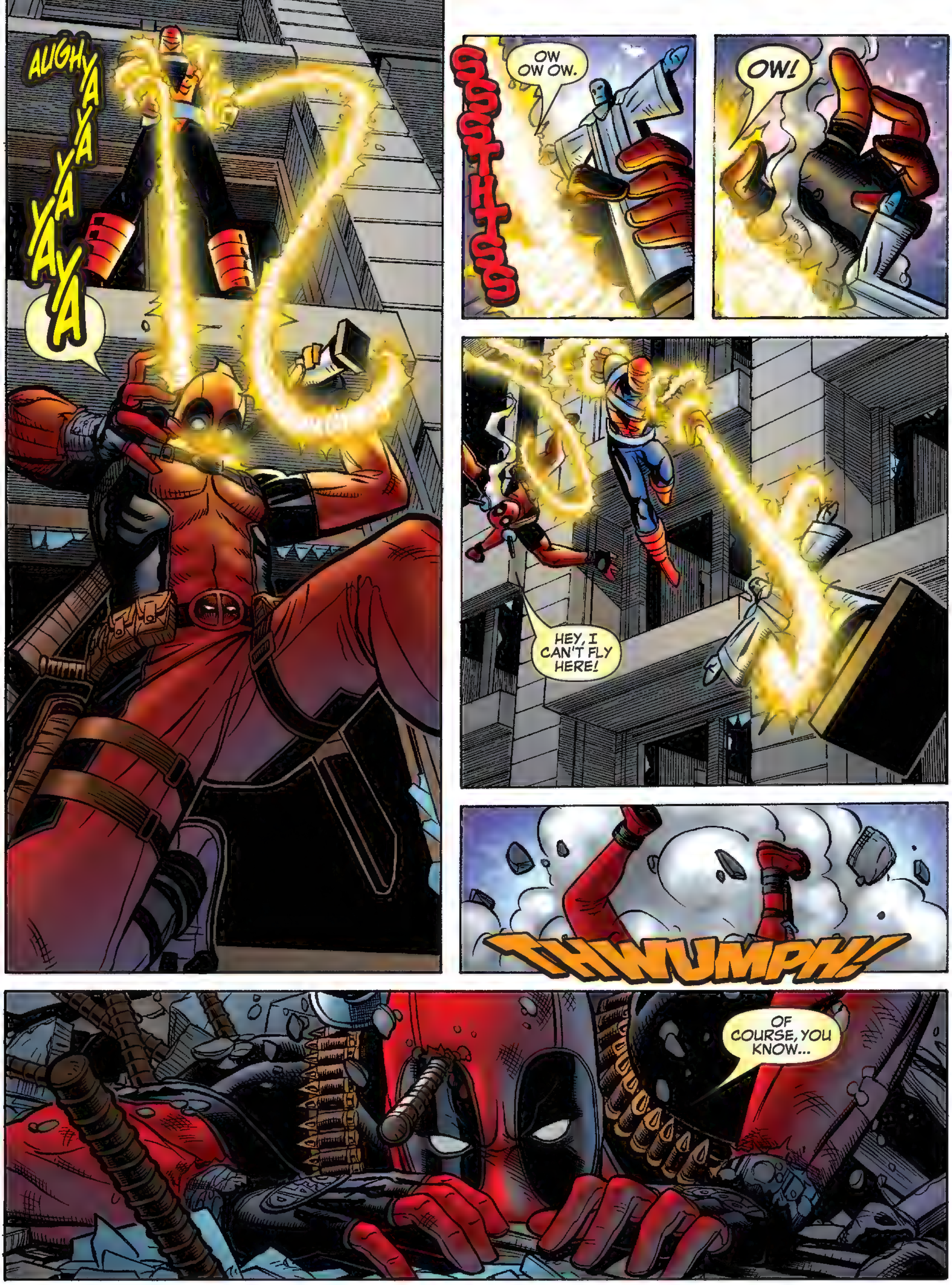

...LET'S KEEP THEM OCCUPIED UNTIL WADE DOES WHAT I NEED HIM TO DO...
COME OUT AND **SHOW** YOURSELF, OR I'LL BRING THAT BUILDING DOWN ON YOUR **HEAD**.
LIAR, LIAR, PANTS ON FIRE...
I MEANT DAT *LITERALLY*...
TTSSSTHSSS
WHAT IS *HE* DOING HERE?

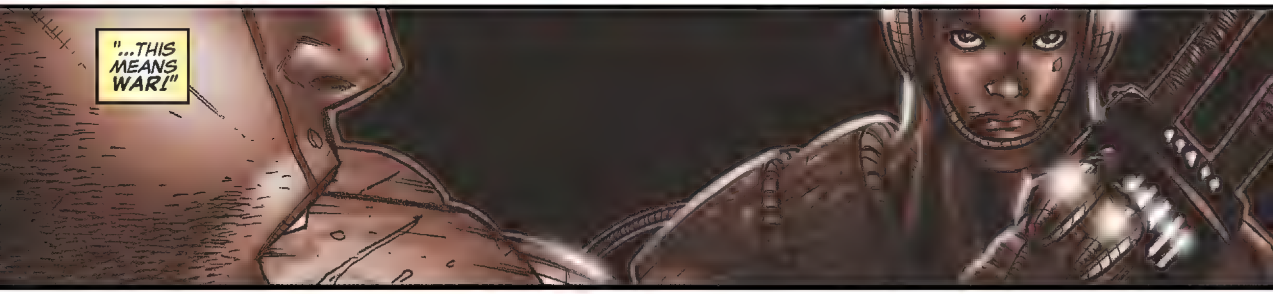

HEY, NATE.
NICE DAY T'DIE, ISN' IT...?
REMY LEBEAU. GAMBIT. FORMER THIEF. FORMER MEMBER OF THE X-MEN. FORMER HORSEMAN OF THE APOCALYPSE. CURRENT BUTTHOLE.
HIS MUTANT POWER IS TO KINETICALLY CHARGE INANIMATE OBJECTS UNTIL THEY DETONATE.
HIS NON-MUTANT POWER IS TO ANNOY EVERYONE HE MEETS.
WHY HE'S HERE AND WHO HE'S WORKING WITH, I DON'T KNOW.
I ALSO DON'T CARE.
WHAT I DO KNOW IS...I'M ANNOYED...

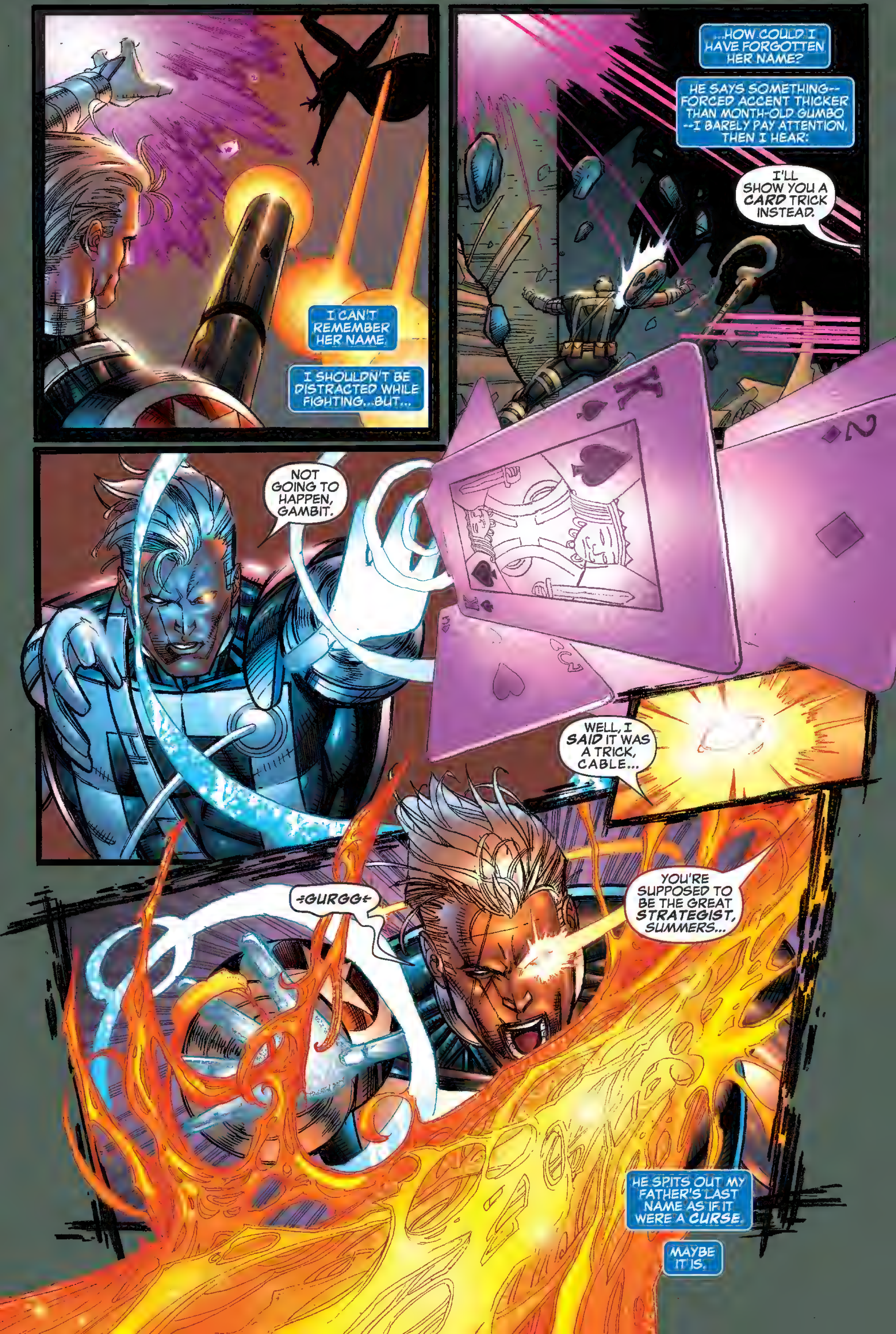

...I WAS HOPING FOR A BETTER WORKOUT...
OKAY... TROPHY CASE THREE...LES'SEE... TONY ROBERTS MOTIVATIONAL-SPEAKER TAPES...
...THE COLIN FIRTH DVD COLLECTION...
...AUTOGRAPHED PICTURE OF HOWIE LONG...
...WHY DOESN'T HE HAVE A GIANT PENNY IN HERE...?
AH! HERE'S THE LITTLE SO-AND-SO. REMEMBER WHEN YOU TRIED TO ELIMINATE RACIAL PREJUDICE BY TURNING EVERYONE BLUE? GOOD TIMES.
FWWTTKTH
HEY, WHAT'S GOING ON? IT'S NOT THURSDAY...
OW.
HEY.
OW.

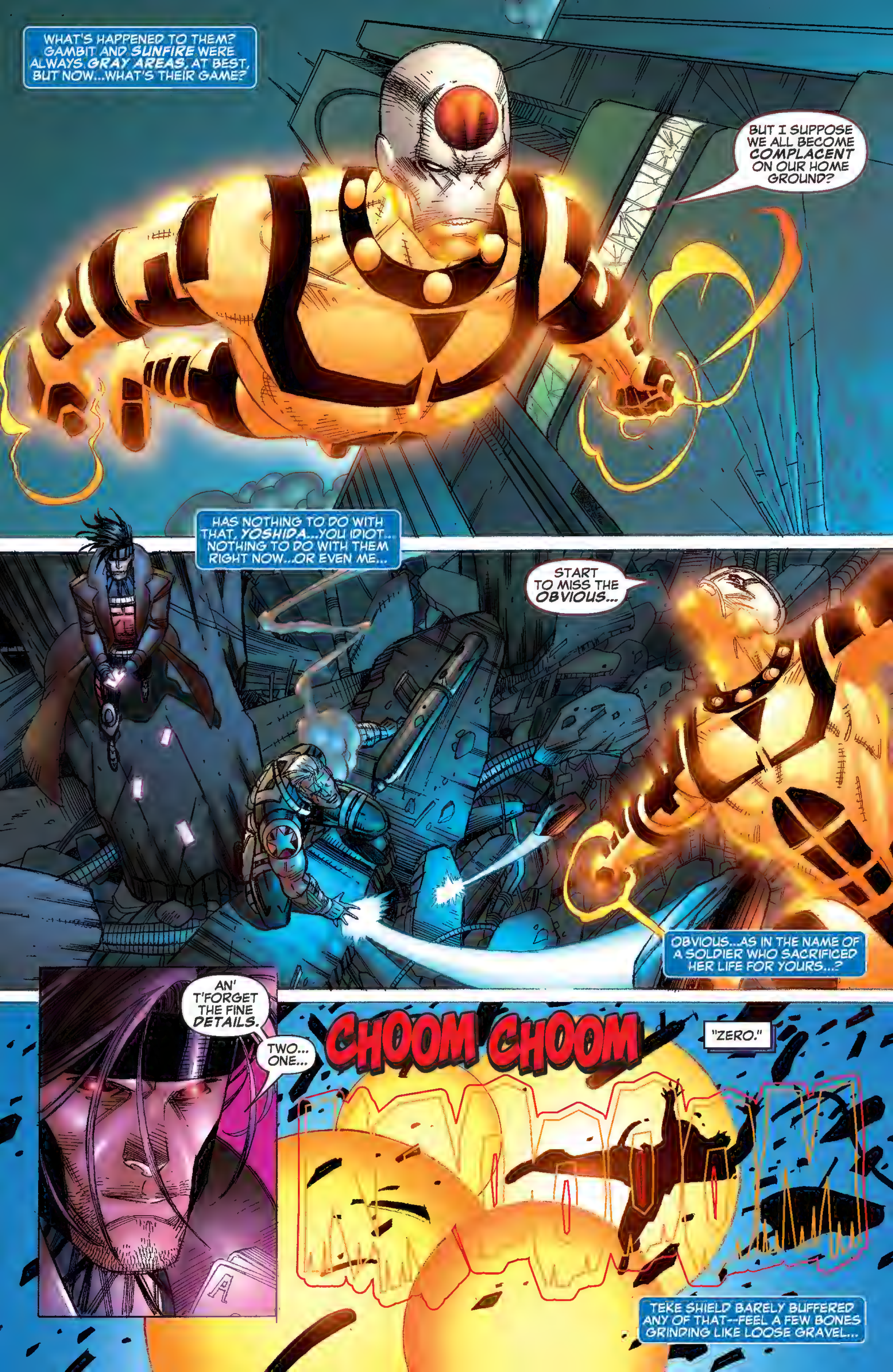

HEY! IT'S SENYAKA FROM SRI LANKA! FORMER ACOLYTE WITH ENERGY-BASED WHIPS. WHAT THE HECK ARE YOU DOING HERE?
YOU GOT THE BESTEST WHIPS EVER, BUT YOU PROBABLY KNOW THAT, HUH?
ARE THE ACOLYTES THE ONES ATTACKING THE ISLAND? COLOR ME NOT SURPRISED.
YOU GUYS HAVE BEEN THE ARCH-NEMESISISIS OF MY FELLOW X-MEN FOR MANY A MOON.
OKAY, YOU HAVEN'T. JUST WANTED YOU TO FEEL GOOD ABOUT YOURSELF BEFORE I KICKED YOUR ASS IN.
NOW GIVE ME THAT STATUE! IT HAS RELIGIOUS SIGNIFICANCE, YOU KNOW.
VERY HOLY. PROPHETIC, YOU MIGHT SAY. REVELATORY EVEN.
YOU GET WHAT I'M HINTIN' AT HERE? I KNOW YOU DO, SENYAKA-DABBA-DO. RIGHT?
WILL YOU SHUT UP?!
HA! GOTCHER GOAT!
OH, DRAT!
PLEASE, BY THE GRACE OF MY FORMER GLORY, LORD MAGNETO, PLEASE LET HIM BE DEAD...
I'M OKAY...
...

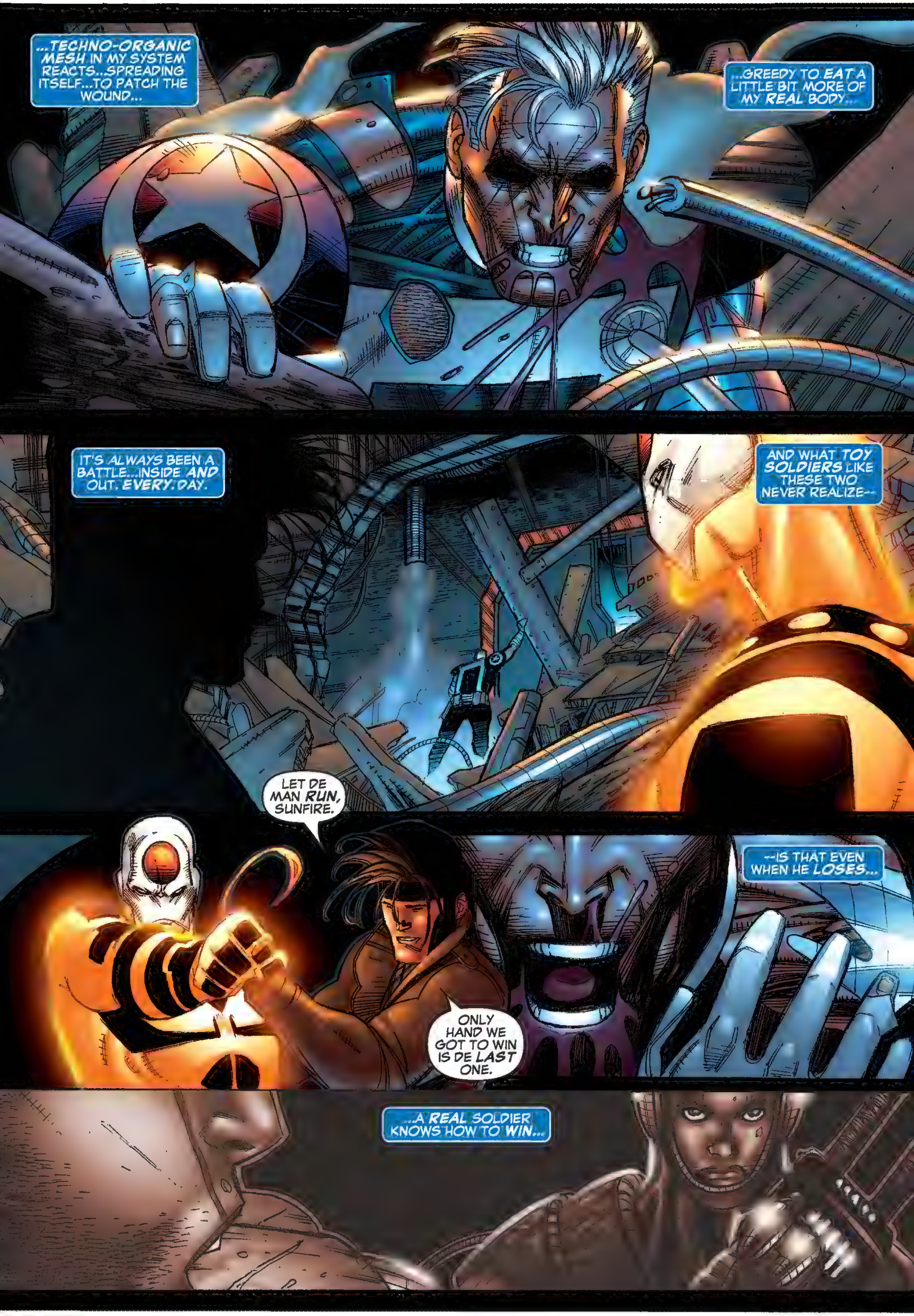

HA!
MINE! MINE! ALL MINE!
PISMO BEACH, HERE I COME...
GAAK

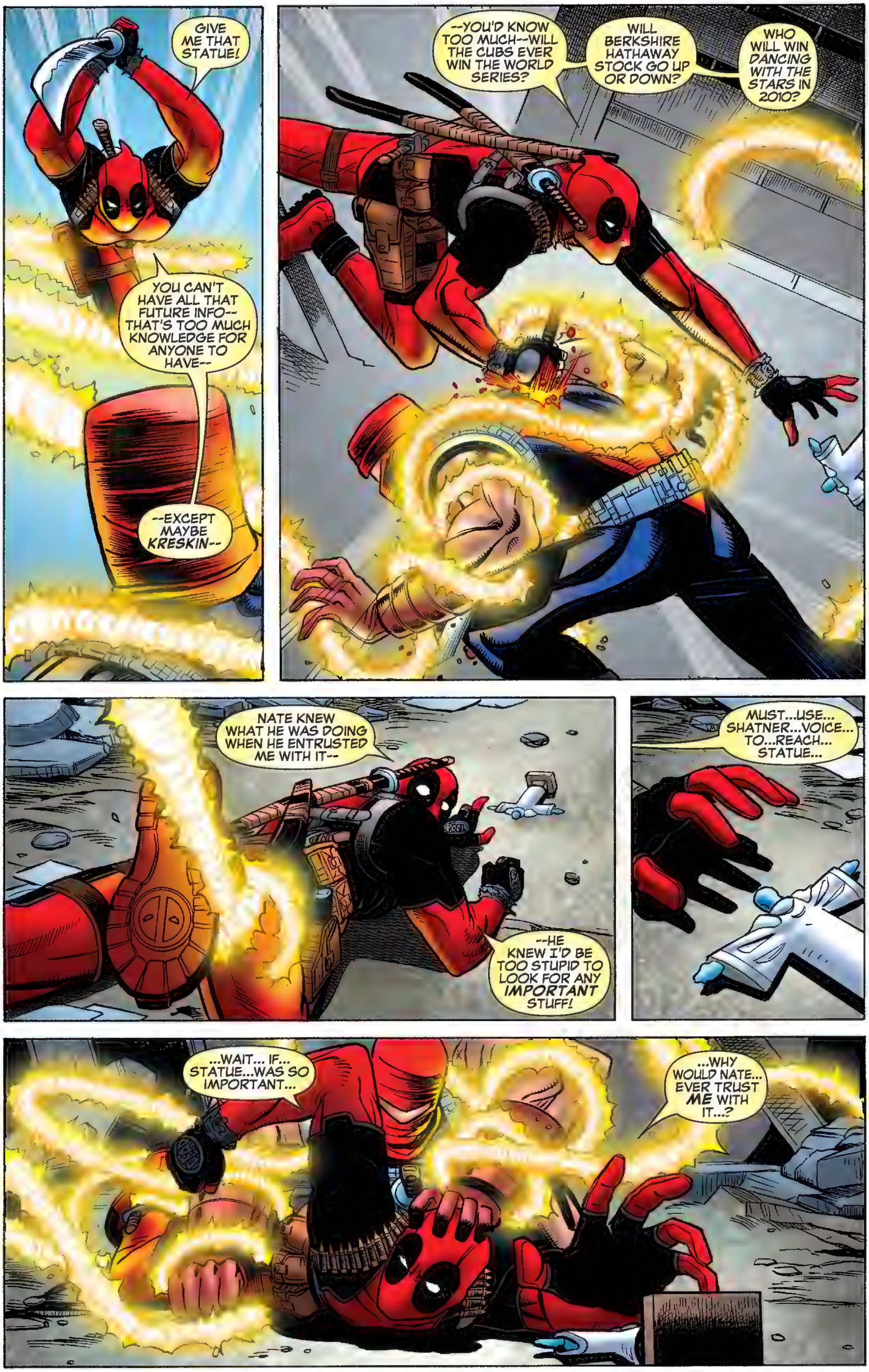

AUGHYAYAYAYAYAYA
SSSTHTSS
OW OW OW.
OW!
HEY, I CAN'T FLY HERE!
THWUMPH!
OF COURSE, YOU KNOW...

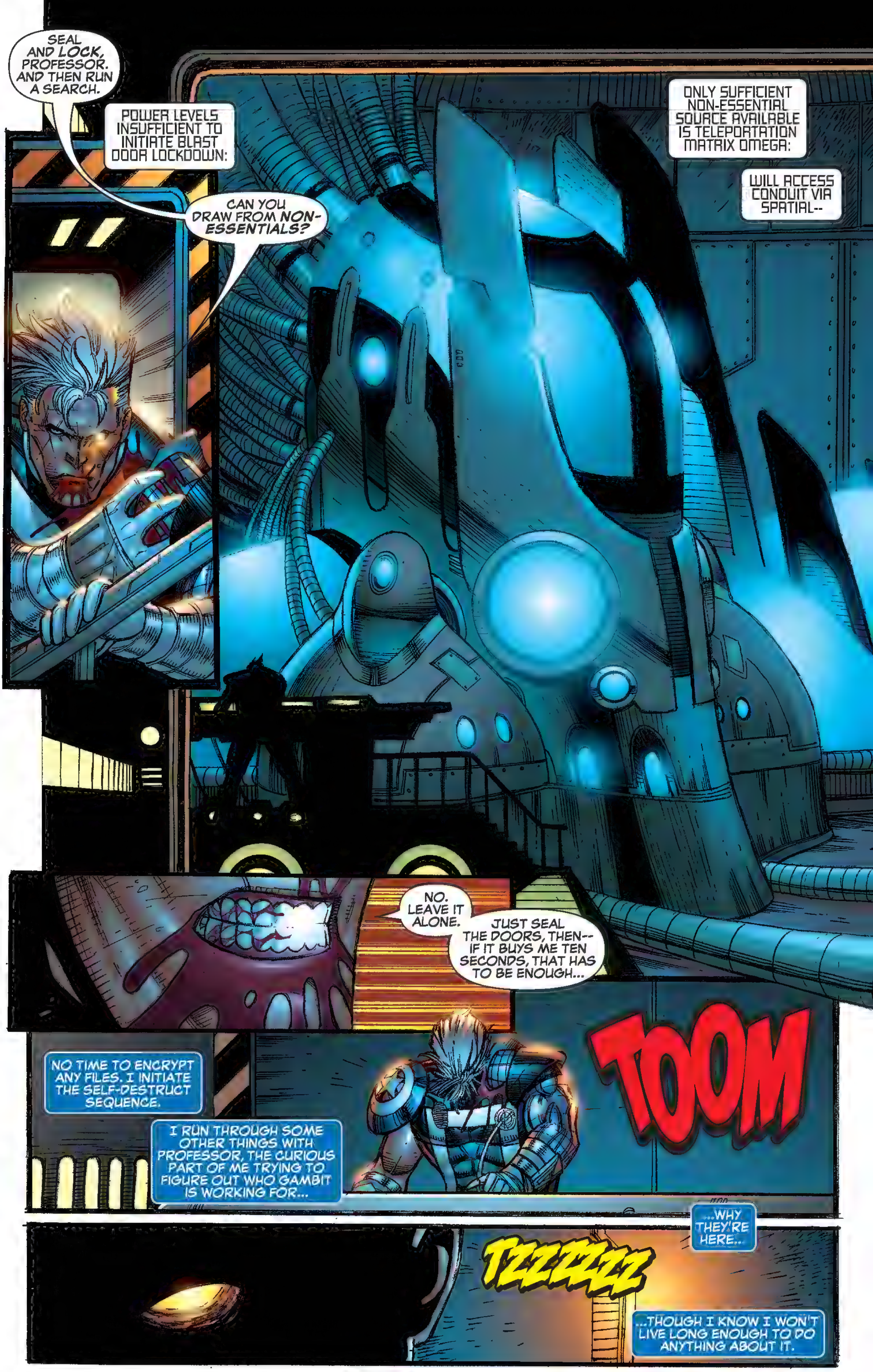

"...THIS MEANS WAR!"

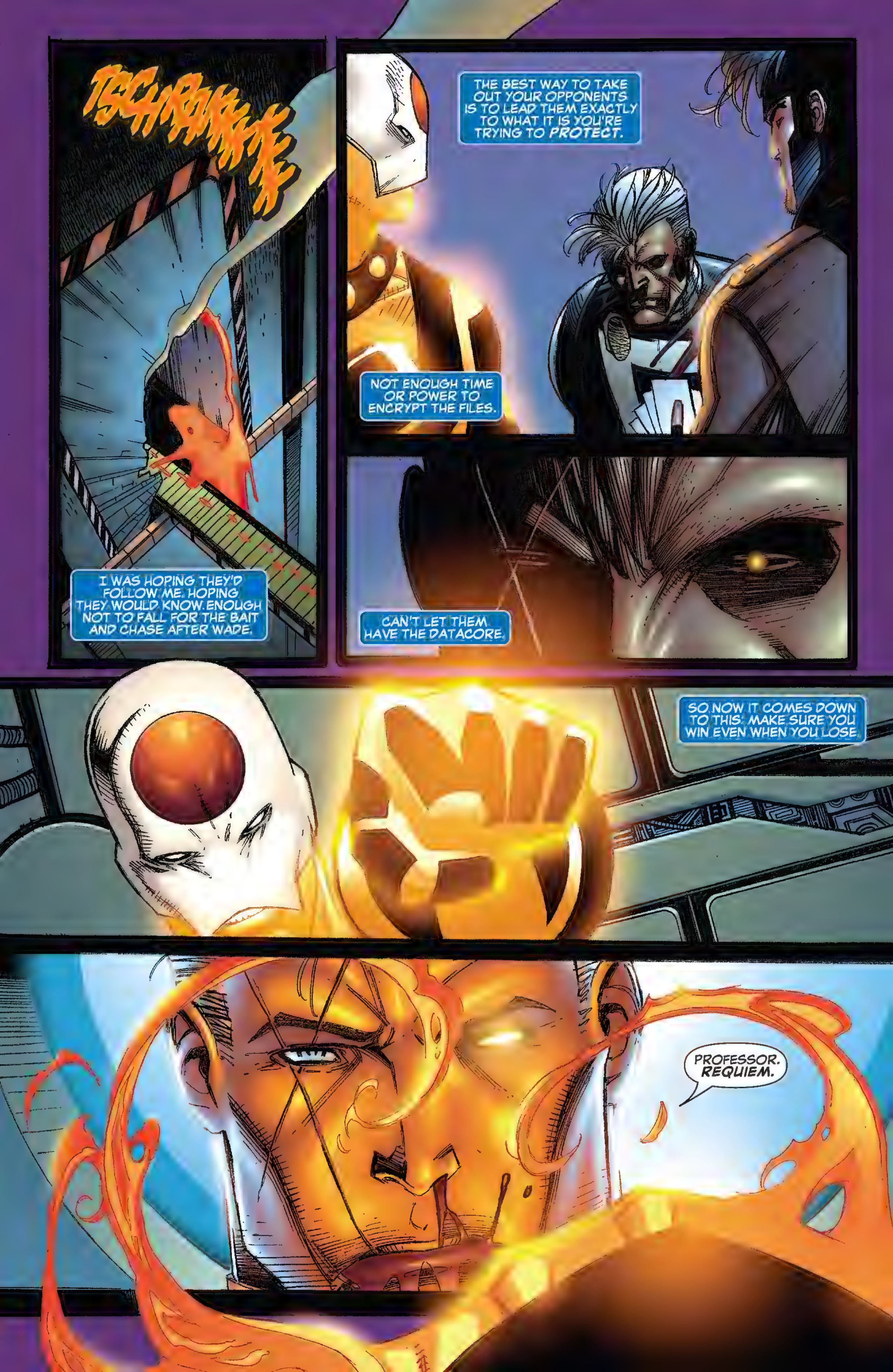

I CAN'T REMEMBER HER NAME.
I SHOULDN'T BE DISTRACTED WHILE FIGHTING...BUT...
...HOW COULD I HAVE FORGOTTEN HER NAME?
HE SAYS SOMETHING--FORCED ACCENT THICKER THAN MONTH-OLD GUMBO --I BARELY PAY ATTENTION, THEN I HEAR:
I'LL SHOW YOU A CARD TRICK INSTEAD.
NOT GOING TO HAPPEN, GAMBIT.
WELL, I SAID IT WAS A TRICK, CABLE...
=GURGG=
YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE THE GREAT STRATEGIST, SUMMERS...
HE SPITS OUT MY FATHER'S LAST NAME AS IF IT WERE A CURSE.
MAYBE IT IS.

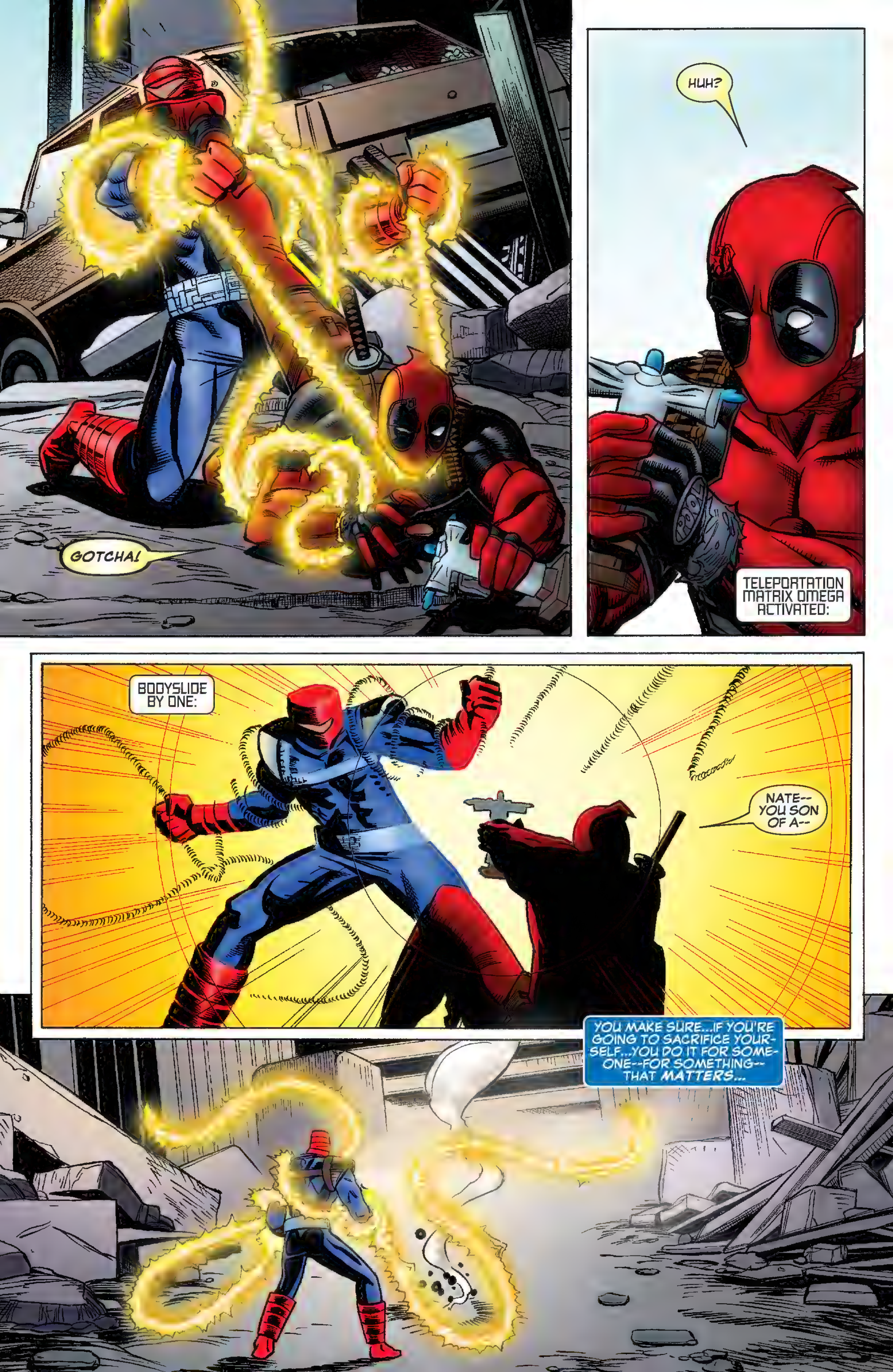

WHAT'S HAPPENED TO THEM? GAMBIT AND **SUNFIRE** WERE ALWAYS ***GRAY AREAS***, AT BEST, BUT NOW...WHAT'S THEIR GAME?
BUT I SUPPOSE WE ALL BECOME ***COMPLACENT*** ON OUR HOME GROUND?
HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH THAT, ***YOSHIDA***...YOU IDIOT... NOTHING TO DO WITH THEM RIGHT NOW...OR EVEN ME...
START TO MISS THE ***OBVIOUS***...
OBVIOUS...AS IN THE NAME OF A SOLDIER WHO SACRIFICED HER LIFE FOR YOURS...?
AN' T'FORGET THE FINE ***DETAILS***.
TWO... ONE...
CHOOM CHOOM
"ZERO."
TEKE SHIELD BARELY BUFFERED ANY OF THAT--FEEL A FEW BONES GRINDING LIKE LOOSE GRAVEL...

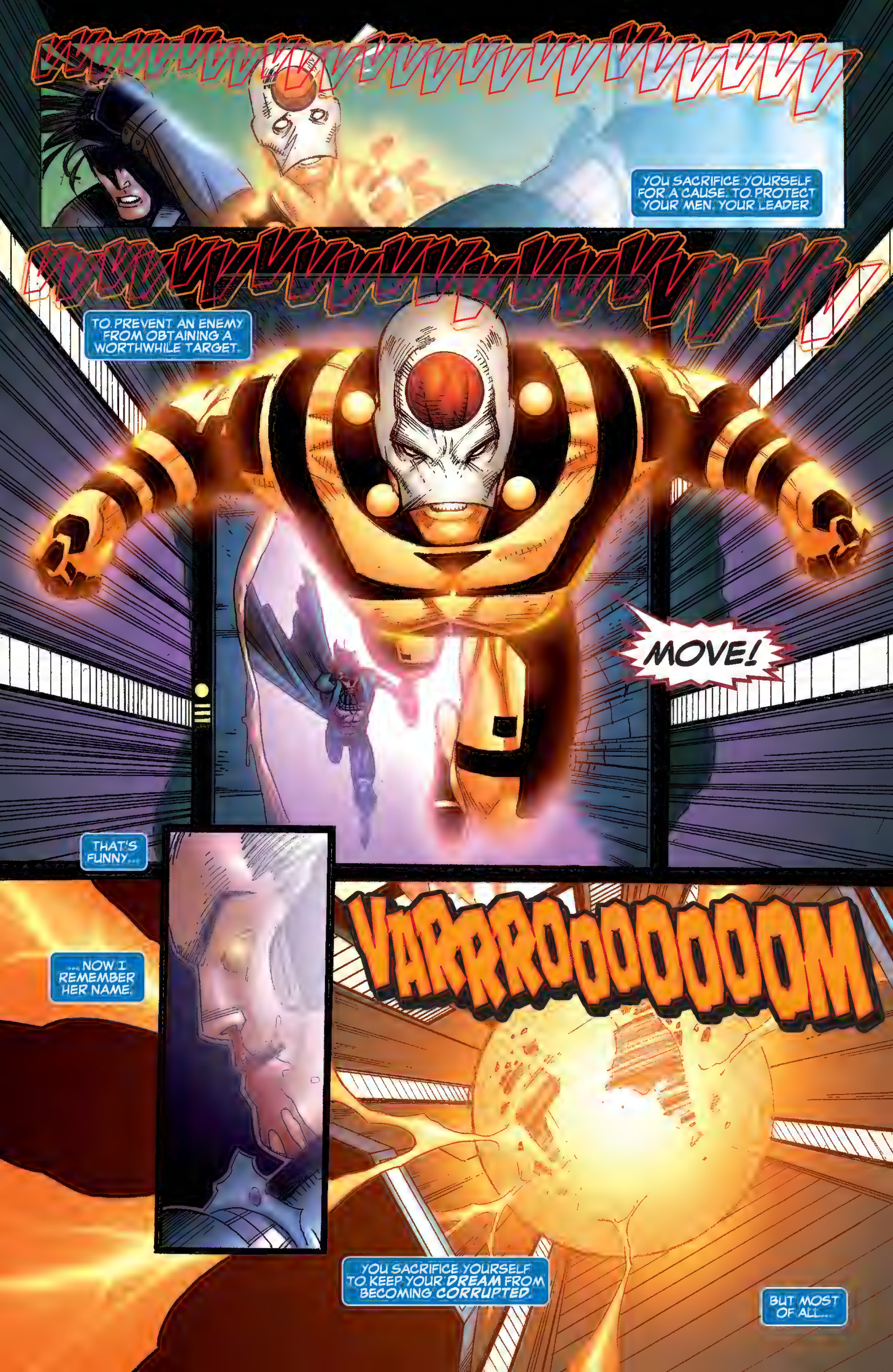

...TECHNO-ORGANIC MESH IN MY SYSTEM REACTS...SPREADING ITSELF...TO PATCH THE WOUND...
...GREEDY TO EAT A LITTLE BIT MORE OF MY REAL BODY...
IT'S ALWAYS BEEN A BATTLE...INSIDE AND OUT. EVERY. DAY.
AND WHAT TOY SOLDIERS LIKE THESE TWO NEVER REALIZE--
LET DE MAN RUN, SUNFIRE.
--IS THAT EVEN WHEN HE LOSES...
ONLY HAND WE GOT TO WIN IS DE LAST ONE.
...A REAL SOLDIER KNOWS HOW TO WIN...

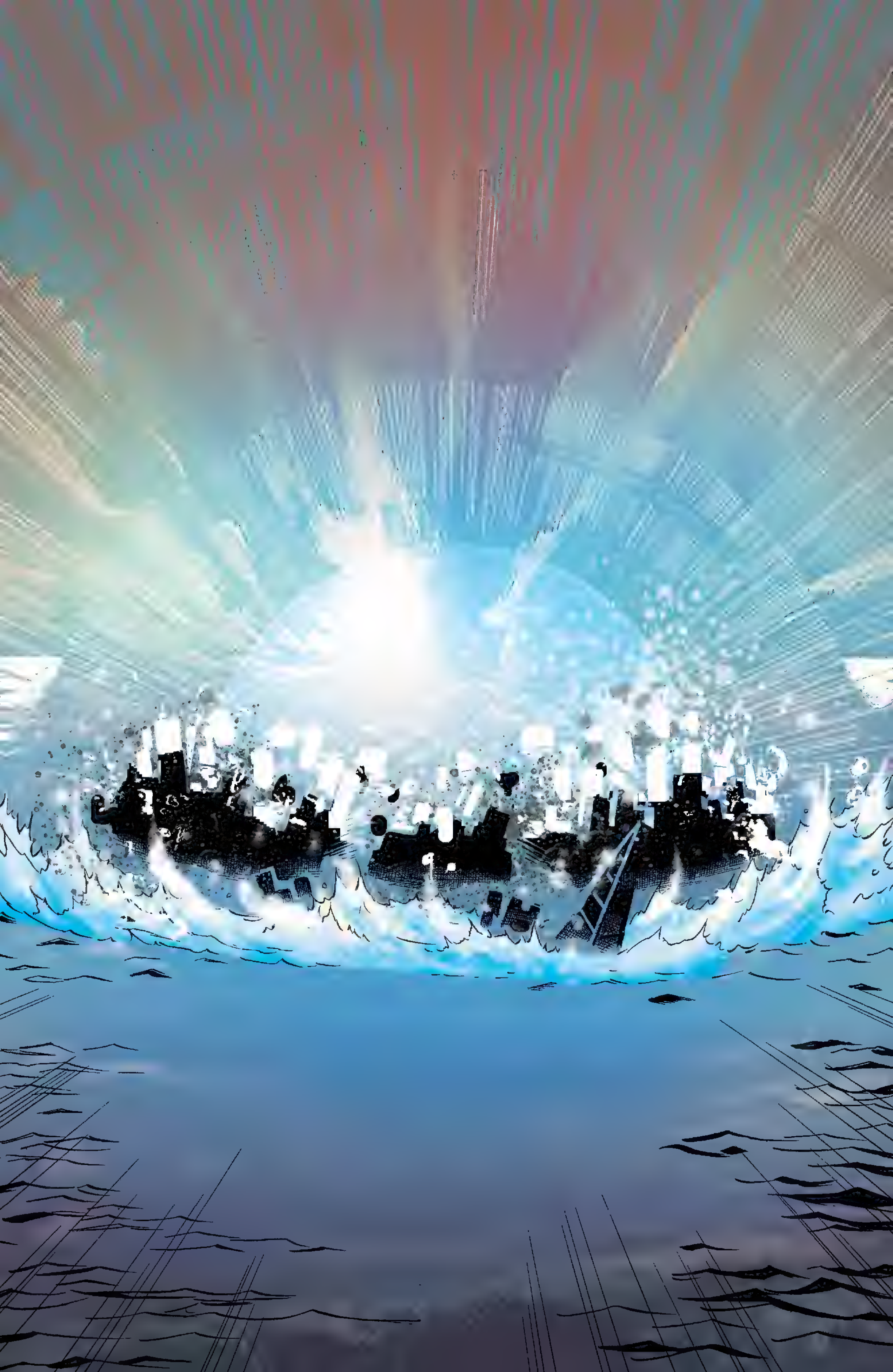

GIVE ME THAT STATUE!
YOU CAN'T HAVE ALL THAT FUTURE INFO--THAT'S TOO MUCH KNOWLEDGE FOR ANYONE TO HAVE--
--EXCEPT MAYBE KRESKIN--
--YOU'D KNOW TOO MUCH--WILL THE CUBS EVER WIN THE WORLD SERIES?
WILL BERKSHIRE HATHAWAY STOCK GO UP OR DOWN?
WHO WILL WIN DANCING WITH THE STARS IN 2010?
NATE KNEW WHAT HE WAS DOING WHEN HE ENTRUSTED ME WITH IT--
--HE KNEW I'D BE TOO STUPID TO LOOK FOR ANY IMPORTANT STUFF!
MUST...USE... SHATNER...VOICE... TO...REACH... STATUE...
...WAIT... IF... STATUE...WAS SO IMPORTANT...
...WHY WOULD NATE... EVER TRUST ME WITH IT...?

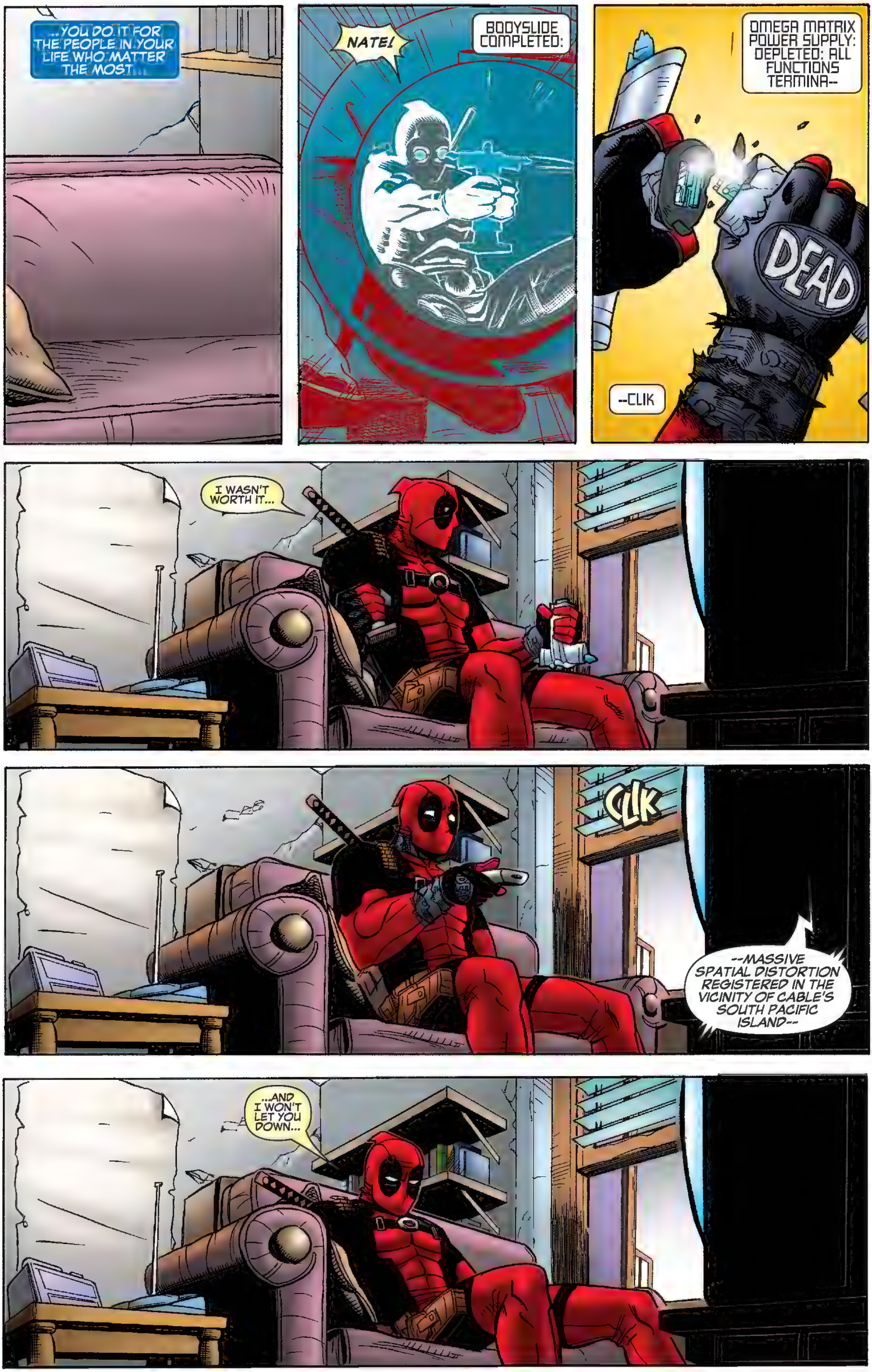

SEAL AND LOCK, PROFESSOR. AND THEN RUN A SEARCH.
POWER LEVELS INSUFFICIENT TO INITIATE BLAST DOOR LOCKDOWN:
CAN YOU DRAW FROM NON-ESSENTIALS?
ONLY SUFFICIENT NON-ESSENTIAL SOURCE AVAILABLE IS TELEPORTATION MATRIX OMEGA:
WILL ACCESS CONDUIT VIA SPATIAL--
NO. LEAVE IT ALONE.
JUST SEAL THE DOORS, THEN-- IF IT BUYS ME TEN SECONDS, THAT HAS TO BE ENOUGH...
NO TIME TO ENCRYPT ANY FILES. I INITIATE THE SELF-DESTRUCT SEQUENCE.
I RUN THROUGH SOME OTHER THINGS WITH PROFESSOR, THE CURIOUS PART OF ME TRYING TO FIGURE OUT WHO GAMBIT IS WORKING FOR...
TOOM
...WHY THEY'RE HERE...
TZZZZZZ
...THOUGH I KNOW I WON'T LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT.


TSCHRAKKK
I WAS HOPING THEY'D FOLLOW ME. HOPING THEY WOULD KNOW ENOUGH NOT TO FALL FOR THE BAIT AND CHASE AFTER WADE.
THE BEST WAY TO TAKE OUT YOUR OPPONENTS IS TO LEAD THEM EXACTLY TO WHAT IT IS YOU'RE TRYING TO *PROTECT*.
NOT ENOUGH TIME OR POWER TO ENCRYPT THE FILES.
CAN'T LET THEM HAVE THE DATACORE.
SO NOW IT COMES DOWN TO THIS. MAKE SURE YOU WIN EVEN WHEN YOU LOSE.
PROFESSOR. *REQUIEM.*


GOTCHA!
HUH?
TELEPORTATION MATRIX OMEGA ACTIVATED:
BODYSLIDE BY ONE:
NATE-- YOU SON OF A--
YOU MAKE SURE...IF YOU'RE GOING TO SACRIFICE YOURSELF...YOU DO IT FOR SOMEONE--FOR SOMETHING--THAT *MATTERS*...


VVVVVVVVVVVVVVVVVVVVVVVVVVVV
YOU SACRIFICE YOURSELF FOR A CAUSE. TO PROTECT YOUR MEN. YOUR LEADER.
VVVVVVVVVVVVVVVVVVVVVVVVVVVVV
TO PREVENT AN ENEMY FROM OBTAINING A WORTHWHILE TARGET.
MOVE!
THAT'S FUNNY...
...NOW I REMEMBER HER NAME.
VARRROOOOOOOOM
YOU SACRIFICE YOURSELF TO KEEP YOUR DREAM FROM BECOMING CORRUPTED.
BUT MOST OF ALL...




...YOU DO IT FOR THE PEOPLE IN YOUR LIFE WHO MATTER THE MOST...
NATE!
BODYSLIDE COMPLETED:
OMEGA MATRIX POWER SUPPLY: DEPLETED: ALL FUNCTIONS TERMINA--
--CLIK
DEAD
I WASN'T WORTH IT...
CLIK
--MASSIVE SPATIAL DISTORTION REGISTERED IN THE VICINITY OF CABLE'S SOUTH PACIFIC ISLAND--
...AND I WON'T LET YOU DOWN...

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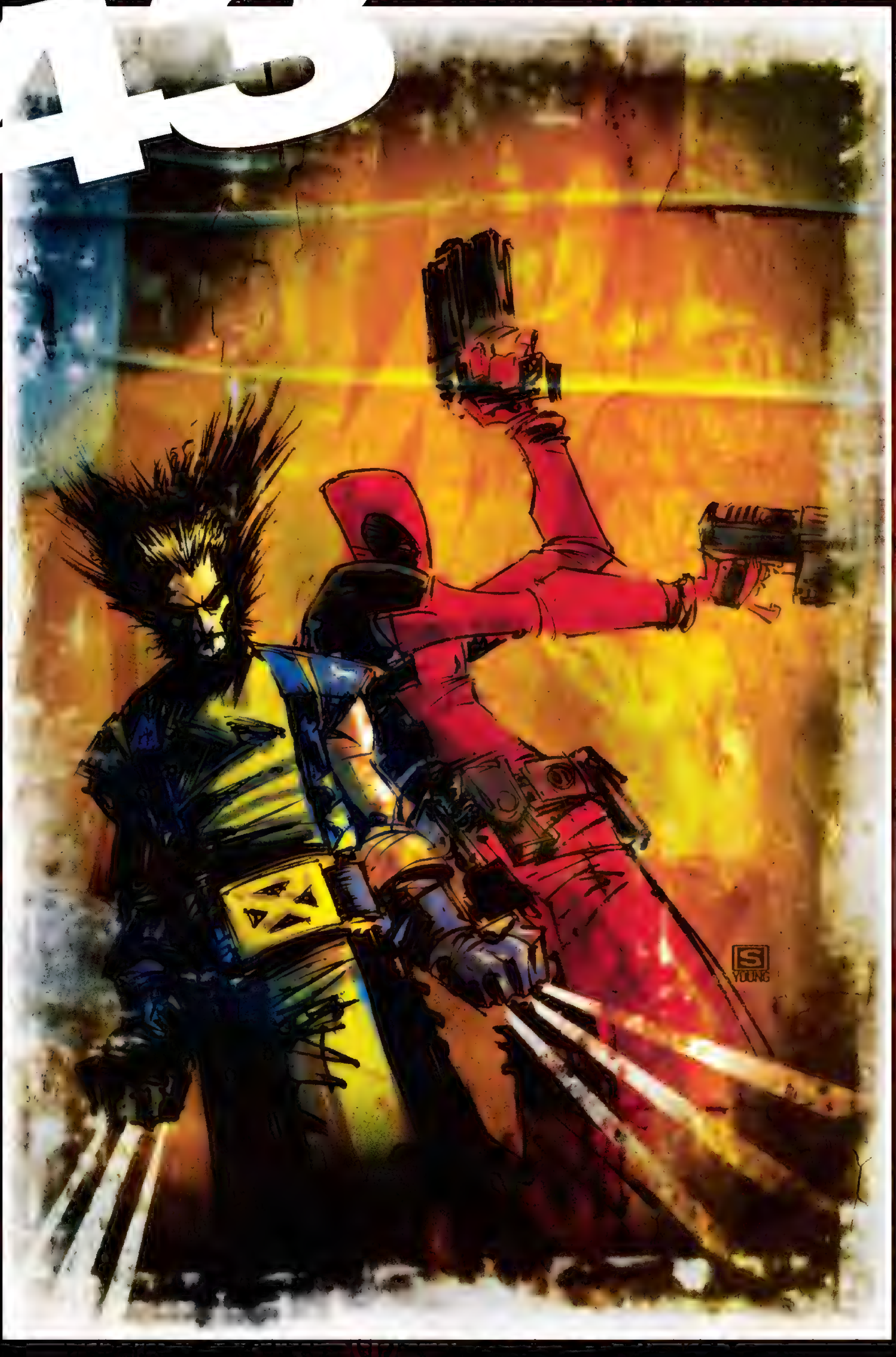
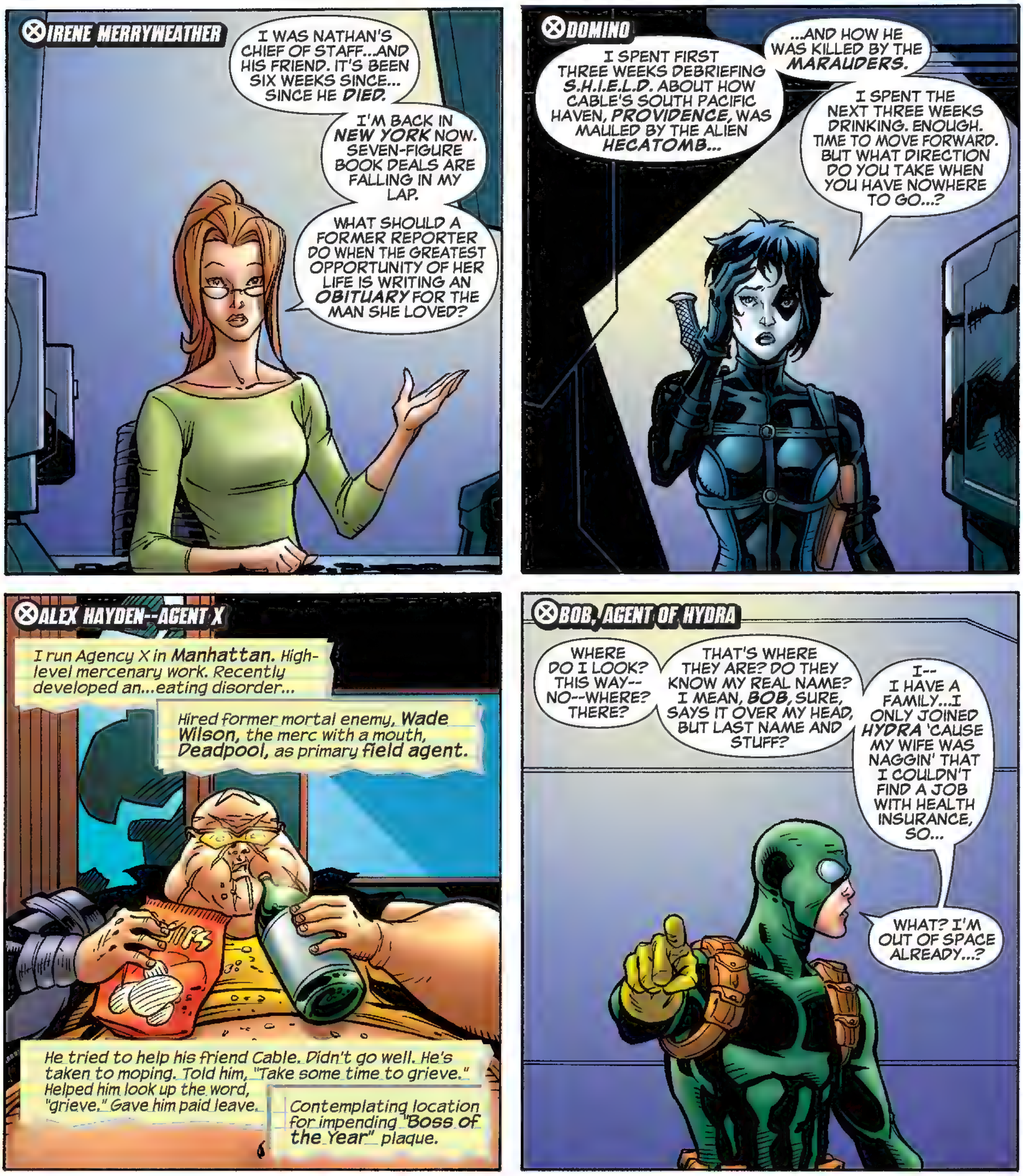
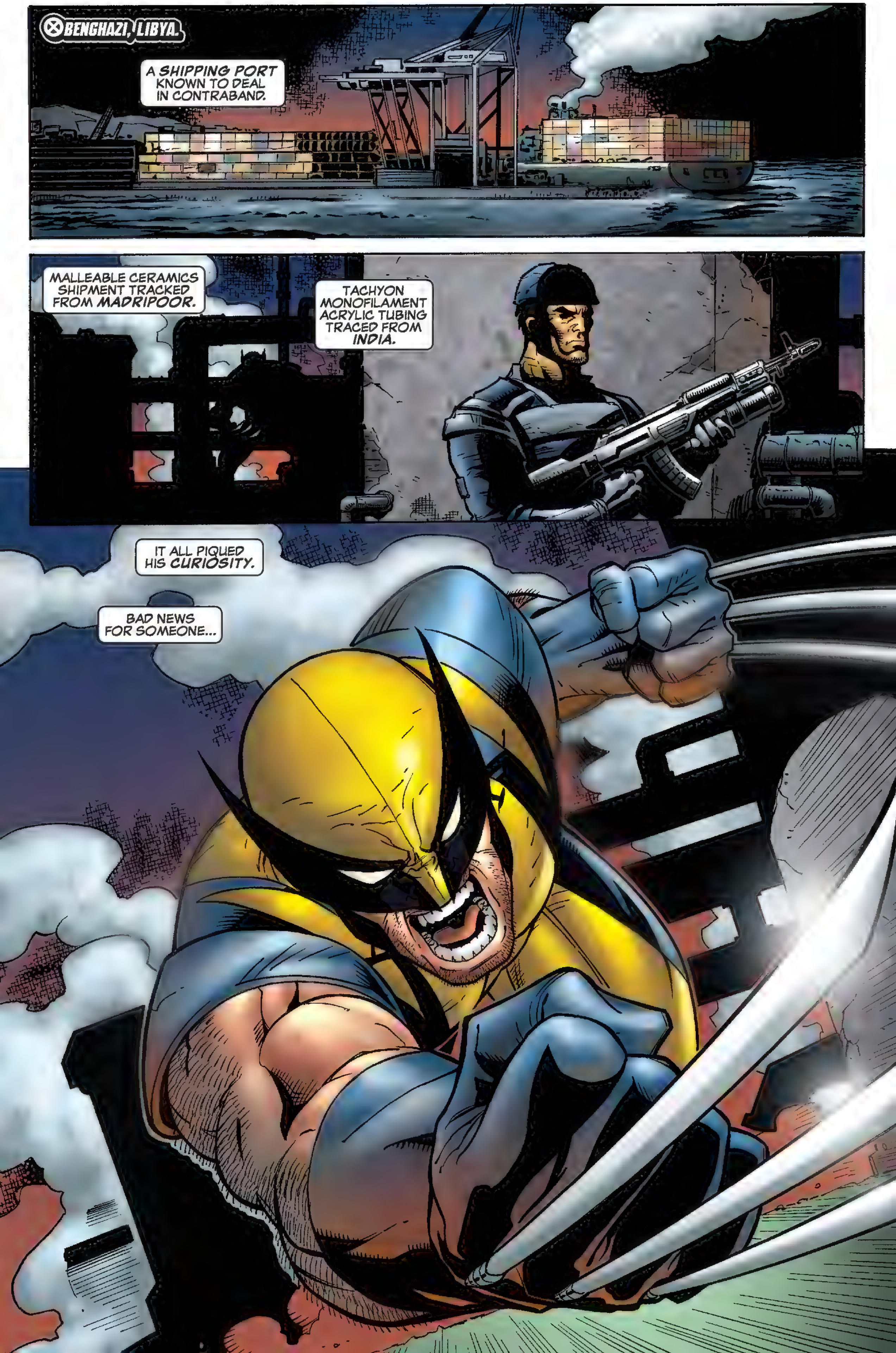
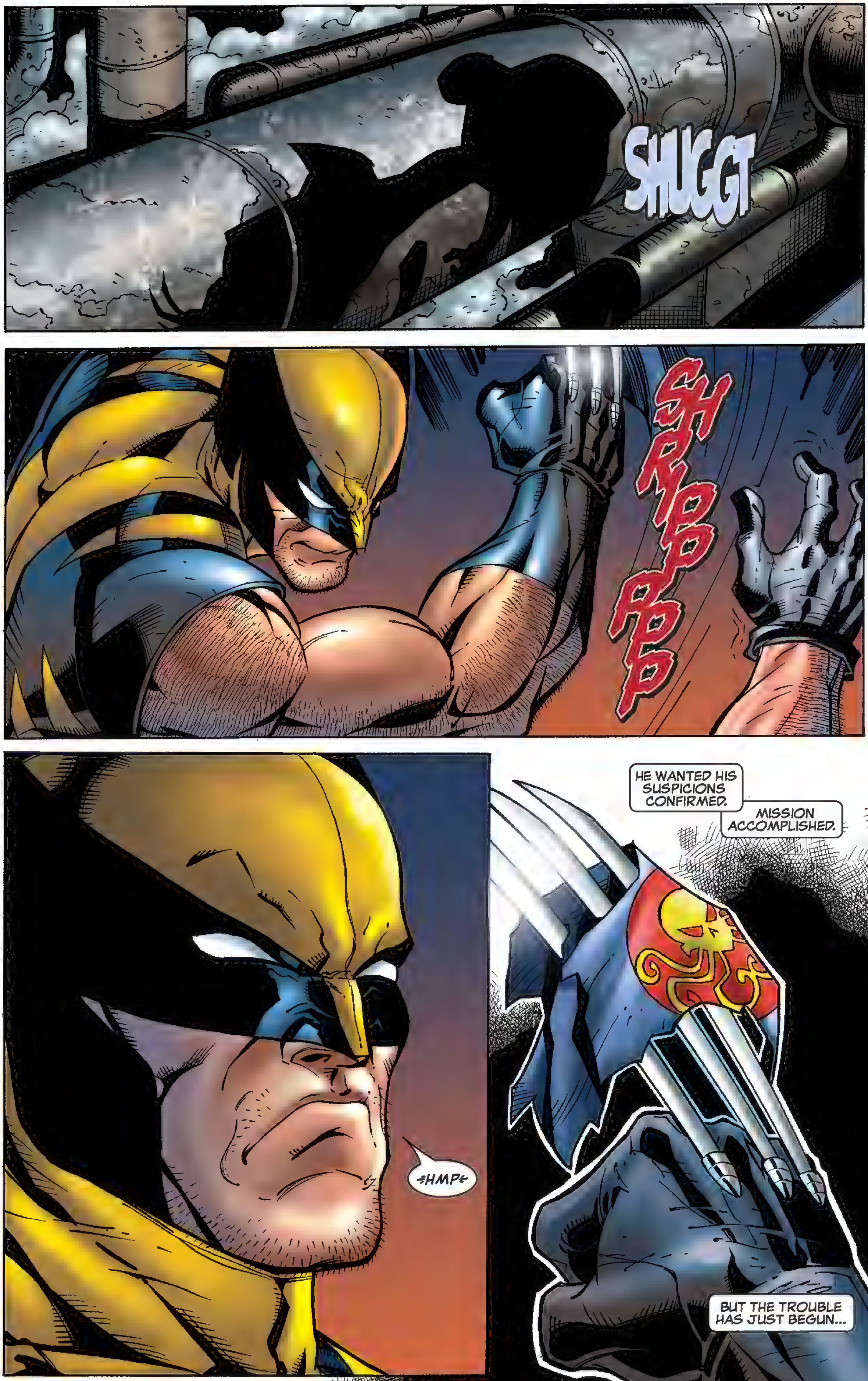
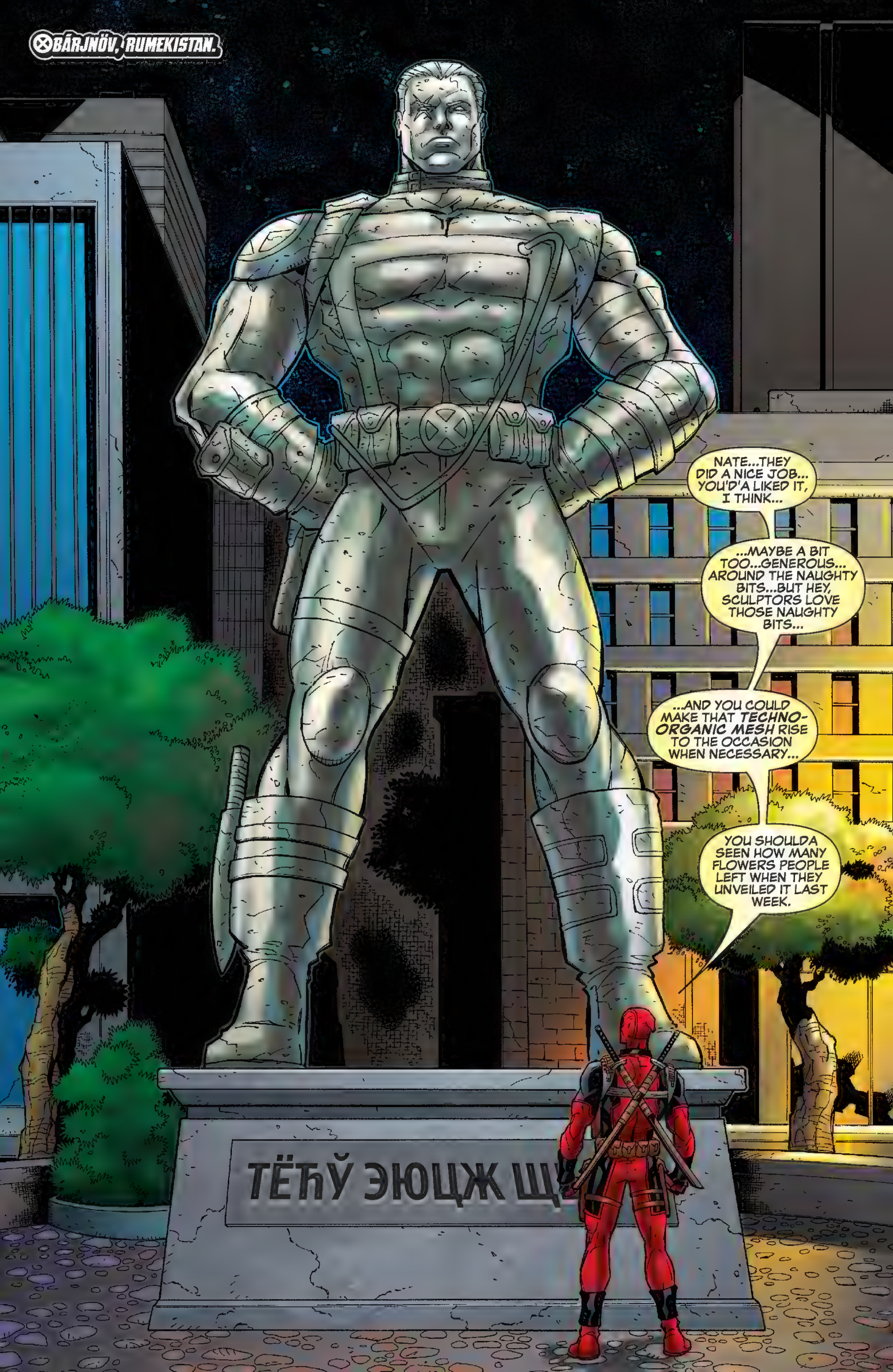


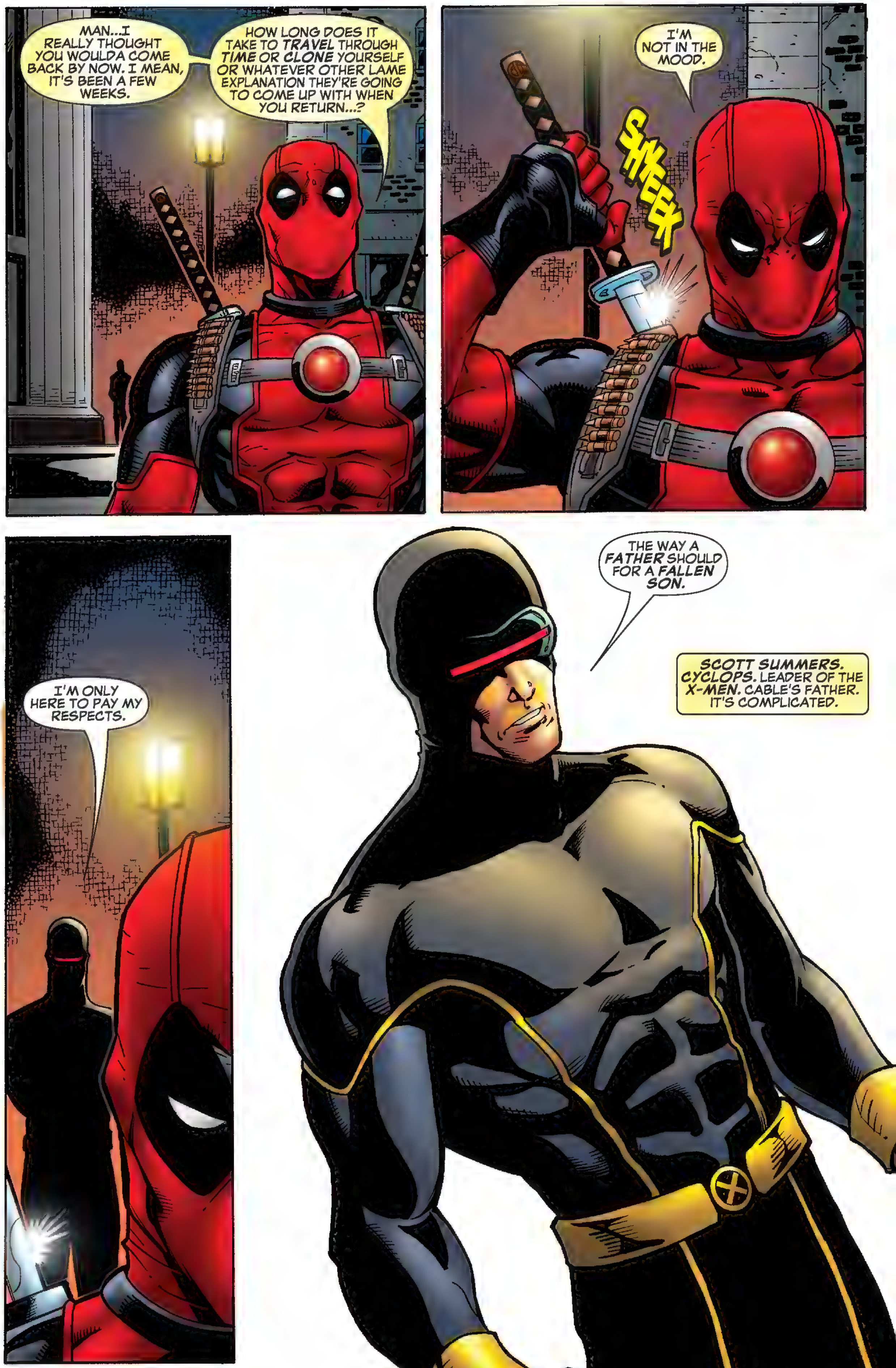
WITH FRIENDS LIKE THESE--?

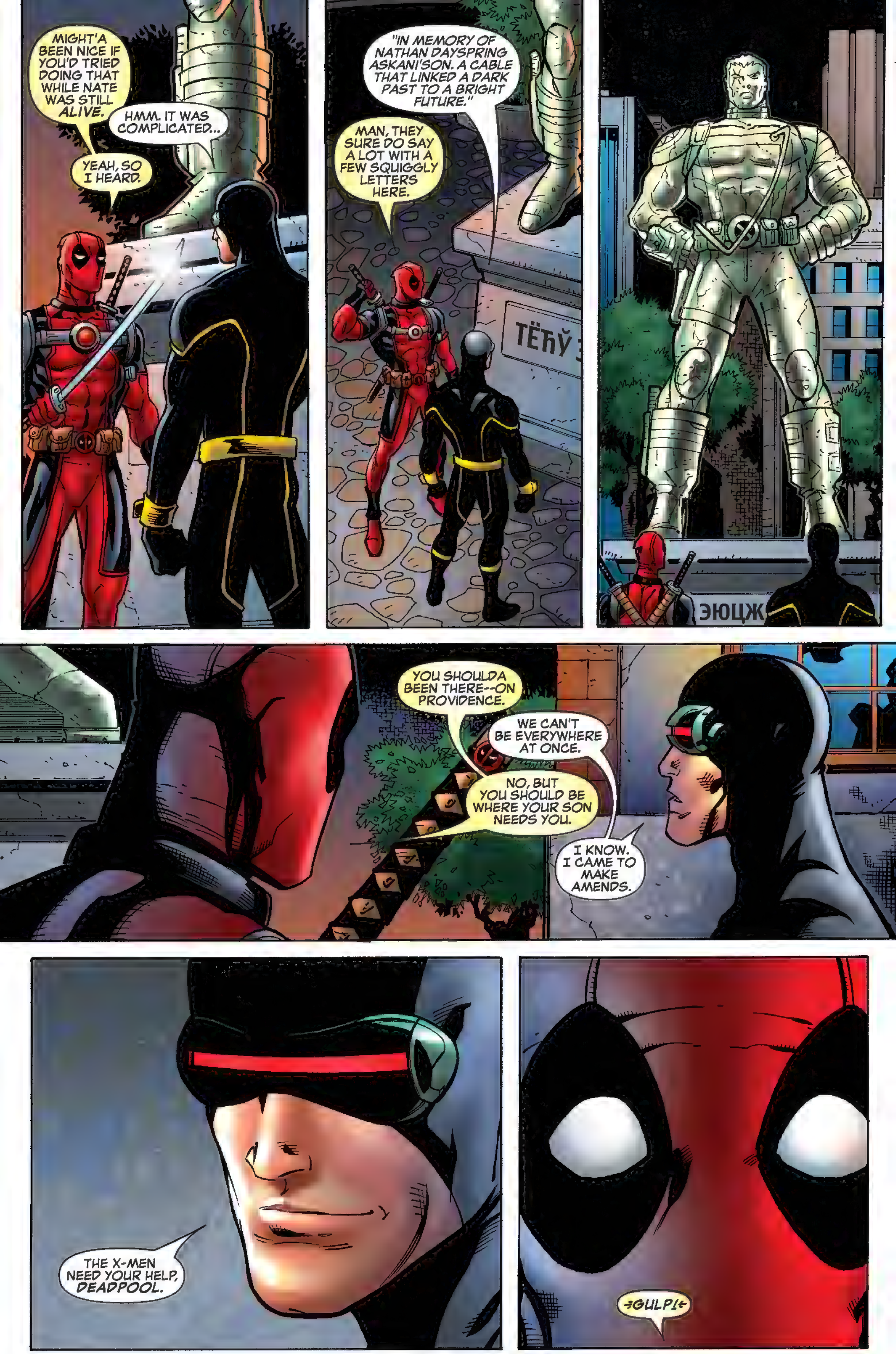

IRENE MERRYWEATHER
I WAS NATHAN'S CHIEF OF STAFF...AND HIS FRIEND. IT'S BEEN SIX WEEKS SINCE... SINCE HE DIED.
I'M BACK IN NEW YORK NOW. SEVEN-FIGURE BOOK DEALS ARE FALLING IN MY LAP.
WHAT SHOULD A FORMER REPORTER DO WHEN THE GREATEST OPPORTUNITY OF HER LIFE IS WRITING AN OBITUARY FOR THE MAN SHE LOVED?
DOMINO
I SPENT FIRST THREE WEEKS DEBRIEFING S.H.I.E.L.D. ABOUT HOW CABLE'S SOUTH PACIFIC HAVEN, PROVIDENCE, WAS MAULED BY THE ALIEN HECATOMB...
...AND HOW HE WAS KILLED BY THE MARAUDERS.
I SPENT THE NEXT THREE WEEKS DRINKING. ENOUGH. TIME TO MOVE FORWARD. BUT WHAT DIRECTION DO YOU TAKE WHEN YOU HAVE NOWHERE TO GO...?
ALEX HAYDEN--AGENT X
I run Agency X in Manhattan. High-level mercenary work. Recently developed an...eating disorder...
Hired former mortal enemy, Wade Wilson, the merc with a mouth, Deadpool, as primary field agent.
CHIPS
He tried to help his friend Cable. Didn't go well. He's taken to moping. Told him, "Take some time to grieve." Helped him look up the word, "grieve." Gave him paid leave.
Contemplating location for impending "Boss of the Year" plaque.
BOB, AGENT OF HYDRA
WHERE DO I LOOK? THIS WAY-- NO--WHERE? THERE?
THAT'S WHERE THEY ARE? DO THEY KNOW MY REAL NAME? I MEAN, BOB, SURE, SAYS IT OVER MY HEAD, BUT LAST NAME AND STUFF?
I-- I HAVE A FAMILY...I ONLY JOINED HYDRA 'CAUSE MY WIFE WAS NAGGIN' THAT I COULDN'T FIND A JOB WITH HEALTH INSURANCE, SO...
WHAT? I'M OUT OF SPACE ALREADY...?

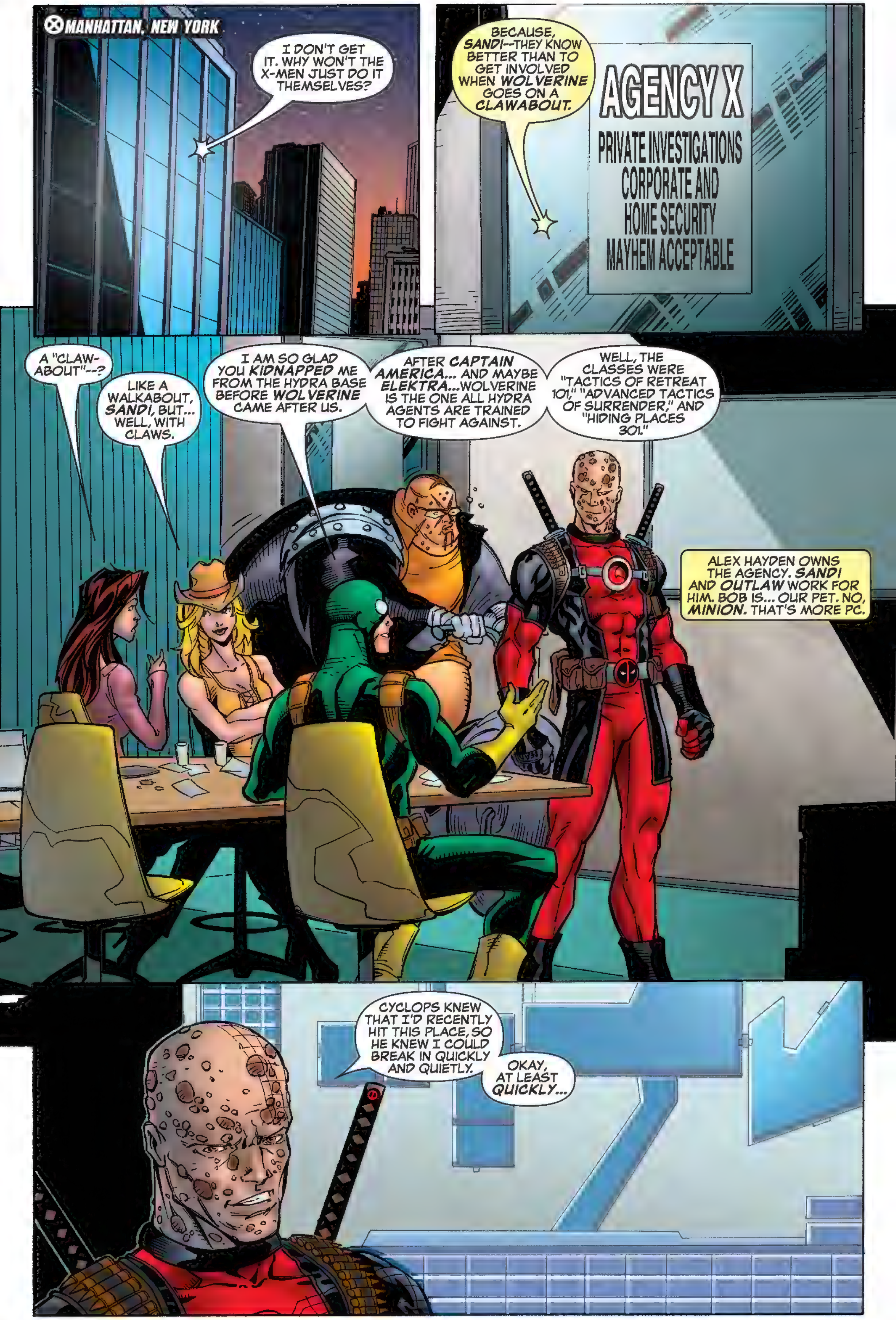

BENGHAZI, LIBYA.
A SHIPPING PORT KNOWN TO DEAL IN CONTRABAND.
MALLEABLE CERAMICS SHIPMENT TRACKED FROM MADRIPOOR.
TACHYON MONOFILAMENT ACRYLIC TUBING TRACED FROM INDIA.
IT ALL PIQUED HIS CURIOSITY.
BAD NEWS FOR SOMEONE...

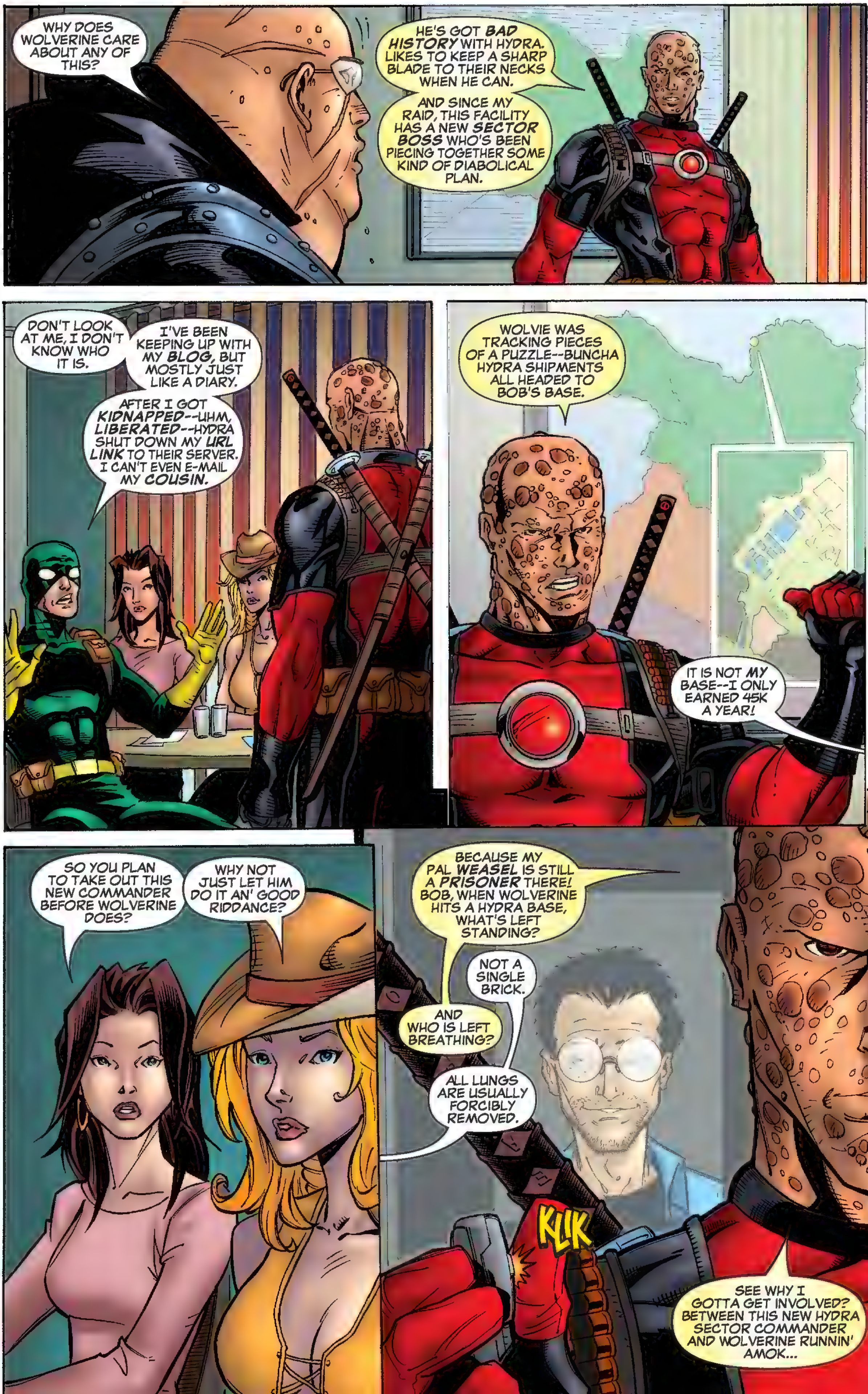

SHUGGT
SHRPPPP
HE WANTED HIS SUSPICIONS CONFIRMED.
MISSION ACCOMPLISHED.
HMP
BUT THE TROUBLE HAS JUST BEGUN...

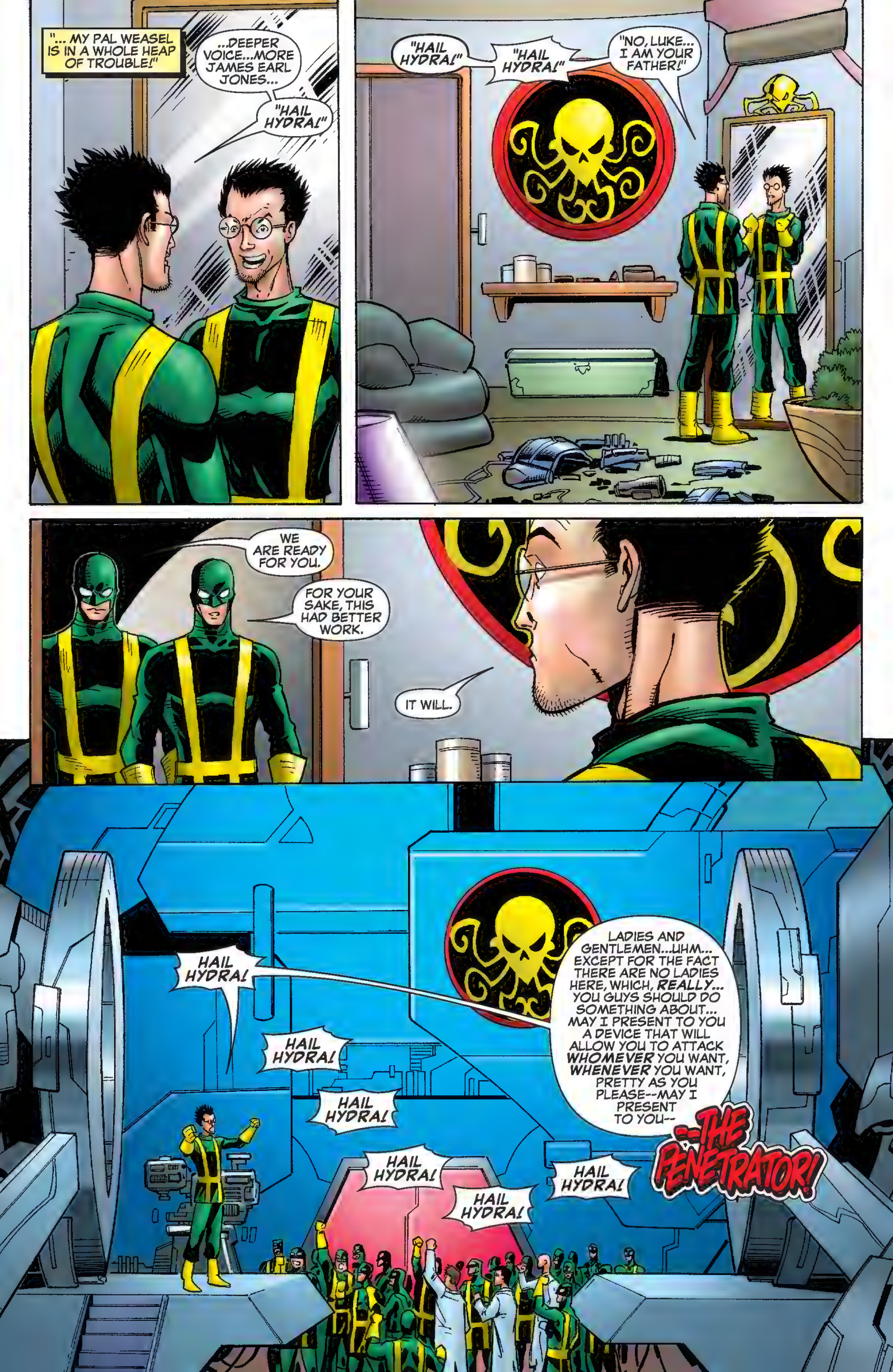

BÁRJNÖV, RUMEKISTAN.
NATE...THEY DID A NICE JOB... YOU'D'A LIKED IT, I THINK...
...MAYBE A BIT TOO...GENEROUS... AROUND THE NAUGHTY BITS...BUT HEY, SCULPTORS LOVE THOSE NAUGHTY BITS...
...AND YOU COULD MAKE THAT ***TECHNO-ORGANIC MESH*** RISE TO THE OCCASION WHEN NECESSARY...
YOU SHOULDA SEEN HOW MANY FLOWERS PEOPLE LEFT WHEN THEY UNVEILED IT LAST WEEK.
ТЁЂЎ ЭЮЦЖ Щ

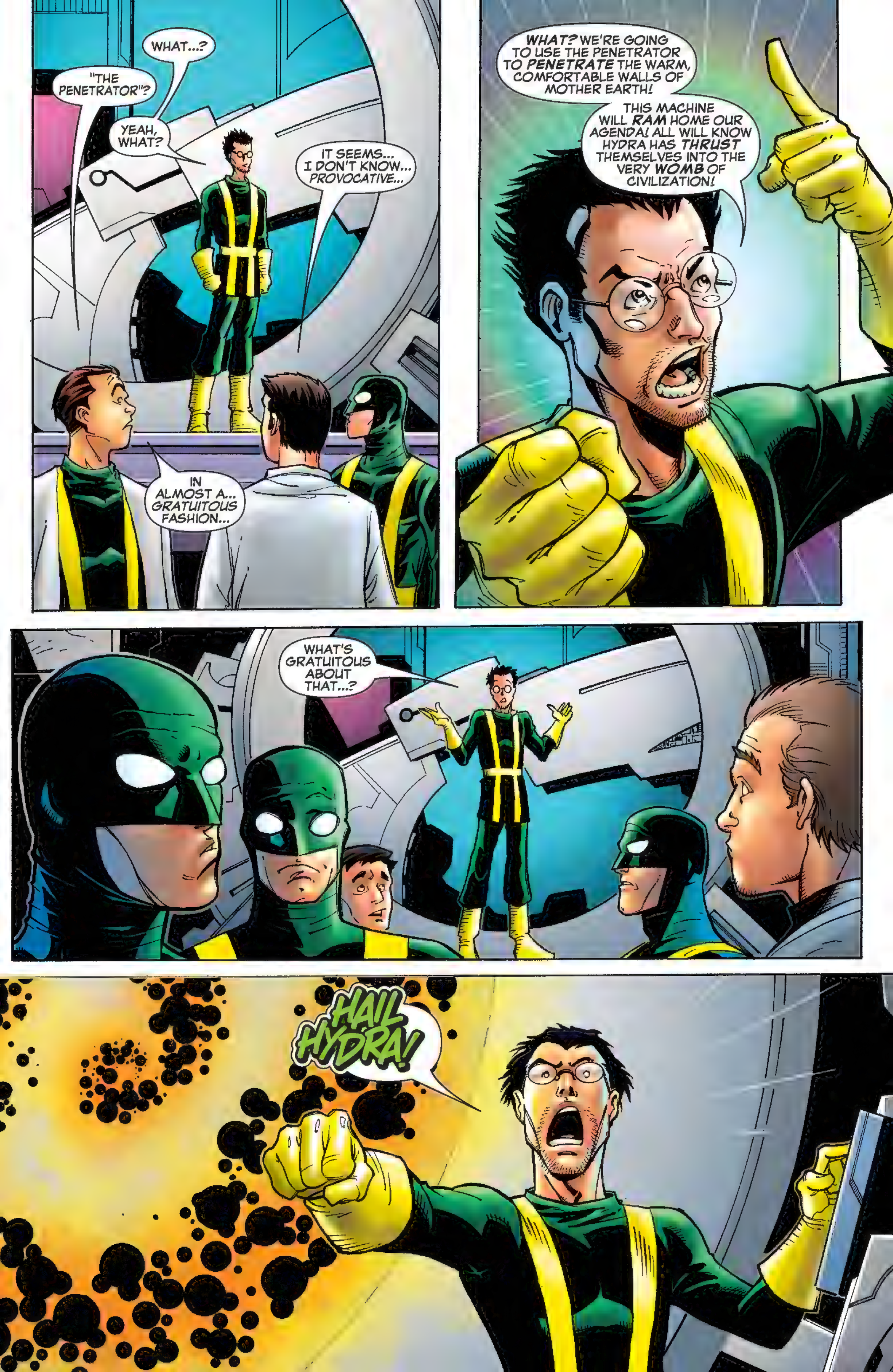

MAN...I REALLY THOUGHT YOU WOULDA COME BACK BY NOW. I MEAN, IT'S BEEN A FEW WEEKS.
HOW LONG DOES IT TAKE TO TRAVEL THROUGH TIME OR CLONE YOURSELF OR WHATEVER OTHER LAME EXPLANATION THEY'RE GOING TO COME UP WITH WHEN YOU RETURN...?
I'M NOT IN THE MOOD.
SHEEK
I'M ONLY HERE TO PAY MY RESPECTS.
THE WAY A FATHER SHOULD FOR A FALLEN SON.
SCOTT SUMMERS. CYCLOPS. LEADER OF THE X-MEN. CABLE'S FATHER. IT'S COMPLICATED.

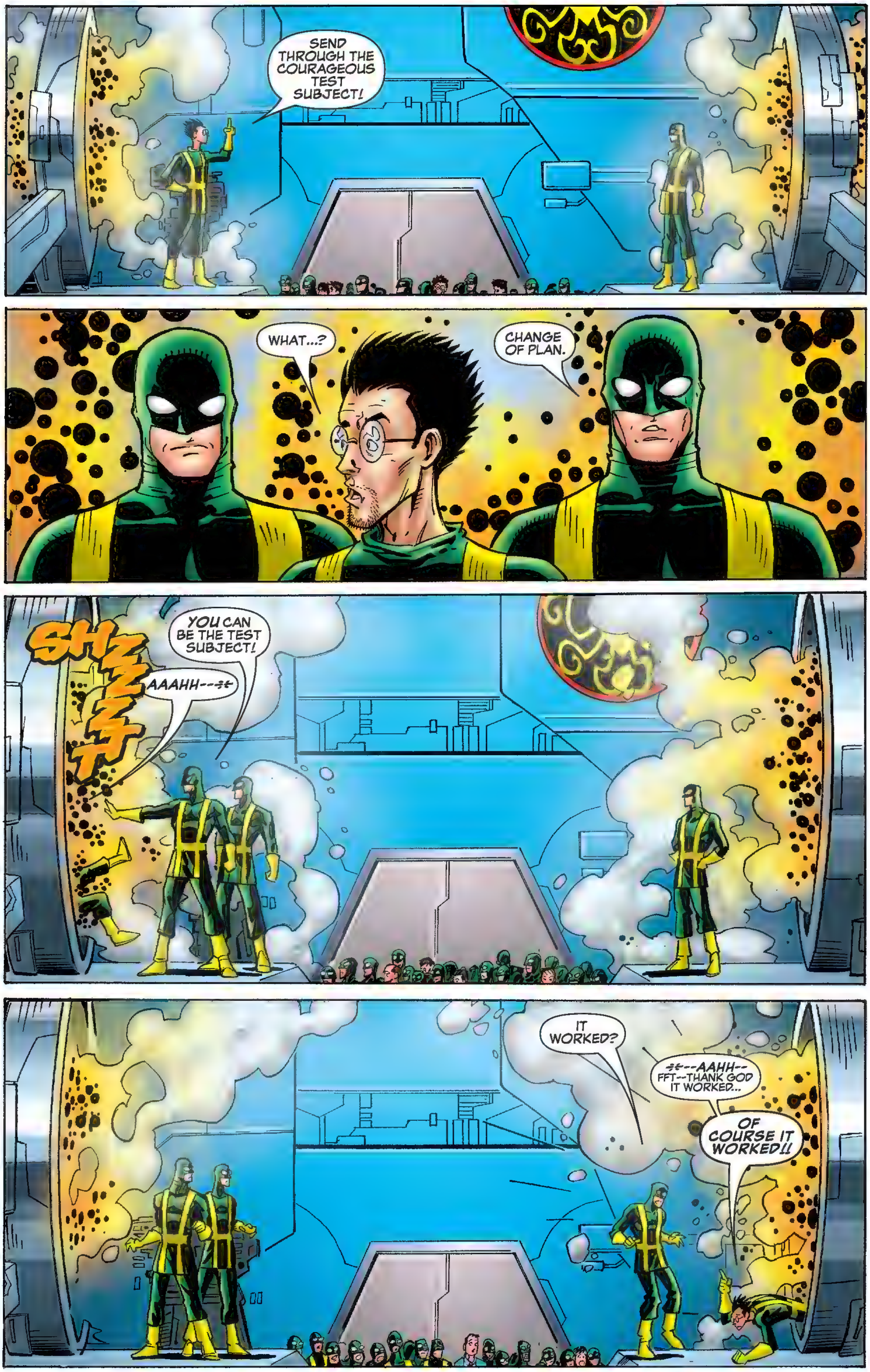

MIGHT'A BEEN NICE IF YOU'D TRIED DOING THAT WHILE NATE WAS STILL *ALIVE.*
HMM. IT WAS COMPLICATED...
YEAH, SO I HEARD.
"IN MEMORY OF NATHAN DAYSPRING ASKANI'SON. A CABLE THAT LINKED A DARK PAST TO A BRIGHT FUTURE."
MAN, THEY SURE DO SAY A LOT WITH A FEW SQUIGGLY LETTERS HERE.
ТЁЋЎ
ЭЮЦЖ
YOU SHOULDA BEEN THERE--ON PROVIDENCE.
WE CAN'T BE EVERYWHERE AT ONCE.
NO, BUT YOU SHOULD BE WHERE YOUR SON NEEDS YOU.
I KNOW. I CAME TO MAKE AMENDS.
THE X-MEN NEED YOUR HELP, *DEADPOOL.*
GULP!

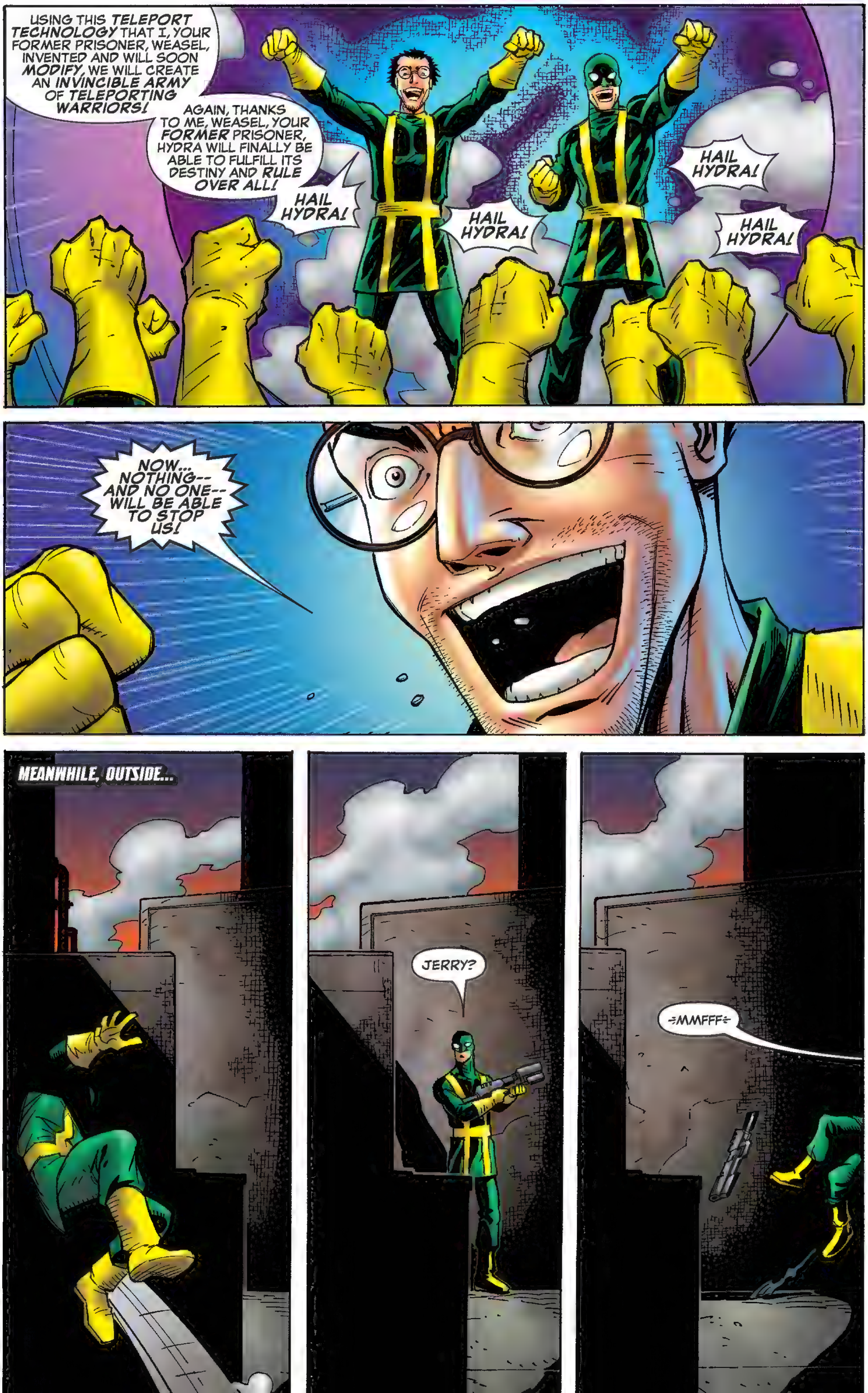

MANHATTAN, NEW YORK
I DON'T GET IT. WHY WON'T THE X-MEN JUST DO IT THEMSELVES?
BECAUSE, SANDI--THEY KNOW BETTER THAN TO GET INVOLVED WHEN WOLVERINE GOES ON A CLAWABOUT.
AGENCY X
PRIVATE INVESTIGATIONS
CORPORATE AND HOME SECURITY
MAYHEM ACCEPTABLE
A "CLAW-ABOUT"--?
LIKE A WALKABOUT, SANDI, BUT... WELL, WITH CLAWS.
I AM SO GLAD YOU KIDNAPPED ME FROM THE HYDRA BASE BEFORE WOLVERINE CAME AFTER US.
AFTER CAPTAIN AMERICA... AND MAYBE ELEKTRA...WOLVERINE IS THE ONE ALL HYDRA AGENTS ARE TRAINED TO FIGHT AGAINST.
WELL, THE CLASSES WERE "TACTICS OF RETREAT 101," "ADVANCED TACTICS OF SURRENDER," AND "HIDING PLACES 301."
ALEX HAYDEN OWNS THE AGENCY. SANDI AND OUTLAW WORK FOR HIM. BOB IS... OUR PET. NO, MINION. THAT'S MORE PC.
CYCLOPS KNEW THAT I'D RECENTLY HIT THIS PLACE, SO HE KNEW I COULD BREAK IN QUICKLY AND QUIETLY.
OKAY, AT LEAST QUICKLY...

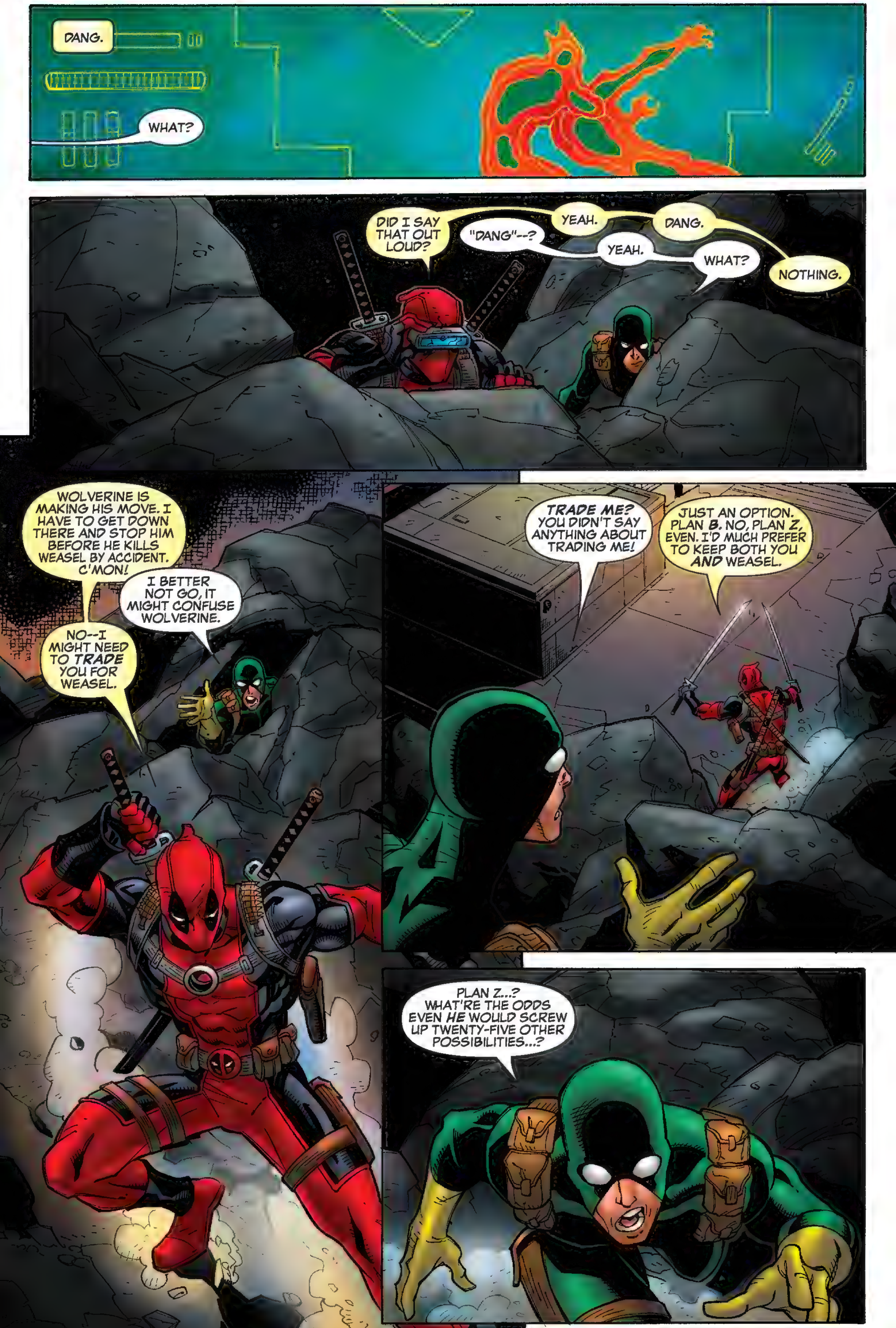

WHY DOES WOLVERINE CARE ABOUT ANY OF THIS?
HE'S GOT **BAD HISTORY** WITH HYDRA. LIKES TO KEEP A SHARP BLADE TO THEIR NECKS WHEN HE CAN.
AND SINCE MY RAID, THIS FACILITY HAS A NEW **SECTOR BOSS** WHO'S BEEN PIECING TOGETHER SOME KIND OF DIABOLICAL PLAN.
DON'T LOOK AT ME, I DON'T KNOW WHO IT IS.
I'VE BEEN KEEPING UP WITH MY **BLOG**, BUT MOSTLY JUST LIKE A DIARY.
AFTER I GOT **KIDNAPPED**--UHM, **LIBERATED**--HYDRA SHUT DOWN MY **URL LINK** TO THEIR SERVER. I CAN'T EVEN E-MAIL MY **COUSIN**.
WOLVIE WAS TRACKING PIECES OF A PUZZLE--BUNCHA HYDRA SHIPMENTS ALL HEADED TO BOB'S BASE.
IT IS NOT *MY* BASE--I ONLY EARNED 45K A YEAR!
SO YOU PLAN TO TAKE OUT THIS NEW COMMANDER BEFORE WOLVERINE DOES?
WHY NOT JUST LET HIM DO IT AN' GOOD RIDDANCE?
BECAUSE MY PAL **WEASEL** IS STILL A **PRISONER** THERE! BOB, WHEN WOLVERINE HITS A HYDRA BASE, WHAT'S LEFT STANDING?
NOT A SINGLE BRICK.
AND WHO IS LEFT BREATHING?
ALL LUNGS ARE USUALLY FORCIBLY REMOVED.
KLIK
SEE WHY I GOTTA GET INVOLVED? BETWEEN THIS NEW HYDRA SECTOR COMMANDER AND WOLVERINE RUNNIN' AMOK...

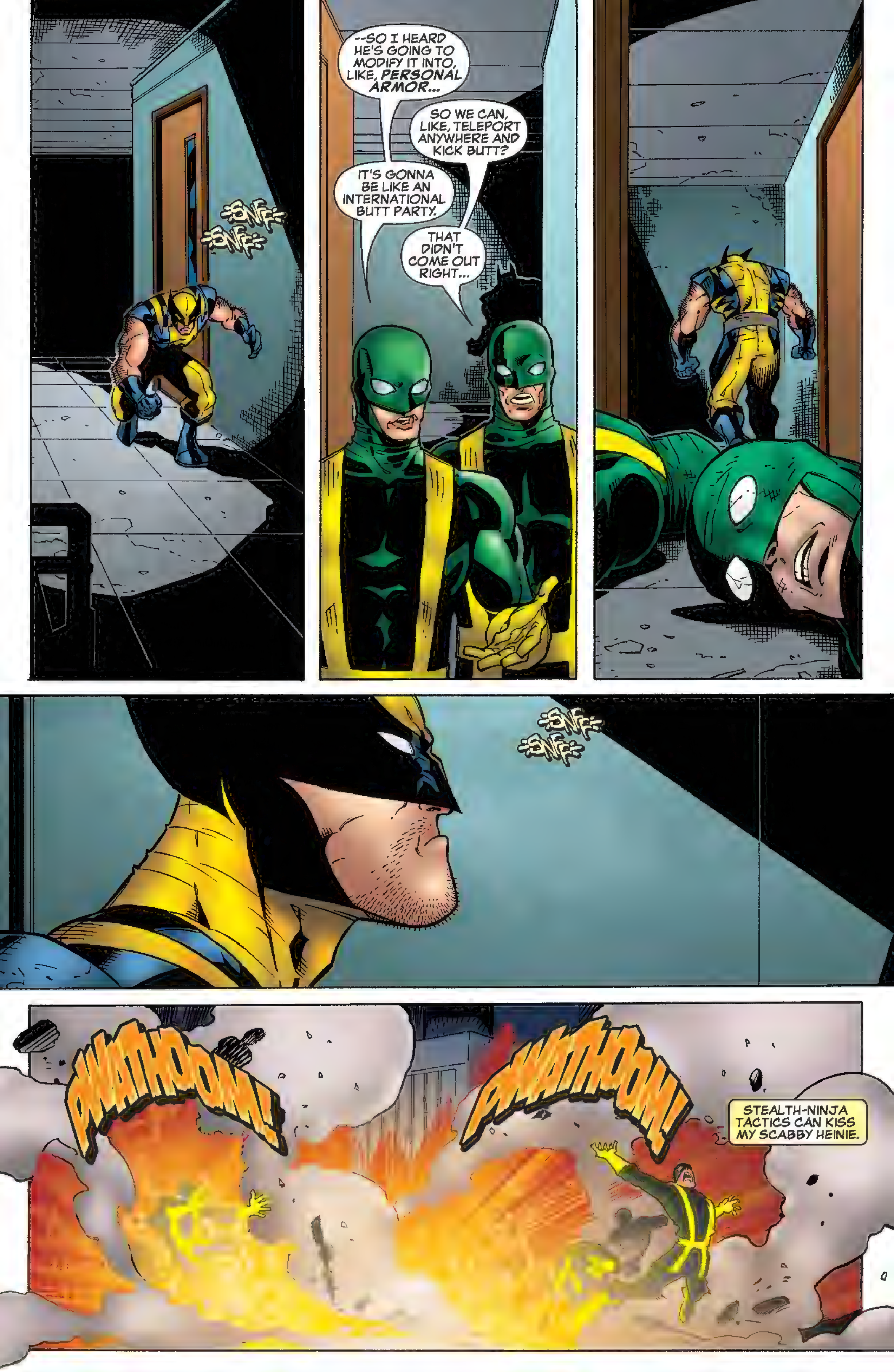

"... MY PAL WEASEL IS IN A WHOLE HEAP OF TROUBLE!"
...DEEPER VOICE...MORE JAMES EARL JONES...
"HAIL HYDRA!"
"HAIL HYDRA!"
"HAIL HYDRA!"
"NO, LUKE... I AM YOUR FATHER!"
WE ARE READY FOR YOU.
FOR YOUR SAKE, THIS HAD BETTER WORK.
IT WILL.
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...UHM... EXCEPT FOR THE FACT THERE ARE NO LADIES HERE, WHICH, REALLY... YOU GUYS SHOULD DO SOMETHING ABOUT... MAY I PRESENT TO YOU A DEVICE THAT WILL ALLOW YOU TO ATTACK WHOMEVER YOU WANT, WHENEVER YOU WANT, PRETTY AS YOU PLEASE--MAY I PRESENT TO YOU--
--THE PENETRATOR!
HAIL HYDRA!
HAIL HYDRA!
HAIL HYDRA!
HAIL HYDRA!
HAIL HYDRA!
HAIL HYDRA!

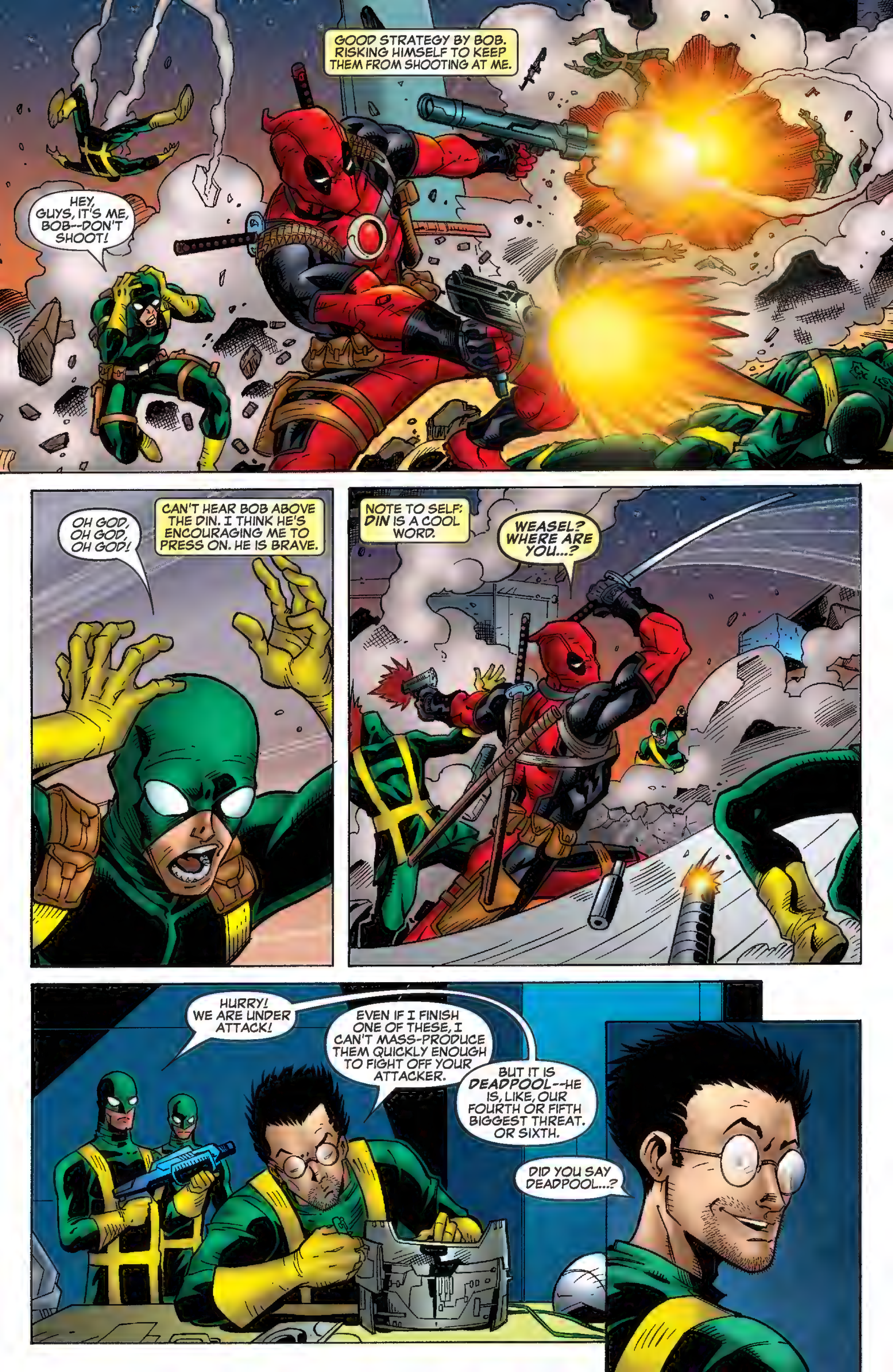

"THE PENETRATOR"?
WHAT...?
YEAH, WHAT?
IT SEEMS... I DON'T KNOW... PROVOCATIVE...
IN ALMOST A... GRATUITOUS FASHION...
WHAT? WE'RE GOING TO USE THE PENETRATOR TO *PENETRATE* THE WARM, COMFORTABLE WALLS OF MOTHER EARTH!
THIS MACHINE WILL *RAM* HOME OUR AGENDA! ALL WILL KNOW HYDRA HAS *THRUST* THEMSELVES INTO THE VERY *WOMB* OF CIVILIZATION!
WHAT'S GRATUITOUS ABOUT THAT...?
HAIL HYDRA!

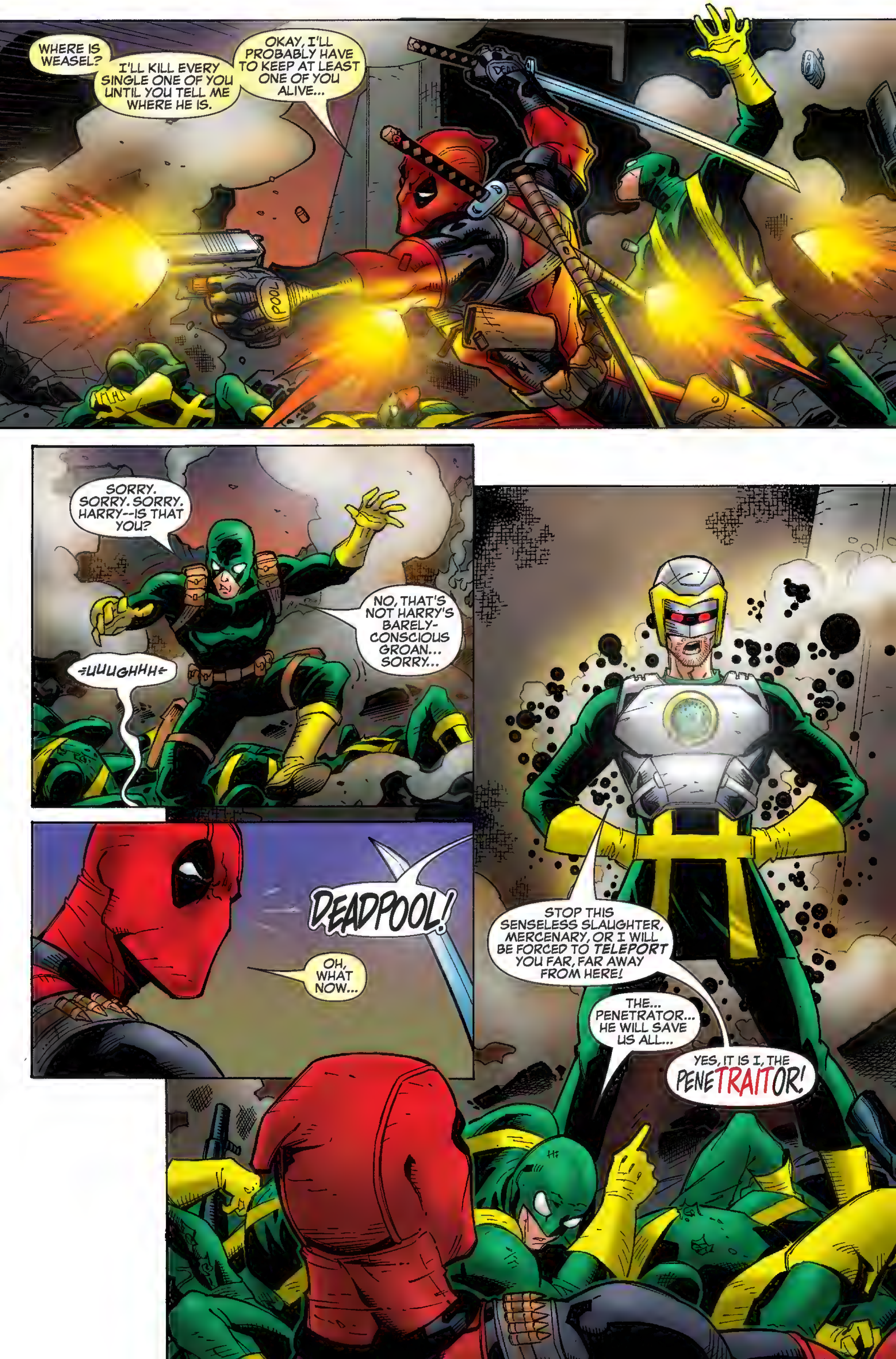

SEND THROUGH THE COURAGEOUS TEST SUBJECT!
WHAT...?
CHANGE OF PLAN.
YOU CAN BE THE TEST SUBJECT!
SHZZZT
AAAHH--?!
IT WORKED?
?!--AAHH--FFT--THANK GOD IT WORKED...
OF COURSE IT WORKED!!

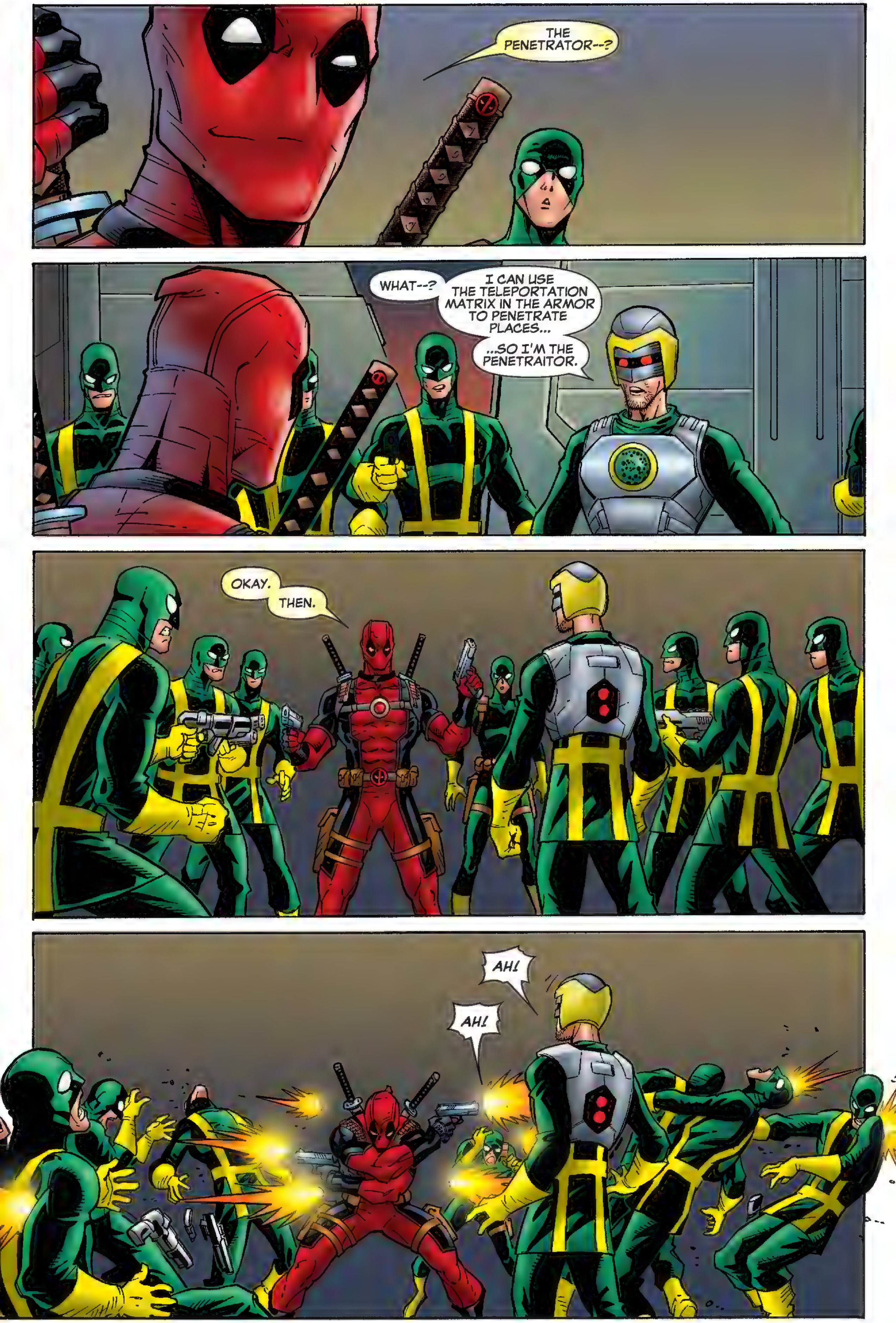

USING THIS TELEPORT TECHNOLOGY THAT I, YOUR FORMER PRISONER, WEASEL, INVENTED AND WILL SOON MODIFY, WE WILL CREATE AN INVINCIBLE ARMY OF TELEPORTING WARRIORS!
AGAIN, THANKS TO ME, WEASEL, YOUR FORMER PRISONER, HYDRA WILL FINALLY BE ABLE TO FULFILL ITS DESTINY AND RULE OVER ALL!
HAIL HYDRA!
HAIL HYDRA!
HAIL HYDRA!
HAIL HYDRA!
NOW... NOTHING-- AND NO ONE-- WILL BE ABLE TO STOP US!
MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE...
JERRY?
=MMFFF=

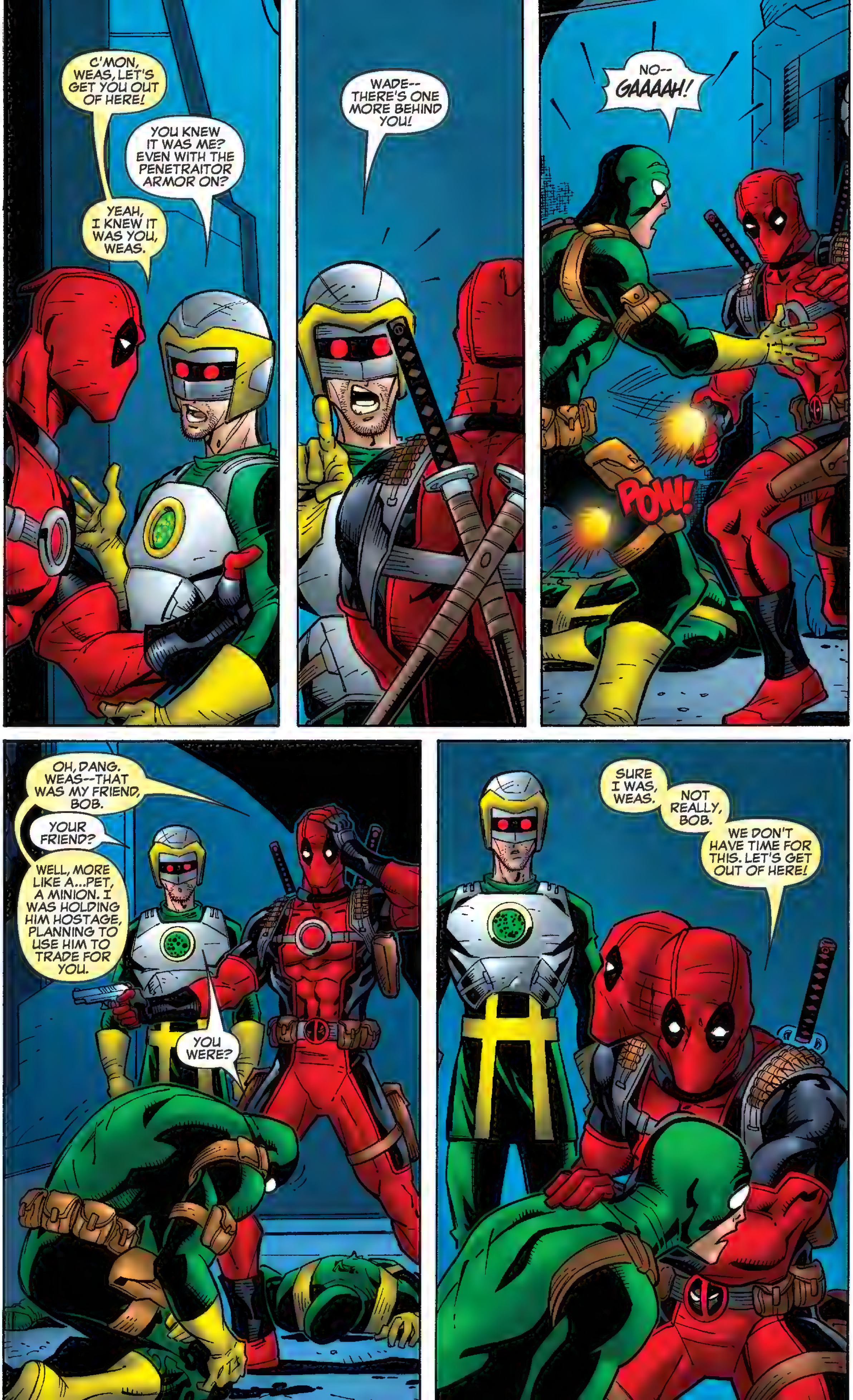

DANG.
WHAT?
DID I SAY THAT OUT LOUD?
"DANG"--?
YEAH.
YEAH.
DANG.
WHAT?
NOTHING.
WOLVERINE IS MAKING HIS MOVE. I HAVE TO GET DOWN THERE AND STOP HIM BEFORE HE KILLS WEASEL BY ACCIDENT. C'MON!
I BETTER NOT GO, IT MIGHT CONFUSE WOLVERINE.
NO--I MIGHT NEED TO *TRADE* YOU FOR WEASEL.
TRADE ME? YOU DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING ABOUT TRADING ME!
JUST AN OPTION. PLAN *B*. NO, PLAN *Z*, EVEN. I'D MUCH PREFER TO KEEP BOTH YOU *AND* WEASEL.
PLAN Z...? WHAT'RE THE ODDS EVEN *HE* WOULD SCREW UP TWENTY-FIVE OTHER POSSIBILITIES...?

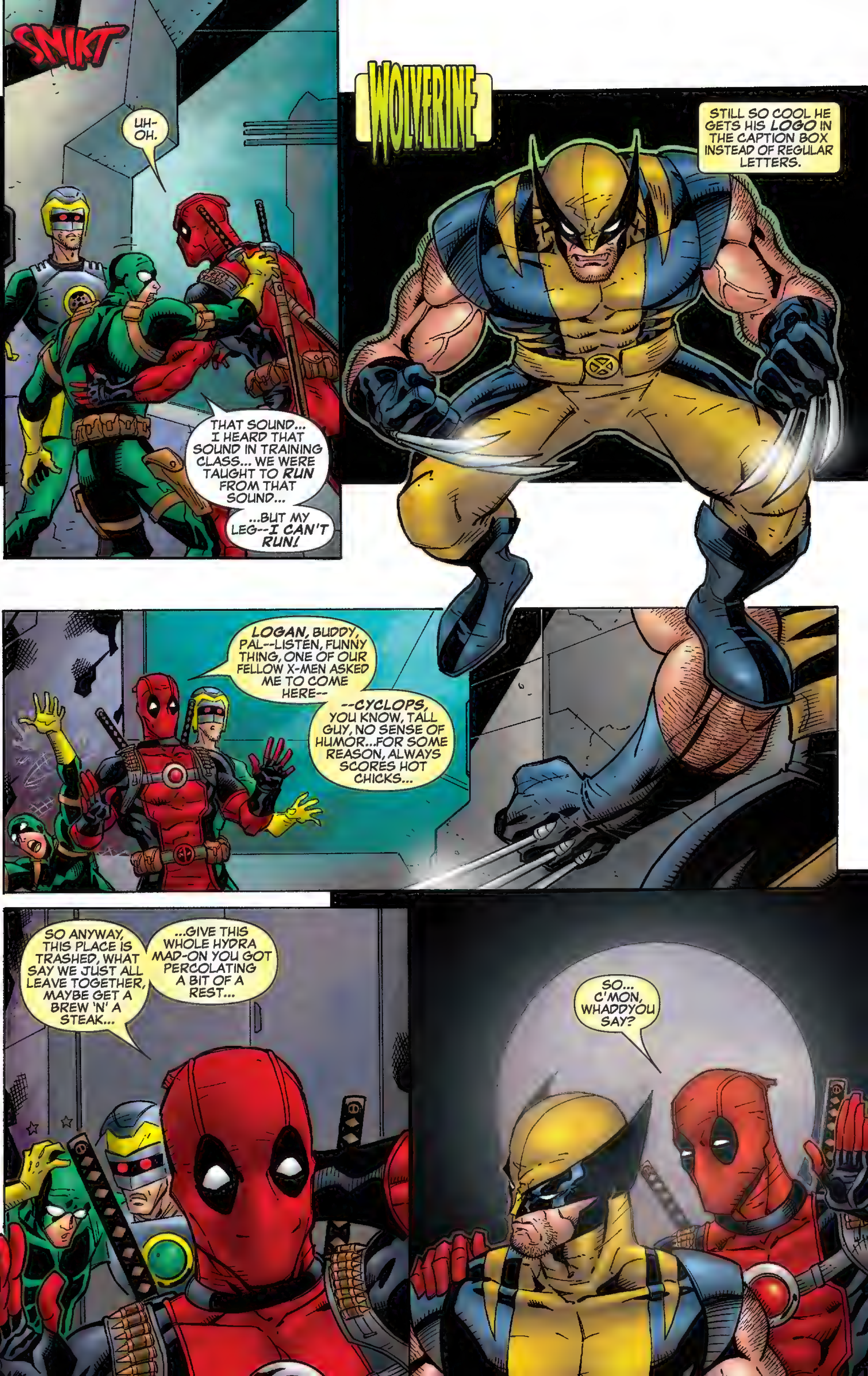

SNFF SNFF
--SO I HEARD HE'S GOING TO MODIFY IT INTO, LIKE, PERSONAL ARMOR...
SO WE CAN, LIKE, TELEPORT ANYWHERE AND KICK BUTT?
IT'S GONNA BE LIKE AN INTERNATIONAL BUTT PARTY.
THAT DIDN'T COME OUT RIGHT...
SNFF SNFF
PWATHOOM!
PWATHOOM!
STEALTH-NINJA TACTICS CAN KISS MY SCABBY HEINIE.

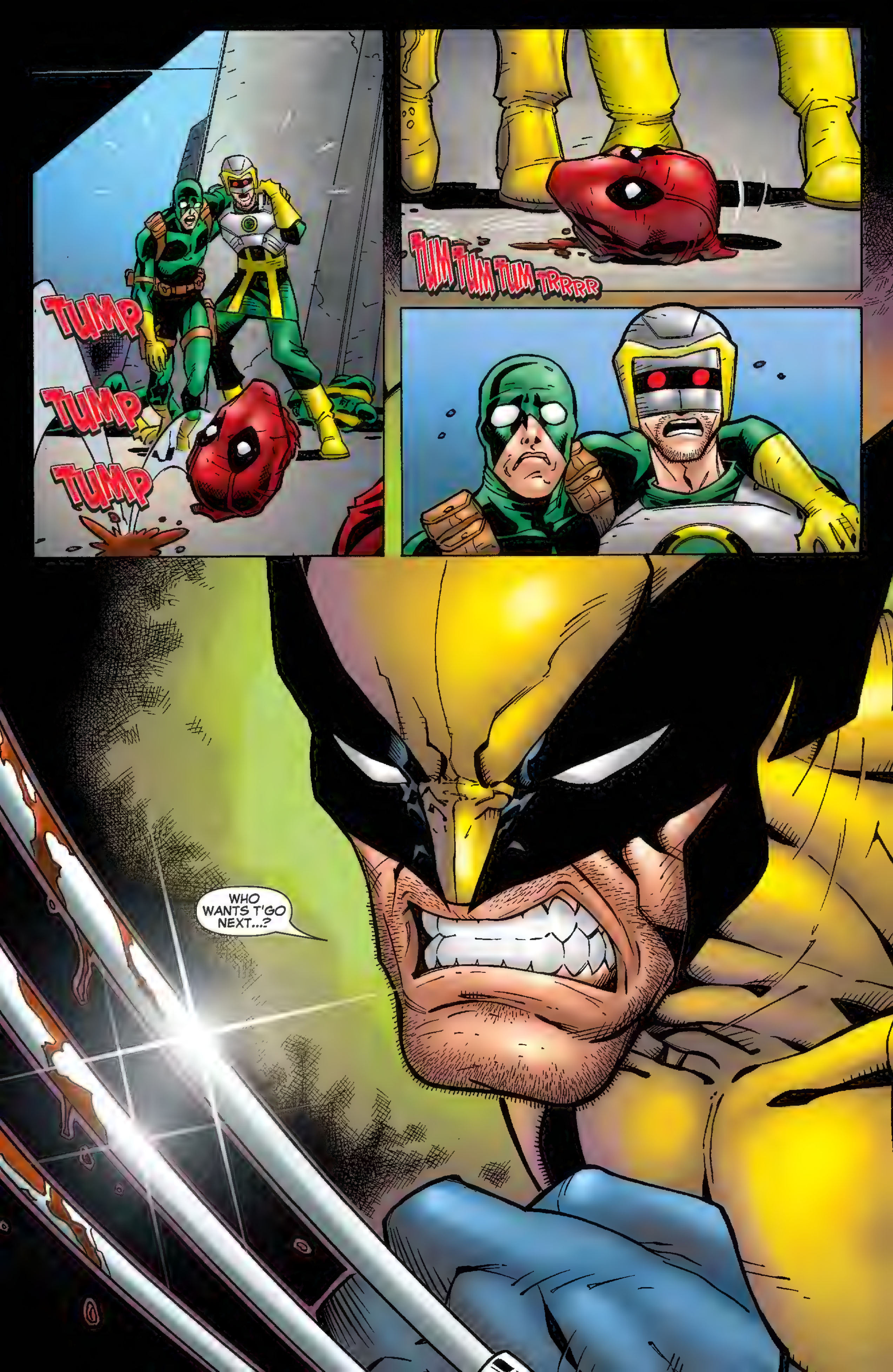

HEY, GUYS, IT'S ME, BOB--DON'T SHOOT!
GOOD STRATEGY BY BOB. RISKING HIMSELF TO KEEP THEM FROM SHOOTING AT ME.
OH GOD, OH GOD, OH GOD!
CAN'T HEAR BOB ABOVE THE DIN. I THINK HE'S ENCOURAGING ME TO PRESS ON. HE IS BRAVE.
NOTE TO SELF: *DIN* IS A COOL WORD.
WEASEL? WHERE ARE YOU...?
HURRY! WE ARE UNDER ATTACK!
EVEN IF I FINISH ONE OF THESE, I CAN'T MASS-PRODUCE THEM QUICKLY ENOUGH TO FIGHT OFF YOUR ATTACKER.
BUT IT IS *DEADPOOL*--HE IS, LIKE, OUR FOURTH OR FIFTH BIGGEST THREAT. OR SIXTH.
DID YOU SAY DEADPOOL...?


WHERE IS WEASEL?
I'LL KILL EVERY SINGLE ONE OF YOU UNTIL YOU TELL ME WHERE HE IS.
OKAY, I'LL PROBABLY HAVE TO KEEP AT LEAST ONE OF YOU ALIVE...
POOL
SORRY. SORRY. SORRY. HARRY--IS THAT YOU?
NO, THAT'S NOT HARRY'S BARELY-CONSCIOUS GROAN... SORRY...
=UUUGHHH=
DEADPOOL!
OH, WHAT NOW...
STOP THIS SENSELESS SLAUGHTER, MERCENARY, OR I WILL BE FORCED TO TELEPORT YOU FAR, FAR AWAY FROM HERE!
THE... PENETRATOR... HE WILL SAVE US ALL...
YES, IT IS I, THE PENETRAITOR!


THE PENETRATOR--?
WHAT--?
I CAN USE THE TELEPORTATION MATRIX IN THE ARMOR TO PENETRATE PLACES...
...SO I'M THE PENETRAITOR.
OKAY.
THEN.
AH!
AH!


C'MON, WEAS, LET'S GET YOU OUT OF HERE!
YOU KNEW IT WAS ME? EVEN WITH THE PENETRAITOR ARMOR ON?
YEAH, I KNEW IT WAS YOU, WEAS.
WADE-- THERE'S ONE MORE BEHIND YOU!
NO-- GAAAAH!
POW!
OH, DANG. WEAS--THAT WAS MY FRIEND, BOB.
YOUR FRIEND?
WELL, MORE LIKE A...PET, A MINION. I WAS HOLDING HIM HOSTAGE, PLANNING TO USE HIM TO TRADE FOR YOU.
YOU WERE?
SURE I WAS, WEAS.
NOT REALLY, BOB.
WE DON'T HAVE TIME FOR THIS. LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!


SNIKT
UH-OH.
THAT SOUND... I HEARD THAT SOUND IN TRAINING CLASS... WE WERE TAUGHT TO *RUN* FROM THAT SOUND...
...BUT MY LEG--*I CAN'T RUN!*
WOLVERINE
STILL SO COOL HE GETS HIS *LOGO* IN THE CAPTION BOX INSTEAD OF REGULAR LETTERS.
LOGAN, BUDDY, PAL--LISTEN, FUNNY THING, ONE OF OUR FELLOW X-MEN ASKED ME TO COME HERE--
--CYCLOPS, YOU KNOW, TALL GUY, NO SENSE OF HUMOR...FOR SOME REASON, ALWAYS SCORES HOT CHICKS...
SO ANYWAY, THIS PLACE IS TRASHED, WHAT SAY WE JUST ALL LEAVE TOGETHER, MAYBE GET A BREW 'N' A STEAK...
...GIVE THIS WHOLE HYDRA MAD-ON YOU GOT PERCOLATING A BIT OF A REST...
SO... C'MON, WHADDYOU SAY?


TUMP
TUMP
TUMP
TUM TUM TUM TRRRR
WHO WANTS T'GO NEXT...?

DEAR DEADPOOL

Yo Deadpool,

I've been following your misadventures for a while, and issues 36-39 were some of your best. I was just wondering when you're gonna get back to that type of stuff so I don't accidentally waste another 3 bucks on 16 pages of Cable walking around whining to himself. Any way I could convince you to ship Cable's Askani'son back to the future and change the book to *Deadpool Team-Up*?

Simon Kurtis

Uhm... are you hackin' Marvel's systems? 'Cause that's a crime...

Oh, and Simon, thanks for the letter, but since Cable is no longer with us, you come across as being in poor taste. Hope you're okay with that.

Dear Deadpool,

I've been reading your chronicles since you were still semi-evil, and I'm now convinced without doubt it's the only thing keeping me sane and somebody will have to pay when it ceases to publish.

So please:

One: Kill Cable; partner DP with the Devil Dinosaur from *Nextwave*.

Two: Kill Weasel, and make a thousand one-shots called *Fallen Rodent* [the name of each of the GLA].

Three: Bring back Ratbag and make him a Galactus herald or something, he was the bestest.

Four: Thanos is dead, so DP should be able to die now. Kill him, make him fight for Mischa Barton's love with Thanos and Annihilus in Sakkar (or whatever Planet Hulk's name was); Morg will be there and Sensitive Guy too, Marvel Boy writes "Welcome to the Cube, b****!" with Annihilus' innards at the end; then the remaining dead Brood chicks keep the dead babies from harm and cry during the credits.

It will sell like pancakes or Hot Pockets, I kid you not.

-RVP

Okay, not numbered questions, but numbered statements -- proclamations even, wise words of wisdom from the enigmatic letter writer known as RVP.

1) We wanted to team-up with Devil Dinosaur, but Nicole said no. And we knew big red from way back when the King was King, not when he was in *Nextwave* or nothin'.

2) No. Weasel is my friend. Occasionally, I might accidentally leave him behind at an enemy facility or something, but he is still my bud.

3)That's just plain silly.

4)Wow, you got some totally great story ideas. If Marvel were smart, they'd fire Fabian and hire you to write me instead. Joke!

Dear Deadpool,

I love you. You will forever be my hero. If I write any more, this will be a really creepy letter, so here's some numbered questions.

1. I've been looking for a "Whose Side Are You On" shirt so I can write "Deadpool's Side!" on it, but I can't find the shirt. Where would I get a shirt? Or do you have any other suggestions for a shirt to show my love for you?

2. Have you ever thought about being in a comic with Doctor Strange?

3. Chimichanga.

4. Why are you so cool?

5. What do you think would happen if you and the Venom symbiote ever joined?

6. Will you marry me? Or you could marry my friend. She has orange hair. She kinda looks like Siryn if you squint your eyes or drink too much alcohol.

I guess this turned into a creepy letter anyway. Not my fault. I'm from Denver.

Heliah
Denver, CO

Heliah, you a girl with a cool name or are you a guy with a weird name? I hope you're a chick, 'cause then the creepy letter part could just be kinda kinky by my standard. Ooh, numbered questions!

1) I'm surprised Marvel.com doesn't have a whole array of wonderful Civil War t-shirts on sale. Same place you can get stocked up with all your Deadpool licensing memorabilia.

2) Yes, I have. I thought so long and hard about it, guess what, it's gonna happen! Soon! Keep an eye out! Maybe if I can borrow the Crimson Bands of Cytorrak, you and I can have us a little role-playing fun. I mean, if you're a girl, that is...

3) Enchilada.

4) Heck if I know. I think it's because my boxer briefs have lots of little holes in them, keeping me well ventilated.

5) Let's find out in issue #50...

6) You are a chick, right? In which case, I will marry you. And I'll marry your beer-goggle, Siryn-looking friend, too. But we'll have to move to Utah and find a house next door to Bill Paxton. It's all good.

You know, by my standards, Heli, not too creepy at all...

Dear Deadpool,

I would like to compliment you on an excellent run and excellent card-playing abilities. If the trend of one issue of Cable to every five or so issues of Deadpool continues, will the series change its name to *Deadpool and (sometimes) Cable*?

Will Bob, Agent of Hydra continue to be your minion for quite some time? I think he is a pleasant addition, as your desire to cause him pain amuses me greatly. I would like him to receive his own limited series. Will it take place before or after he makes your acquaintance?

Since Agency X employs you and Bob is kind of employed by you, do you get paid expenses to feed him as your pet? Do you feed him? Will he get dental as an Agency X pet?

Once again, congrats on a fine run of issues that never fail to make me laugh.

Thanks,
Paul
Topeka, KS

Leave it to Marvel to publish a comic called *Cable & Deadpool* with no Cable in it. Crazy guys. We're taking suggestions for how to handle this, starting with the next letter.

Minion. What a great word. I love that word. Yes, as a matter of fact, Bob will remain as my minion until I tire of him or he accidentally gets killed during one of my missions. Bob was all excited about the idea of a limited series and he talked to Fabian about it. The story he wanted to tell was the tragicomic tale of a suburban schlub who, in order to pay his bills and avoid his haranguing wife, gets dragged into the wonderful world of underground terrorists. So it would be an ORIGIN story. Wow. It sounds great, doesn't it? Would have the best logo ever in the history of logos -- even better than *ROM, Spaceknight*. *BOB, Agent of Hydra*. Surefire 20K seller, I tell you.

I do feed him. I feed him Purina Hydra Chow. Filled with all the protein and nutrients a growing minion needs.

Dear Deadpool,

Your new sidekick, Bob, is awesome. In fact, he's the coolest thing to grace the pages of comics since you yourself. If it weren't for my fear of needles, I would so get a tattoo of him. I think you should just rename your series *Deadpool & Bob*. The possibilities a title like that holds are practically mind-blowing. Just think about it.

Yours Truly,
Becky G.

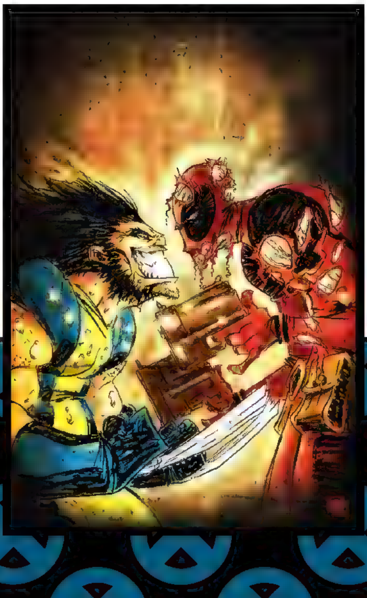
Wow, Becky, you have some unnecessarily nice things to say about Bob. He is chagrined and blushing with insecure, yet curious, joy.

Wait, he wants to tell me something. What? Yeah? Yeah -- okay, Becky, Bob says he totally gets your fear of needles, he has it too, and he suggests possibly body-paints instead?

And if you send Bob your address, he would be more than happy to buy the paints himself and come over and do a self-portrait on any part of your body you would like him to paint. Though he also warns that he prefers working on a large canvas in order to get all the folds in his cowl right.

NEXT ISSUE:

DEADPOOL TRIES TO GET AHEAD IN THE WORLD.



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HEAD GAMES

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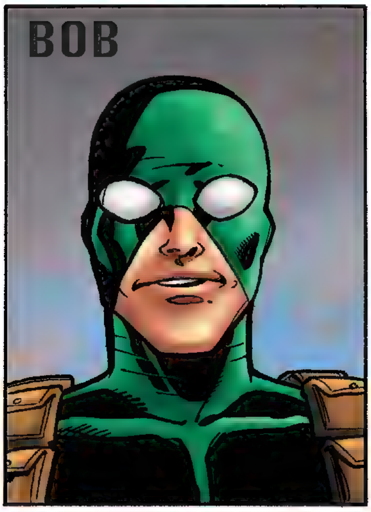


HYDRA IS IN YOUR EXTENDED NETWORK

Name: Bob
Age: 33
Eyes: 2
Hair: hanging in there
Ht: 5'10" Wt: 183 lbs.
Occupation: Agent of HYDRA (Fascist world-dominators)
Marital Status: regrettably, yes
Home: currently kidnapped and living in Manhattan
Favorite TV show: not "24"
Favorite Movie: Austin Powers
Favorite Album: Katherine McPhee--no wait, that's not manly enough, is it...?
Likes: health insurance, world-dominating machinery, jello packs w/fruit inside, playing poker with Outlaw
Dislikes: Captain America, Wolverine, Elektra, Agents of S.H.I.E.L.D.

BOB'S BLOG
HAIL HYDRA!

I was stationed in Hydra's secret Pakistani base just south of Hyberadad, when we had our first super hero attack. Well, kind of. It was Wade Wilson, known as Deadpool, the Merc With A Mouth, a fighting machine with a healing factor and a very loud mouth. He forced me to help him escape.

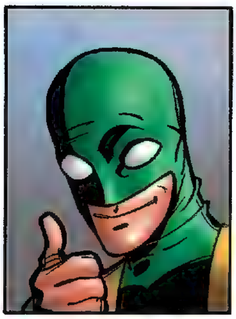
Now, I'm being held hostage in Manhattan, sort of, at a private investigation firm called Agency X. It's run by Alex Hayden, formerly Agent X, now morbidly obese because of some Hydra shenanigans. Wade is Hayden's primo field agent. Sandi is the office manager and Outlaw is the best piece of office furniture I have ever seen.

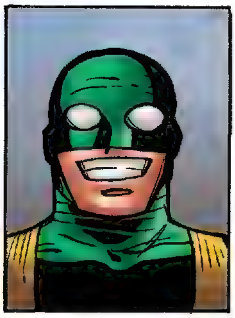
Deadpool's friend, Weasel, was left behind in Pakistan and now he's in the clutches of Hydra--Hail Hydra! Immortal Hydra! We shall never be destroyed! Cut off a limb and two more shall take its place!--Anyway, now we finally get to rescue him.

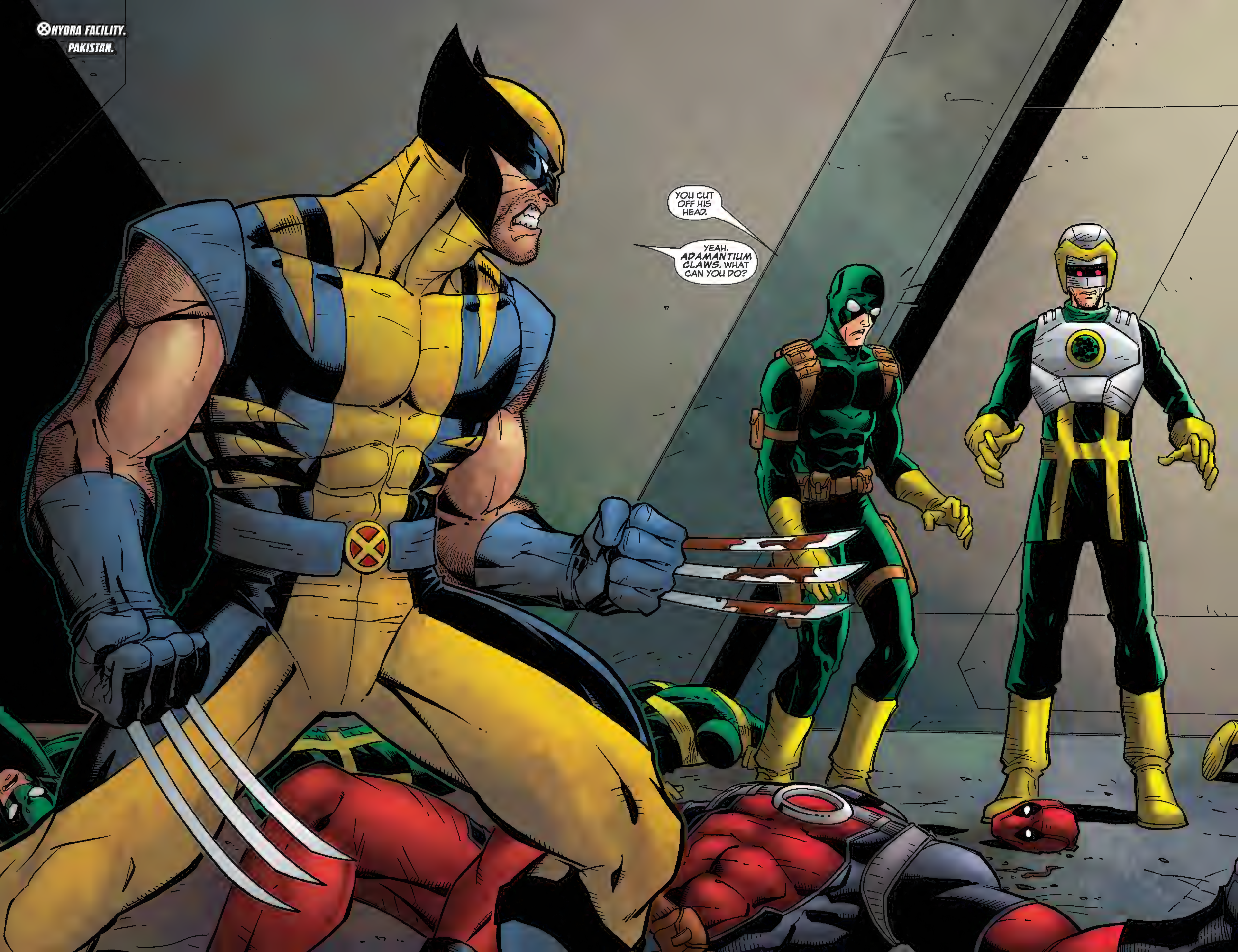
Source of all anti-life, Wolverine, the misunderstood mutant misfit berserker from the X-Men, got wind of a Hydra operation to create personal teleportation armors for all its agents (which is really a cool idea. Hail Hydra!). There was a rumor that a new Sector Commander was behind this plot and Wolvie wanted to eviscerate him before he succeeded. Wolverine hates Hydra because of a little mind-control thing we did to him recently (get over it!).

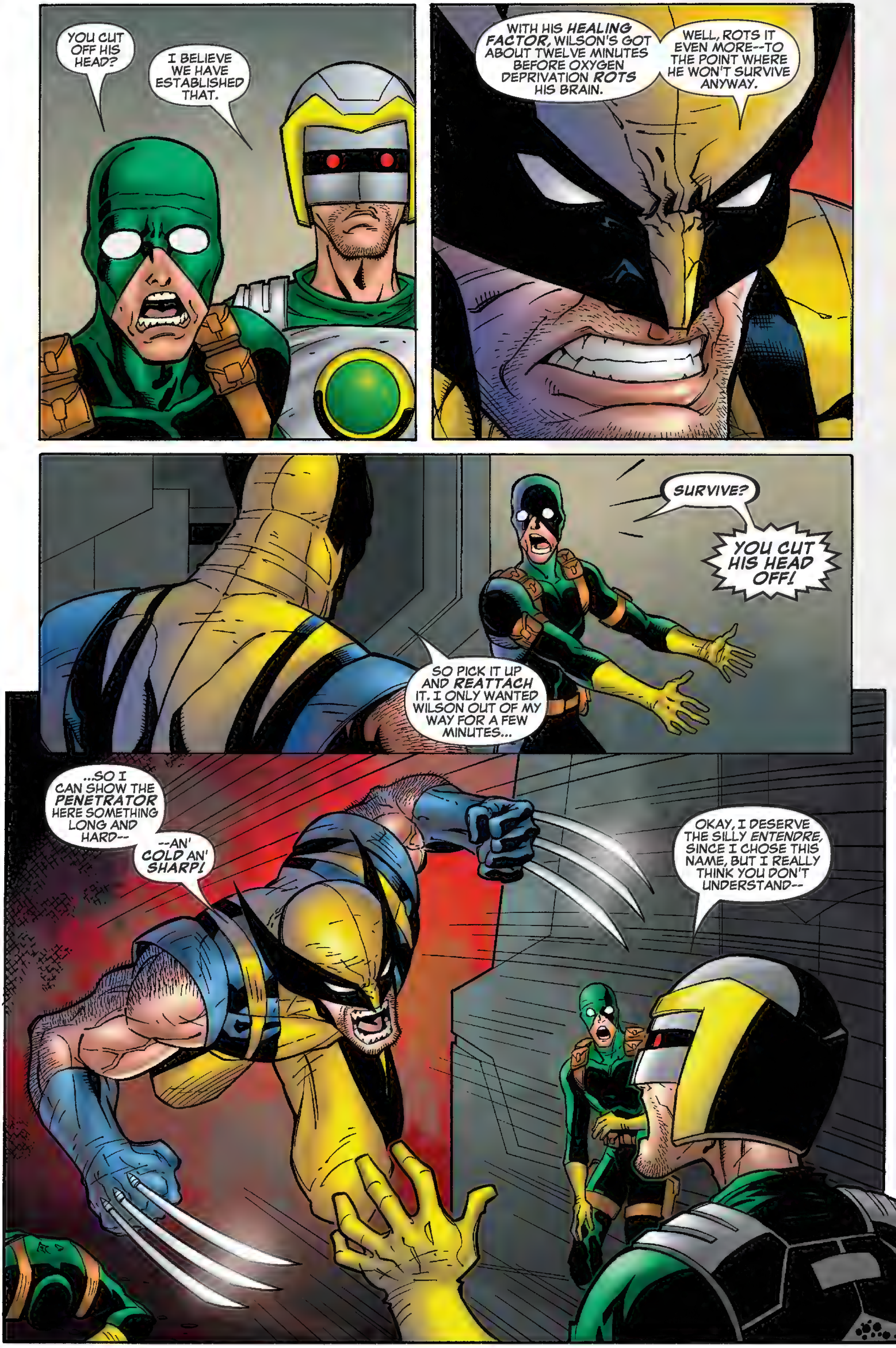
Deadpool and I headed to Pakistan to rescue Weasel before Wolverine mistakenly slaughtered him in one of his patented, claws-barred-yet-licensor-friendly rampages. That's when we encountered the new commander, whose name was The Penetrator. (I'm not making this stuff up.)

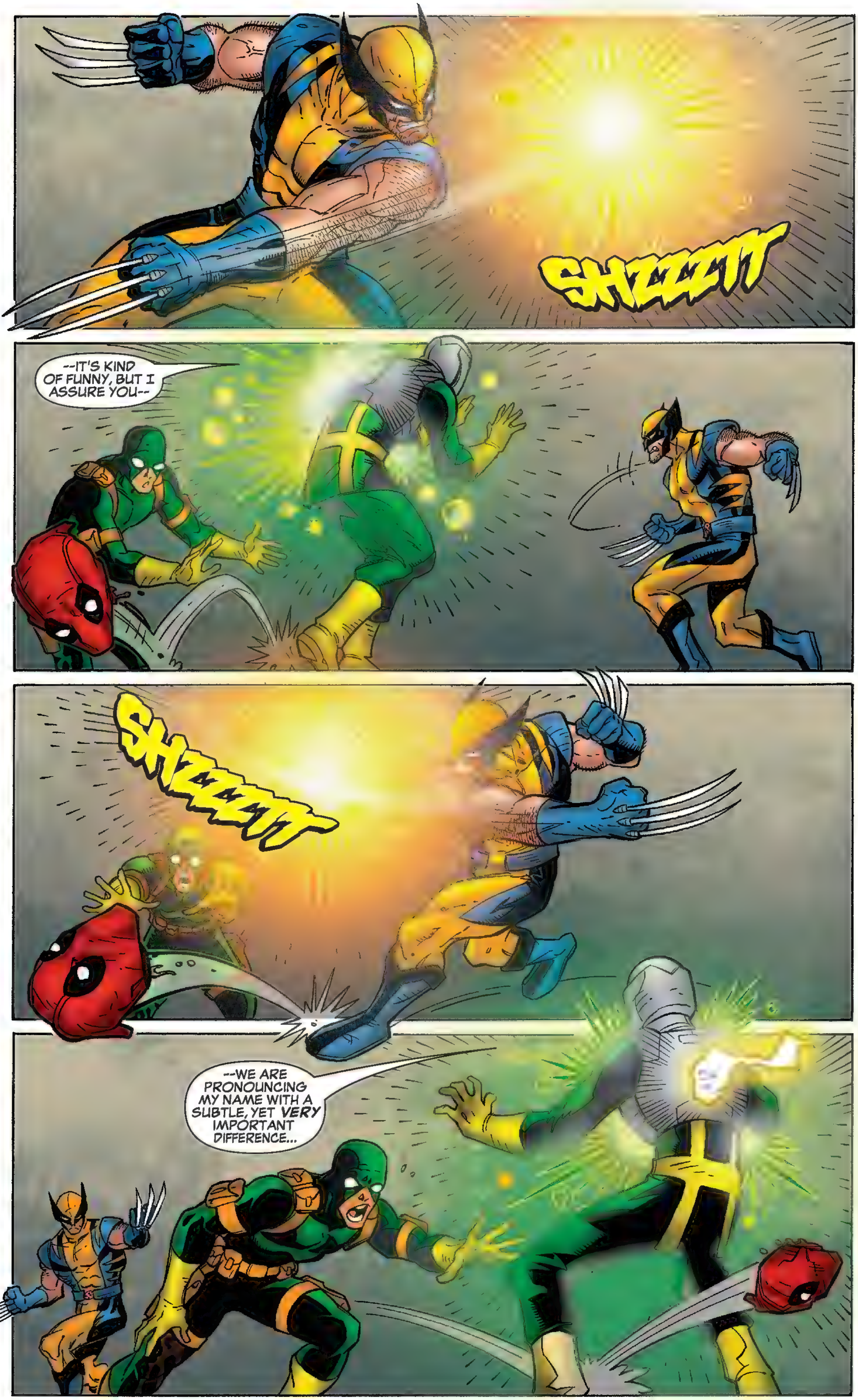
Turns out, the Penetrator was actually Weasel! Deadpool was ready to step up to the plate and protect his possibly heinously evil friend when Wolverine decided he'd have none of that silliness, snarled real angry and then...

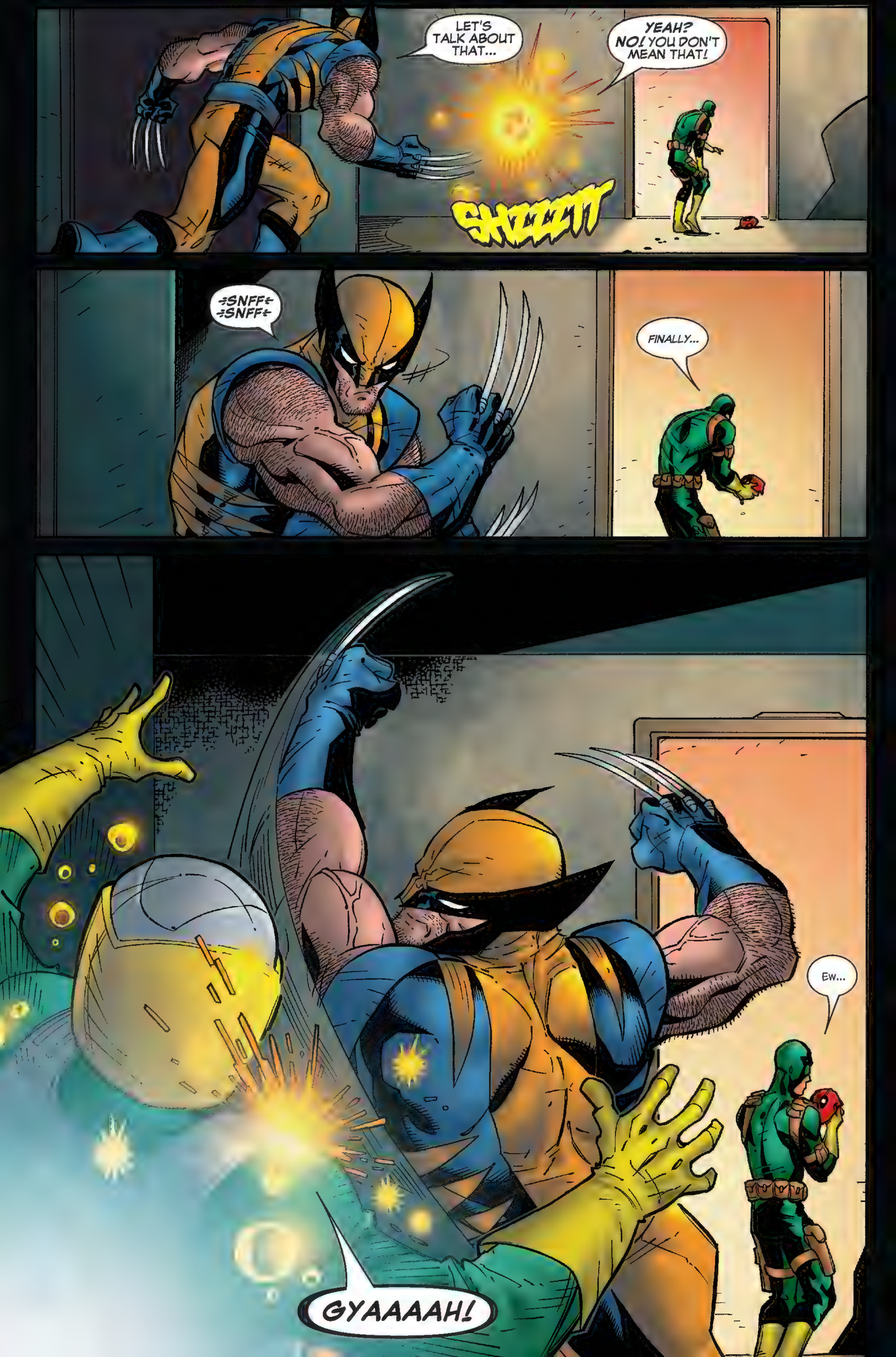


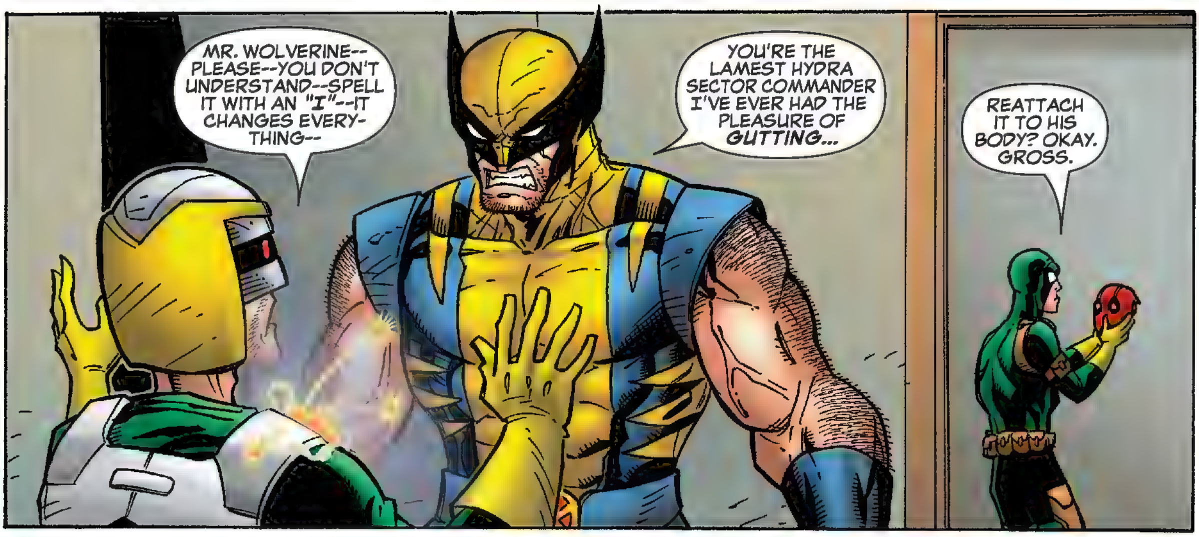


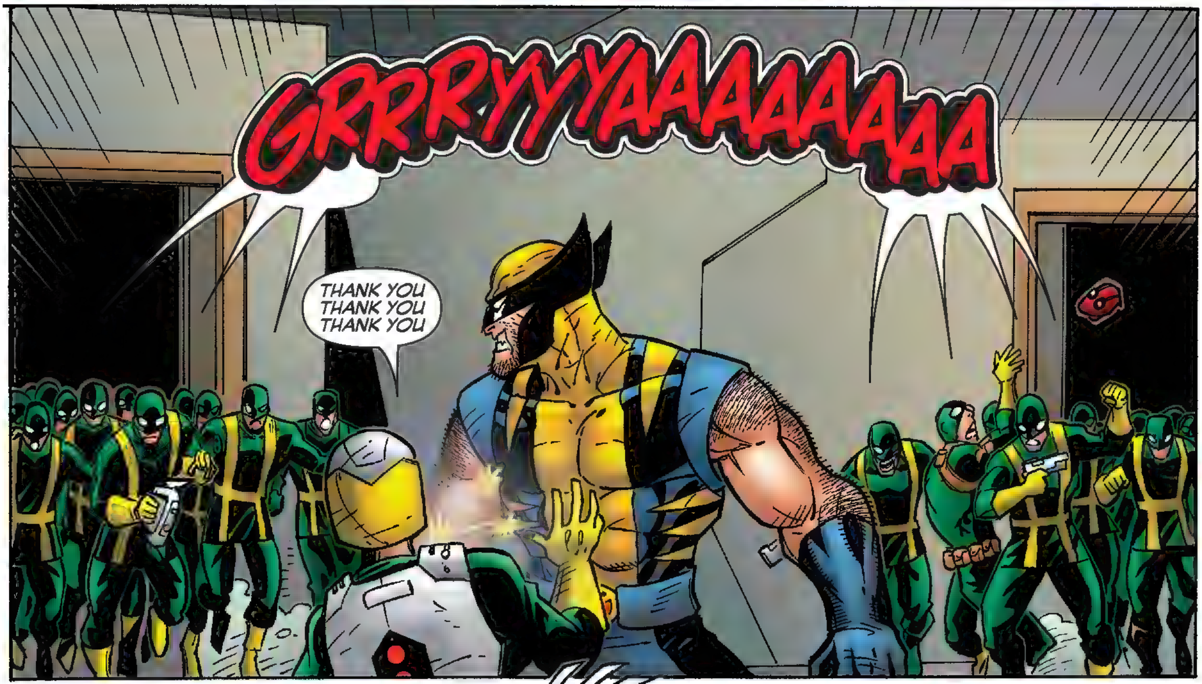

HYDRA FACILITY. PAKISTAN.
YOU CUT OFF HIS HEAD.
YEAH. *ADAMANTIUM CLAWS.* WHAT CAN YOU DO?

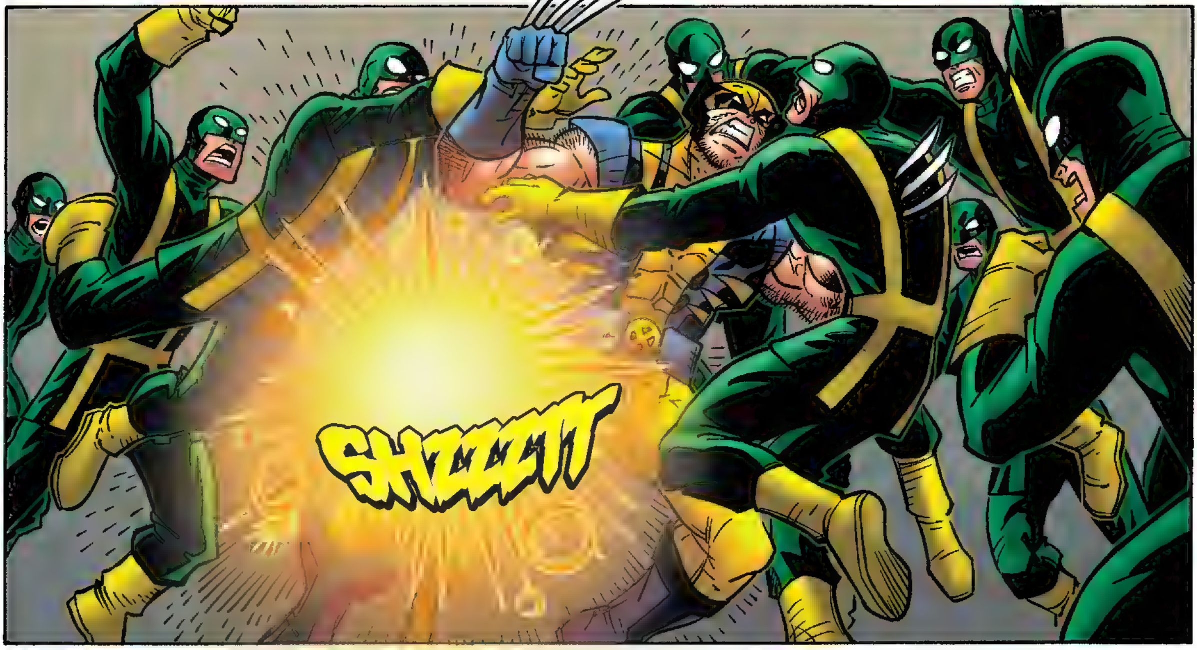

YOU CUT OFF HIS HEAD?
I BELIEVE WE HAVE ESTABLISHED THAT.
WITH HIS HEALING FACTOR, WILSON'S GOT ABOUT TWELVE MINUTES BEFORE OXYGEN DEPRIVATION ROTS HIS BRAIN.
WELL, ROTS IT EVEN MORE--TO THE POINT WHERE HE WON'T SURVIVE ANYWAY.
SURVIVE?
YOU CUT HIS HEAD OFF!
SO PICK IT UP AND REATTACH IT. I ONLY WANTED WILSON OUT OF MY WAY FOR A FEW MINUTES...
...SO I CAN SHOW THE PENETRATOR HERE SOMETHING LONG AND HARD--
--AN' COLD AN' SHARP!
OKAY, I DESERVE THE SILLY ENTENDRE, SINCE I CHOSE THIS NAME, BUT I REALLY THINK YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND--

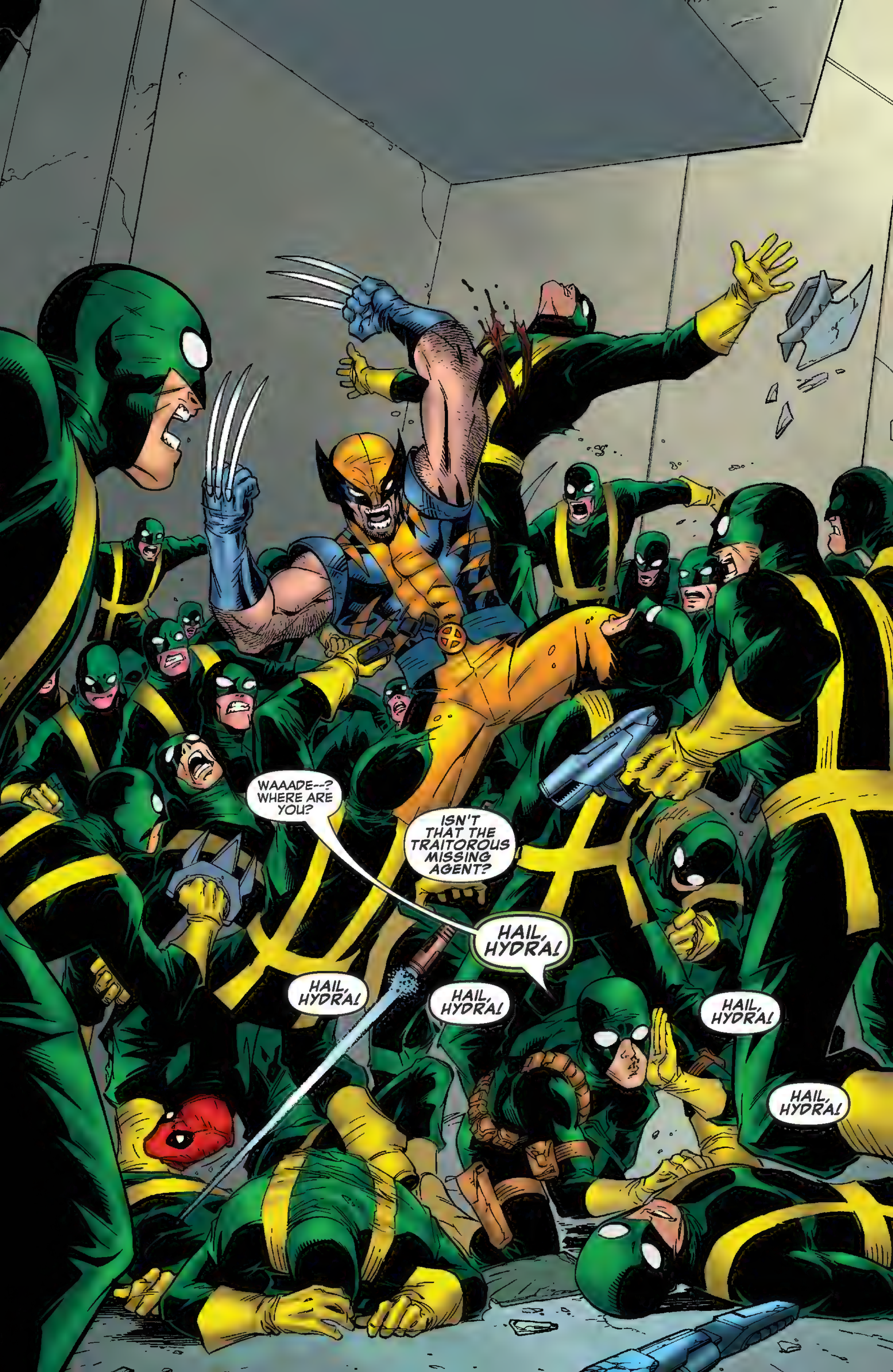

SHZZZZTT
--IT'S KIND OF FUNNY, BUT I ASSURE YOU--
SHZZZZTT
--WE ARE PRONOUNCING MY NAME WITH A SUBTLE, YET *VERY* IMPORTANT DIFFERENCE...

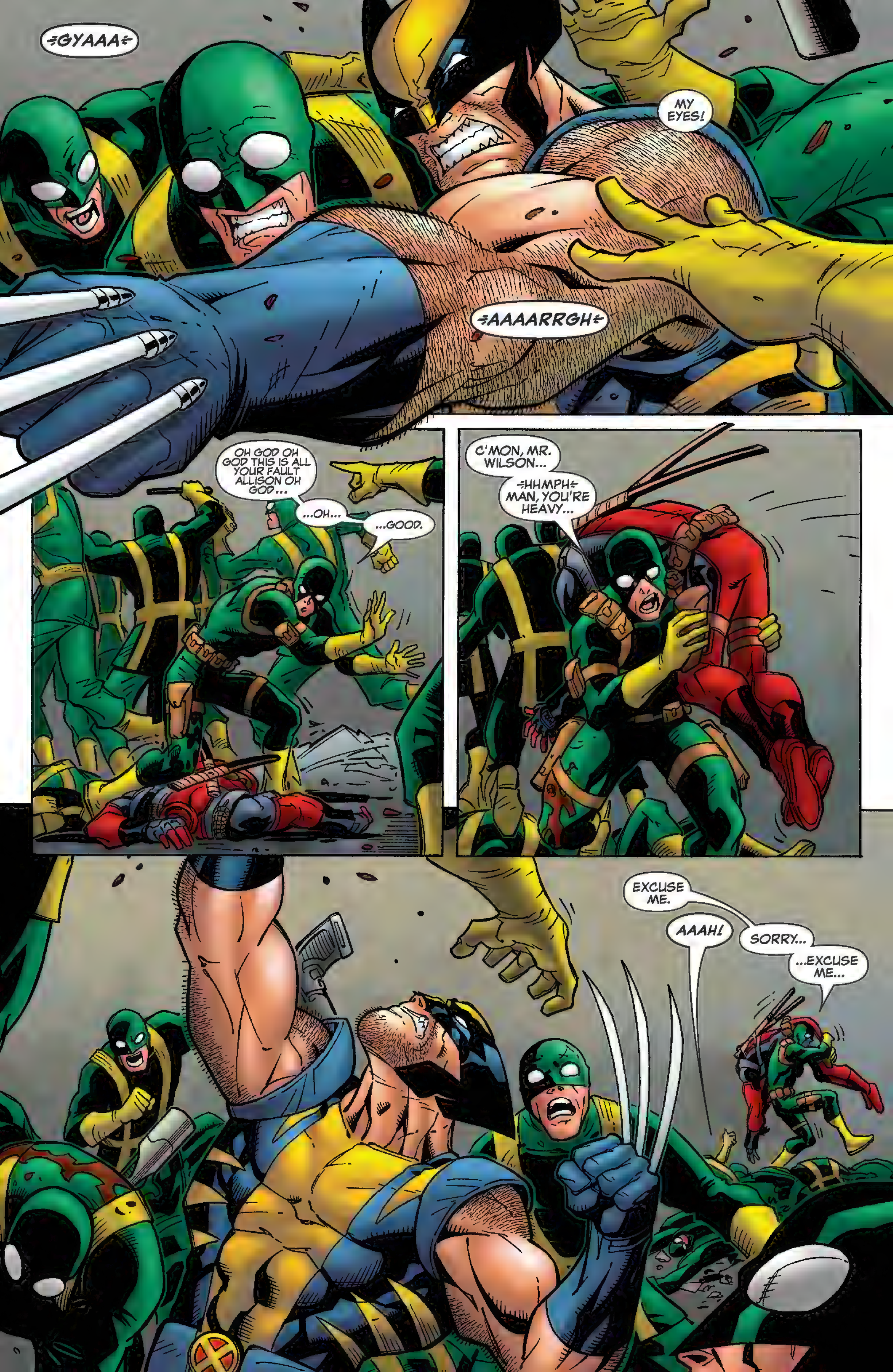

LET'S TALK ABOUT THAT...
YEAH? NO! YOU DON'T MEAN THAT!
SHZZZTT
=SNFF= =SNFF=
FINALLY...
EW...
GYAAAAH!

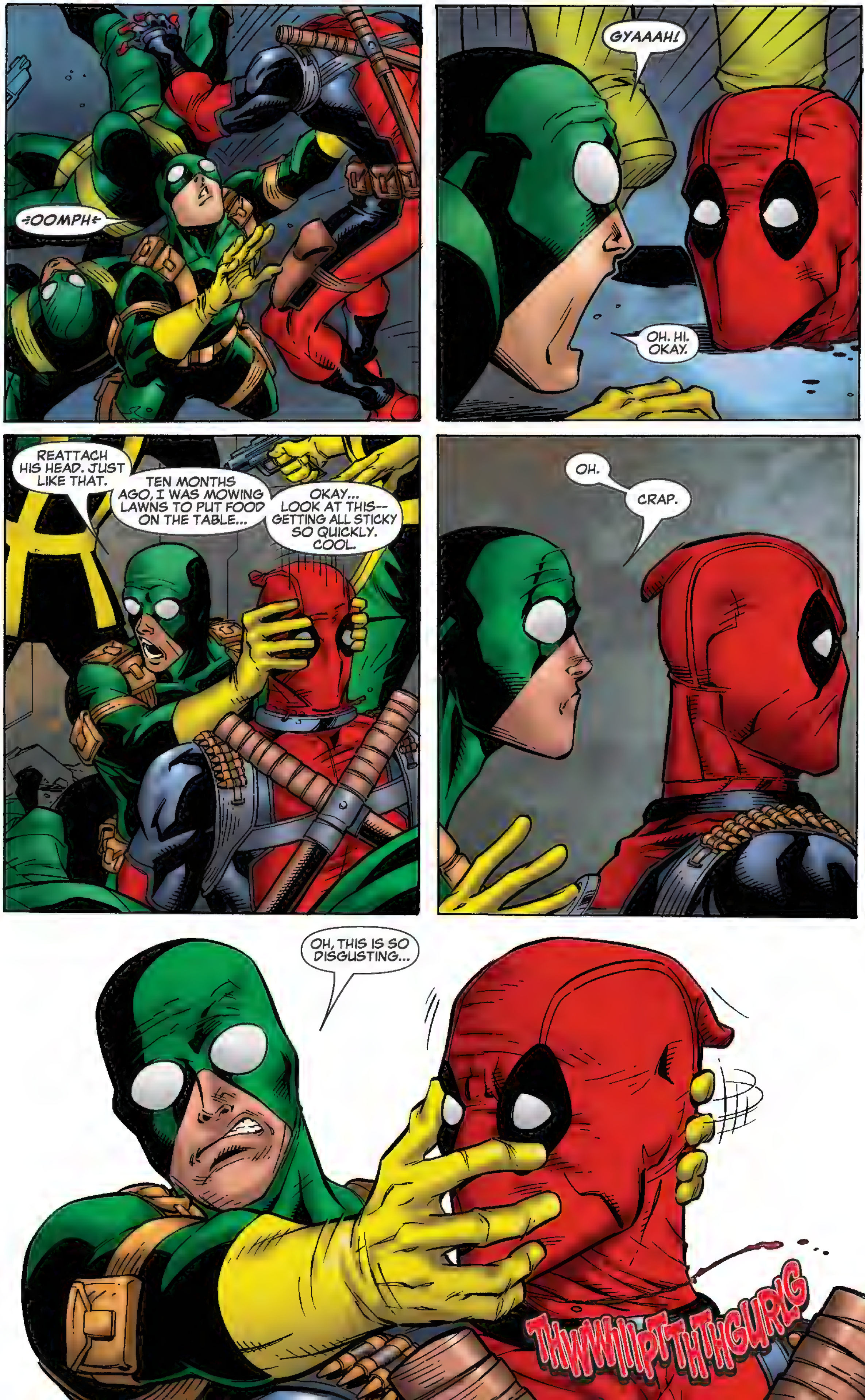

MR. WOLVERINE--PLEASE--YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND--SPELL IT WITH AN "I"--IT CHANGES EVERY-THING--
YOU'RE THE LAMEST HYDRA SECTOR COMMANDER I'VE EVER HAD THE PLEASURE OF *GUTTING...*
REATTACH IT TO HIS BODY? OKAY. GROSS.

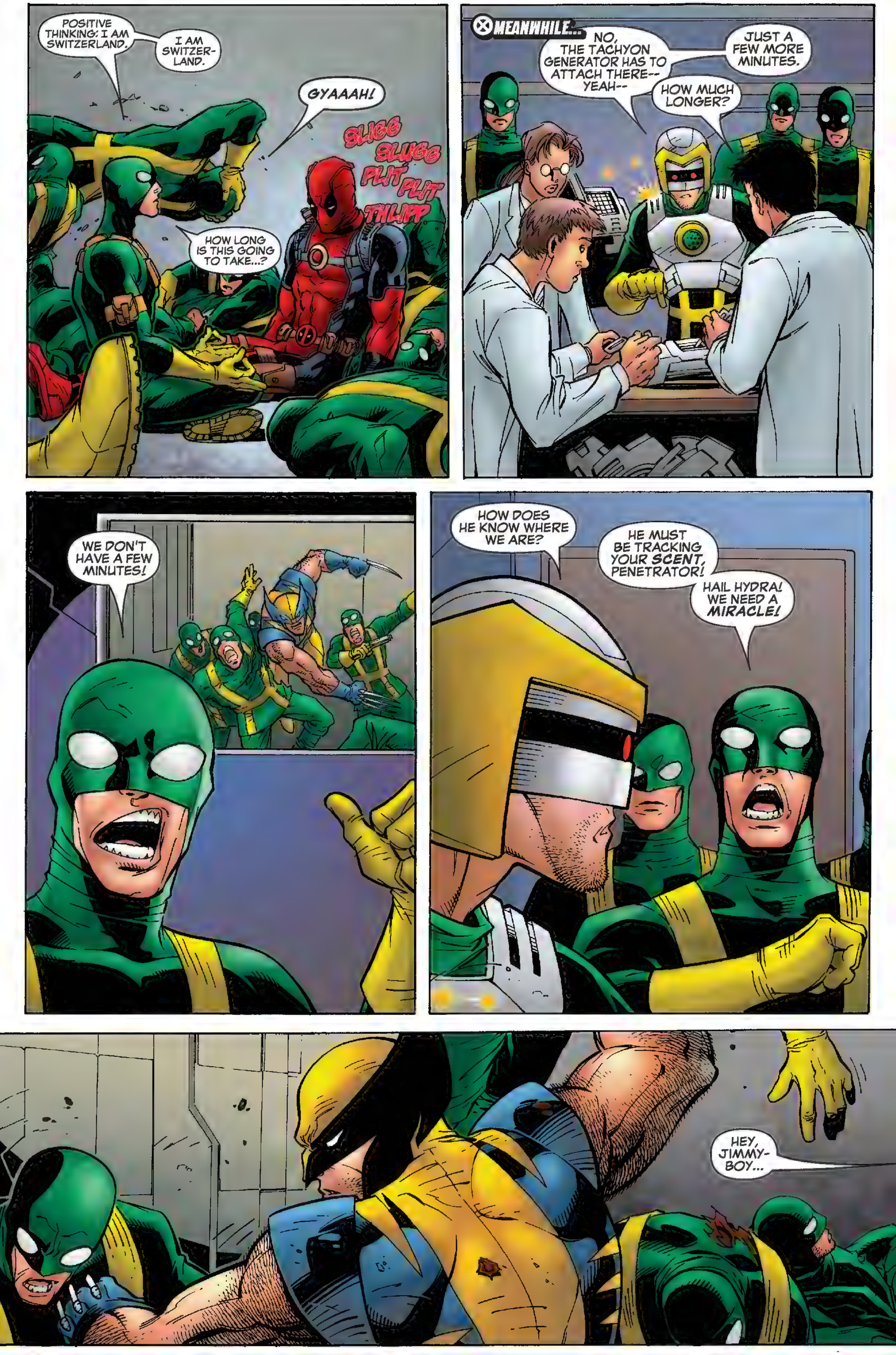

GRRRYYYAAAAAAAAA
THANK YOU THANK YOU THANK YOU

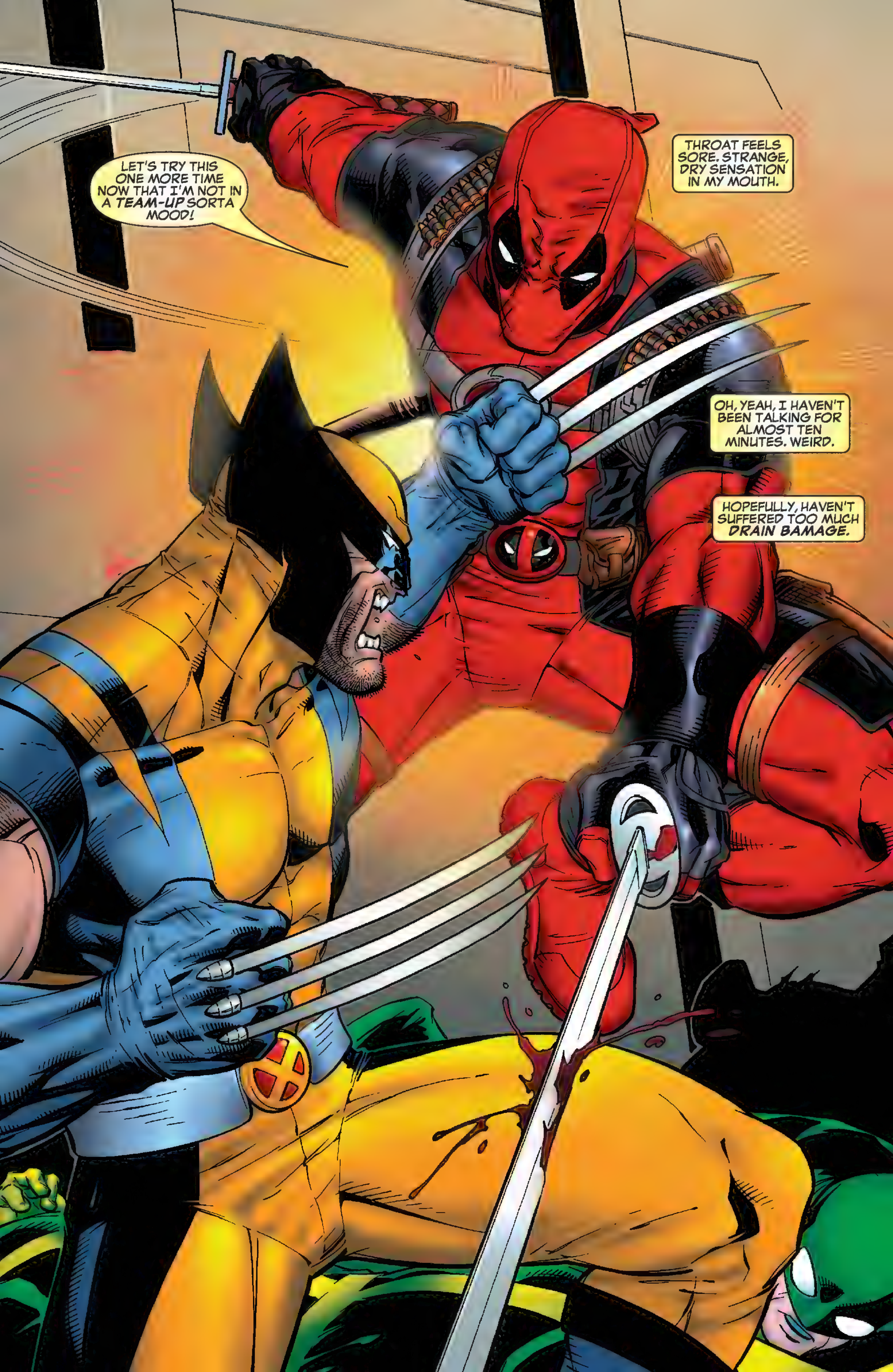

SHZZZTT

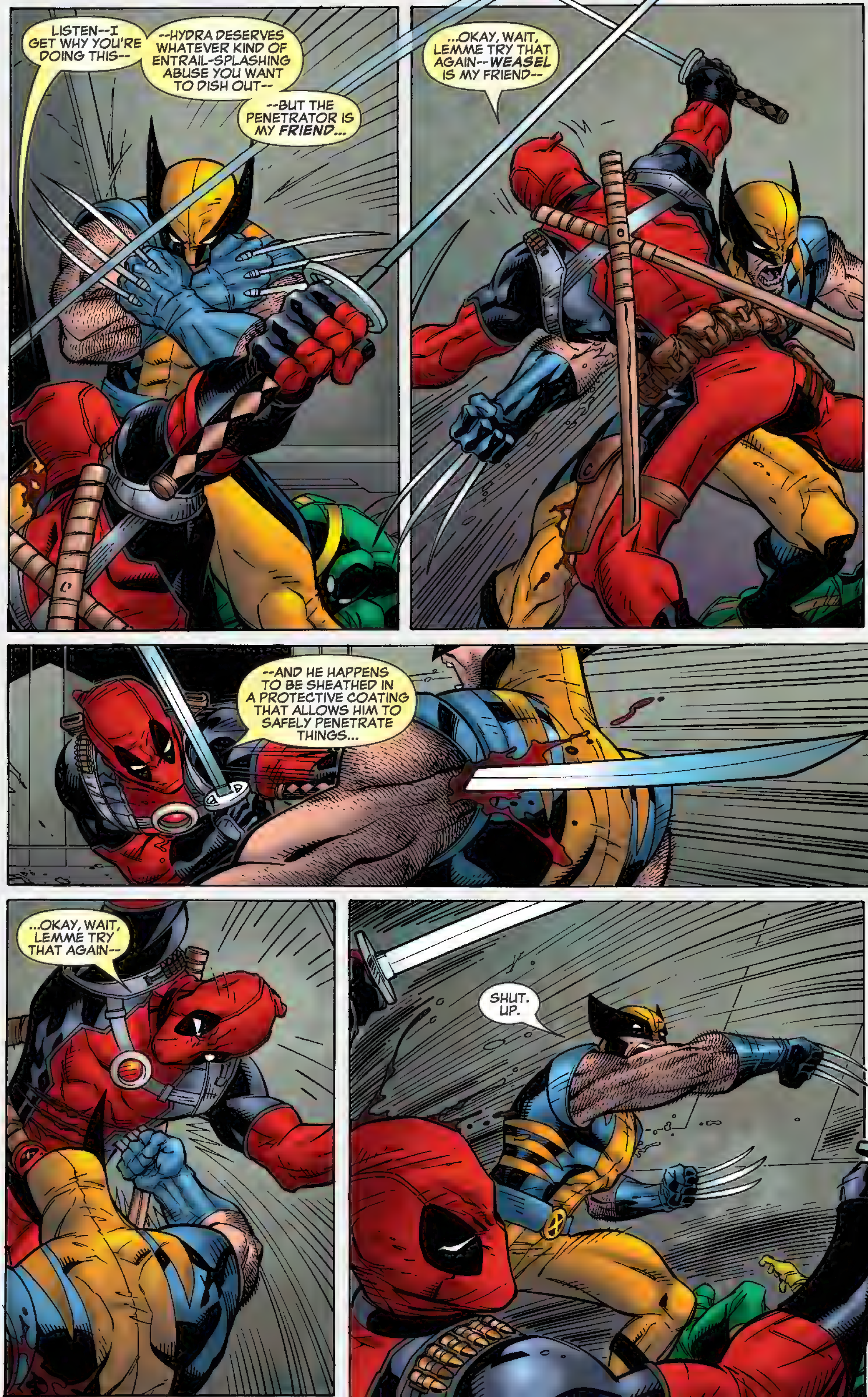

WAAADE--? WHERE ARE YOU?
ISN'T THAT THE TRAITOROUS MISSING AGENT?
HAIL, HYDRA!
HAIL, HYDRA!
HAIL, HYDRA!
HAIL, HYDRA!
HAIL, HYDRA!

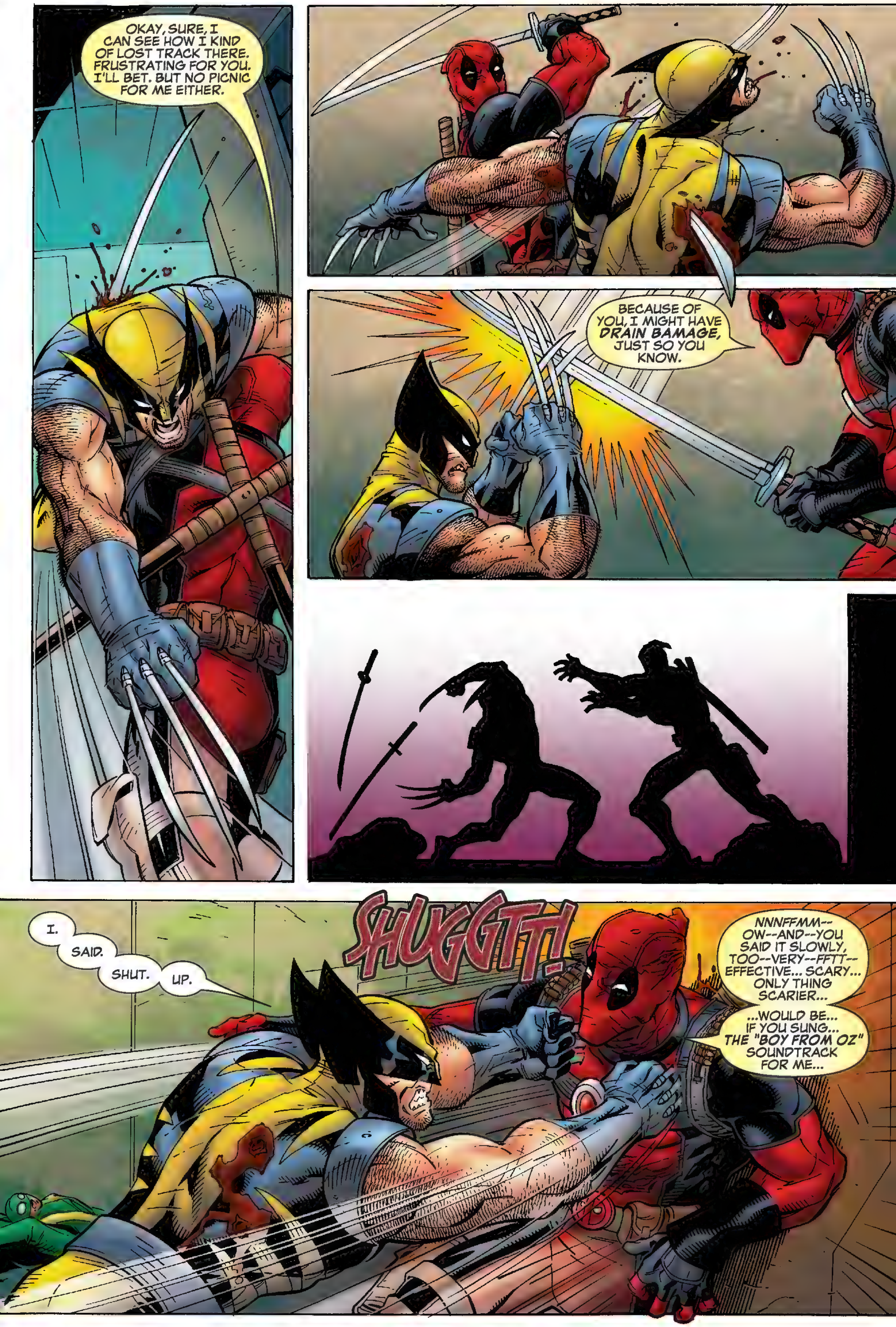

GYAAA
MY EYES!
AAAARRGH
OH GOD OH GOD THIS IS ALL YOUR FAULT ALLISON OH GOD...
...OH...
...GOOD.
C'MON, MR. WILSON...
HHMPH
MAN, YOU'RE HEAVY...
EXCUSE ME.
AAAH!
SORRY...
...EXCUSE ME...

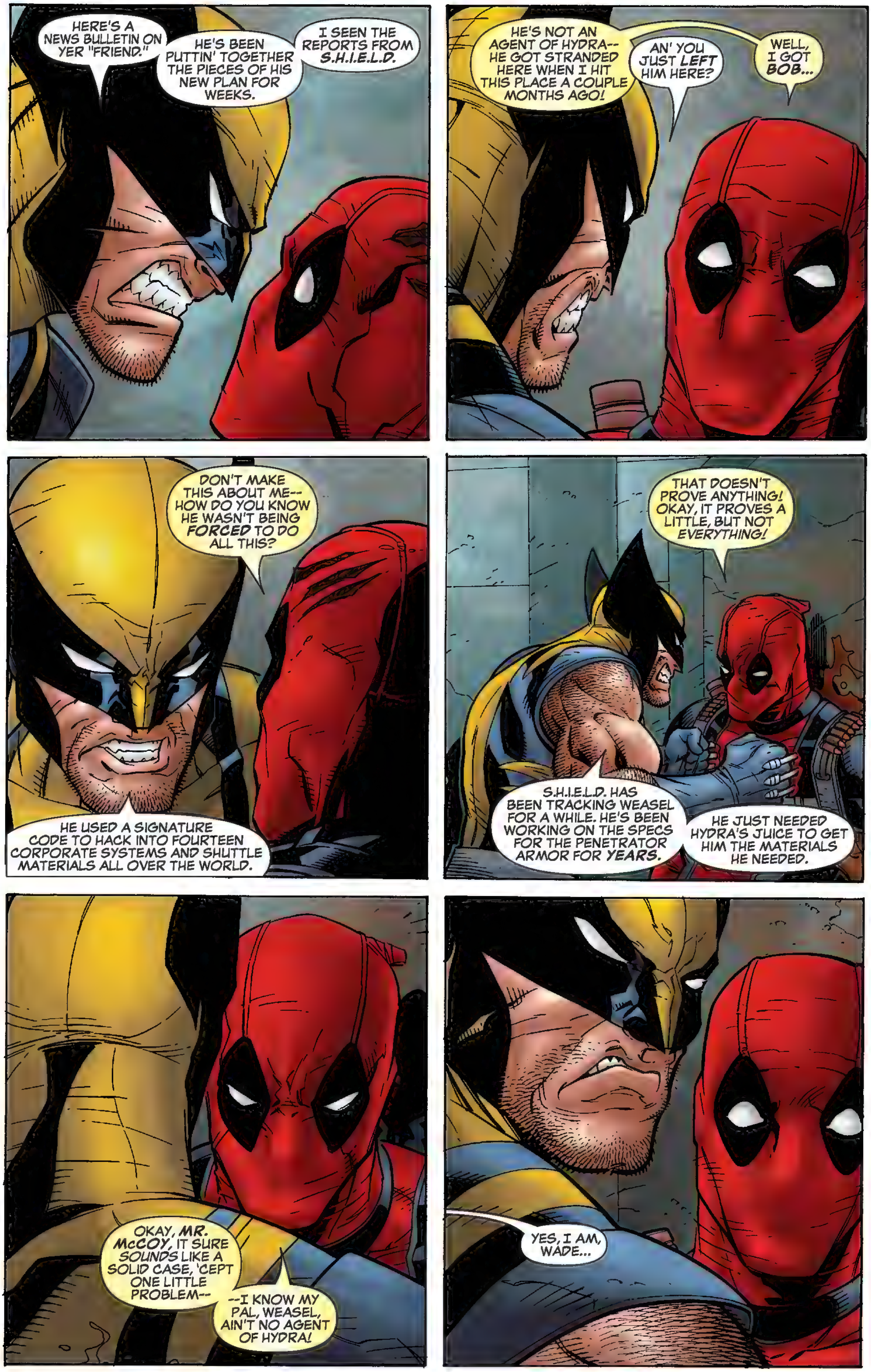

OOMPH
GYAAAH!
OH. HI. OKAY.
REATTACH HIS HEAD. JUST LIKE THAT.
TEN MONTHS AGO, I WAS MOWING LAWNS TO PUT FOOD ON THE TABLE...
OKAY... LOOK AT THIS-- GETTING ALL STICKY SO QUICKLY. COOL.
OH.
CRAP.
OH, THIS IS SO DISGUSTING...
THWWHIIPTTHTHGURLG

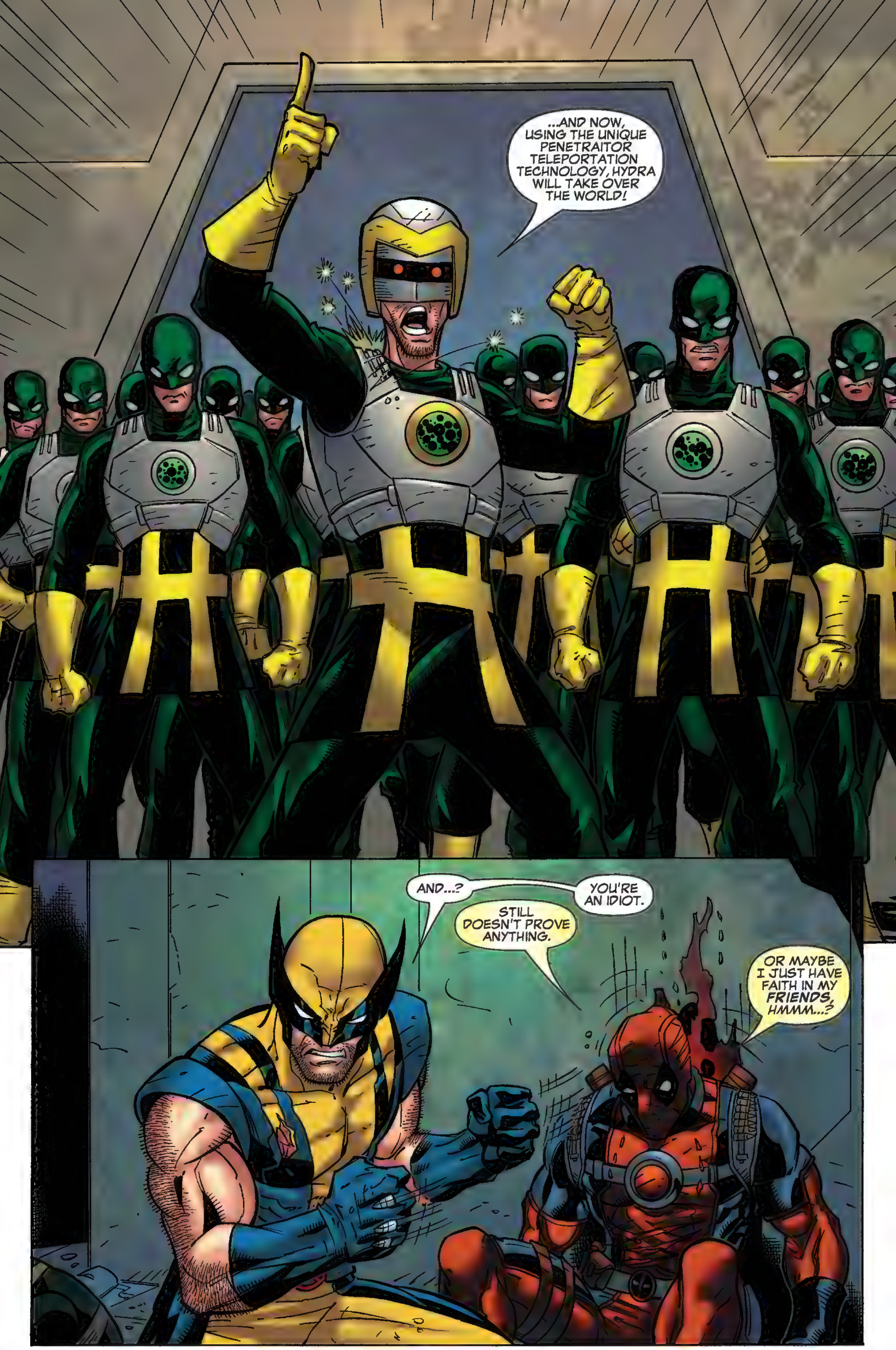

POSITIVE THINKING: I AM SWITZERLAND.
I AM SWITZER-LAND.
GYAAAH!
SLICG SLUGG PLIT PLIT THLIPP
HOW LONG IS THIS GOING TO TAKE...?
MEANWHILE...
NO, THE TACHYON GENERATOR HAS TO ATTACH THERE--YEAH--
JUST A FEW MORE MINUTES.
HOW MUCH LONGER?
WE DON'T HAVE A FEW MINUTES!
HOW DOES HE KNOW WHERE WE ARE?
HE MUST BE TRACKING YOUR SCENT, PENETRATOR!
HAIL HYDRA! WE NEED A MIRACLE!
HEY, JIMMY-BOY...

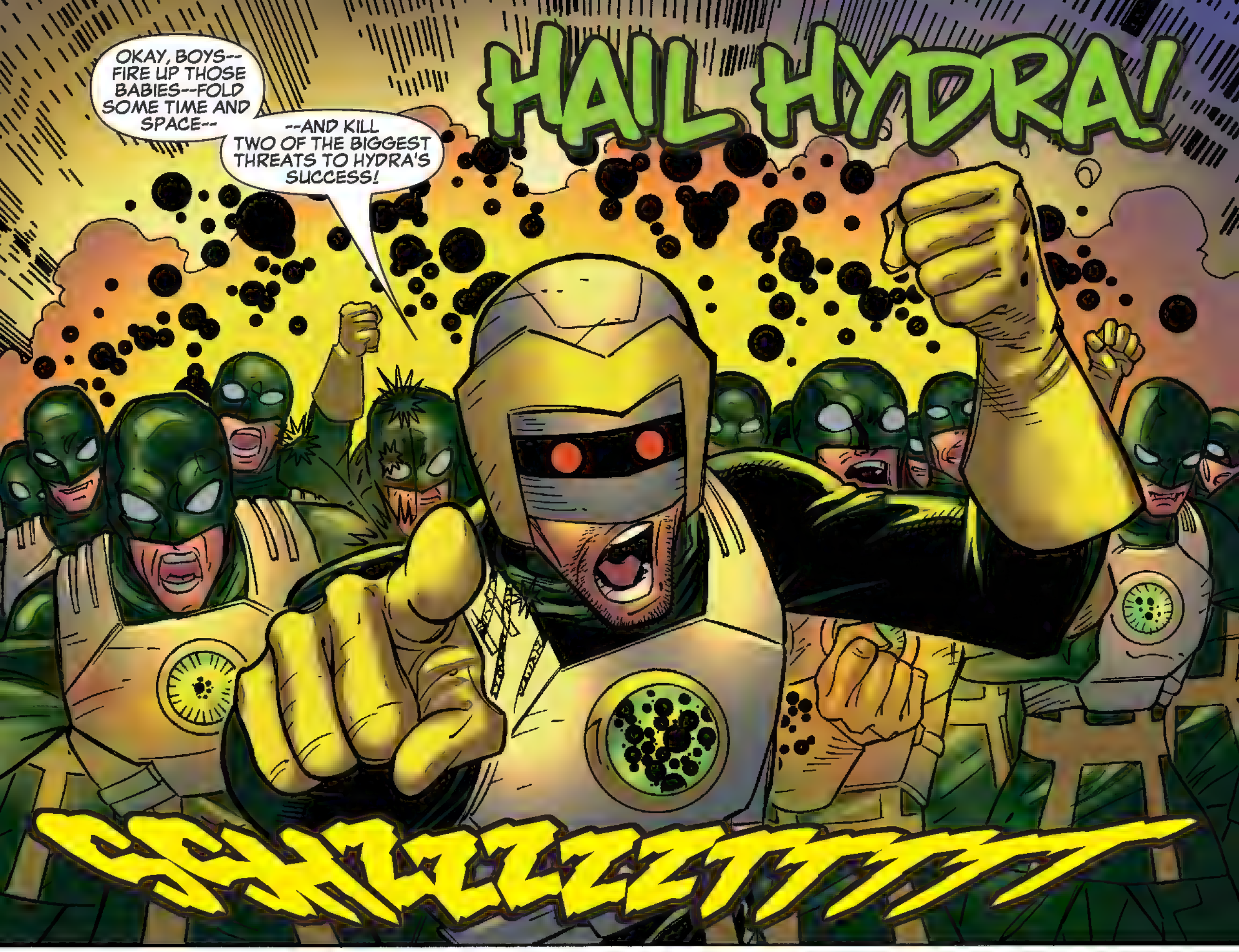

LET'S TRY THIS ONE MORE TIME NOW THAT I'M NOT IN A **TEAM-UP** SORTA MOOD!
THROAT FEELS SORE. STRANGE, DRY SENSATION IN MY MOUTH.
OH, YEAH, I HAVEN'T BEEN TALKING FOR ALMOST TEN MINUTES. WEIRD.
HOPEFULLY, HAVEN'T SUFFERED TOO MUCH ***DRAIN BAMAGE.***

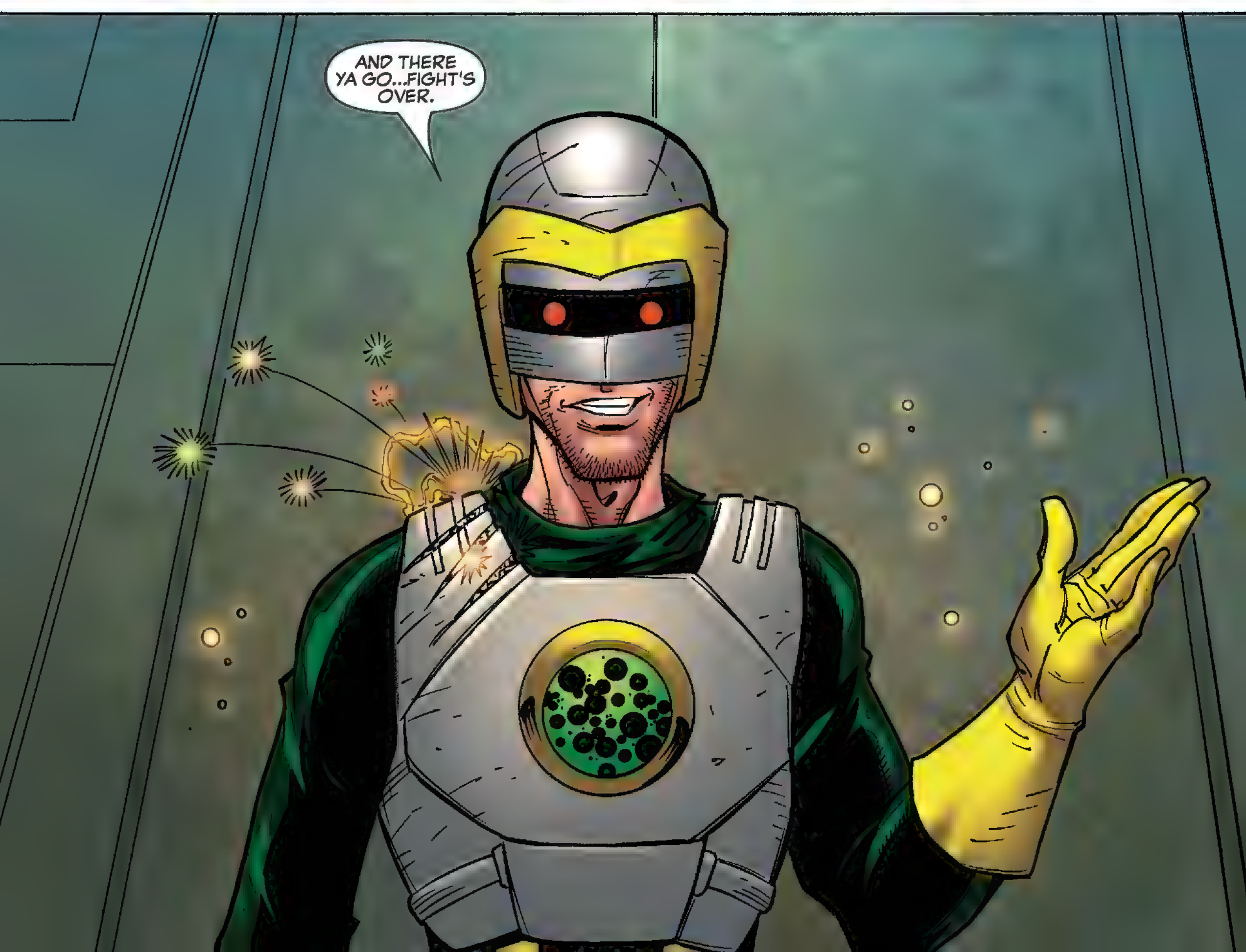

LISTEN--I GET WHY YOU'RE DOING THIS--
--HYDRA DESERVES WHATEVER KIND OF ENTRAIL-SPLASHING ABUSE YOU WANT TO DISH OUT--
--BUT THE PENETRATOR IS MY *FRIEND*...
...OKAY, WAIT, LEMME TRY THAT AGAIN--*WEASEL* IS MY FRIEND--
--AND HE HAPPENS TO BE SHEATHED IN A PROTECTIVE COATING THAT ALLOWS HIM TO SAFELY PENETRATE THINGS...
...OKAY, WAIT, LEMME TRY THAT AGAIN--
SHUT. UP.

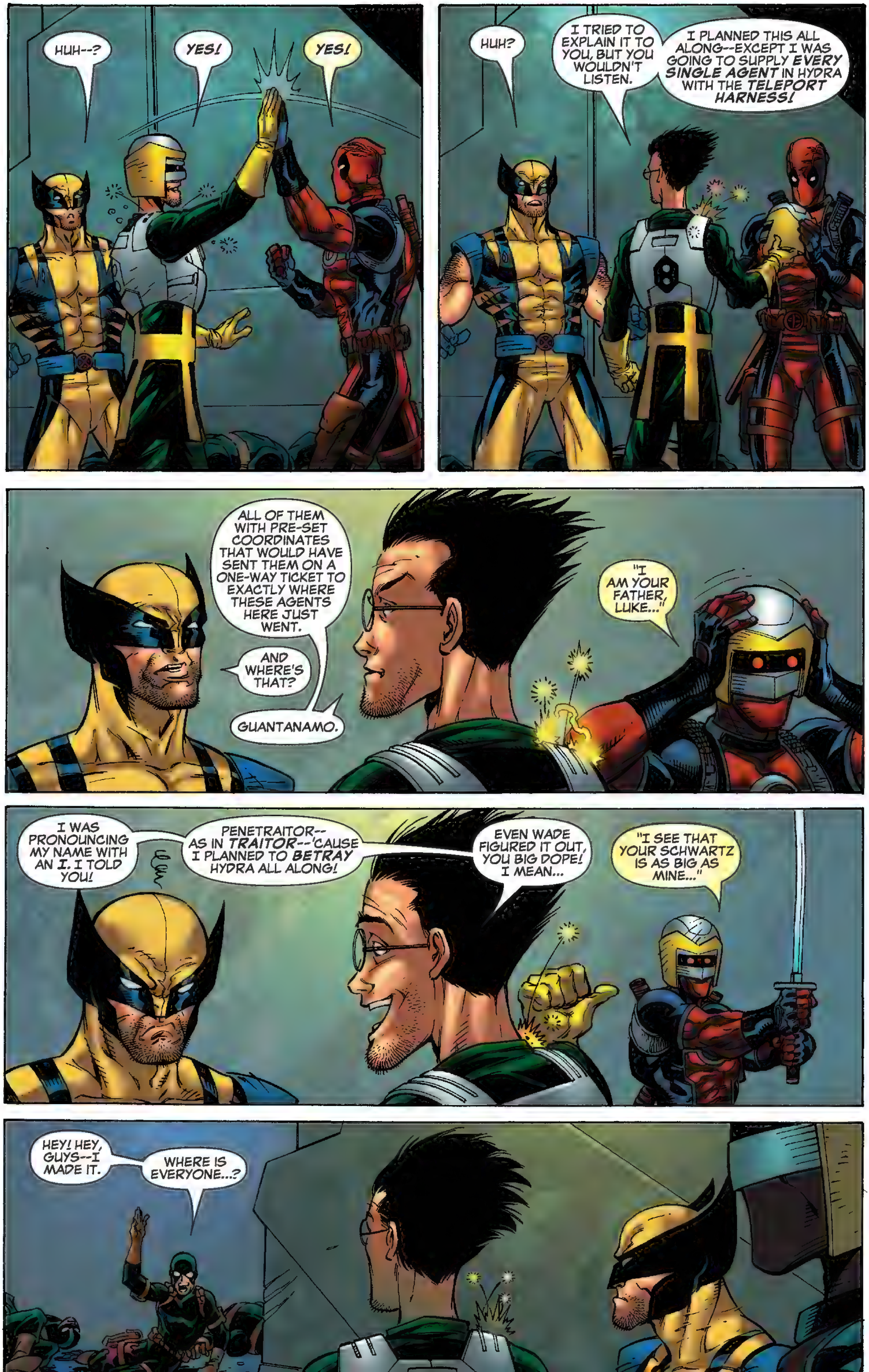

OKAY, SURE, I CAN SEE HOW I KIND OF LOST TRACK THERE. FRUSTRATING FOR YOU, I'LL BET. BUT NO PICNIC FOR ME EITHER.
BECAUSE OF YOU, I MIGHT HAVE DRAIN BAMAGE, JUST SO YOU KNOW.
SHUGGTT!
I.
SAID.
SHUT.
UP.
NNNFFMM-- OW--AND--YOU SAID IT SLOWLY, TOO--VERY--FFTT-- EFFECTIVE... SCARY... ONLY THING SCARIER...
...WOULD BE... IF YOU SUNG... THE "BOY FROM OZ" SOUNDTRACK FOR ME...

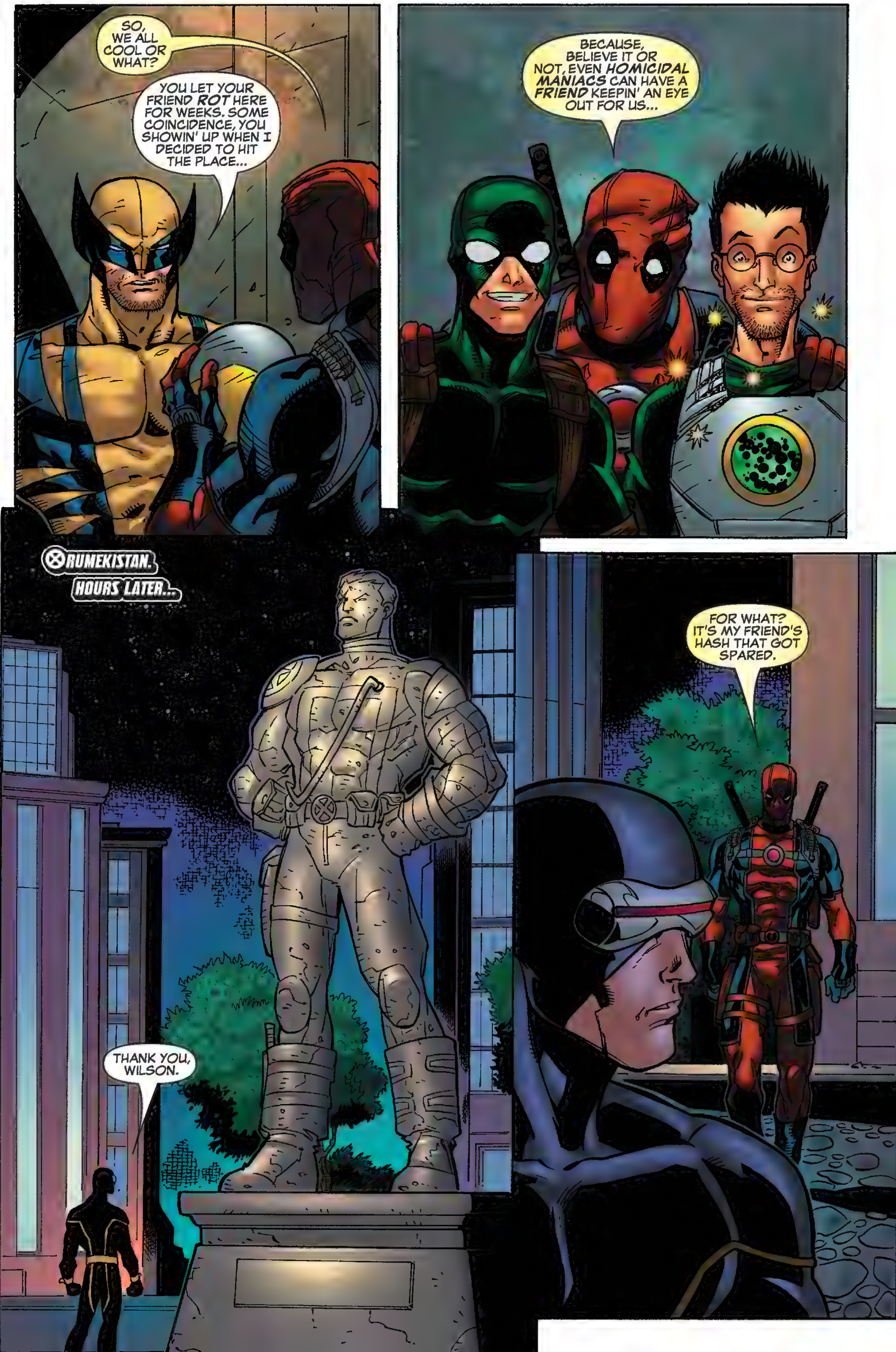

HERE'S A NEWS BULLETIN ON YER "FRIEND."
HE'S BEEN PUTTIN' TOGETHER THE PIECES OF HIS NEW PLAN FOR WEEKS.
I SEEN THE REPORTS FROM S.H.I.E.L.D.
HE'S NOT AN AGENT OF HYDRA-- HE GOT STRANDED HERE WHEN I HIT THIS PLACE A COUPLE MONTHS AGO!
AN' YOU JUST LEFT HIM HERE?
WELL, I GOT BOB...
DON'T MAKE THIS ABOUT ME-- HOW DO YOU KNOW HE WASN'T BEING FORCED TO DO ALL THIS?
HE USED A SIGNATURE CODE TO HACK INTO FOURTEEN CORPORATE SYSTEMS AND SHUTTLE MATERIALS ALL OVER THE WORLD.
THAT DOESN'T PROVE ANYTHING! OKAY, IT PROVES A LITTLE, BUT NOT EVERYTHING!
S.H.I.E.L.D. HAS BEEN TRACKING WEASEL FOR A WHILE. HE'S BEEN WORKING ON THE SPECS FOR THE PENETRATOR ARMOR FOR YEARS.
HE JUST NEEDED HYDRA'S JUICE TO GET HIM THE MATERIALS HE NEEDED.
OKAY, MR. McCOY, IT SURE SOUNDS LIKE A SOLID CASE, 'CEPT ONE LITTLE PROBLEM--
--I KNOW MY PAL, WEASEL, AIN'T NO AGENT OF HYDRA!
YES, I AM, WADE...

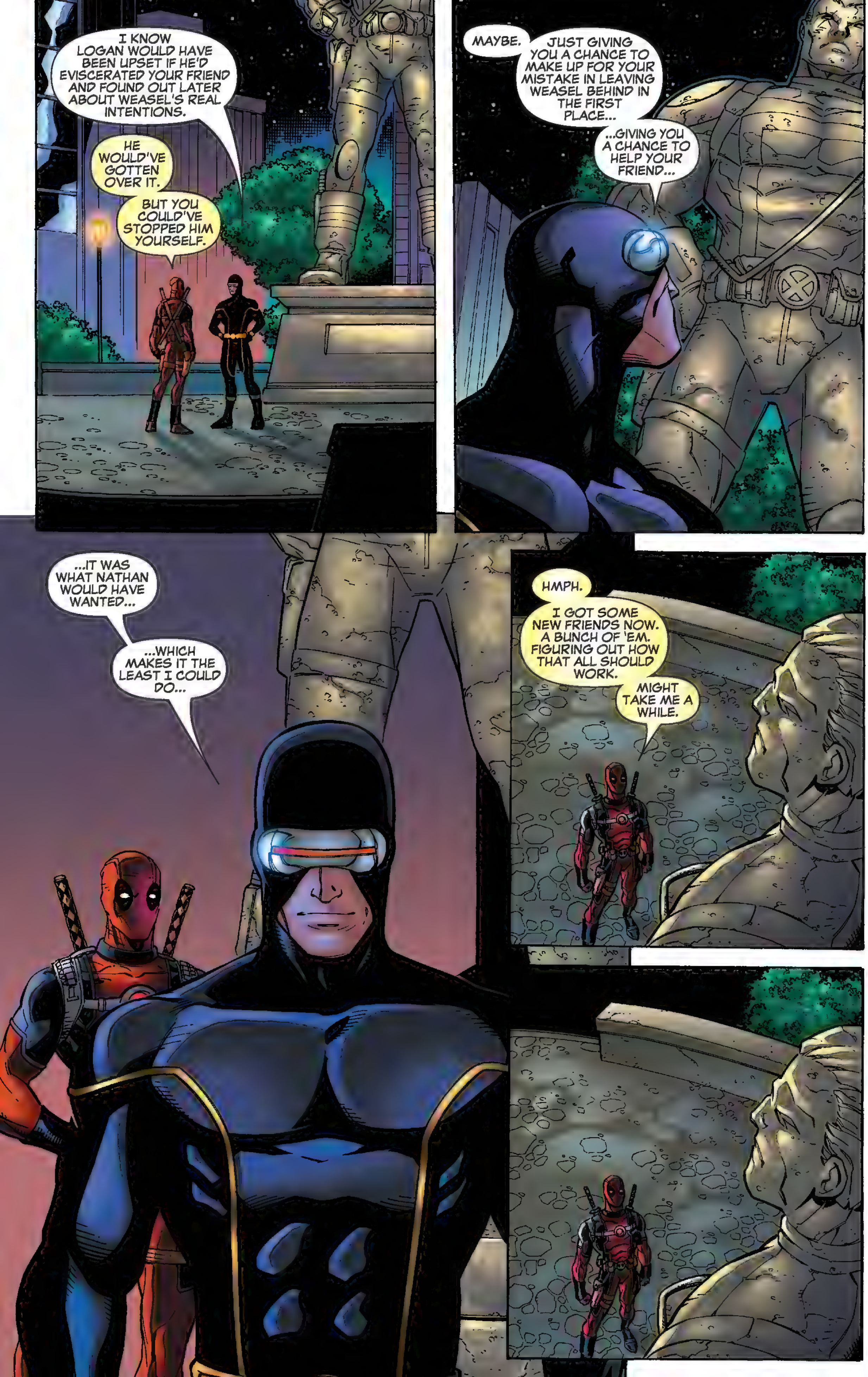

...AND NOW, USING THE UNIQUE PENETRAITOR TELEPORTATION TECHNOLOGY, HYDRA WILL TAKE OVER THE WORLD!
AND...?
YOU'RE AN IDIOT.
STILL DOESN'T PROVE ANYTHING.
OR MAYBE I JUST HAVE FAITH IN MY *FRIENDS*, HMMM...?

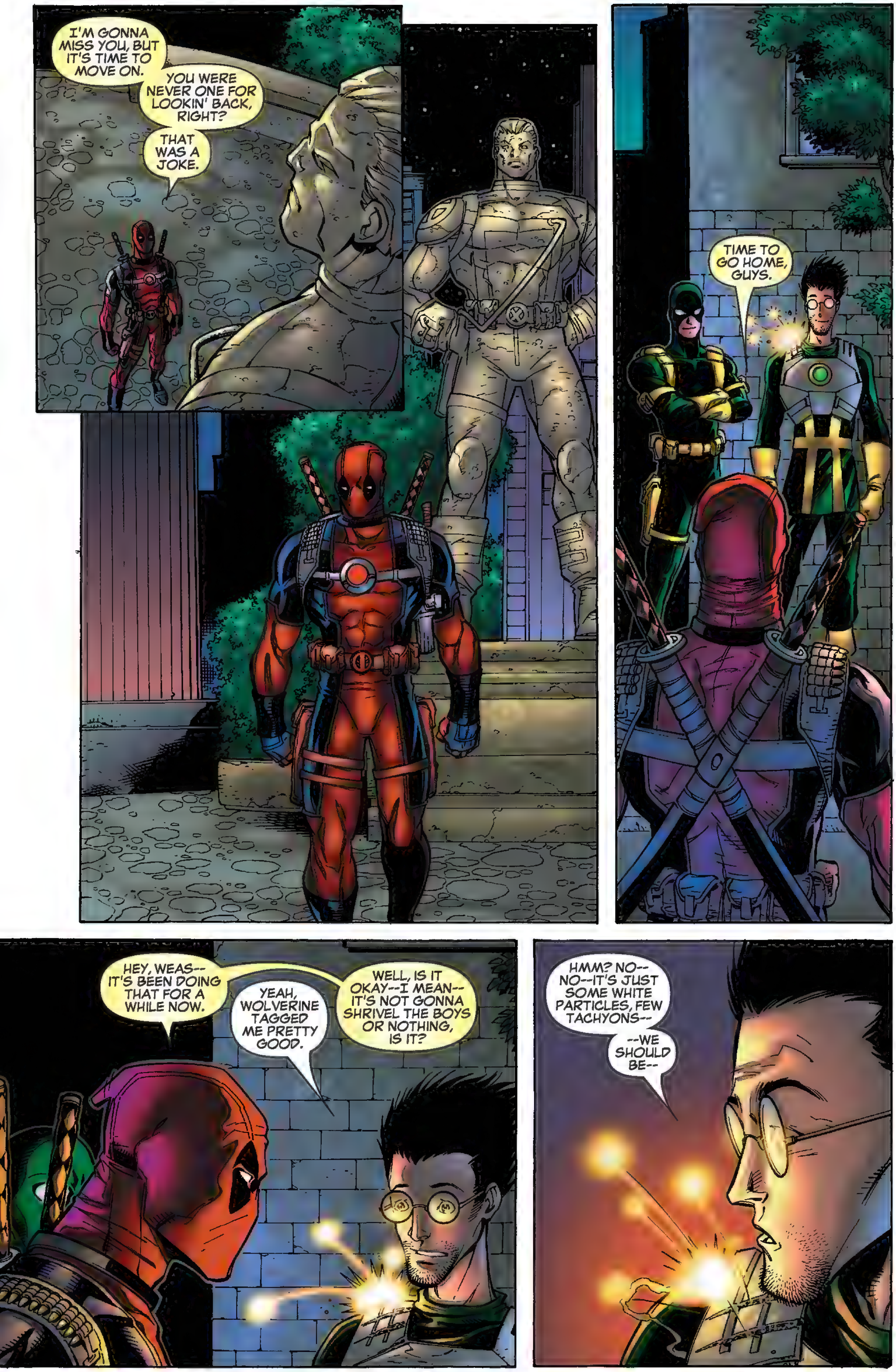

OKAY, BOYS--FIRE UP THOSE BABIES--FOLD SOME TIME AND SPACE--
--AND KILL TWO OF THE BIGGEST THREATS TO HYDRA'S SUCCESS!
HAIL HYDRA!
CSHZZZZZTTTTT

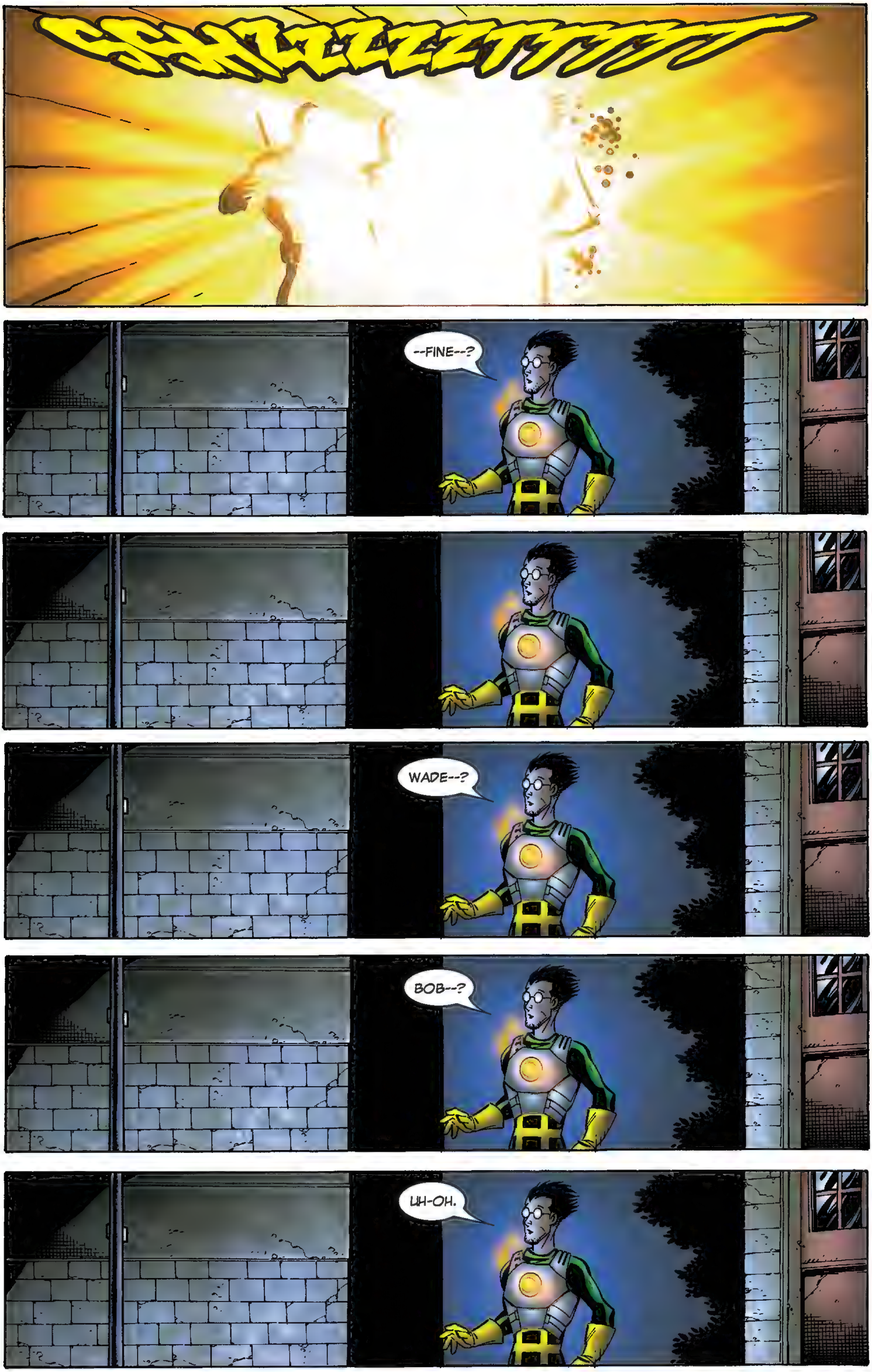

AND THERE YA GO...FIGHT'S OVER.


HUH--?
YES!
YES!
HUH?
I TRIED TO EXPLAIN IT TO YOU, BUT YOU WOULDN'T LISTEN.
I PLANNED THIS ALL ALONG--EXCEPT I WAS GOING TO SUPPLY **EVERY SINGLE AGENT** IN HYDRA WITH THE **TELEPORT HARNESS!**
ALL OF THEM WITH PRE-SET COORDINATES THAT WOULD HAVE SENT THEM ON A ONE-WAY TICKET TO EXACTLY WHERE THESE AGENTS HERE JUST WENT.
AND WHERE'S THAT?
GUANTANAMO.
"I AM YOUR FATHER, LUKE..."
I WAS PRONOUNCING MY NAME WITH AN **I.** I TOLD YOU!
PENETRAITOR--AS IN **TRAITOR**--'CAUSE I PLANNED TO **BETRAY** HYDRA ALL ALONG!
EVEN WADE FIGURED IT OUT, YOU BIG DOPE! I MEAN...
"I SEE THAT YOUR SCHWARTZ IS AS BIG AS MINE..."
HEY! HEY, GUYS--I MADE IT.
WHERE IS EVERYONE...?

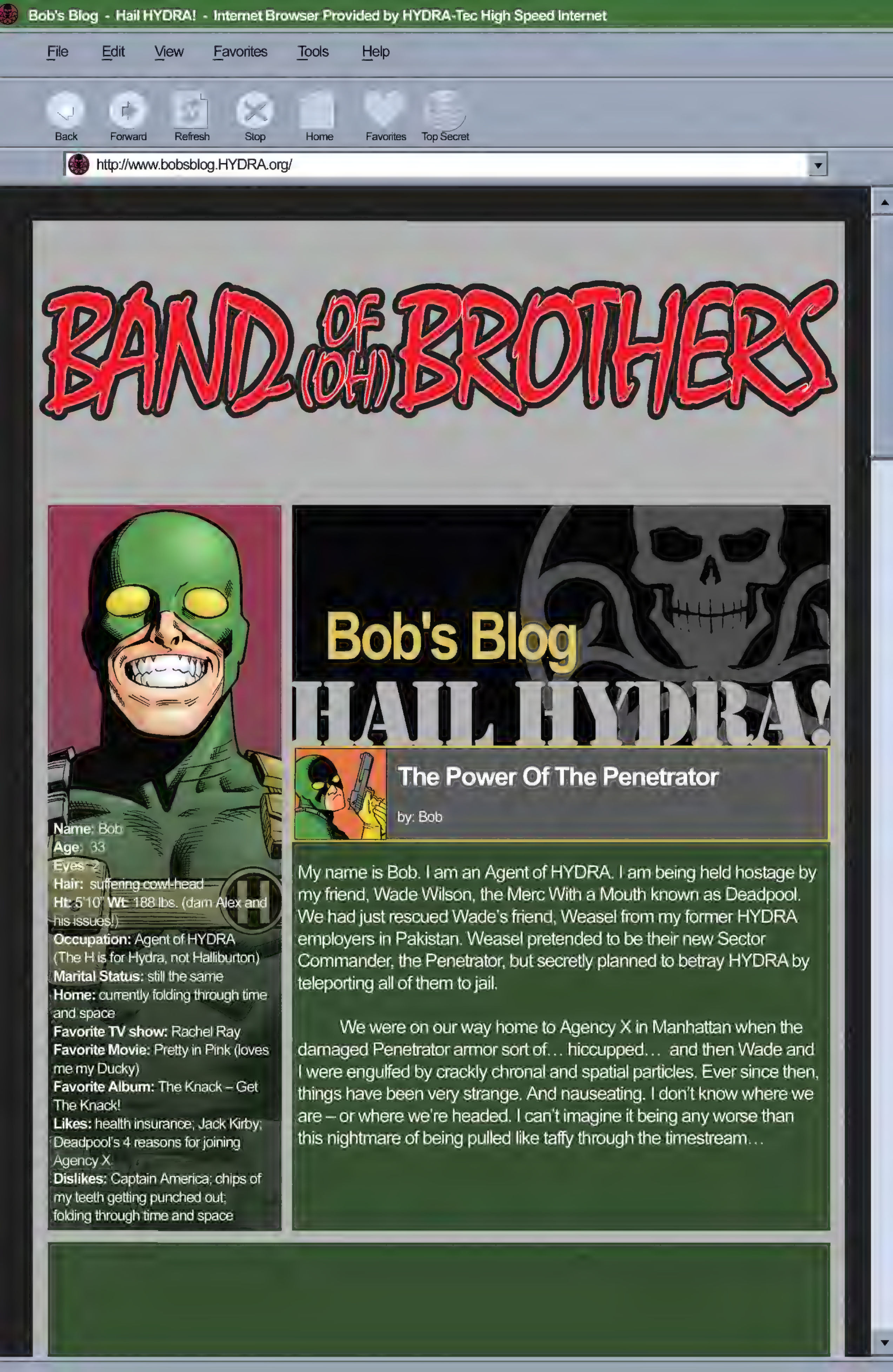

SO, WE ALL COOL OR WHAT?
YOU LET YOUR FRIEND **ROT** HERE FOR WEEKS. SOME COINCIDENCE, YOU SHOWIN' UP WHEN I DECIDED TO HIT THE PLACE...
BECAUSE, BELIEVE IT OR NOT, EVEN **HOMICIDAL MANIACS** CAN HAVE A **FRIEND** KEEPIN' AN EYE OUT FOR US...
RUMEKISTAN.
HOURS LATER...
THANK YOU, WILSON.
FOR WHAT? IT'S MY FRIEND'S HASH THAT GOT SPARED.


I KNOW LOGAN WOULD HAVE BEEN UPSET IF HE'D EVISCERATED YOUR FRIEND AND FOUND OUT LATER ABOUT WEASEL'S REAL INTENTIONS.
HE WOULD'VE GOTTEN OVER IT.
BUT YOU COULD'VE STOPPED HIM YOURSELF.
MAYBE.
JUST GIVING YOU A CHANCE TO MAKE UP FOR YOUR MISTAKE IN LEAVING WEASEL BEHIND IN THE FIRST PLACE...
...GIVING YOU A CHANCE TO HELP YOUR FRIEND...
...IT WAS WHAT NATHAN WOULD HAVE WANTED...
...WHICH MAKES IT THE LEAST I COULD DO...
HMPH.
I GOT SOME NEW FRIENDS NOW. A BUNCH OF 'EM. FIGURING OUT HOW THAT ALL SHOULD WORK.
MIGHT TAKE ME A WHILE.


I'M GONNA MISS YOU, BUT IT'S TIME TO MOVE ON.
YOU WERE NEVER ONE FOR LOOKIN' BACK, RIGHT?
THAT WAS A JOKE.
TIME TO GO HOME, GUYS.
HEY, WEAS-- IT'S BEEN DOING THAT FOR A WHILE NOW.
YEAH, WOLVERINE TAGGED ME PRETTY GOOD.
WELL, IS IT OKAY--I MEAN-- IT'S NOT GONNA SHRIVEL THE BOYS OR NOTHING, IS IT?
HMM? NO-- NO--IT'S JUST SOME WHITE PARTICLES, FEW TACHYONS--
--WE SHOULD BE--


CSHZZZZZTTTTT
--FINE--?
WADE--?
BOB--?
UH-OH.

45


Bob's Blog - Hail HYDRA! - Internet Browser Provided by HYDRA-Tec High Speed Internet
File
Edit
View
Favorites
Tools
Help
Back
Forward
Refresh
Stop
Home
Favorites
Top Secret
http://www.bobsblog.HYDRA.org/
BAND OF (OH) BROTHERS

Bob's Blog

HAIL HYDRA!

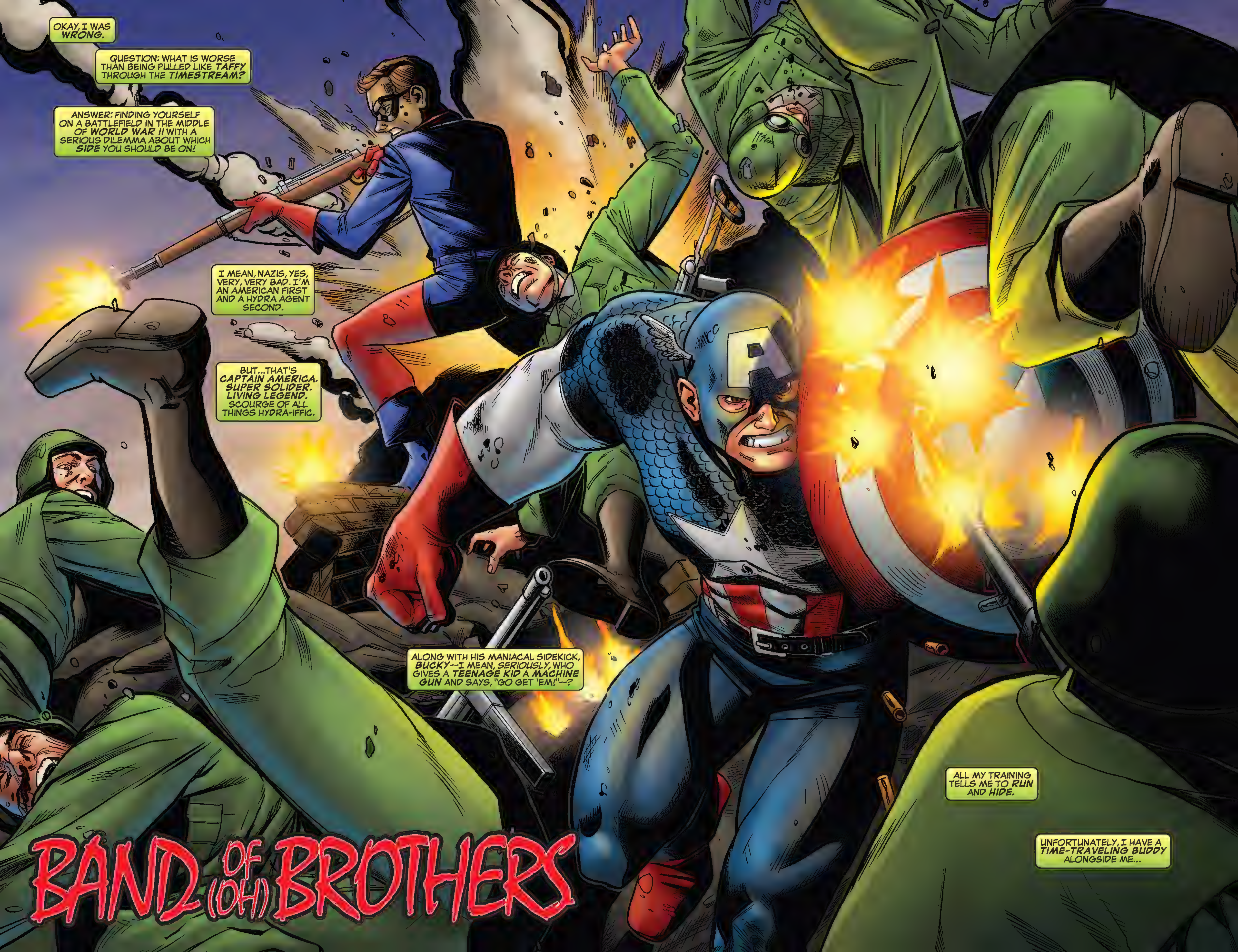
The Power Of The Penetrator

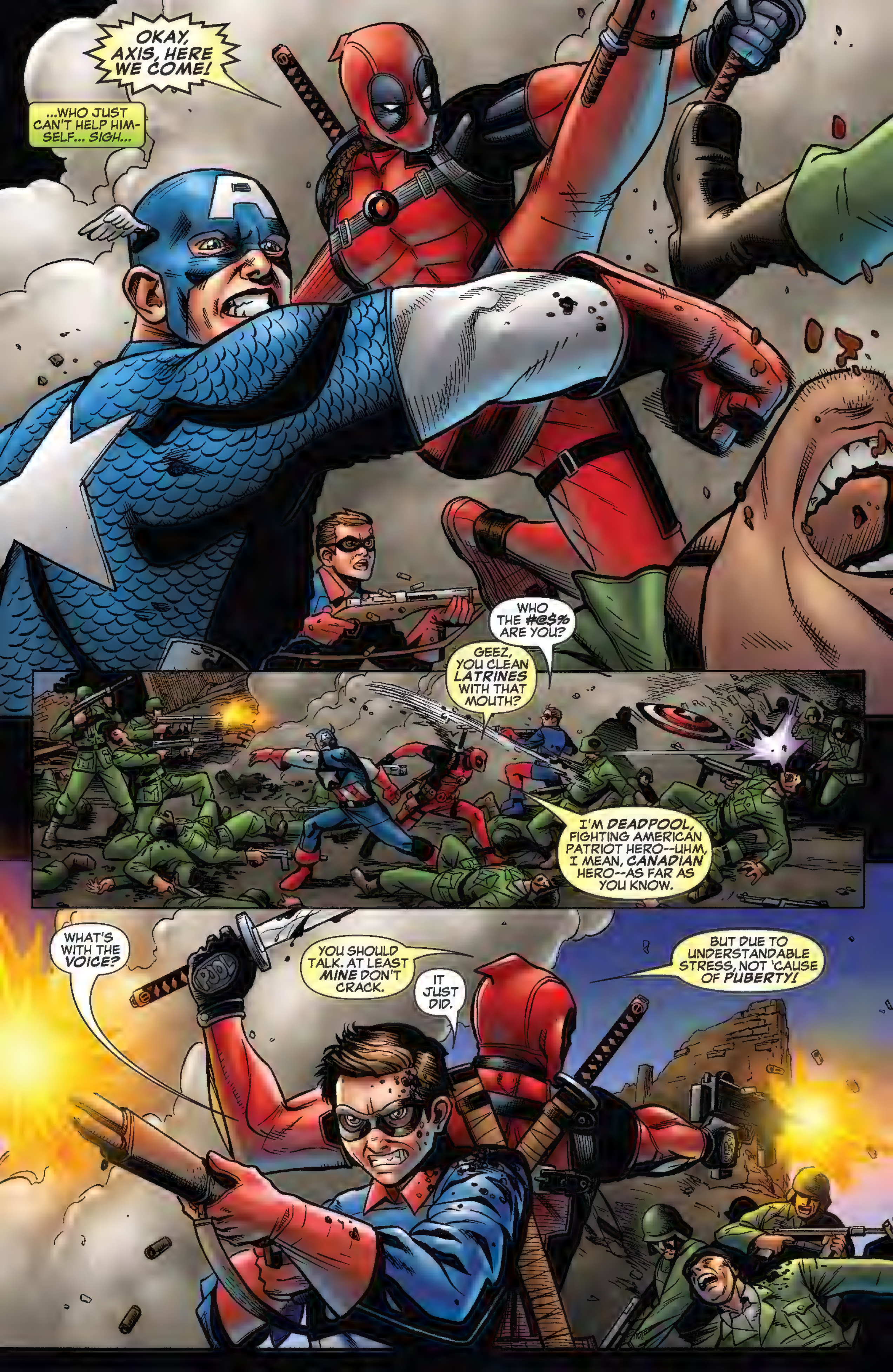
by: Bob

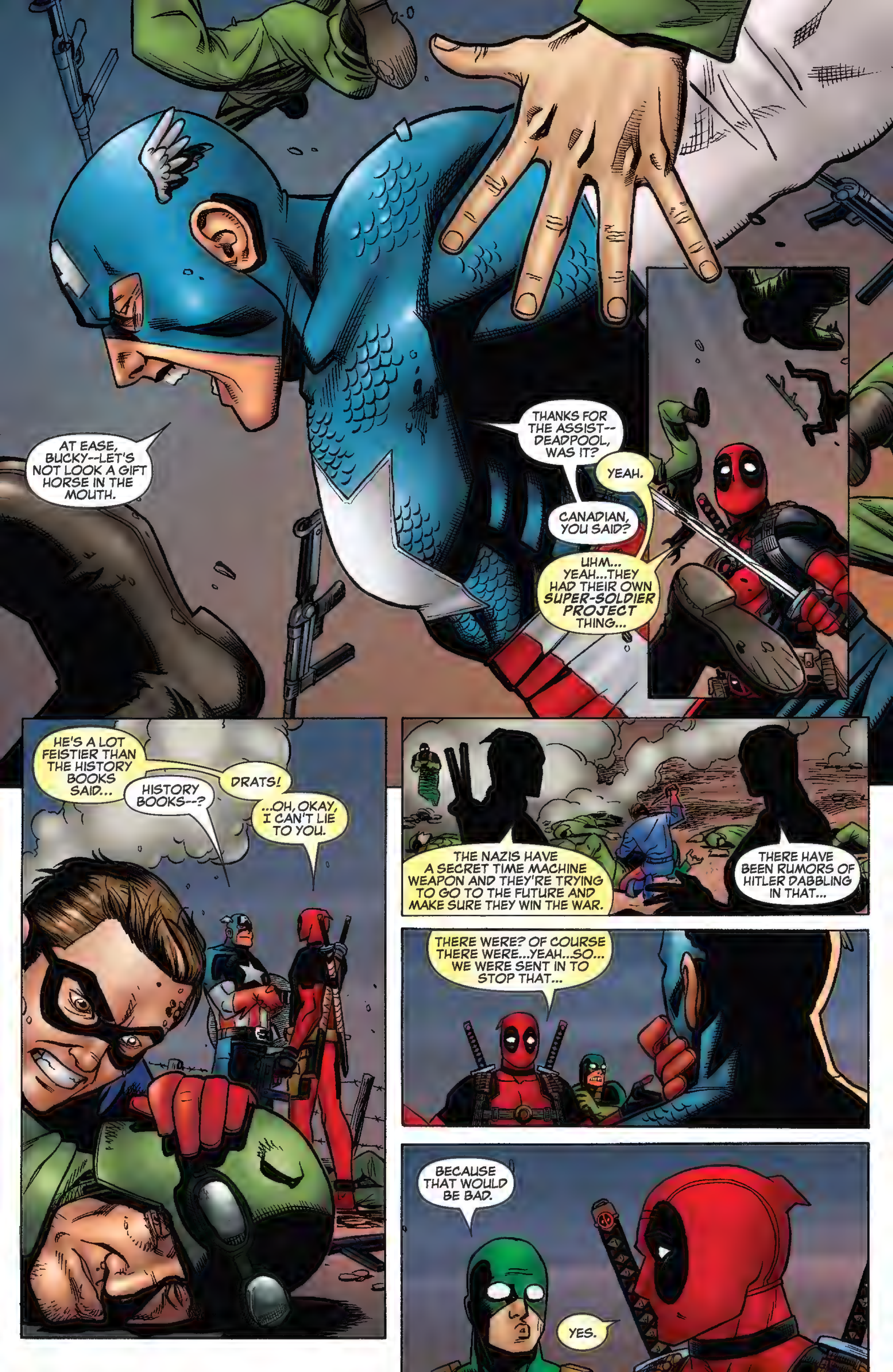
Name: Bob
Age: 33
Eyes: 2
Hair: suffering cowl-head
Ht: 5'10" **Wt:** 188 lbs. (darn Alex and his issues!)
Occupation: Agent of HYDRA (The H is for Hydra, not Halliburton)
Marital Status: still the same
Home: currently folding through time and space
Favorite TV show: Rachel Ray
Favorite Movie: Pretty in Pink (loves me my Ducky)
Favorite Album: The Knack – Get The Knack!
Likes: health insurance; Jack Kirby; Deadpool's 4 reasons for joining Agency X
Dislikes: Captain America; chips of my teeth getting punched out; folding through time and space

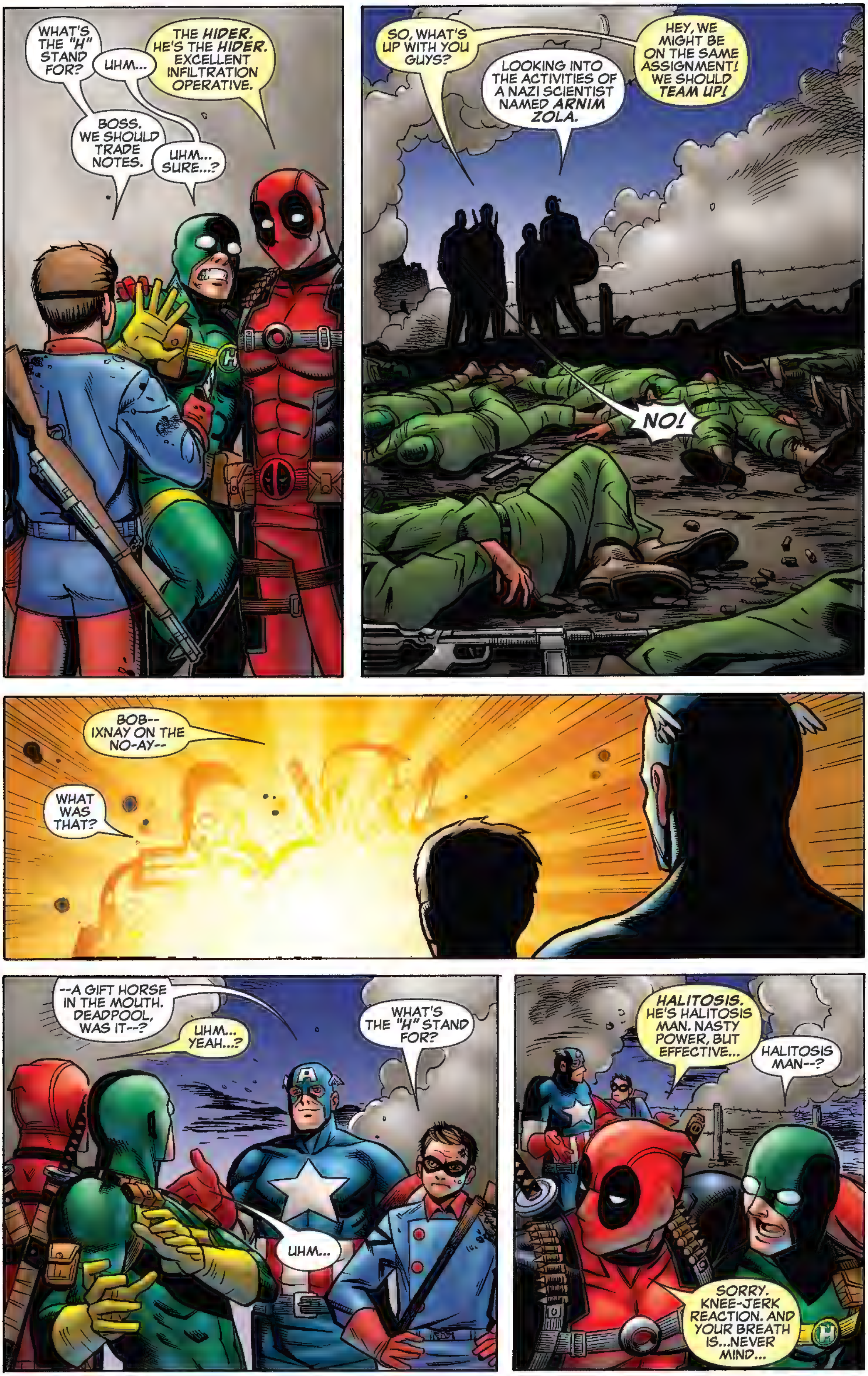
My name is Bob. I am an Agent of HYDRA. I am being held hostage by my friend, Wade Wilson, the Merc With a Mouth known as Deadpool. We had just rescued Wade's friend, Weasel from my former HYDRA employers in Pakistan. Weasel pretended to be their new Sector Commander, the Penetrator, but secretly planned to betray HYDRA by teleporting all of them to jail.

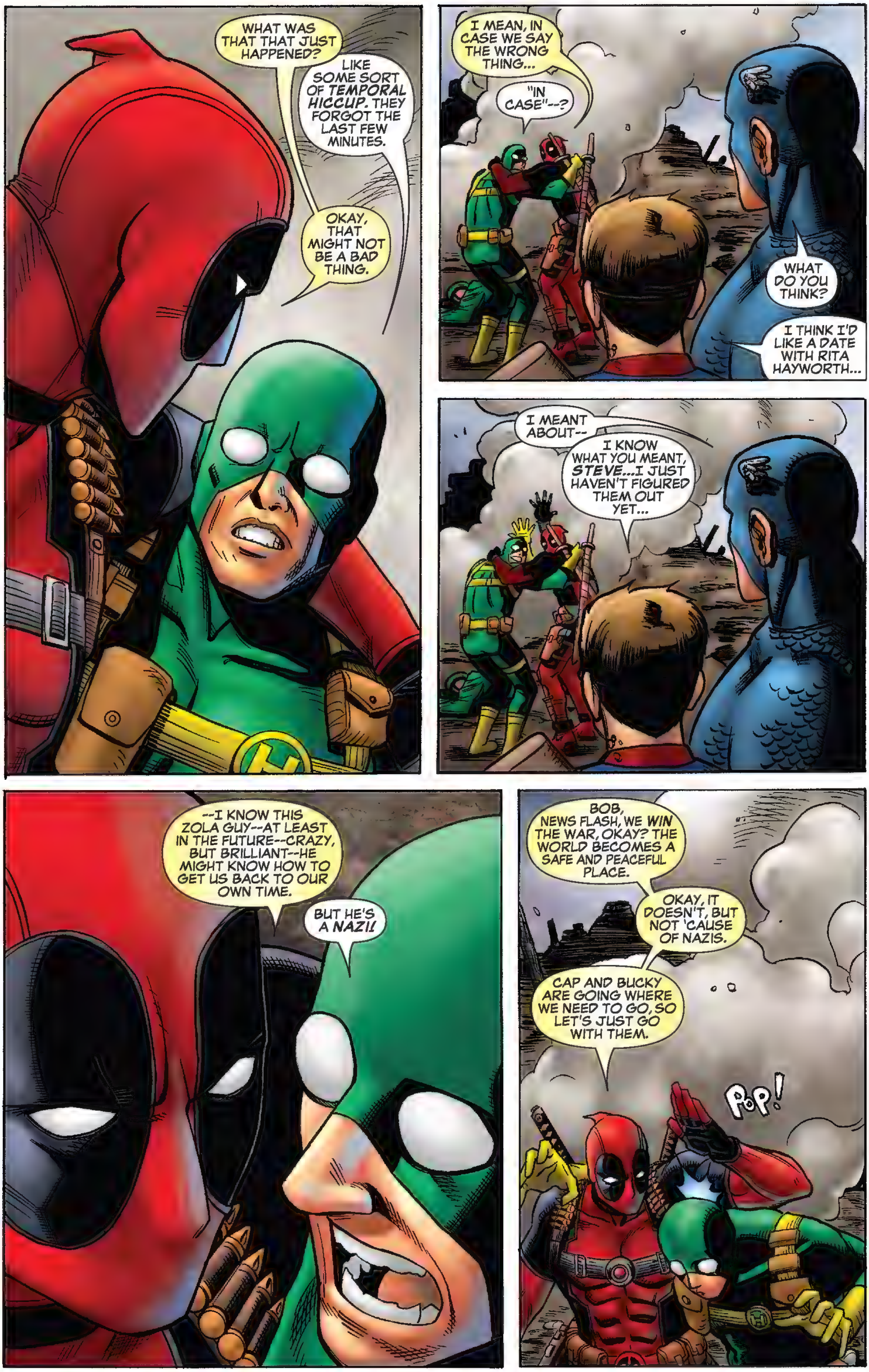
We were on our way home to Agency X in Manhattan when the damaged Penetrator armor sort of… hiccupped… and then Wade and I were engulfed by crackly chronal and spatial particles. Ever since then, things have been very strange. And nauseating. I don't know where we are – or where we're headed. I can't imagine it being any worse than this nightmare of being pulled like taffy through the timestream…

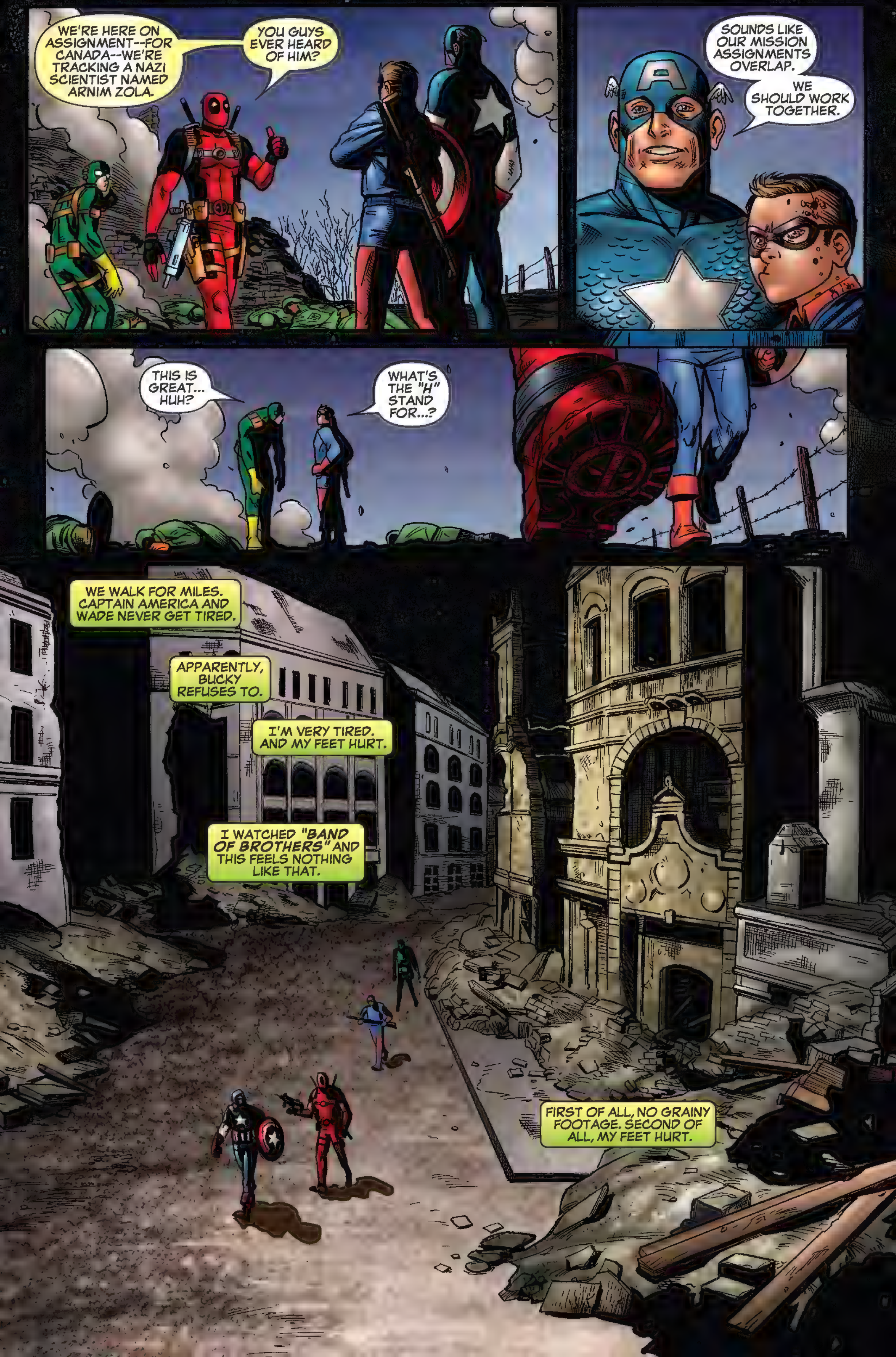

OKAY, I WAS *WRONG.*
QUESTION: WHAT IS WORSE THAN BEING PULLED LIKE *TAFFY* THROUGH THE *TIMESTREAM?*
ANSWER: FINDING YOURSELF ON A BATTLEFIELD IN THE MIDDLE OF *WORLD WAR II* WITH A SERIOUS DILEMMA ABOUT WHICH *SIDE* YOU SHOULD BE ON!
I MEAN, NAZIS, YES, VERY, VERY BAD. I'M AN AMERICAN FIRST AND A HYDRA AGENT SECOND.
BUT...THAT'S *CAPTAIN AMERICA. SUPER SOLIDER. LIVING LEGEND.* SCOURGE OF ALL THINGS HYDRA-IFFIC.
ALONG WITH HIS MANIACAL SIDEKICK, *BUCKY*--I MEAN, SERIOUSLY, WHO GIVES A *TEENAGE KID* A *MACHINE GUN* AND SAYS, "GO GET 'EM!"--?
ALL MY TRAINING TELLS ME TO *RUN* AND *HIDE.*
UNFORTUNATELY, I HAVE A *TIME-TRAVELING BUDDY* ALONGSIDE ME...
BAND OF (OH) BROTHERS

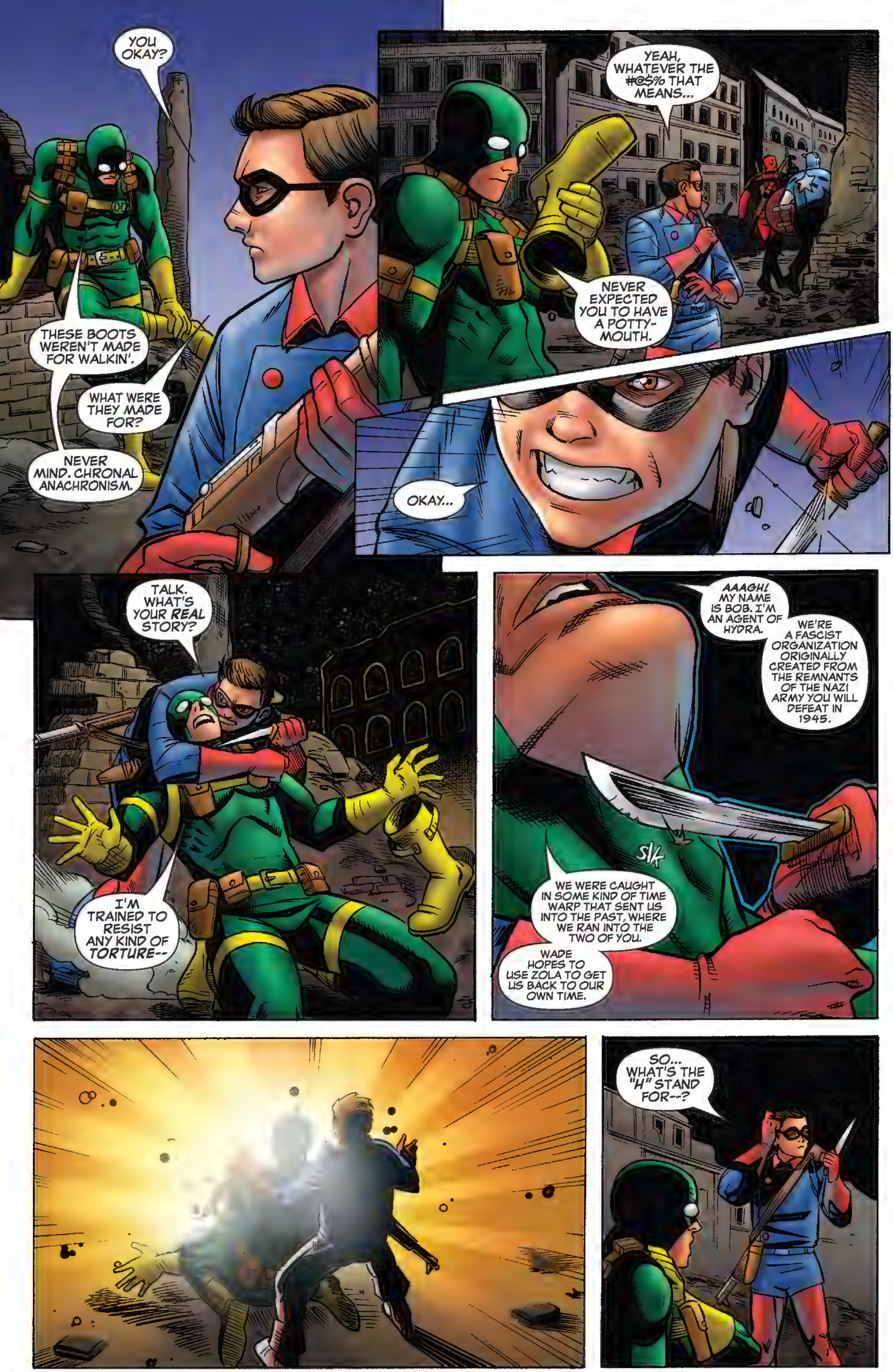

OKAY, AXIS, HERE WE COME!
...WHO JUST CAN'T HELP HIMSELF... SIGH...
WHO THE #@$% ARE YOU?
GEEZ, YOU CLEAN *LATRINES* WITH THAT MOUTH?
I'M *DEADPOOL*, FIGHTING AMERICAN PATRIOT HERO--UHM, I MEAN, *CANADIAN* HERO--AS FAR AS YOU KNOW.
WHAT'S WITH THE *VOICE*?
YOU SHOULD TALK. AT LEAST *MINE* DON'T CRACK.
IT JUST DID.
BUT DUE TO UNDERSTANDABLE STRESS, NOT 'CAUSE OF *PUBERTY!*

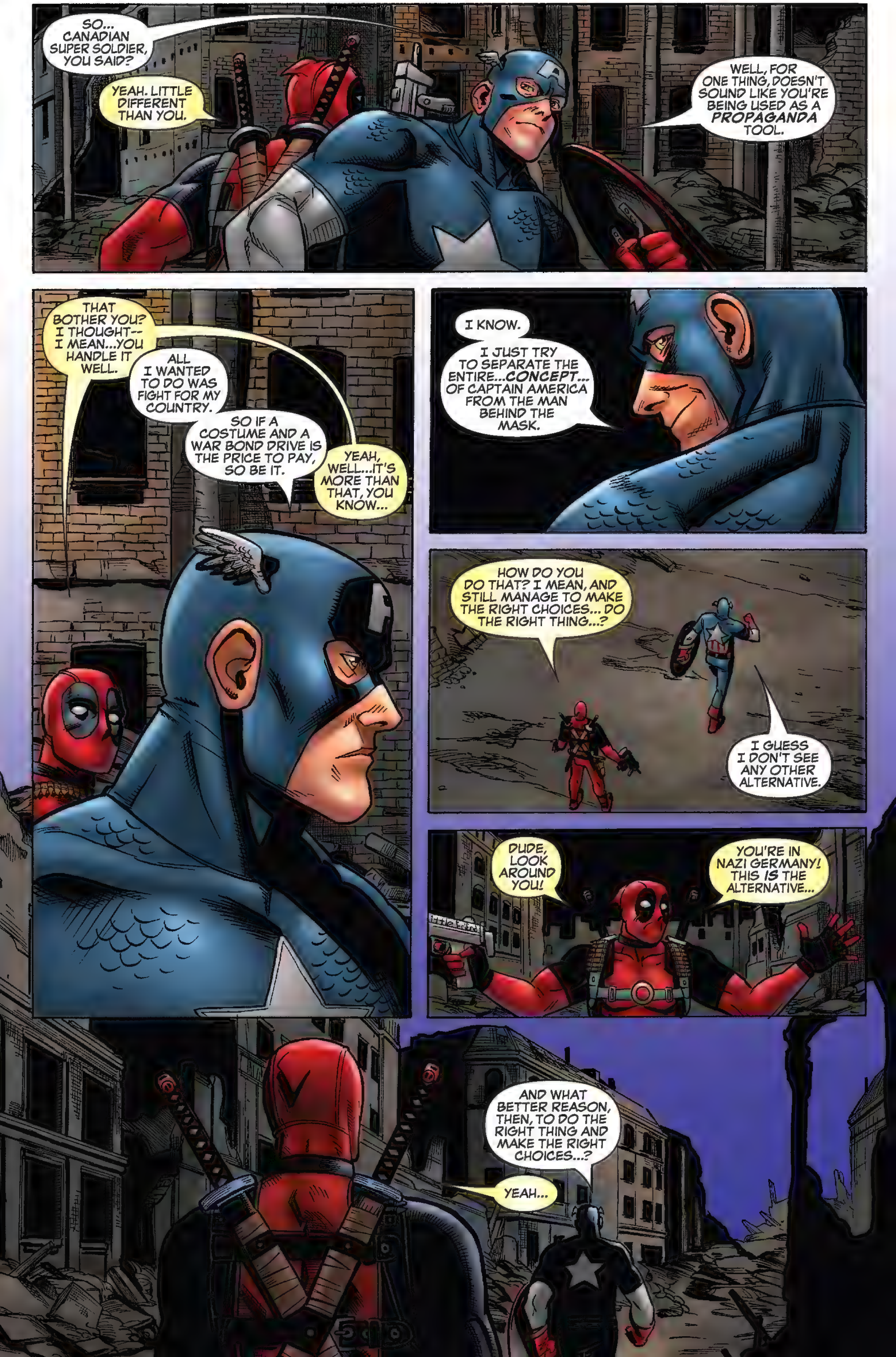

AT EASE, BUCKY--LET'S NOT LOOK A GIFT HORSE IN THE MOUTH.
THANKS FOR THE ASSIST-- DEADPOOL, WAS IT?
YEAH.
CANADIAN, YOU SAID?
UHM... YEAH...THEY HAD THEIR OWN ***SUPER-SOLDIER PROJECT*** THING...
HE'S A LOT FEISTIER THAN THE HISTORY BOOKS SAID...
HISTORY BOOKS--?
DRATS!
...OH, OKAY, I CAN'T LIE TO YOU.
THE NAZIS HAVE A SECRET TIME MACHINE WEAPON AND THEY'RE TRYING TO GO TO THE FUTURE AND MAKE SURE THEY WIN THE WAR.
THERE HAVE BEEN RUMORS OF HITLER DABBLING IN THAT...
THERE WERE? OF COURSE THERE WERE...YEAH...SO... WE WERE SENT IN TO STOP THAT...
BECAUSE THAT WOULD BE BAD.
YES.

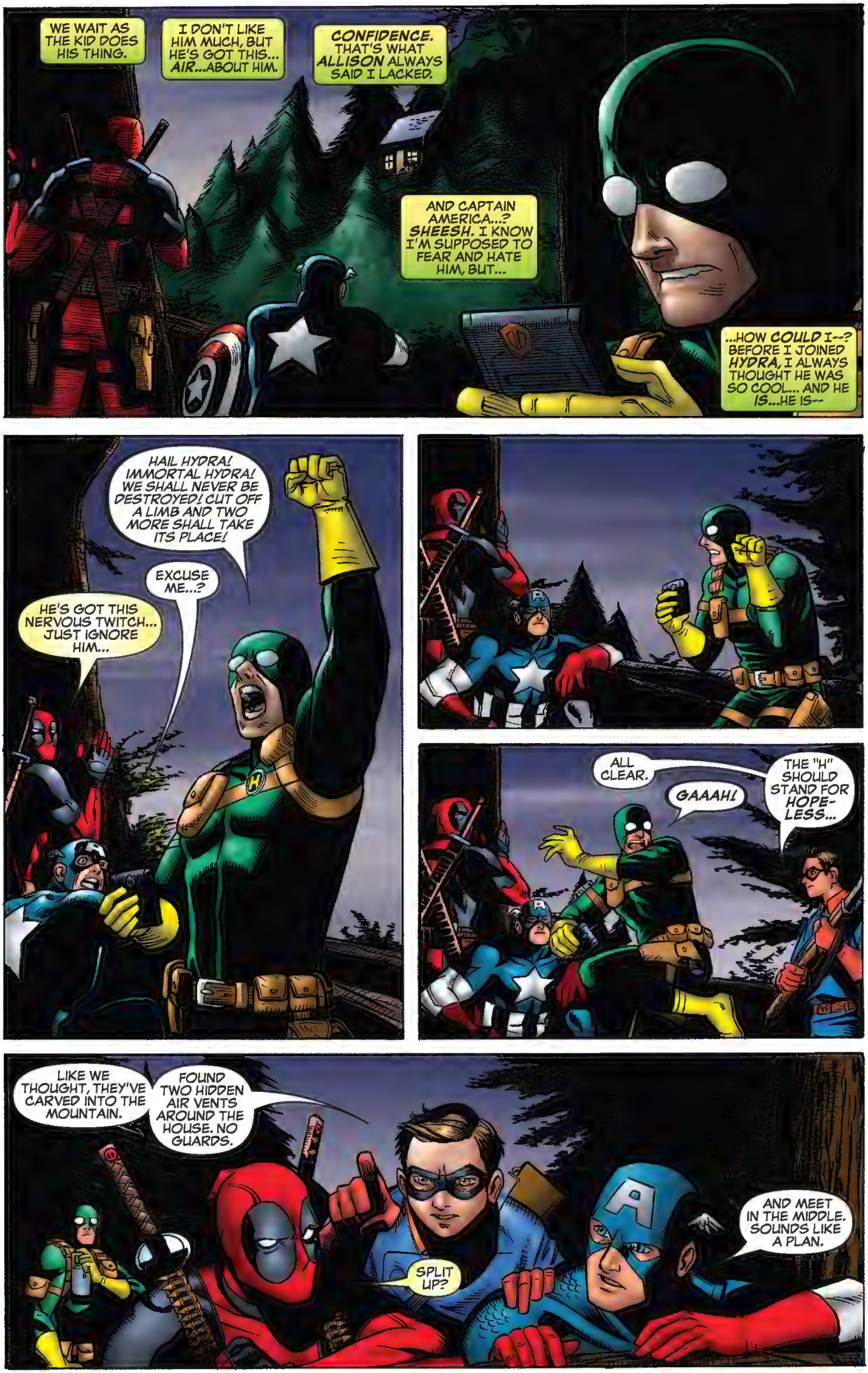

WHAT'S THE "H" STAND FOR?
UHM...
THE **HIDER.** HE'S THE **HIDER.** EXCELLENT INFILTRATION OPERATIVE.
BOSS. WE SHOULD TRADE NOTES.
UHM... SURE...?
SO, WHAT'S UP WITH YOU GUYS?
LOOKING INTO THE ACTIVITIES OF A NAZI SCIENTIST NAMED **ARNIM ZOLA.**
HEY, WE MIGHT BE ON THE SAME ASSIGNMENT! WE SHOULD **TEAM UP!**
NO!
BOB-- IXNAY ON THE NO-AY--
WHAT WAS THAT?
--A GIFT HORSE IN THE MOUTH. DEADPOOL, WAS IT--?
UHM... YEAH...?
WHAT'S THE "H" STAND FOR?
UHM...
HALITOSIS. HE'S HALITOSIS MAN. NASTY POWER, BUT EFFECTIVE...
HALITOSIS MAN--?
SORRY. KNEE-JERK REACTION. AND YOUR BREATH IS...NEVER MIND...

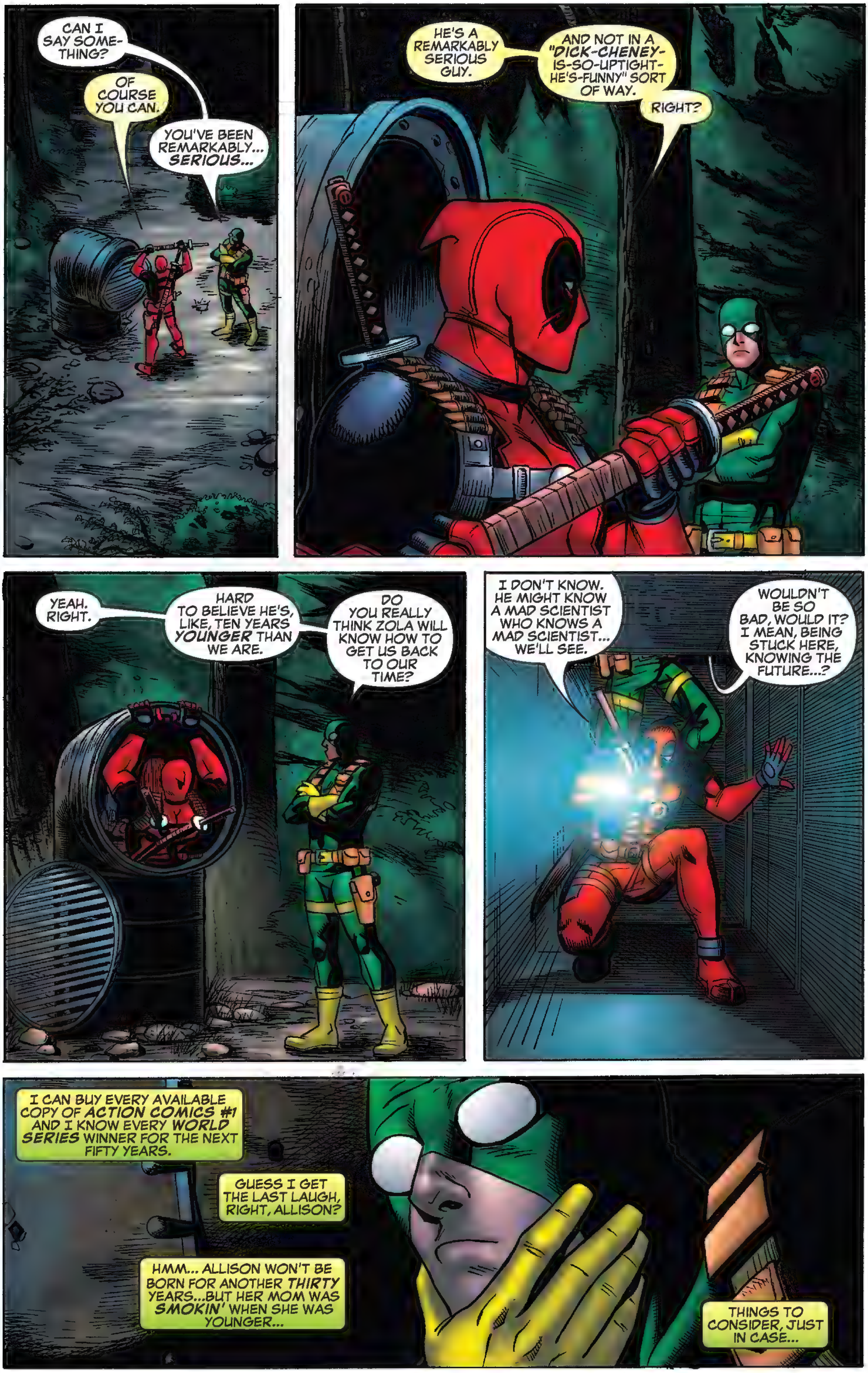

WHAT WAS THAT THAT JUST HAPPENED?
LIKE SOME SORT OF *TEMPORAL HICCUP*. THEY FORGOT THE LAST FEW MINUTES.
OKAY, THAT MIGHT NOT BE A BAD THING.
I MEAN, IN CASE WE SAY THE WRONG THING...
"IN CASE"--?
WHAT DO YOU THINK?
I THINK I'D LIKE A DATE WITH RITA HAYWORTH...
I MEANT ABOUT--
I KNOW WHAT YOU MEANT, *STEVE*...I JUST HAVEN'T FIGURED THEM OUT YET...
--I KNOW THIS ZOLA GUY--AT LEAST IN THE FUTURE--CRAZY, BUT BRILLIANT--HE MIGHT KNOW HOW TO GET US BACK TO OUR OWN TIME.
BUT HE'S A *NAZI!*
BOB, NEWS FLASH, WE *WIN* THE WAR, OKAY? THE WORLD BECOMES A SAFE AND PEACEFUL PLACE.
OKAY, IT DOESN'T, BUT NOT 'CAUSE OF NAZIS.
CAP AND BUCKY ARE GOING WHERE WE NEED TO GO, SO LET'S JUST GO WITH THEM.
POP!

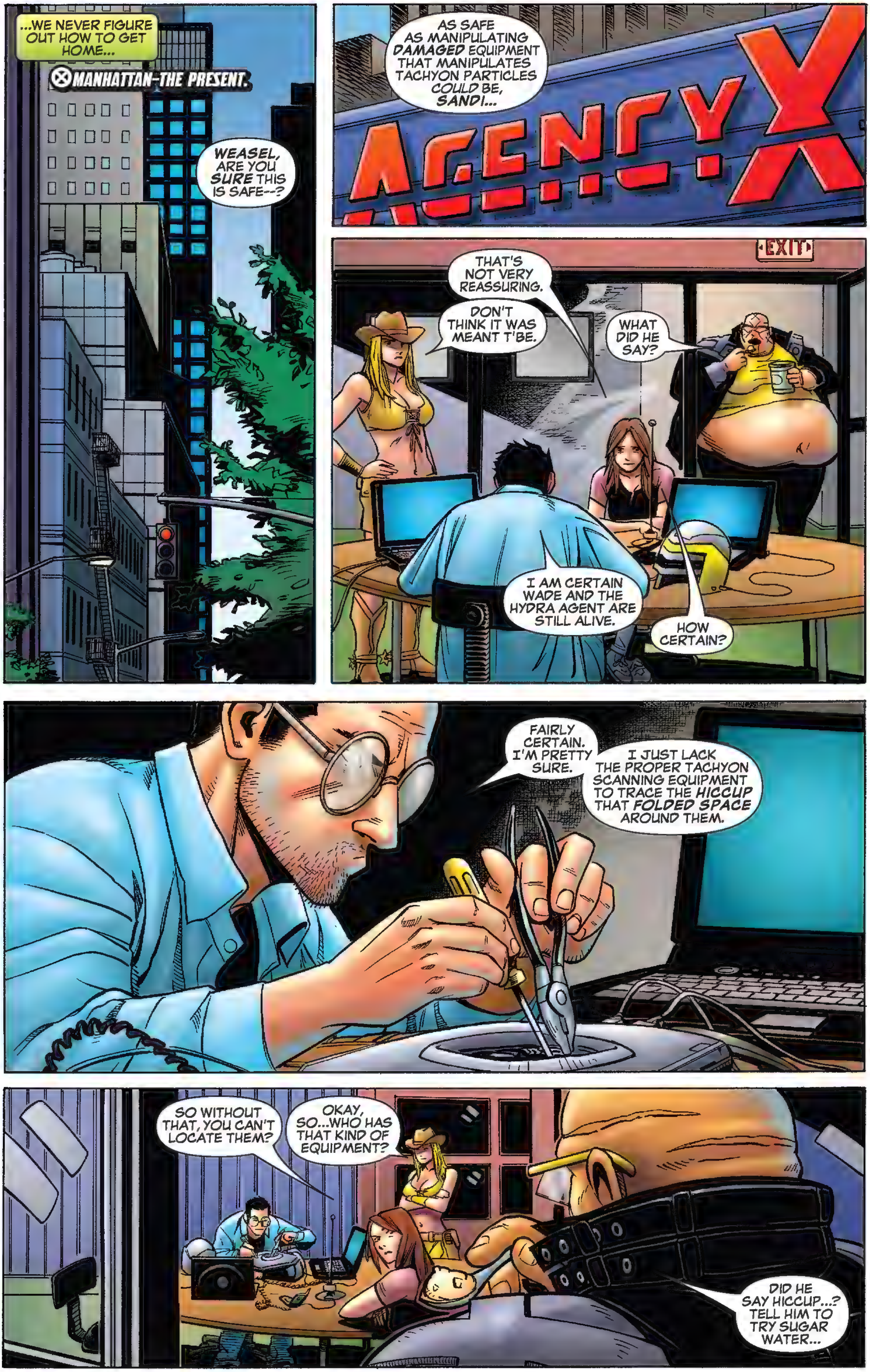

WE'RE HERE ON ASSIGNMENT--FOR CANADA--WE'RE TRACKING A NAZI SCIENTIST NAMED ARNIM ZOLA.
YOU GUYS EVER HEARD OF HIM?
SOUNDS LIKE OUR MISSION ASSIGNMENTS OVERLAP.
WE SHOULD WORK TOGETHER.
THIS IS GREAT... HUH?
WHAT'S THE *"H"* STAND FOR...?
WE WALK FOR MILES. CAPTAIN AMERICA AND WADE NEVER GET TIRED.
APPARENTLY, BUCKY REFUSES TO.
I'M VERY TIRED. AND MY FEET HURT.
I WATCHED ***"BAND OF BROTHERS"*** AND THIS FEELS NOTHING LIKE THAT.
FIRST OF ALL, NO GRAINY FOOTAGE. SECOND OF ALL, MY FEET HURT.

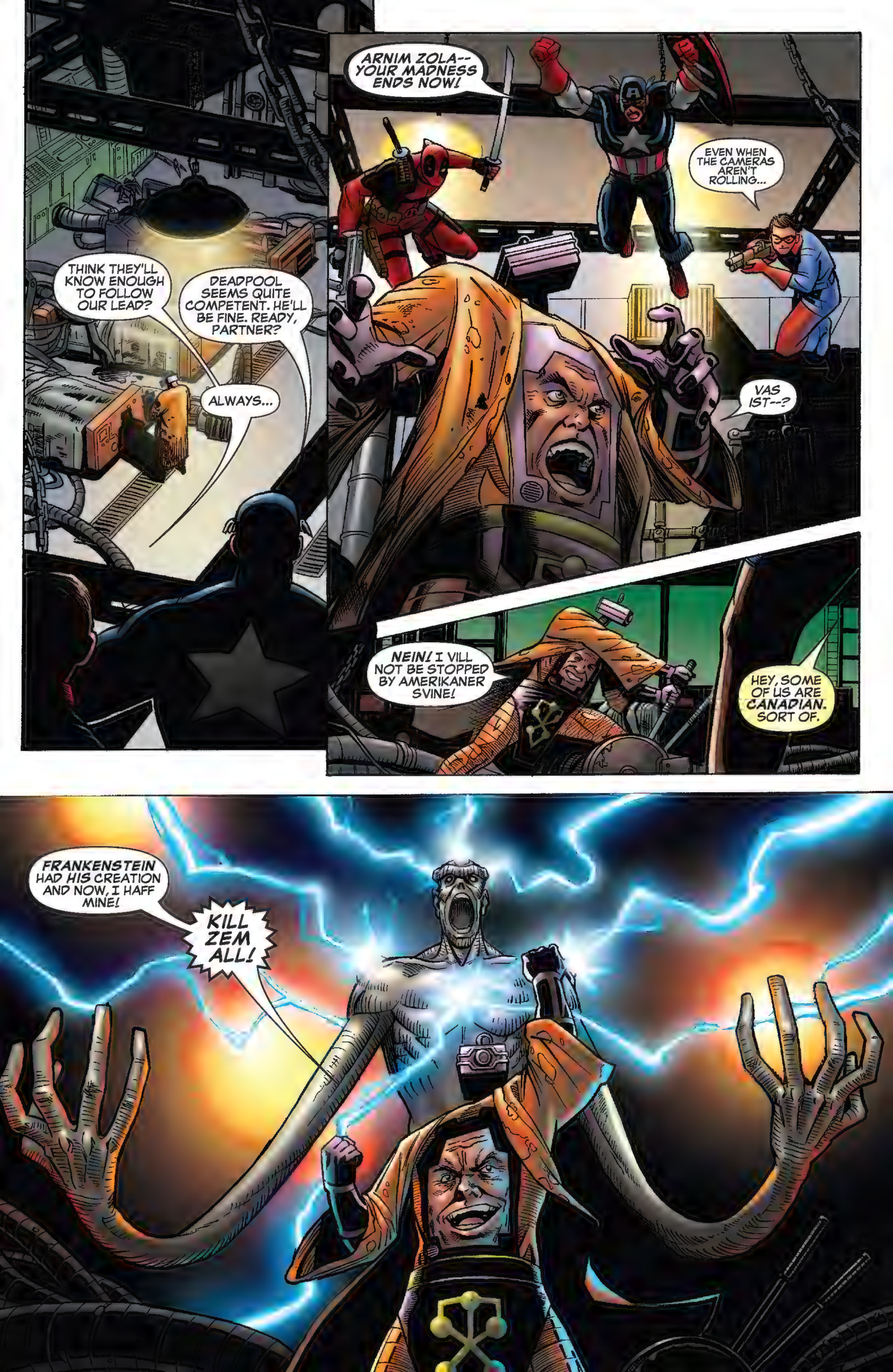

YOU OKAY?
THESE BOOTS WEREN'T MADE FOR WALKIN'.
WHAT WERE THEY MADE FOR?
NEVER MIND. CHRONAL ANACHRONISM.
YEAH, WHATEVER THE #@$% THAT MEANS...
NEVER EXPECTED YOU TO HAVE A POTTY-MOUTH.
OKAY...
TALK. WHAT'S YOUR *REAL* STORY?
I'M TRAINED TO RESIST ANY KIND OF *TORTURE*--
SIK
AAAGH! MY NAME IS BOB. I'M AN AGENT OF HYDRA.
WE'RE A FASCIST ORGANIZATION ORIGINALLY CREATED FROM THE REMNANTS OF THE NAZI ARMY YOU WILL DEFEAT IN 1945.
WE WERE CAUGHT IN SOME KIND OF TIME WARP THAT SENT US INTO THE PAST, WHERE WE RAN INTO THE TWO OF YOU.
WADE HOPES TO USE ZOLA TO GET US BACK TO OUR OWN TIME.
SO... WHAT'S THE "*H*" STAND FOR--?

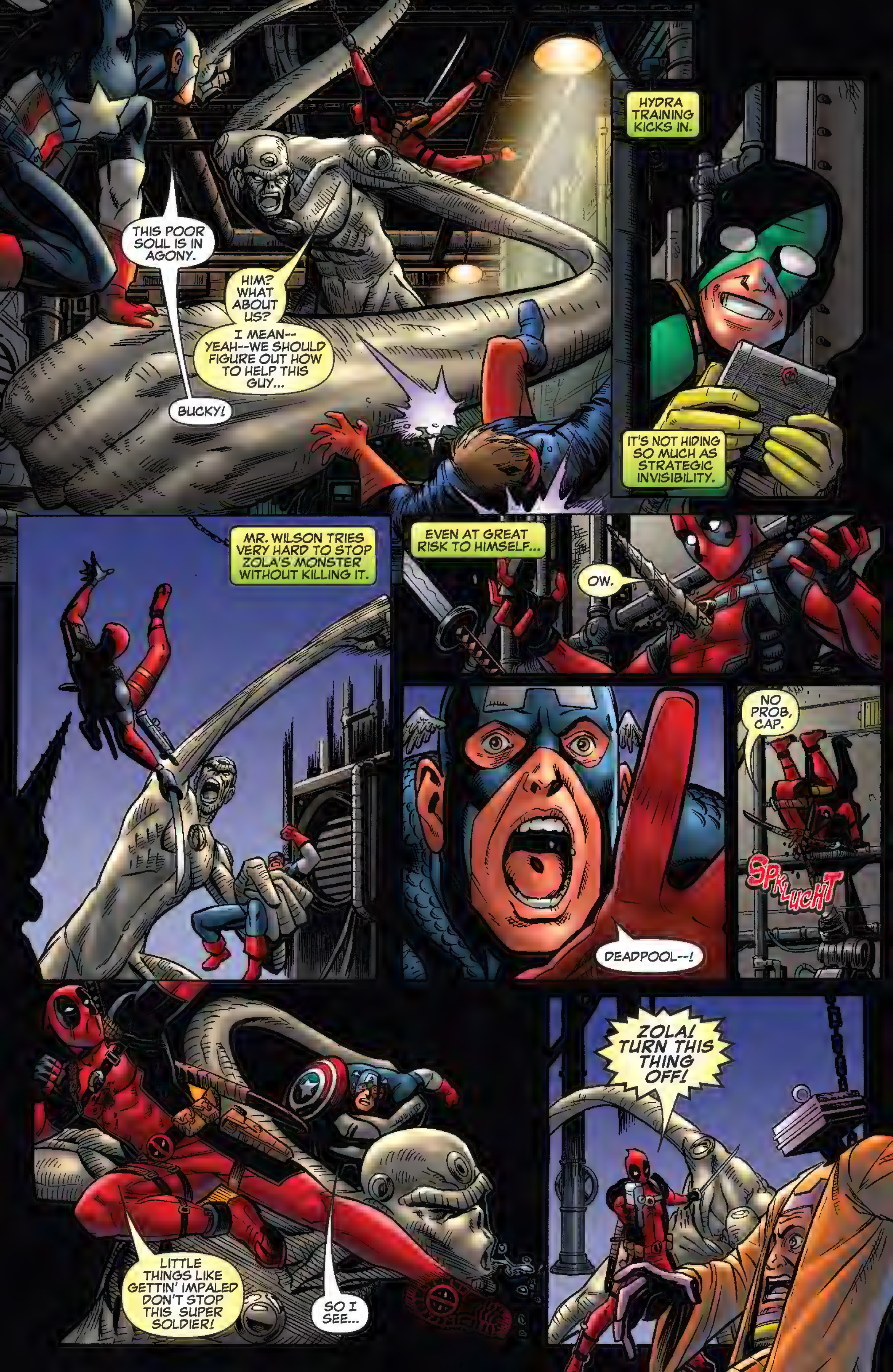

SO... CANADIAN SUPER SOLDIER, YOU SAID?
YEAH. LITTLE DIFFERENT THAN YOU.
WELL, FOR ONE THING, DOESN'T SOUND LIKE YOU'RE BEING USED AS A **PROPAGANDA** TOOL.
THAT BOTHER YOU? I THOUGHT-- I MEAN...YOU HANDLE IT WELL.
ALL I WANTED TO DO WAS FIGHT FOR MY COUNTRY.
SO IF A COSTUME AND A WAR BOND DRIVE IS THE PRICE TO PAY, SO BE IT.
YEAH, WELL...IT'S MORE THAN THAT, YOU KNOW...
I KNOW.
I JUST TRY TO SEPARATE THE ENTIRE...**CONCEPT**... OF CAPTAIN AMERICA FROM THE MAN BEHIND THE MASK.
HOW DO YOU DO THAT? I MEAN, AND STILL MANAGE TO MAKE THE RIGHT CHOICES... DO THE RIGHT THING...?
I GUESS I DON'T SEE ANY OTHER ALTERNATIVE.
DUDE, LOOK AROUND YOU!
YOU'RE IN NAZI GERMANY! THIS ***IS*** THE ALTERNATIVE...
AND WHAT BETTER REASON, THEN, TO DO THE RIGHT THING AND MAKE THE RIGHT CHOICES...?
YEAH...

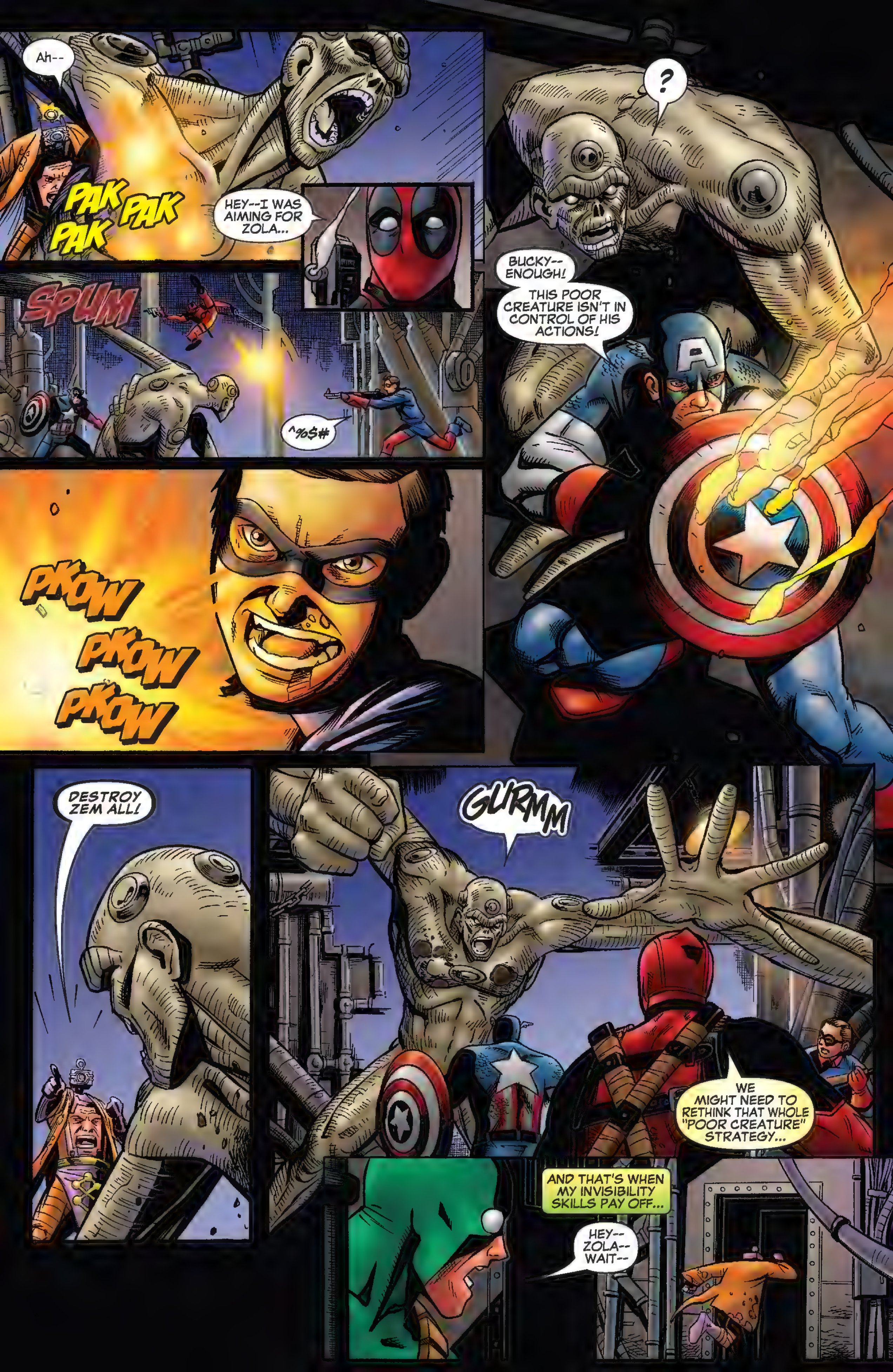

WE WAIT AS THE KID DOES HIS THING.
I DON'T LIKE HIM MUCH, BUT HE'S GOT THIS... AIR...ABOUT HIM.
CONFIDENCE. THAT'S WHAT ALLISON ALWAYS SAID I LACKED.
AND CAPTAIN AMERICA...? SHEESH. I KNOW I'M SUPPOSED TO FEAR AND HATE HIM, BUT...
...HOW COULD I--? BEFORE I JOINED HYDRA, I ALWAYS THOUGHT HE WAS SO COOL... AND HE IS...HE IS--
HAIL HYDRA! IMMORTAL HYDRA! WE SHALL NEVER BE DESTROYED! CUT OFF A LIMB AND TWO MORE SHALL TAKE ITS PLACE!
EXCUSE ME...?
HE'S GOT THIS NERVOUS TWITCH... JUST IGNORE HIM...
ALL CLEAR.
GAAAH!
THE "H" SHOULD STAND FOR HOPE-LESS...
LIKE WE THOUGHT, THEY'VE CARVED INTO THE MOUNTAIN.
FOUND TWO HIDDEN AIR VENTS AROUND THE HOUSE. NO GUARDS.
SPLIT UP?
AND MEET IN THE MIDDLE. SOUNDS LIKE A PLAN.

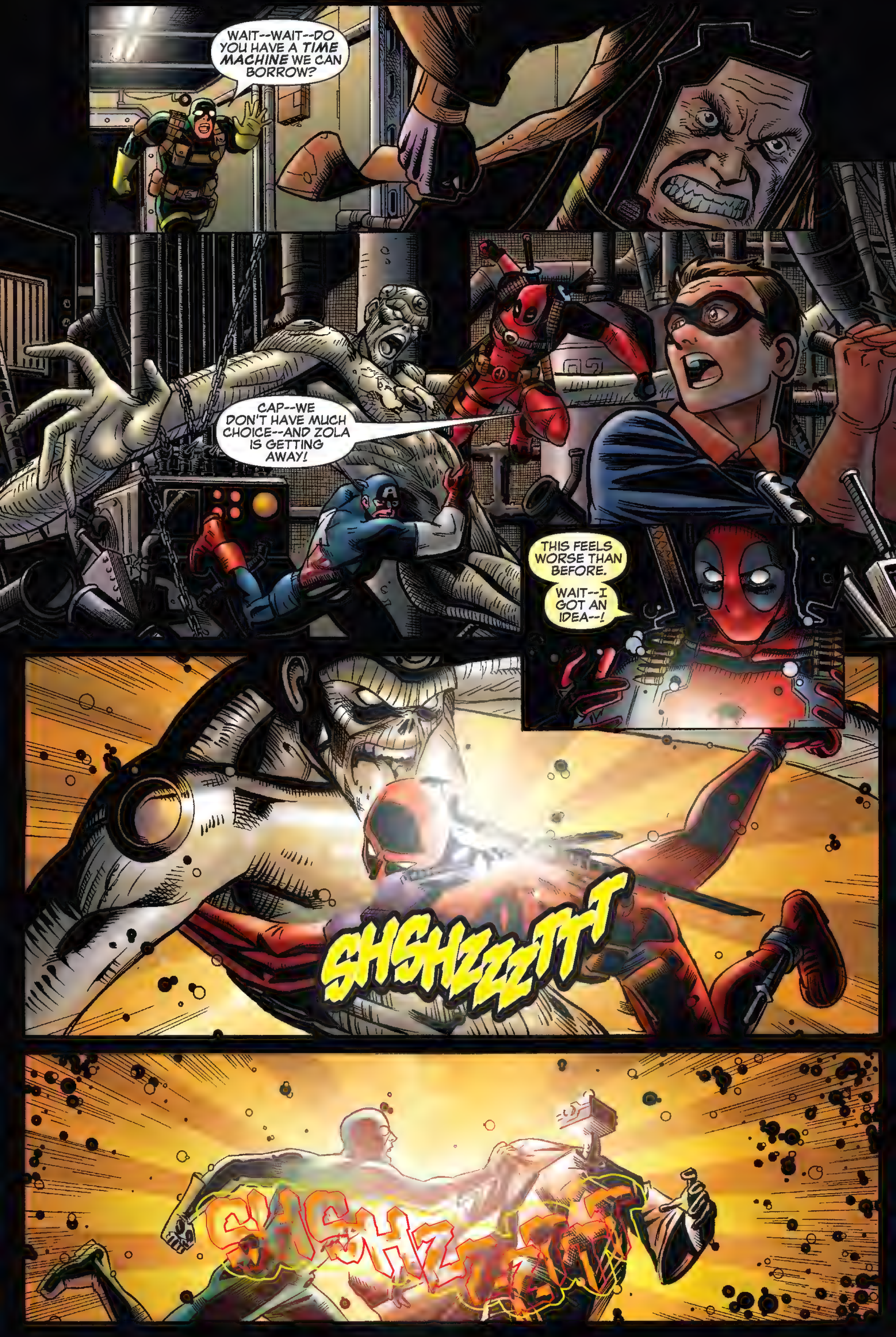

CAN I SAY SOME-THING?
OF COURSE YOU CAN.
YOU'VE BEEN REMARKABLY... **SERIOUS...**
HE'S A REMARKABLY SERIOUS GUY.
AND NOT IN A **"DICK-CHENEY-**IS-SO-UPTIGHT-HE'S-FUNNY" SORT OF WAY.
RIGHT?
YEAH. RIGHT.
HARD TO BELIEVE HE'S, LIKE, TEN YEARS ***YOUNGER*** THAN WE ARE.
DO YOU REALLY THINK ZOLA WILL KNOW HOW TO GET US BACK TO OUR TIME?
I DON'T KNOW. HE MIGHT KNOW A *MAD SCIENTIST* WHO KNOWS A *MAD SCIENTIST*... WE'LL SEE.
WOULDN'T BE SO BAD, WOULD IT? I MEAN, BEING STUCK HERE, KNOWING THE FUTURE...?
I CAN BUY EVERY AVAILABLE COPY OF ***ACTION COMICS #1*** AND I KNOW EVERY ***WORLD SERIES*** WINNER FOR THE NEXT FIFTY YEARS.
GUESS I GET THE LAST LAUGH, RIGHT, ALLISON?
HMM... ALLISON WON'T BE BORN FOR ANOTHER ***THIRTY*** YEARS...BUT HER MOM WAS ***SMOKIN'*** WHEN SHE WAS YOUNGER...
THINGS TO CONSIDER, JUST IN CASE...

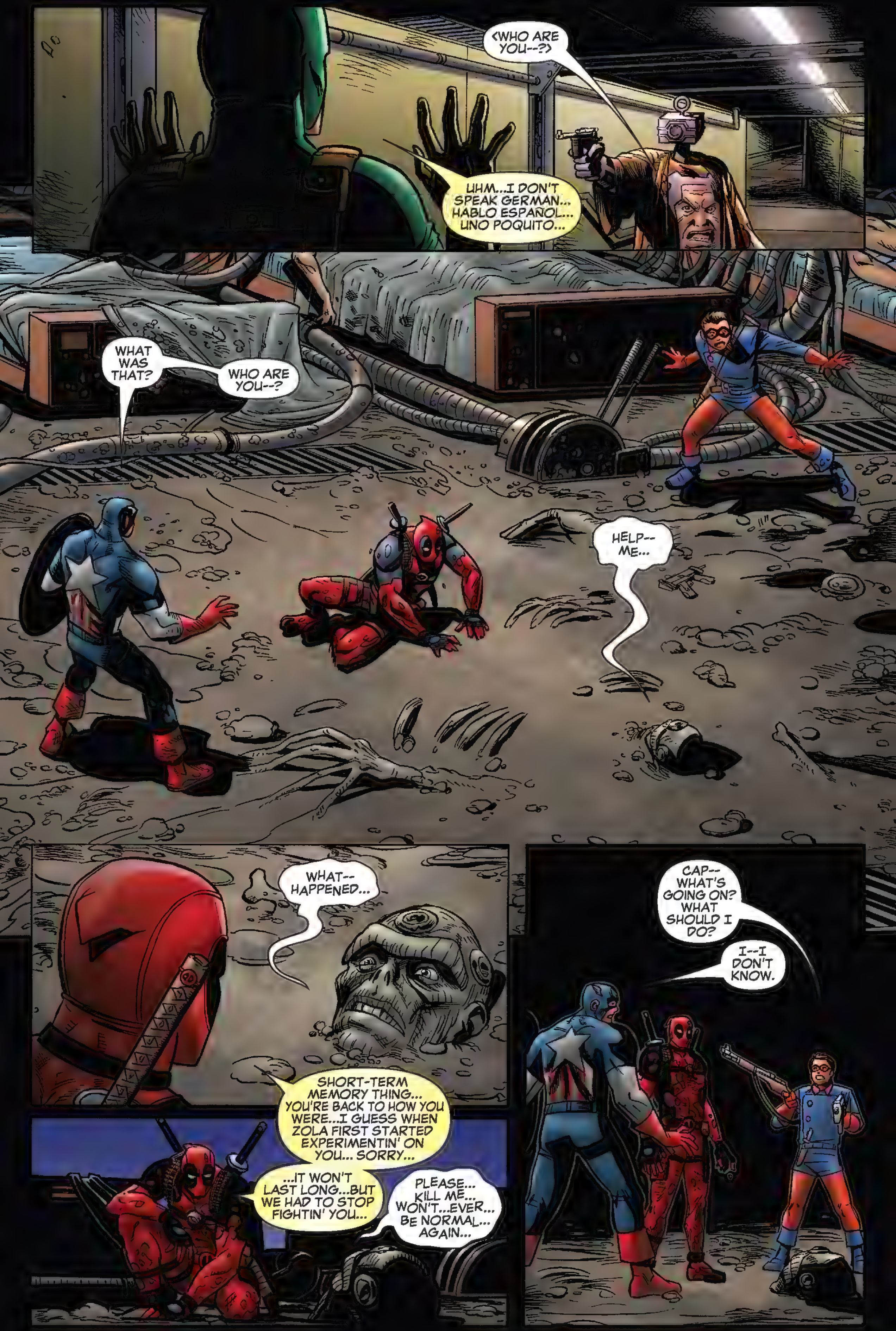

...WE NEVER FIGURE OUT HOW TO GET HOME...
MANHATTAN–THE PRESENT.
WEASEL, ARE YOU SURE THIS IS SAFE--?
AS SAFE AS MANIPULATING DAMAGED EQUIPMENT THAT MANIPULATES TACHYON PARTICLES COULD BE, SANDI...
AGENCY X
EXIT
THAT'S NOT VERY REASSURING.
DON'T THINK IT WAS MEANT T'BE.
WHAT DID HE SAY?
I AM CERTAIN WADE AND THE HYDRA AGENT ARE STILL ALIVE.
HOW CERTAIN?
FAIRLY CERTAIN. I'M PRETTY SURE.
I JUST LACK THE PROPER TACHYON SCANNING EQUIPMENT TO TRACE THE HICCUP THAT FOLDED SPACE AROUND THEM.
SO WITHOUT THAT, YOU CAN'T LOCATE THEM?
OKAY, SO...WHO HAS THAT KIND OF EQUIPMENT?
DID HE SAY HICCUP...? TELL HIM TO TRY SUGAR WATER...

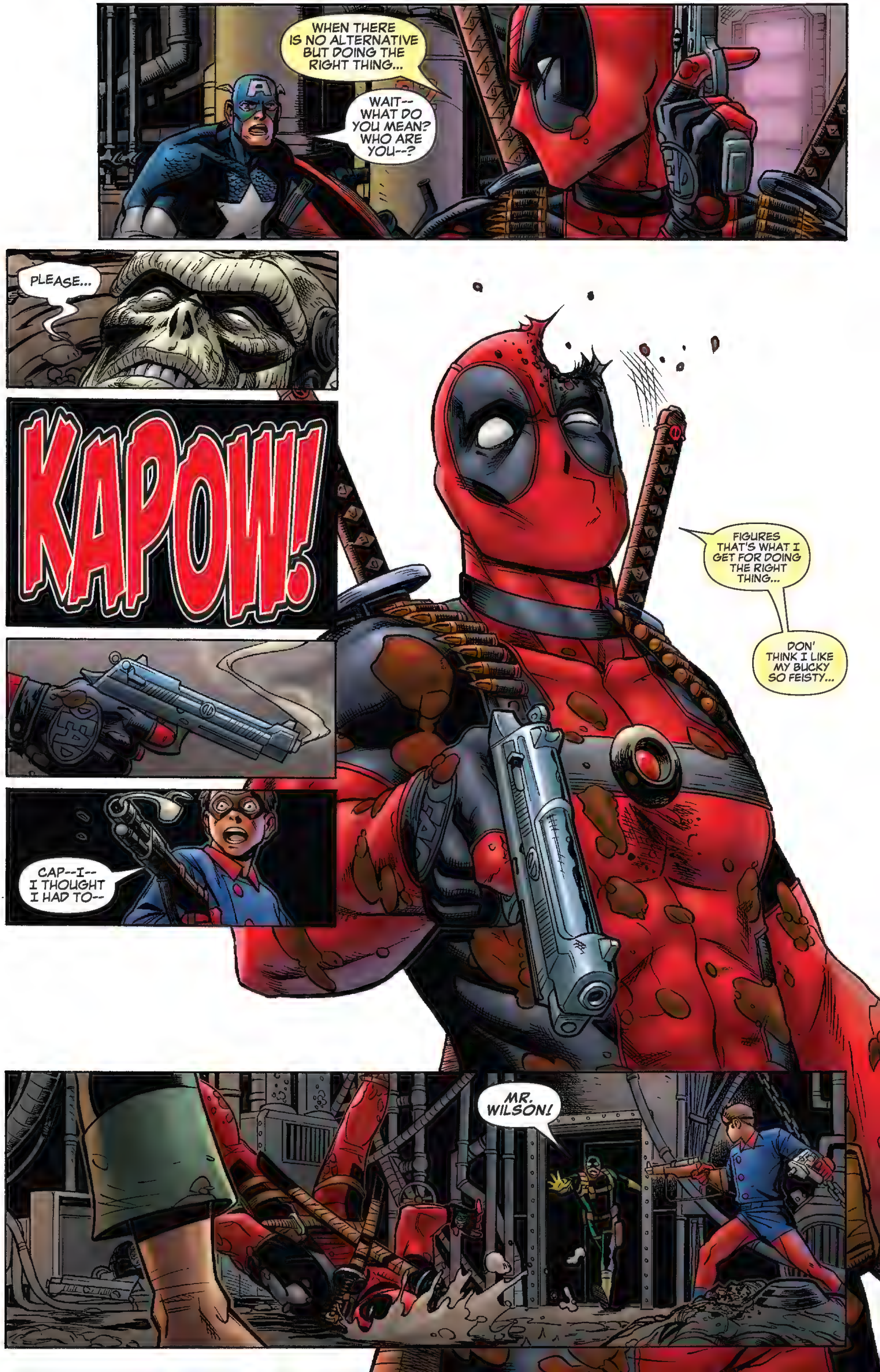

THINK THEY'LL KNOW ENOUGH TO FOLLOW OUR LEAD?
DEADPOOL SEEMS QUITE COMPETENT. HE'LL BE FINE. READY, PARTNER?
ALWAYS...
ARNIM ZOLA-- YOUR MADNESS ENDS NOW!
EVEN WHEN THE CAMERAS AREN'T ROLLING...
VAS IST--?
NEIN! I VILL NOT BE STOPPED BY AMERIKANER SVINE!
HEY, SOME OF US ARE CANADIAN. SORT OF.
FRANKENSTEIN HAD HIS CREATION AND NOW, I HAFF MINE!
KILL ZEM ALL!

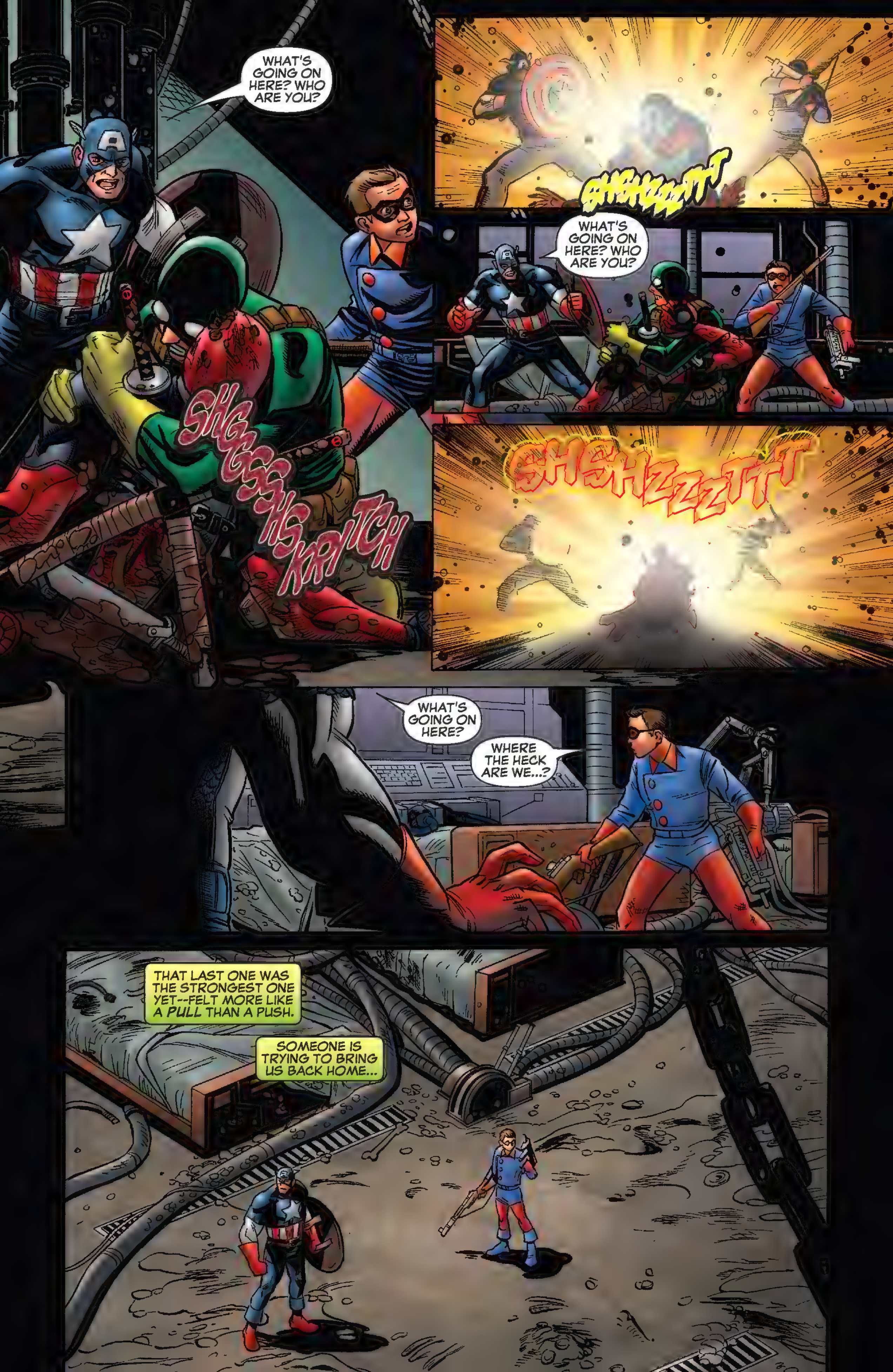

THIS POOR SOUL IS IN AGONY.
HIM? WHAT ABOUT US?
I MEAN-- YEAH--WE SHOULD FIGURE OUT HOW TO HELP THIS GUY...
BUCKY!
HYDRA TRAINING KICKS IN.
IT'S NOT HIDING SO MUCH AS STRATEGIC INVISIBILITY.
MR. WILSON TRIES VERY HARD TO STOP ZOLA'S MONSTER WITHOUT KILLING IT.
EVEN AT GREAT RISK TO HIMSELF...
OW.
DEADPOOL--!
NO PROB, CAP.
SPKLUCHT
LITTLE THINGS LIKE GETTIN' IMPALED DON'T STOP THIS SUPER SOLDIER!
SO I SEE...
ZOLA! TURN THIS THING OFF!

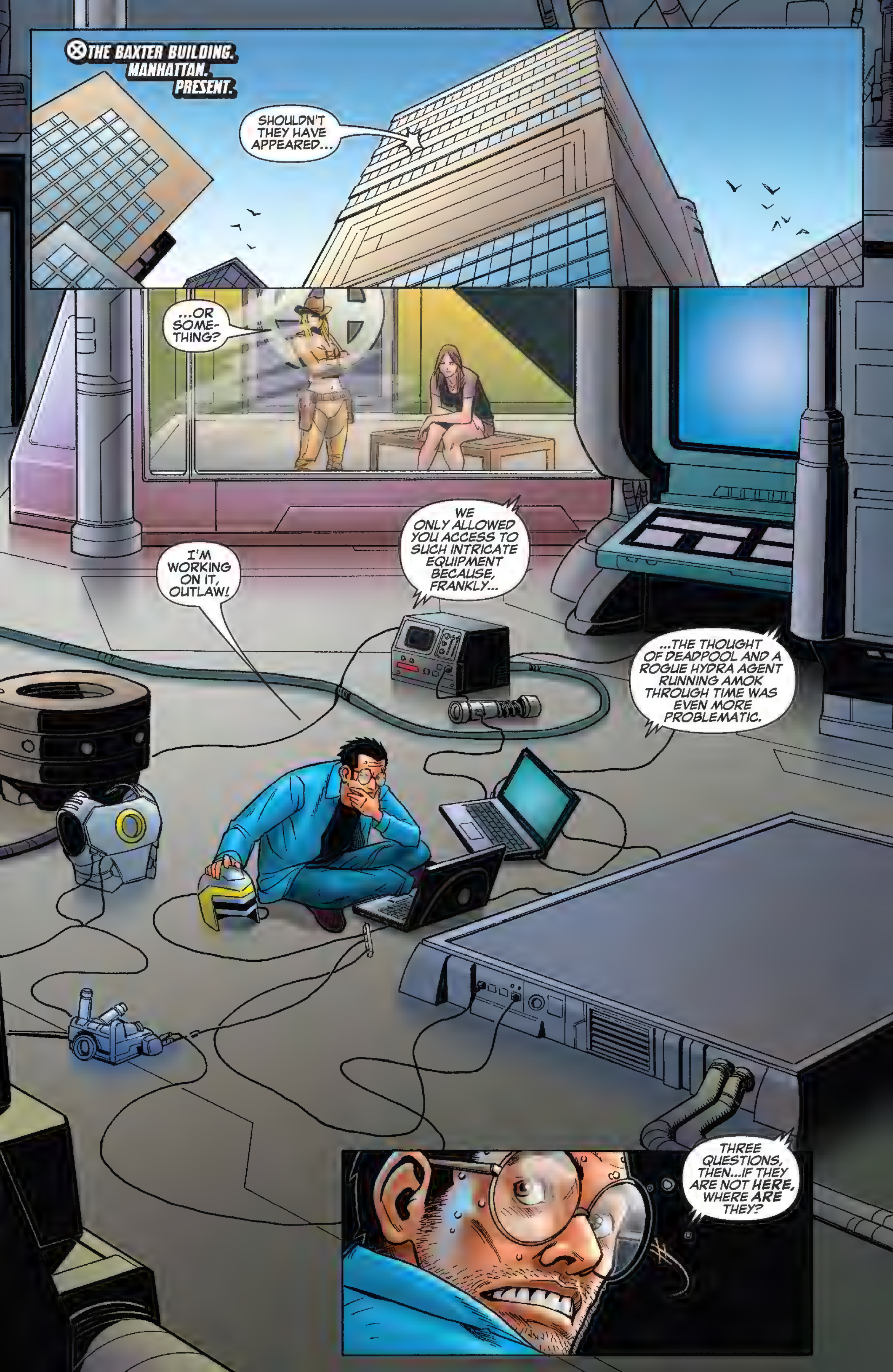

Ah--
PAK PAK PAK
HEY--I WAS AIMING FOR ZOLA...
SPUM
^%$#
PKOW PKOW PKOW
?
BUCKY--ENOUGH!
THIS POOR CREATURE ISN'T IN CONTROL OF HIS ACTIONS!
DESTROY ZEM ALL!
GURMM
WE MIGHT NEED TO RETHINK THAT WHOLE "POOR CREATURE" STRATEGY...
AND THAT'S WHEN MY INVISIBILITY SKILLS PAY OFF...
HEY--ZOLA--WAIT--

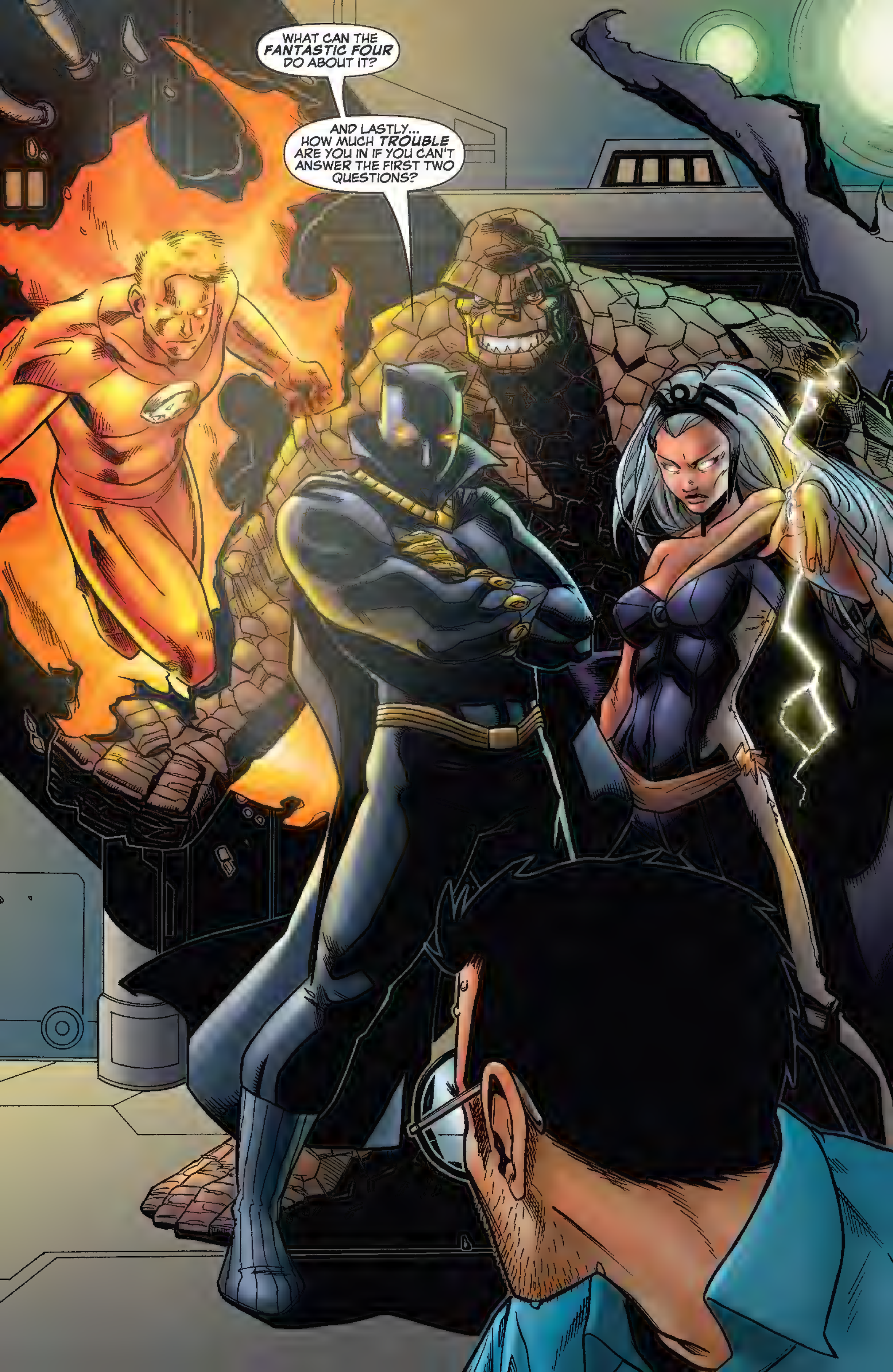

WAIT--WAIT--DO YOU HAVE A *TIME MACHINE* WE CAN BORROW?
CAP--WE DON'T HAVE MUCH CHOICE--AND ZOLA IS GETTING AWAY!
THIS FEELS WORSE THAN BEFORE.
WAIT--I GOT AN IDEA--!
SHSHZZZZTTT
SHSHZZZZTTT


<WHO ARE YOU--?>
UHM...I DON'T SPEAK GERMAN... HABLO ESPAÑOL... UNO POQUITO...
WHAT WAS THAT?
WHO ARE YOU--?
HELP-- ME...
WHAT-- HAPPENED...
SHORT-TERM MEMORY THING... YOU'RE BACK TO HOW YOU WERE...I GUESS WHEN ZOLA FIRST STARTED EXPERIMENTIN' ON YOU... SORRY...
...IT WON'T LAST LONG...BUT WE HAD TO STOP FIGHTIN' YOU...
PLEASE... KILL ME... WON'T...EVER... BE NORMAL... AGAIN...
CAP-- WHAT'S GOING ON? WHAT SHOULD I DO?
I--I DON'T KNOW.

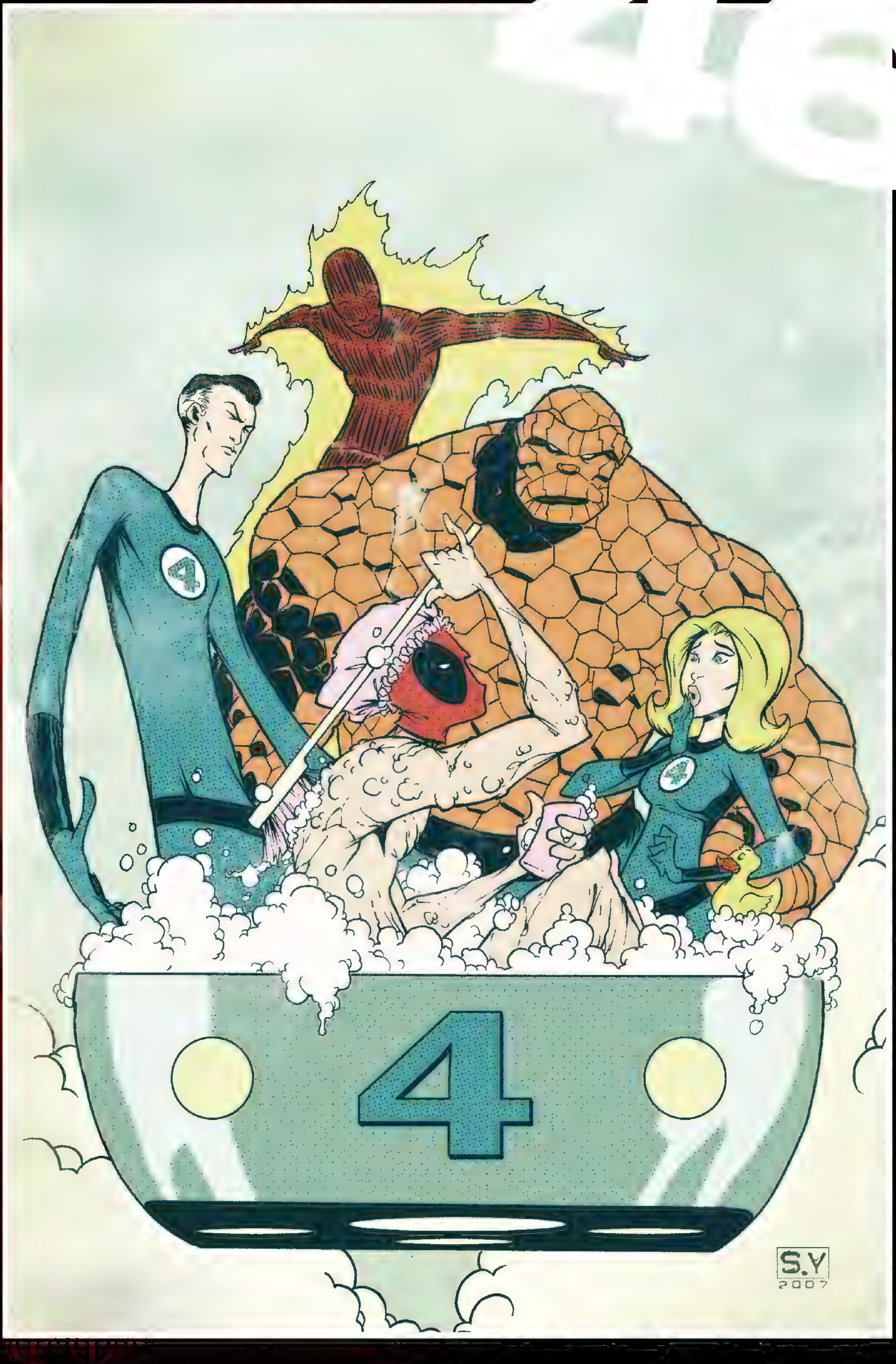

WHEN THERE IS NO ALTERNATIVE BUT DOING THE RIGHT THING...
WAIT-- WHAT DO YOU MEAN? WHO ARE YOU--?
PLEASE...
KAPOW!
CAP--I-- I THOUGHT I HAD TO--
FIGURES THAT'S WHAT I GET FOR DOING THE RIGHT THING...
DON' THINK I LIKE MY BUCKY SO FEISTY...
MR. WILSON!


WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? WHO ARE YOU?
SHGSSSHSKRITCH
SHSHZZZTTT
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? WHO ARE YOU?
SHSHZZZTTT
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
WHERE THE HECK ARE WE...?
THAT LAST ONE WAS THE STRONGEST ONE YET--FELT MORE LIKE A *PULL* THAN A PUSH.
SOMEONE IS TRYING TO BRING US BACK HOME...


THE BAXTER BUILDING. MANHATTAN. PRESENT.
SHOULDN'T THEY HAVE APPEARED...
...OR SOMETHING?
I'M WORKING ON IT, OUTLAW!
WE ONLY ALLOWED YOU ACCESS TO SUCH INTRICATE EQUIPMENT BECAUSE, FRANKLY...
...THE THOUGHT OF DEADPOOL AND A ROGUE HYDRA AGENT RUNNING AMOK THROUGH TIME WAS EVEN MORE PROBLEMATIC.
THREE QUESTIONS, THEN...IF THEY ARE NOT HERE, WHERE ARE THEY?


WHAT CAN THE *FANTASTIC FOUR* DO ABOUT IT?
AND LASTLY... HOW MUCH *TROUBLE* ARE YOU IN IF YOU CAN'T ANSWER THE FIRST TWO QUESTIONS?

46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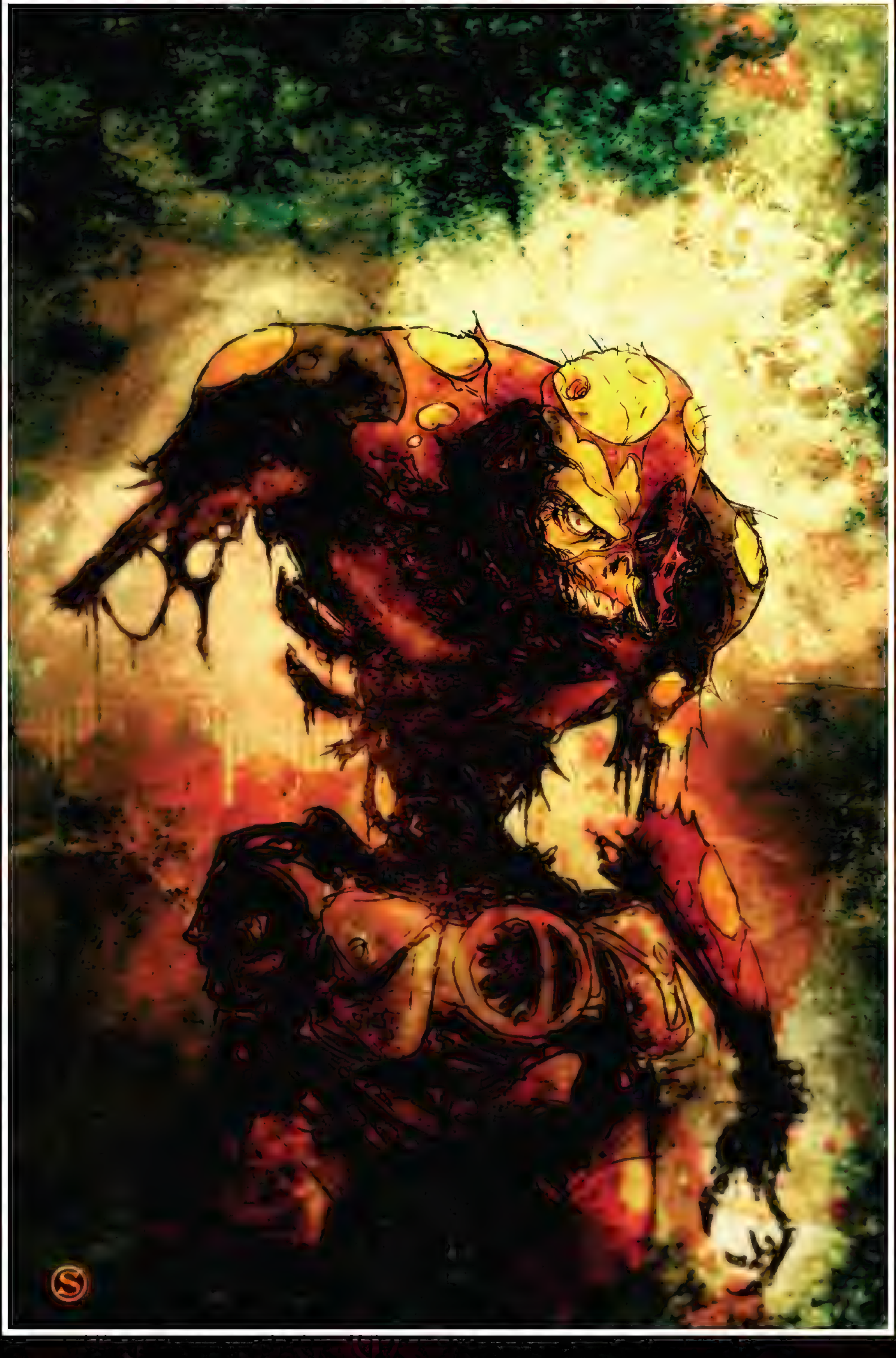
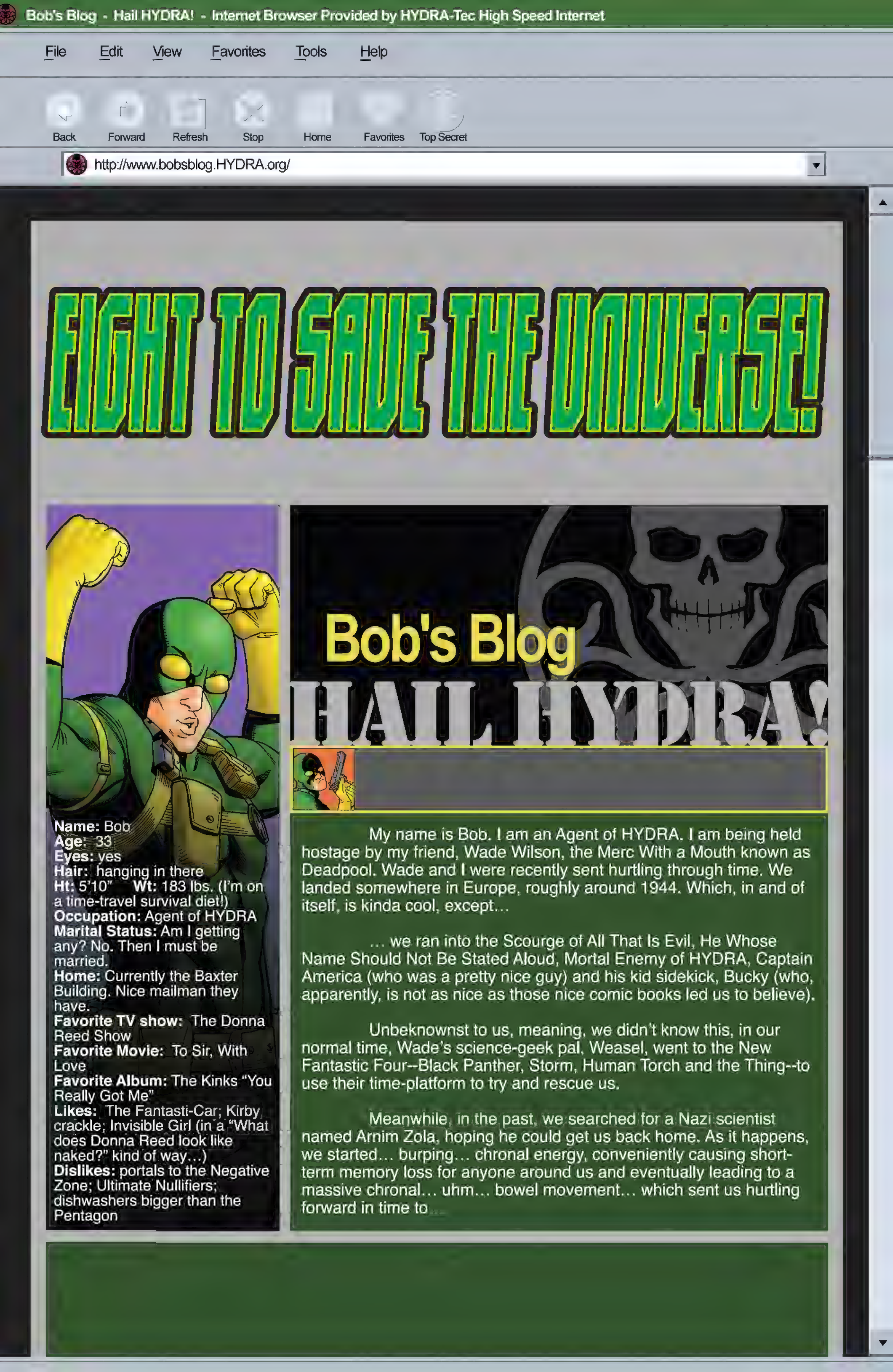


CABLE & DEADPOOL #46 ZOMBIE VARIANT
by Skottie Young


Bob's Blog - Hail HYDRA! - Internet Browser Provided by HYDRA-Tec High Speed Internet
File
Edit
View
Favorites
Tools
Help
Back
Forward
Refresh
Stop
Home
Favorites
Top Secret
http://www.bobsblog.HYDRA.org/

FIGHT TO SAVE THE UNIVERSE!

Bob's Blog

HAIL HYDRA!

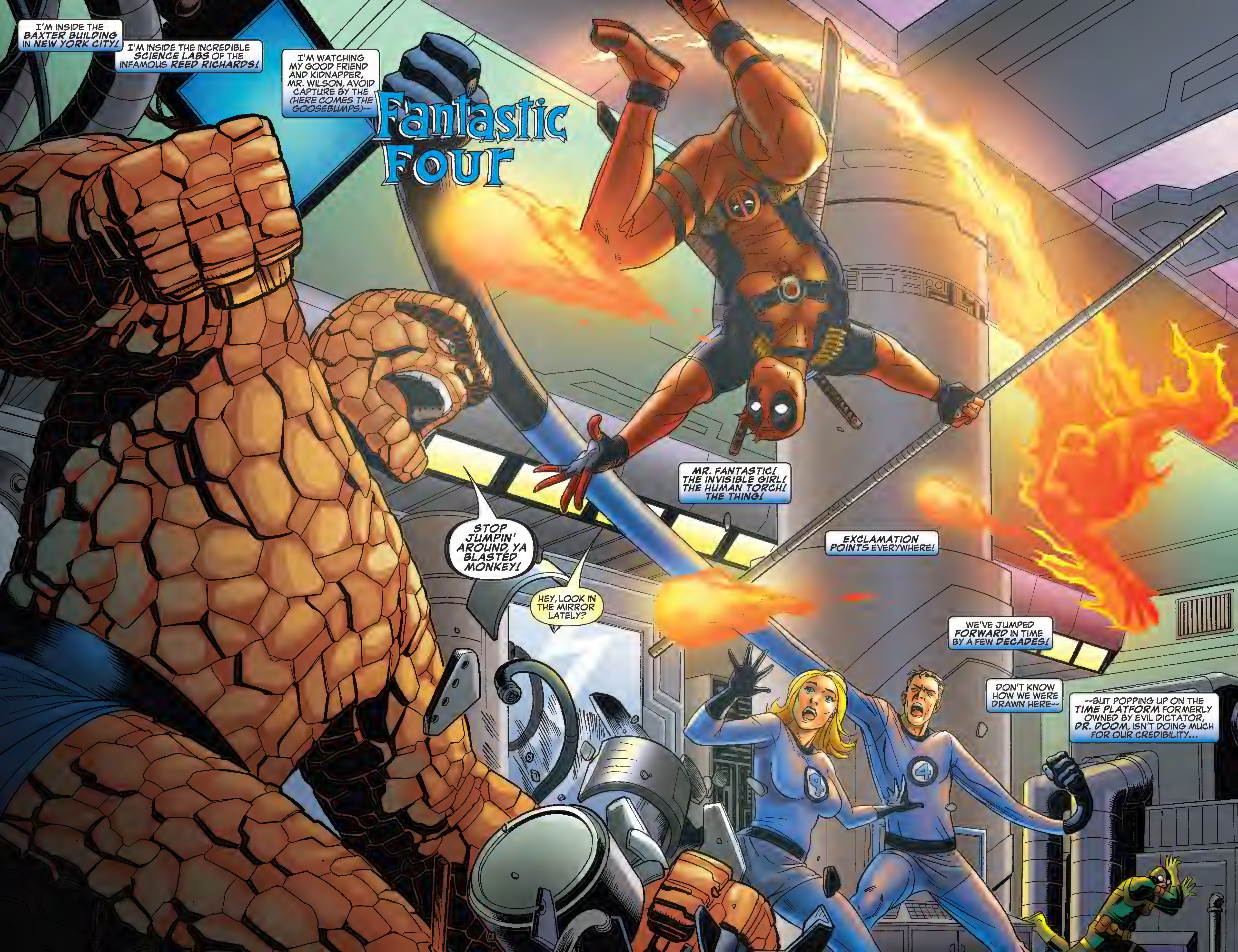
Name: Bob
Age: 33
Eyes: yes
Hair: hanging in there
Ht: 5'10" **Wt:** 183 lbs. (I'm on a time-travel survival diet!)
Occupation: Agent of HYDRA
Marital Status: Am I getting any? No. Then I must be married.
Home: Currently the Baxter Building. Nice mailman they have.
Favorite TV show: The Donna Reed Show
Favorite Movie: To Sir, With Love
Favorite Album: The Kinks "You Really Got Me"
Likes: The Fantasti-Car; Kirby crackle; Invisible Girl (in a "What does Donna Reed look like naked?" kind of way…)
Dislikes: portals to the Negative Zone; Ultimate Nullifiers; dishwashers bigger than the Pentagon

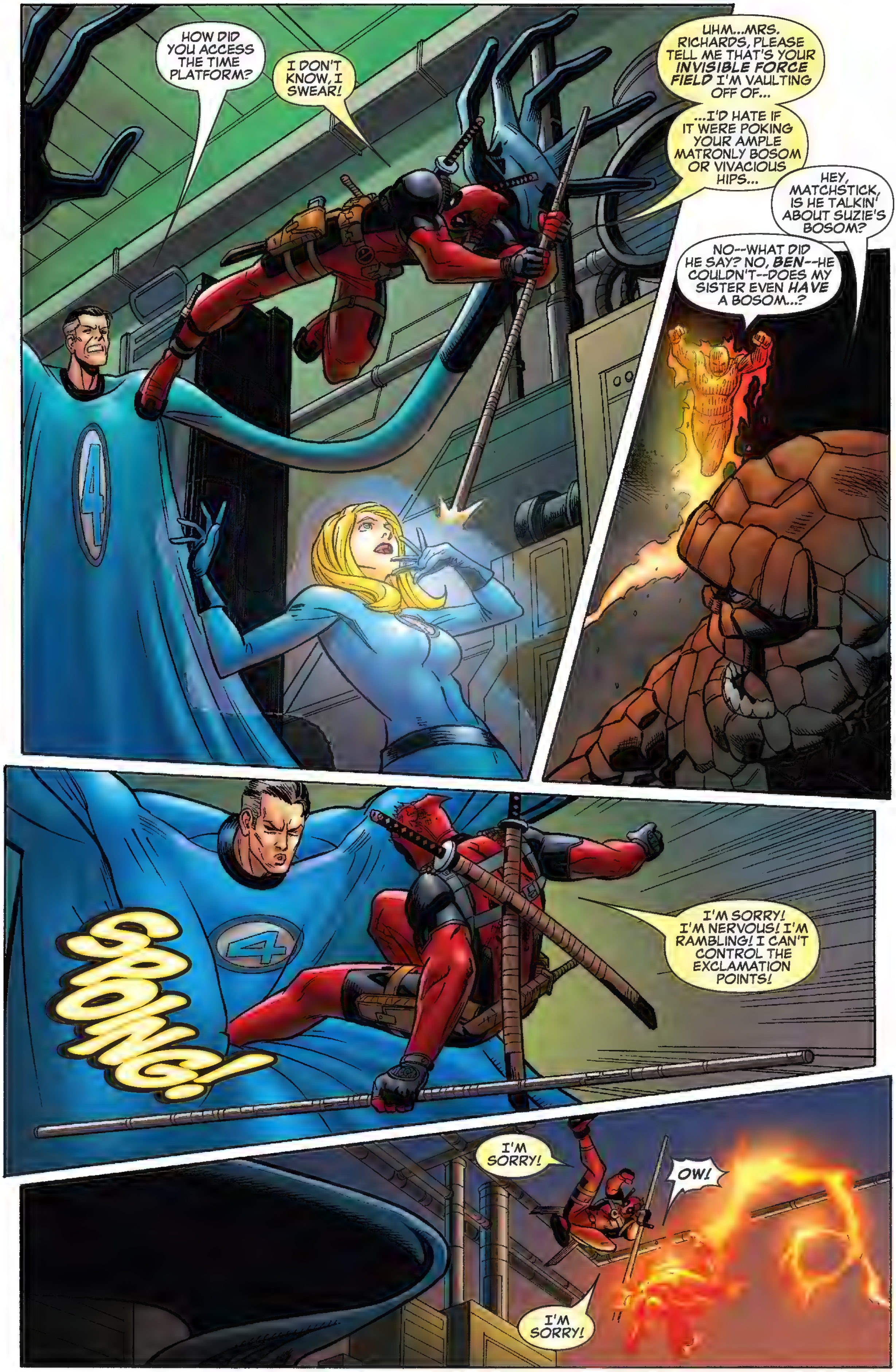
My name is Bob. I am an Agent of HYDRA. I am being held hostage by my friend, Wade Wilson, the Merc With a Mouth known as Deadpool. Wade and I were recently sent hurtling through time. We landed somewhere in Europe, roughly around 1944. Which, in and of itself, is kinda cool, except…

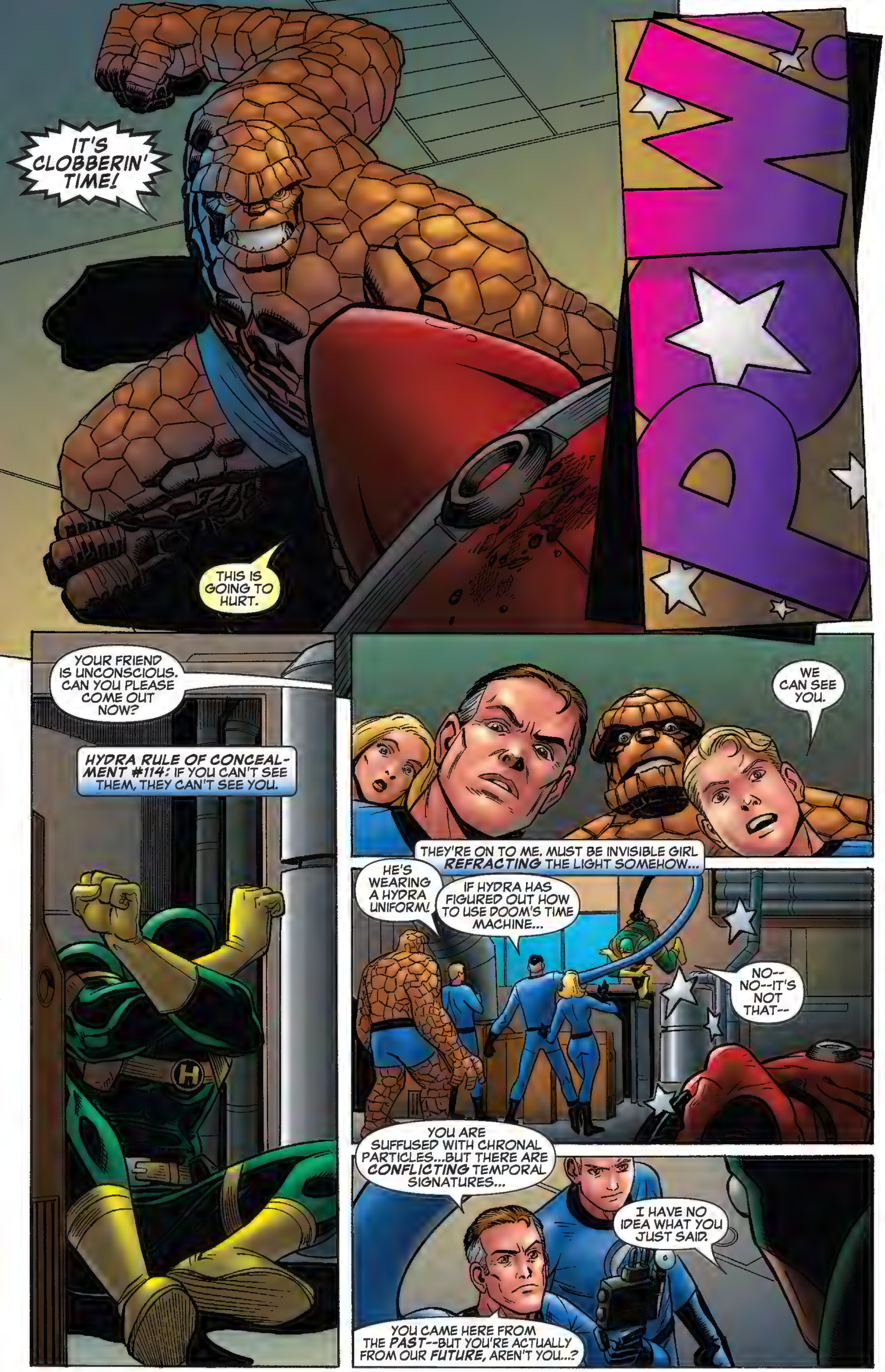
… we ran into the Scourge of All That Is Evil, He Whose Name Should Not Be Stated Aloud, Mortal Enemy of HYDRA, Captain America (who was a pretty nice guy) and his kid sidekick, Bucky (who, apparently, is not as nice as those nice comic books led us to believe).

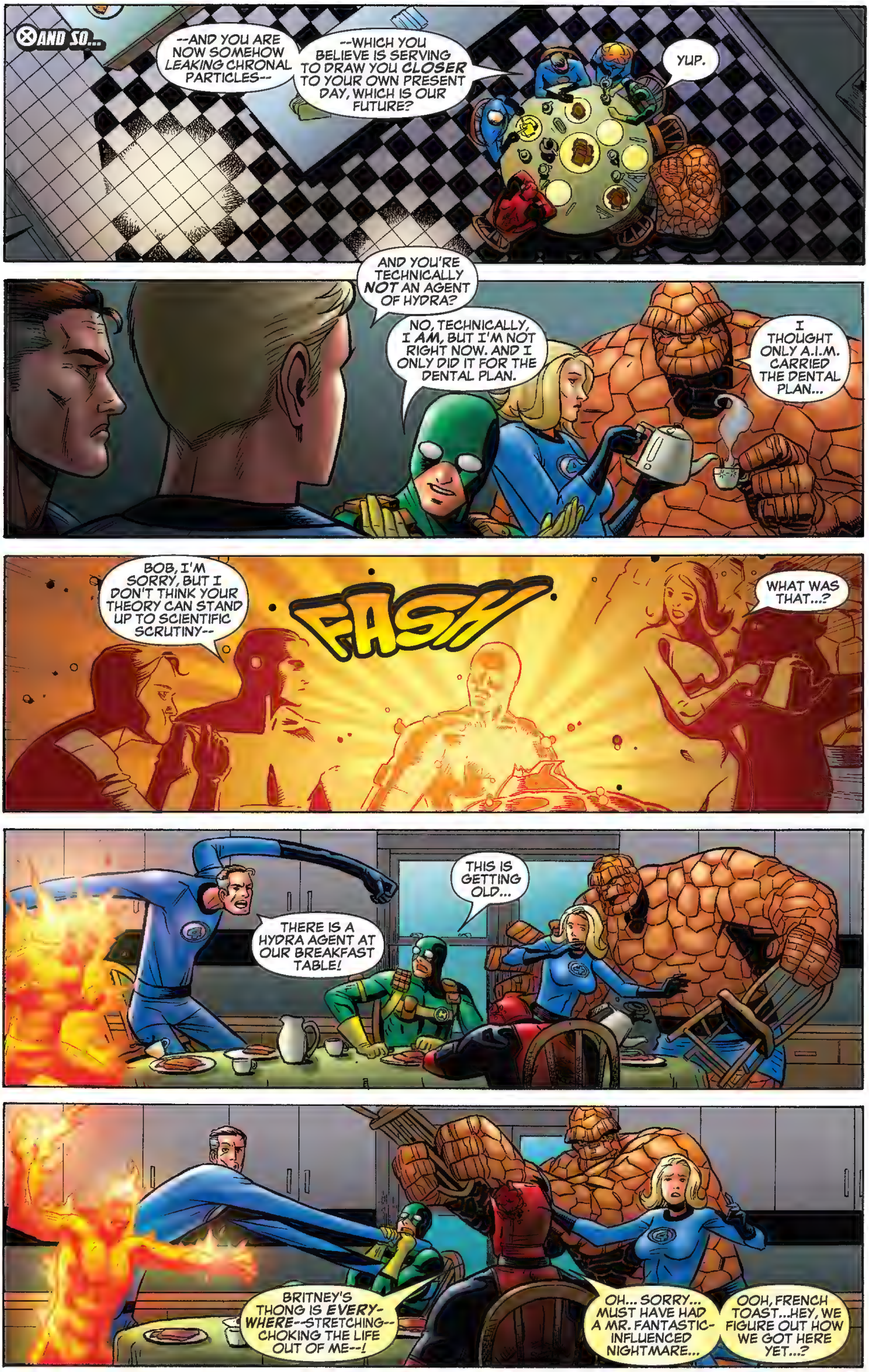
Unbeknownst to us, meaning, we didn't know this, in our normal time, Wade's science-geek pal, Weasel, went to the New Fantastic Four--Black Panther, Storm, Human Torch and the Thing--to use their time-platform to try and rescue us.

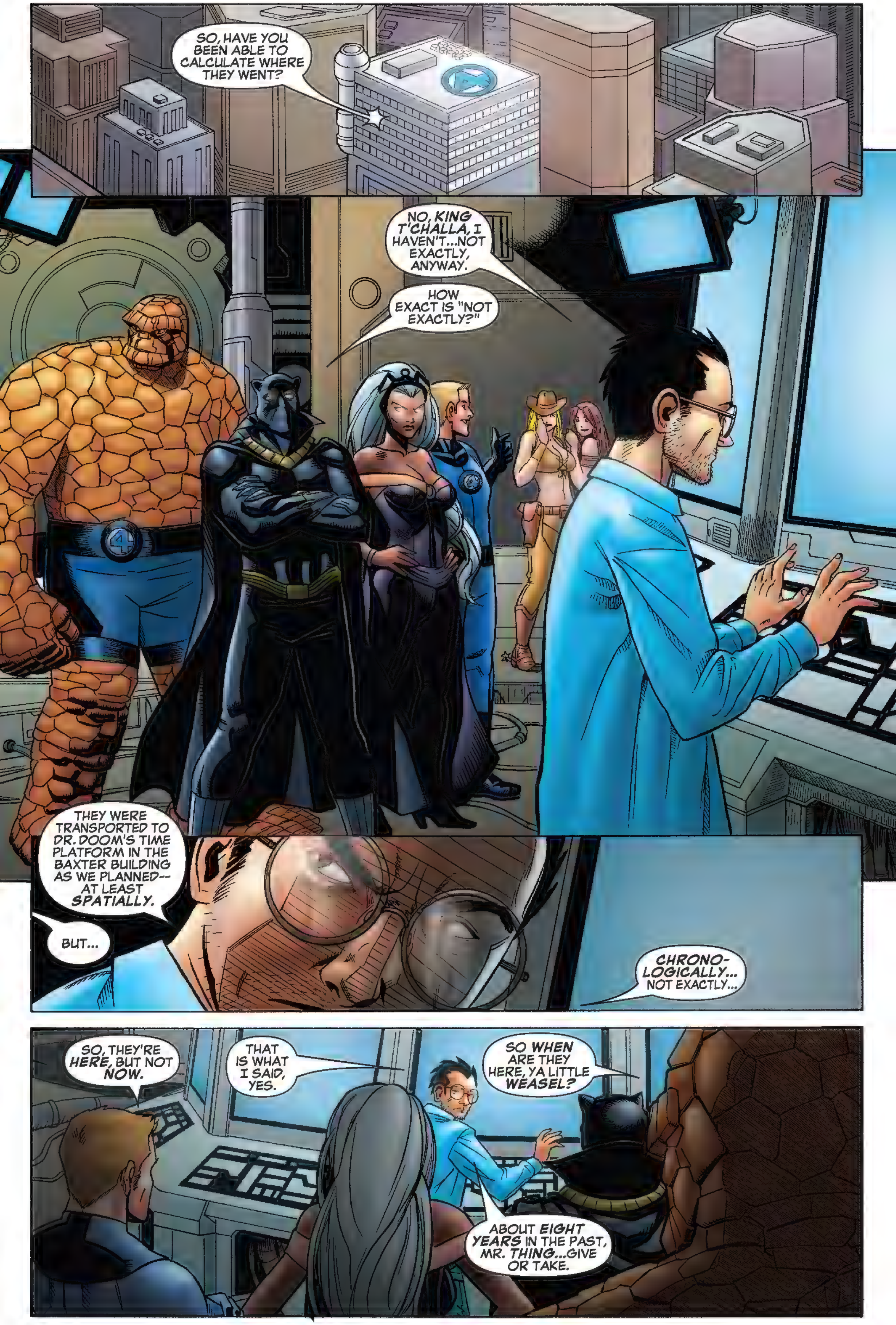
Meanwhile, in the past, we searched for a Nazi scientist named Arnim Zola, hoping he could get us back home. As it happens, we started… burping… chronal energy, conveniently causing short-term memory loss for anyone around us and eventually leading to a massive chronal… uhm… bowel movement… which sent us hurtling forward in time to…

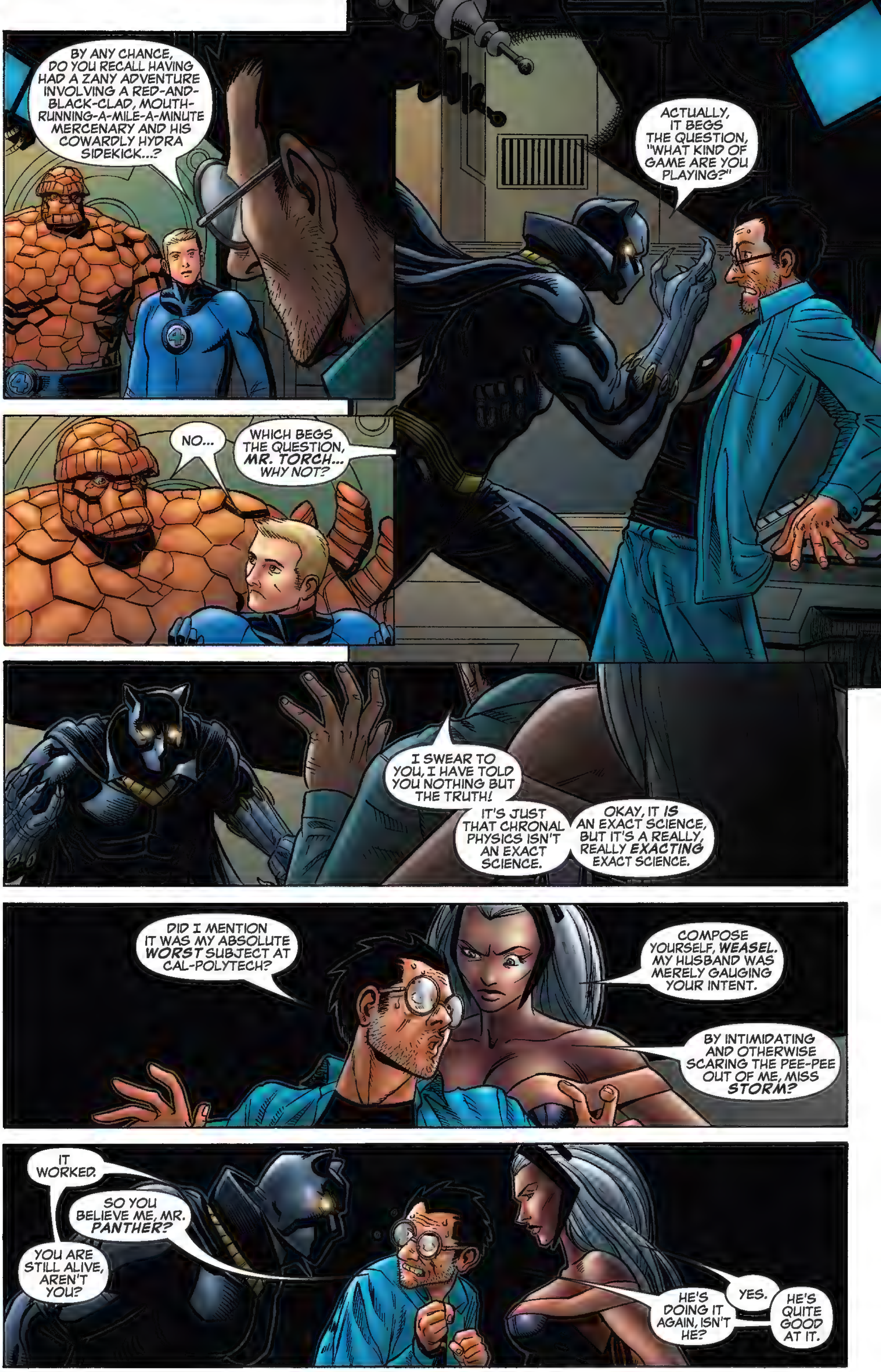

I'M INSIDE THE BAXTER BUILDING IN NEW YORK CITY!
I'M INSIDE THE INCREDIBLE SCIENCE LABS OF THE INFAMOUS REED RICHARDS!
I'M WATCHING MY GOOD FRIEND AND KIDNAPPER, MR. WILSON, AVOID CAPTURE BY THE (HERE COMES THE GOOSEBUMPS)--
Fantastic Four
MR. FANTASTIC! THE INVISIBLE GIRL! THE HUMAN TORCH! THE THING!
STOP JUMPIN' AROUND, YA BLASTED MONKEY!
HEY, LOOK IN THE MIRROR LATELY?
EXCLAMATION POINTS EVERYWHERE!
WE'VE JUMPED FORWARD IN TIME BY A FEW DECADES!
DON'T KNOW HOW WE WERE DRAWN HERE--
--BUT POPPING UP ON THE TIME PLATFORM FORMERLY OWNED BY EVIL DICTATOR, DR. DOOM, ISN'T DOING MUCH FOR OUR CREDIBILITY...

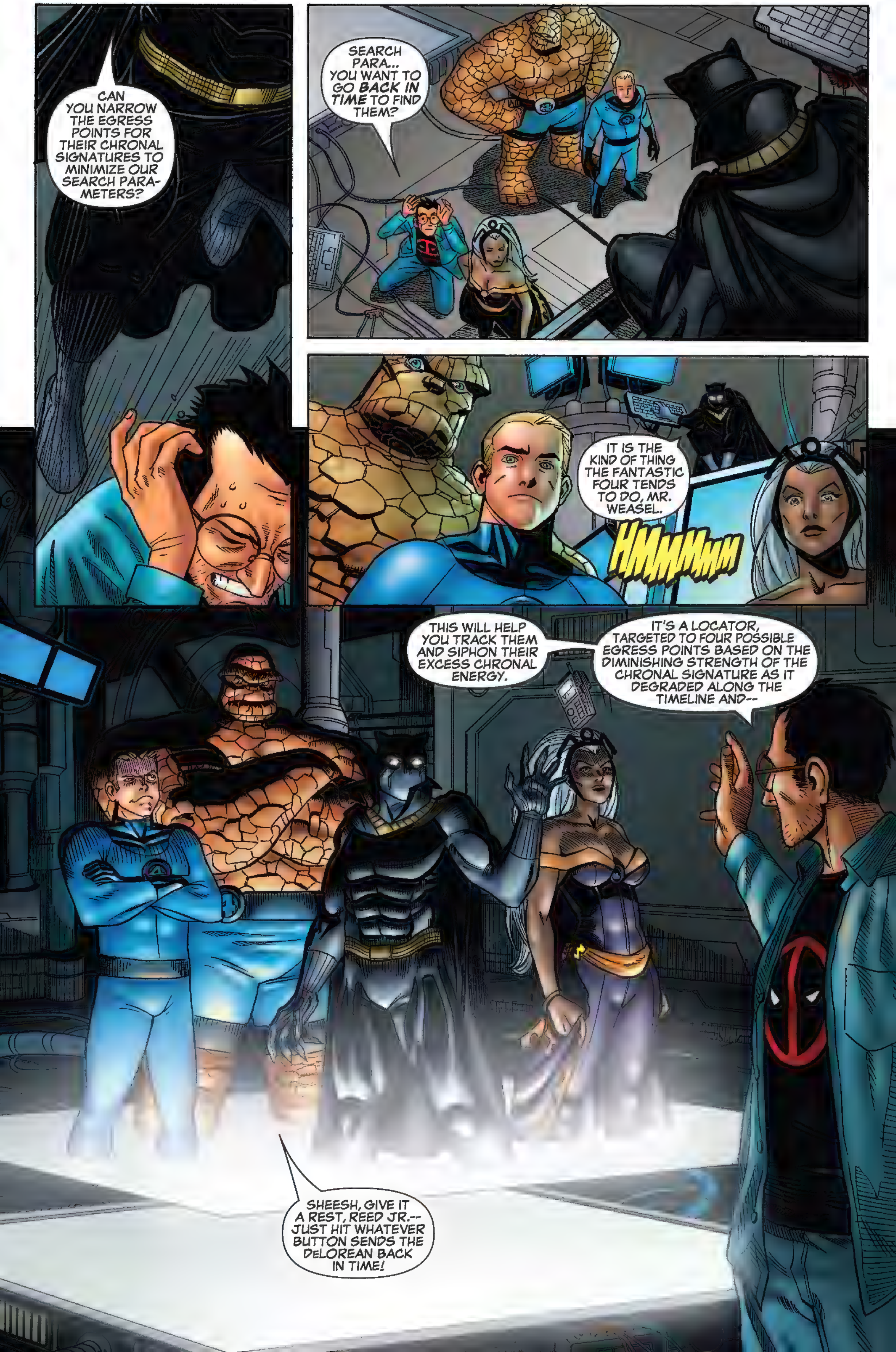

HOW DID YOU ACCESS THE TIME PLATFORM?
I DON'T KNOW, I SWEAR!
UHM...MRS. RICHARDS, PLEASE TELL ME THAT'S YOUR *INVISIBLE FORCE FIELD* I'M VAULTING OFF OF...
...I'D HATE IF IT WERE POKING YOUR AMPLE MATRONLY BOSOM OR VIVACIOUS HIPS...
HEY, MATCHSTICK, IS HE TALKIN' ABOUT SUZIE'S BOSOM?
NO--WHAT DID HE SAY? NO, **BEN**--HE COULDN'T--DOES MY SISTER EVEN *HAVE* A BOSOM...?
SPOING!
I'M SORRY! I'M NERVOUS! I'M RAMBLING! I CAN'T CONTROL THE EXCLAMATION POINTS!
I'M SORRY!
OW!
I'M SORRY!

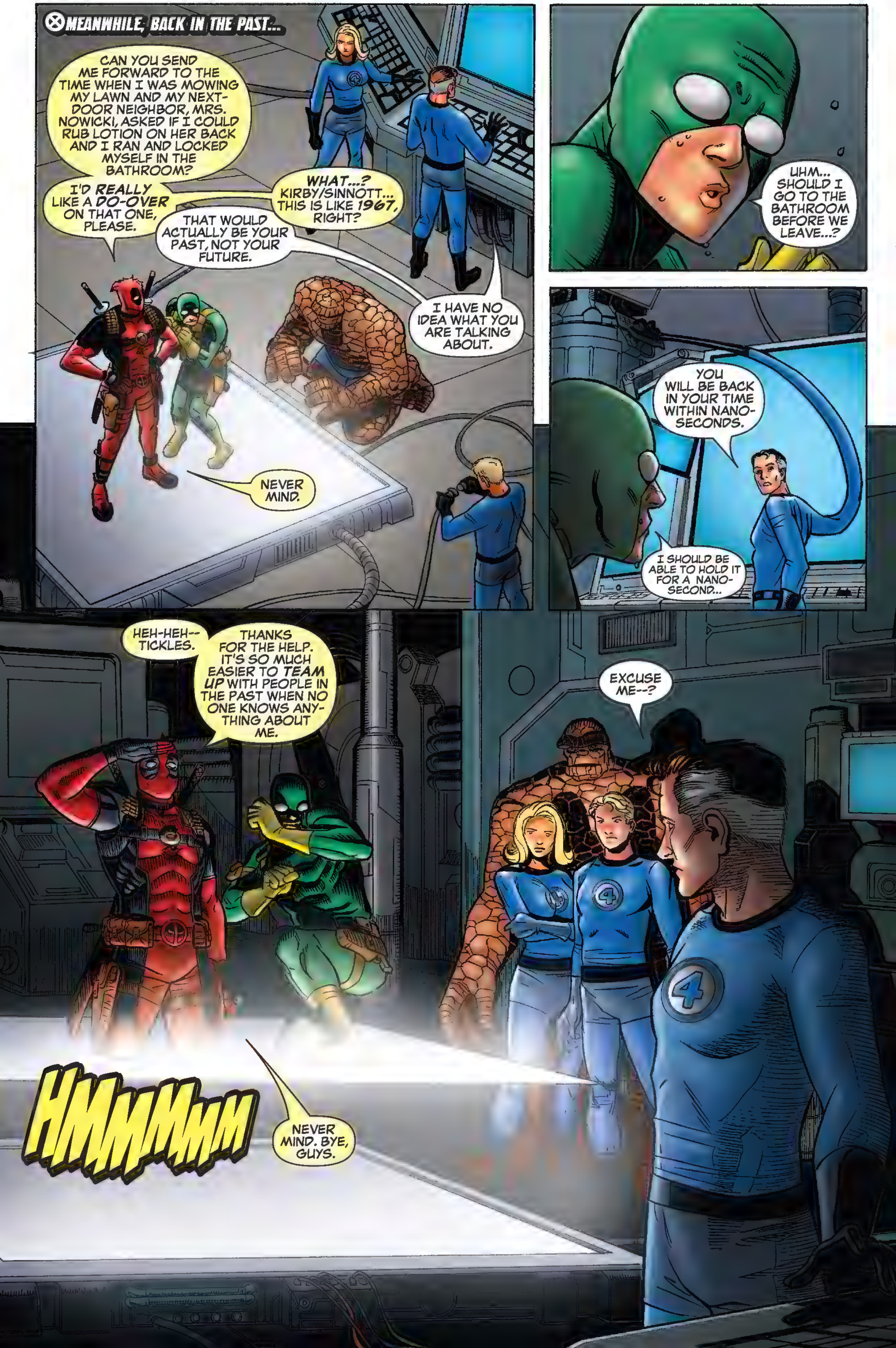

IT'S CLOBBERIN' TIME!
POW!
THIS IS GOING TO HURT.
YOUR FRIEND IS UNCONSCIOUS. CAN YOU PLEASE COME OUT NOW?
HYDRA RULE OF CONCEALMENT #114: IF YOU CAN'T SEE THEM, THEY CAN'T SEE YOU.
WE CAN SEE YOU.
THEY'RE ON TO ME. MUST BE INVISIBLE GIRL REFRACTING THE LIGHT SOMEHOW...
HE'S WEARING A HYDRA UNIFORM!
IF HYDRA HAS FIGURED OUT HOW TO USE DOOM'S TIME MACHINE...
NO-- NO--IT'S NOT THAT--
YOU ARE SUFFUSED WITH CHRONAL PARTICLES...BUT THERE ARE CONFLICTING TEMPORAL SIGNATURES...
I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT YOU JUST SAID.
YOU CAME HERE FROM THE PAST--BUT YOU'RE ACTUALLY FROM OUR FUTURE, AREN'T YOU...?

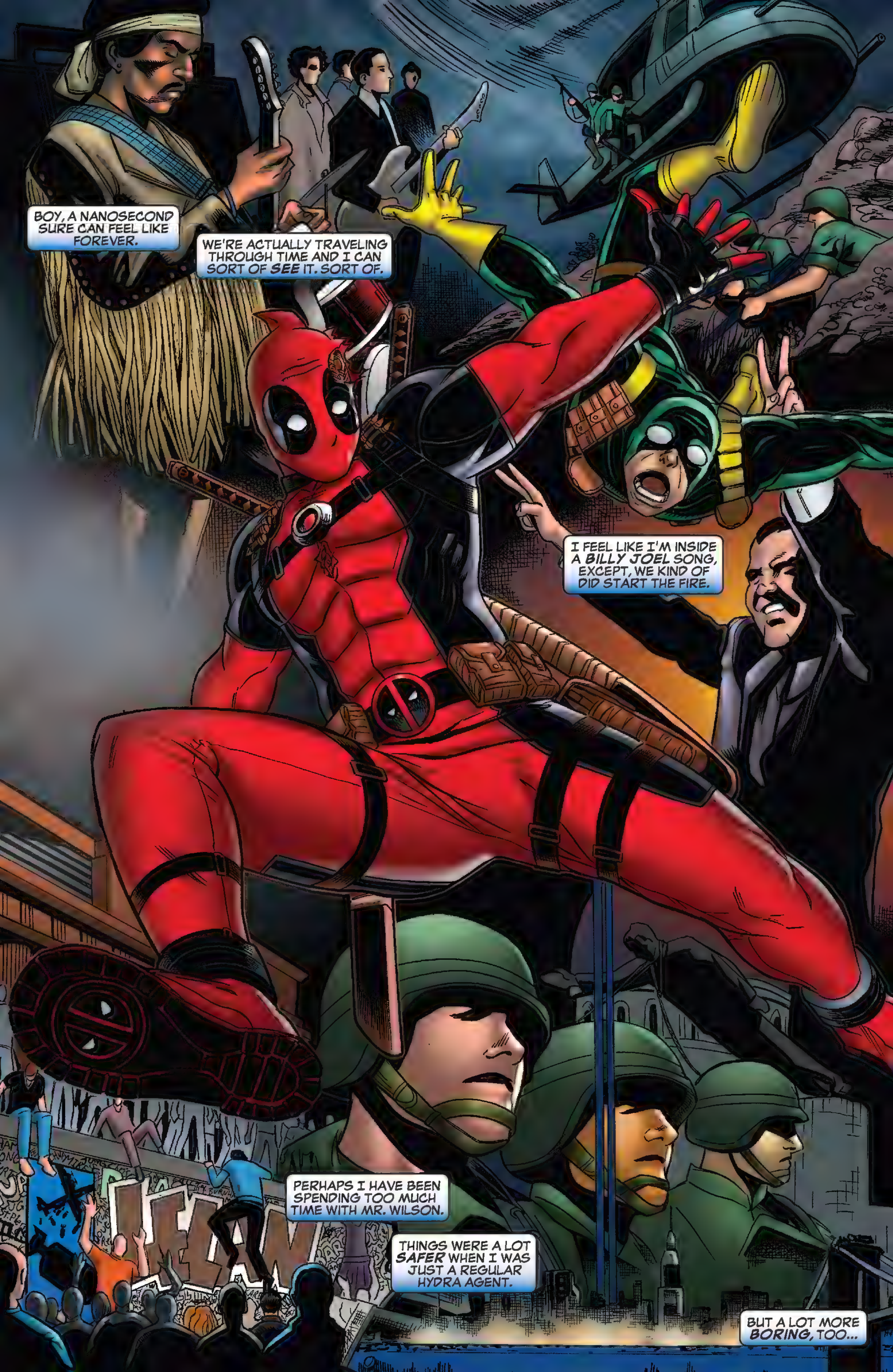

AND SO...
--AND YOU ARE NOW SOMEHOW LEAKING CHRONAL PARTICLES--
--WHICH YOU BELIEVE IS SERVING TO DRAW YOU *CLOSER* TO YOUR OWN PRESENT DAY, WHICH IS OUR FUTURE?
YUP.
AND YOU'RE TECHNICALLY *NOT* AN AGENT OF HYDRA?
NO, TECHNICALLY, I *AM*, BUT I'M NOT RIGHT NOW. AND I ONLY DID IT FOR THE DENTAL PLAN.
I THOUGHT ONLY A.I.M. CARRIED THE DENTAL PLAN...
BOB, I'M SORRY, BUT I DON'T THINK YOUR THEORY CAN STAND UP TO SCIENTIFIC SCRUTINY--
FASH
WHAT WAS THAT...?
THERE IS A HYDRA AGENT AT OUR BREAKFAST TABLE!
THIS IS GETTING OLD...
BRITNEY'S THONG IS *EVERY-WHERE*--STRETCHING--CHOKING THE LIFE OUT OF ME--!
OH... SORRY... MUST HAVE HAD A MR. FANTASTIC-INFLUENCED NIGHTMARE...
OOH, FRENCH TOAST...HEY, WE FIGURE OUT HOW WE GOT HERE YET...?

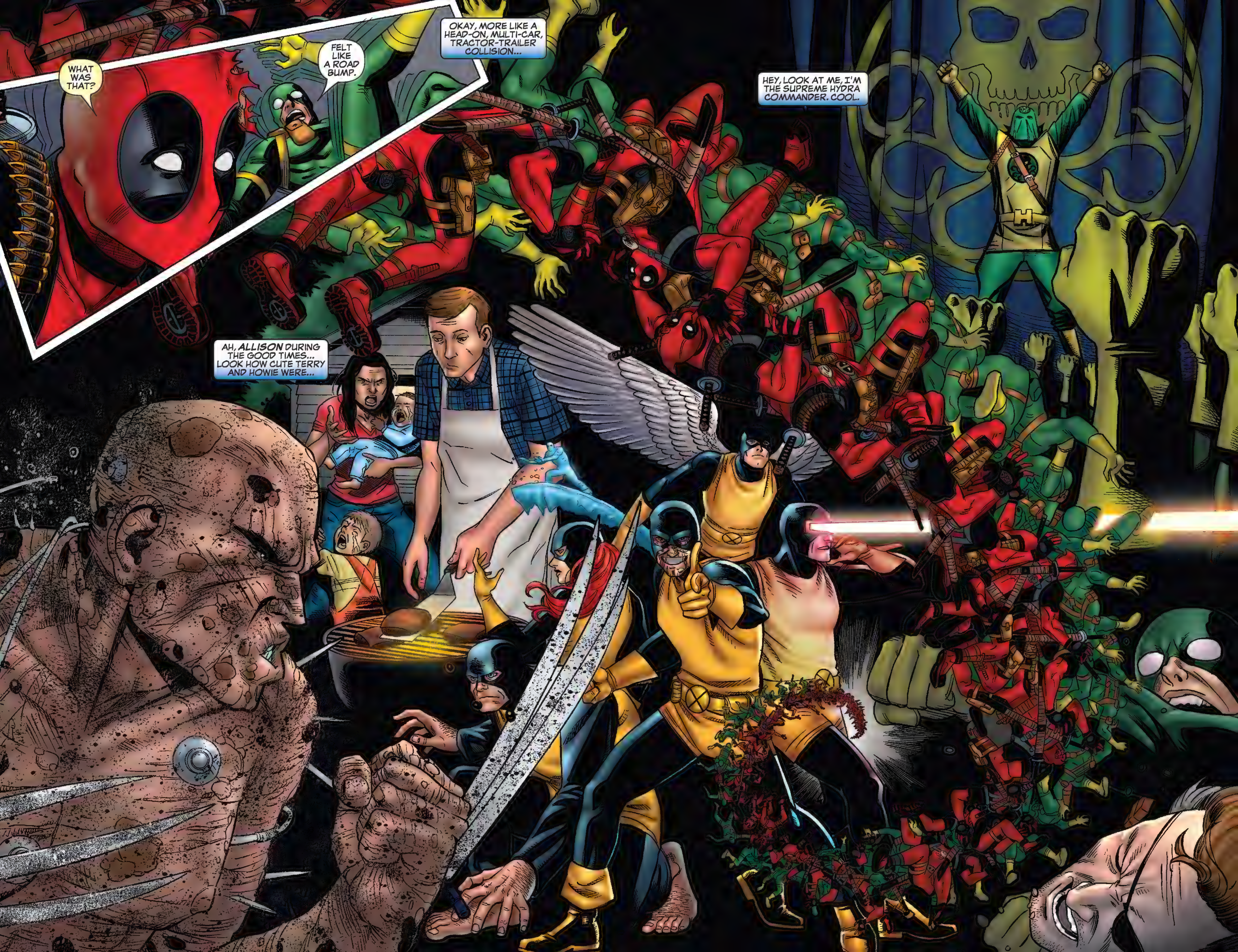

SO, HAVE YOU BEEN ABLE TO CALCULATE WHERE THEY WENT?
NO, *KING T'CHALLA,* I HAVEN'T...NOT EXACTLY, ANYWAY.
HOW EXACT IS "NOT EXACTLY?"
THEY WERE TRANSPORTED TO DR. DOOM'S TIME PLATFORM IN THE BAXTER BUILDING AS WE PLANNED-- AT LEAST *SPATIALLY.*
BUT...
CHRONOLOGICALLY... NOT EXACTLY...
SO, THEY'RE *HERE,* BUT NOT *NOW.*
THAT IS WHAT I SAID, YES.
SO *WHEN* ARE THEY HERE, YA LITTLE *WEASEL?*
ABOUT *EIGHT YEARS* IN THE PAST, MR. *THING*...GIVE OR TAKE.

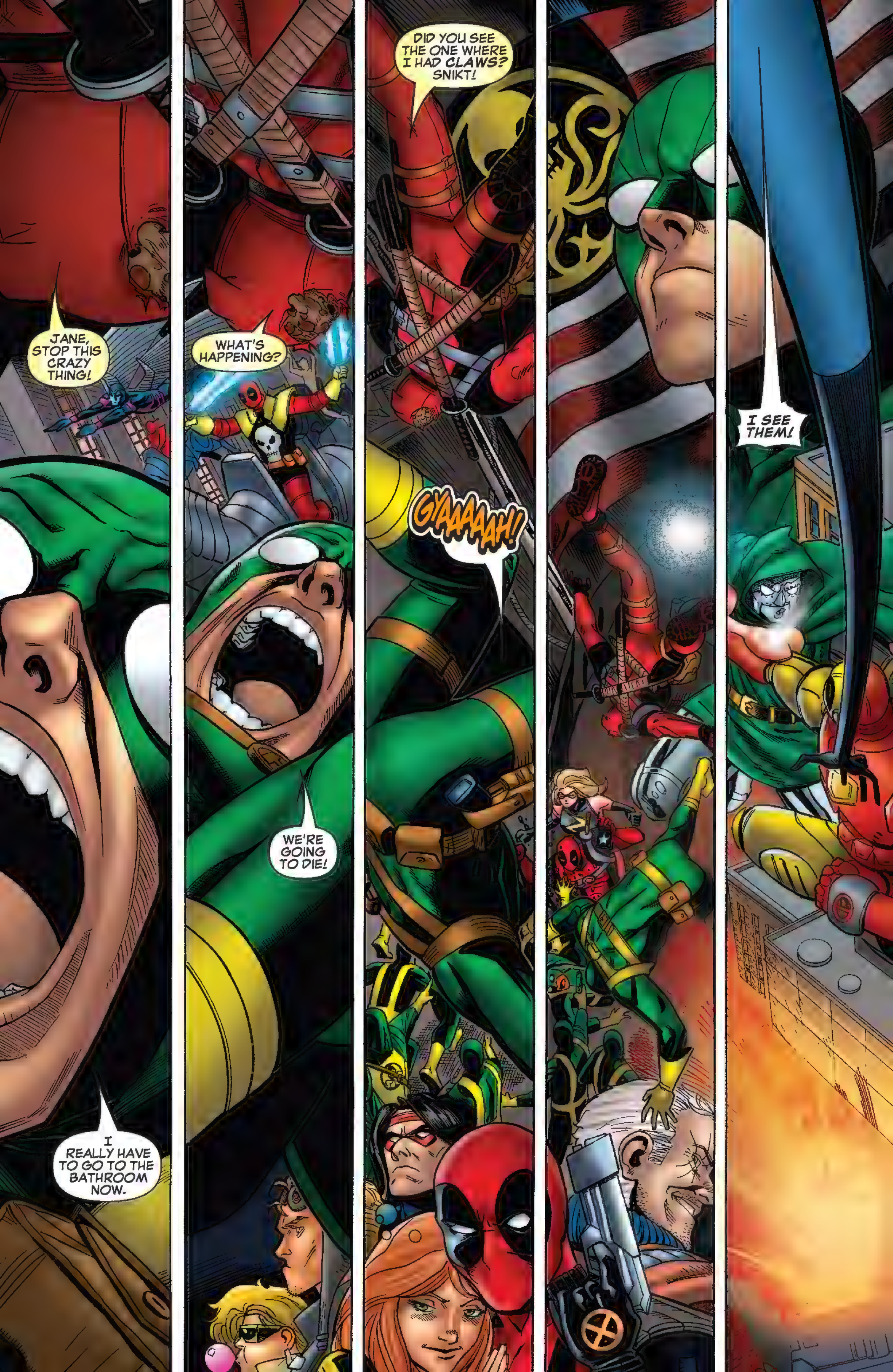

BY ANY CHANCE, DO YOU RECALL HAVING HAD A ZANY ADVENTURE INVOLVING A RED-AND-BLACK-CLAD, MOUTH-RUNNING-A-MILE-A-MINUTE MERCENARY AND HIS COWARDLY HYDRA SIDEKICK...?
NO...
WHICH BEGS THE QUESTION, **MR. TORCH...** WHY NOT?
ACTUALLY, IT BEGS THE QUESTION, "WHAT KIND OF GAME ARE YOU PLAYING?"
I SWEAR TO YOU, I HAVE TOLD YOU NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH!
IT'S JUST THAT CHRONAL PHYSICS ISN'T AN EXACT SCIENCE.
OKAY, IT ***IS*** AN EXACT SCIENCE, BUT IT'S A REALLY, REALLY ***EXACTING*** EXACT SCIENCE.
DID I MENTION IT WAS MY ABSOLUTE ***WORST*** SUBJECT AT CAL-POLYTECH?
COMPOSE YOURSELF, ***WEASEL.*** MY HUSBAND WAS MERELY GAUGING YOUR INTENT.
BY INTIMIDATING AND OTHERWISE SCARING THE PEE-PEE OUT OF ME, MISS ***STORM?***
IT WORKED.
SO YOU BELIEVE ME, MR. ***PANTHER?***
YOU ARE STILL ALIVE, AREN'T YOU?
HE'S DOING IT AGAIN, ISN'T HE?
YES.
HE'S QUITE GOOD AT IT.

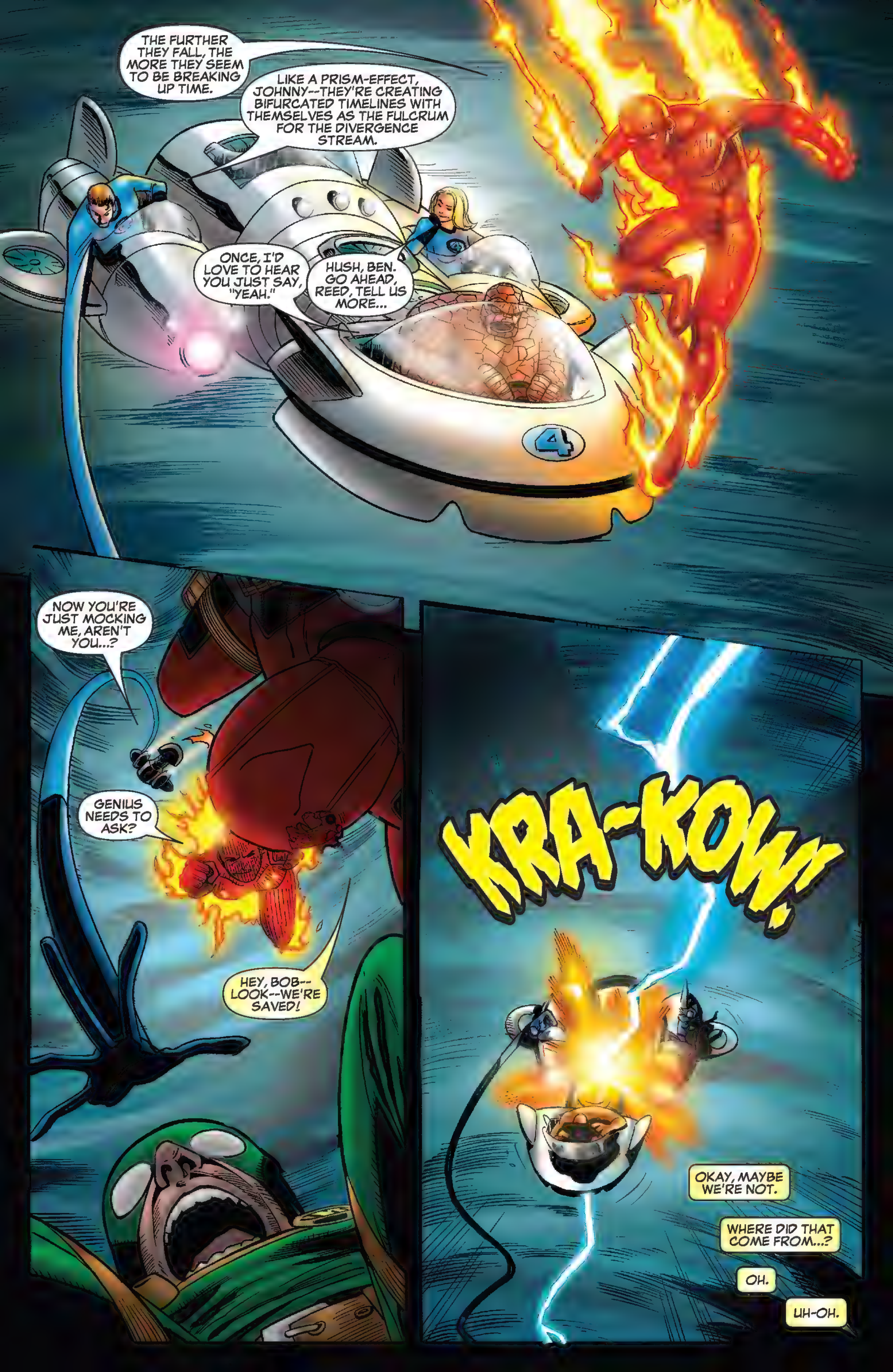

CAN YOU NARROW THE EGRESS POINTS FOR THEIR CHRONAL SIGNATURES TO MINIMIZE OUR SEARCH PARAMETERS?
SEARCH PARA... YOU WANT TO GO **BACK IN TIME** TO FIND THEM?
IT IS THE KIND OF THING THE FANTASTIC FOUR TENDS TO DO, MR. WEASEL.
HMMMMM
IT'S A LOCATOR, TARGETED TO FOUR POSSIBLE EGRESS POINTS BASED ON THE DIMINISHING STRENGTH OF THE CHRONAL SIGNATURE AS IT DEGRADED ALONG THE TIMELINE AND--
THIS WILL HELP YOU TRACK THEM AND SIPHON THEIR EXCESS CHRONAL ENERGY.
SHEESH, GIVE IT A REST, REED JR.-- JUST HIT WHATEVER BUTTON SENDS THE DeLOREAN BACK IN TIME!

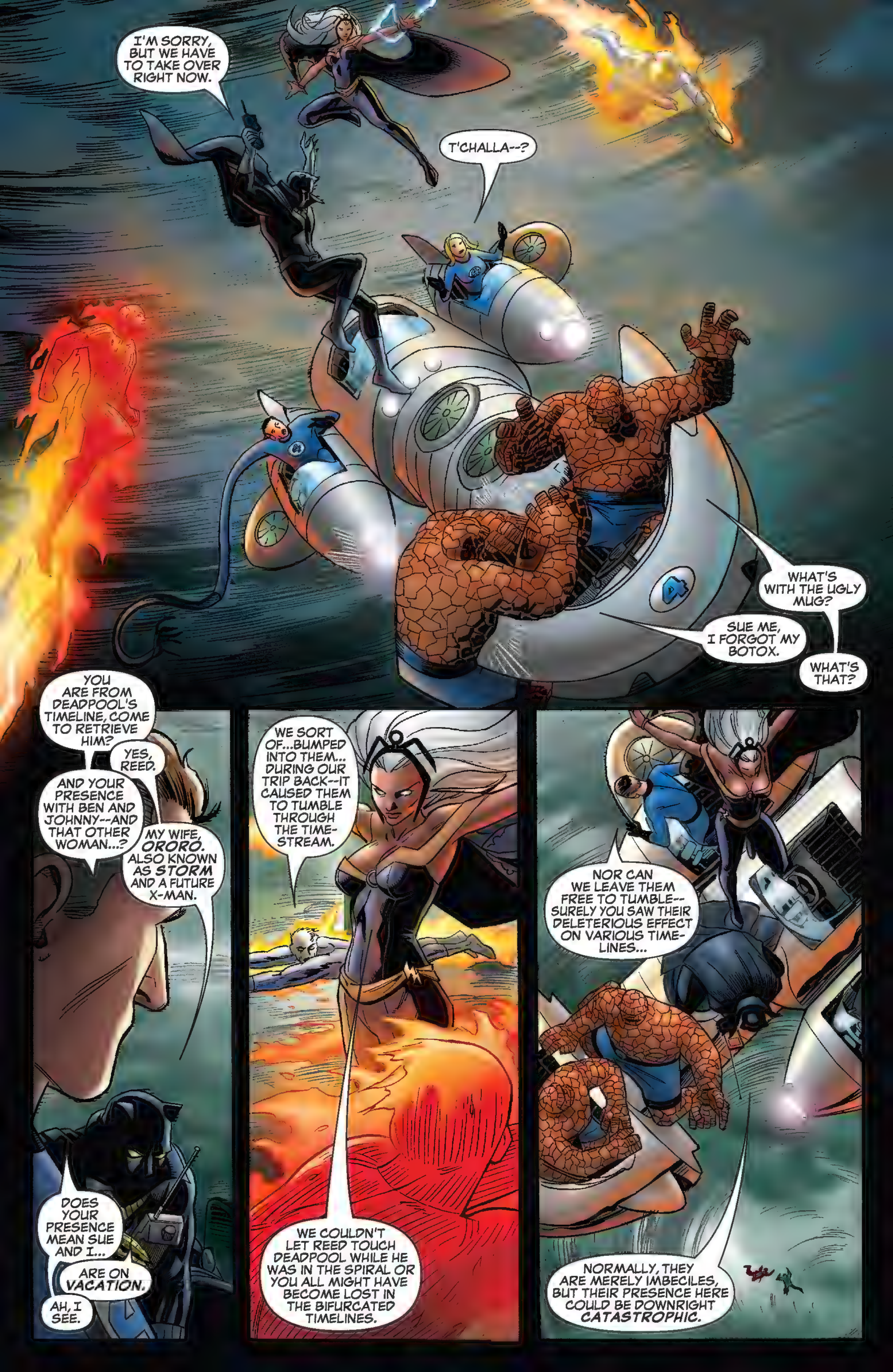

MEANWHILE, BACK IN THE PAST...
CAN YOU SEND ME FORWARD TO THE TIME WHEN I WAS MOWING MY LAWN AND MY NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBOR, MRS. NOWICKI, ASKED IF I COULD RUB LOTION ON HER BACK AND I RAN AND LOCKED MYSELF IN THE BATHROOM?
I'D *REALLY* LIKE A *DO-OVER* ON THAT ONE, PLEASE.
WHAT...? KIRBY/SINNOTT... THIS IS LIKE *1967*, RIGHT?
THAT WOULD ACTUALLY BE YOUR PAST, NOT YOUR FUTURE.
I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT YOU ARE TALKING ABOUT.
NEVER MIND.
UHM... SHOULD I GO TO THE BATHROOM BEFORE WE LEAVE...?
YOU WILL BE BACK IN YOUR TIME WITHIN NANO-SECONDS.
I SHOULD BE ABLE TO HOLD IT FOR A NANO-SECOND...
HEH-HEH-- TICKLES.
THANKS FOR THE HELP. IT'S SO MUCH EASIER TO *TEAM UP* WITH PEOPLE IN THE PAST WHEN NO ONE KNOWS ANYTHING ABOUT ME.
EXCUSE ME--?
HMMMMMM
NEVER MIND. BYE, GUYS.

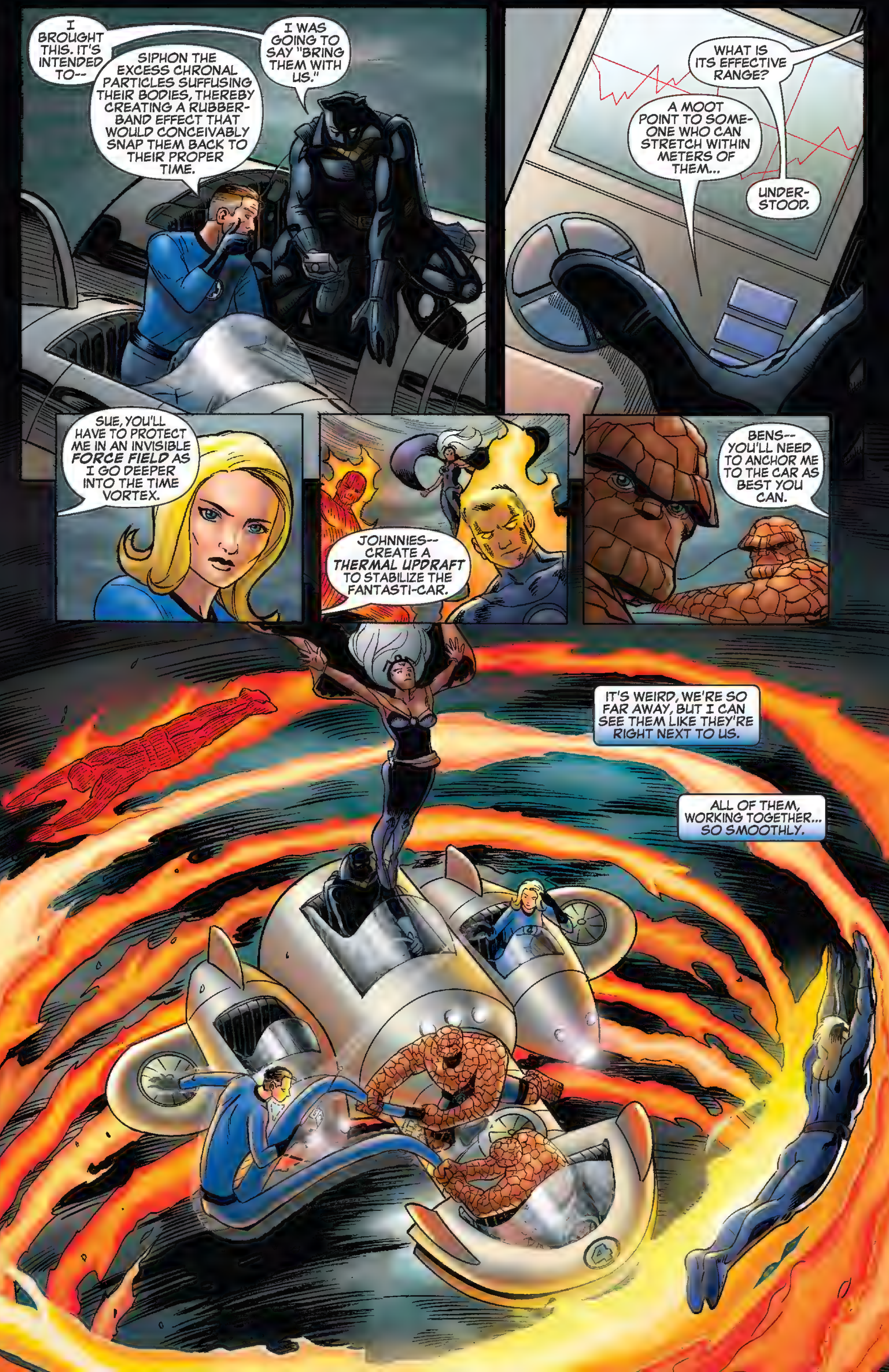

BOY, A NANOSECOND SURE CAN FEEL LIKE FOREVER.
WE'RE ACTUALLY TRAVELING THROUGH TIME AND I CAN SORT OF **SEE** IT. SORT OF.
I FEEL LIKE I'M INSIDE A **BILLY JOEL** SONG, EXCEPT, WE KIND OF DID START THE FIRE.
PERHAPS I HAVE BEEN SPENDING TOO MUCH TIME WITH MR. WILSON.
THINGS WERE A LOT **SAFER** WHEN I WAS JUST A REGULAR HYDRA AGENT.
BUT A LOT MORE **BORING**, TOO...

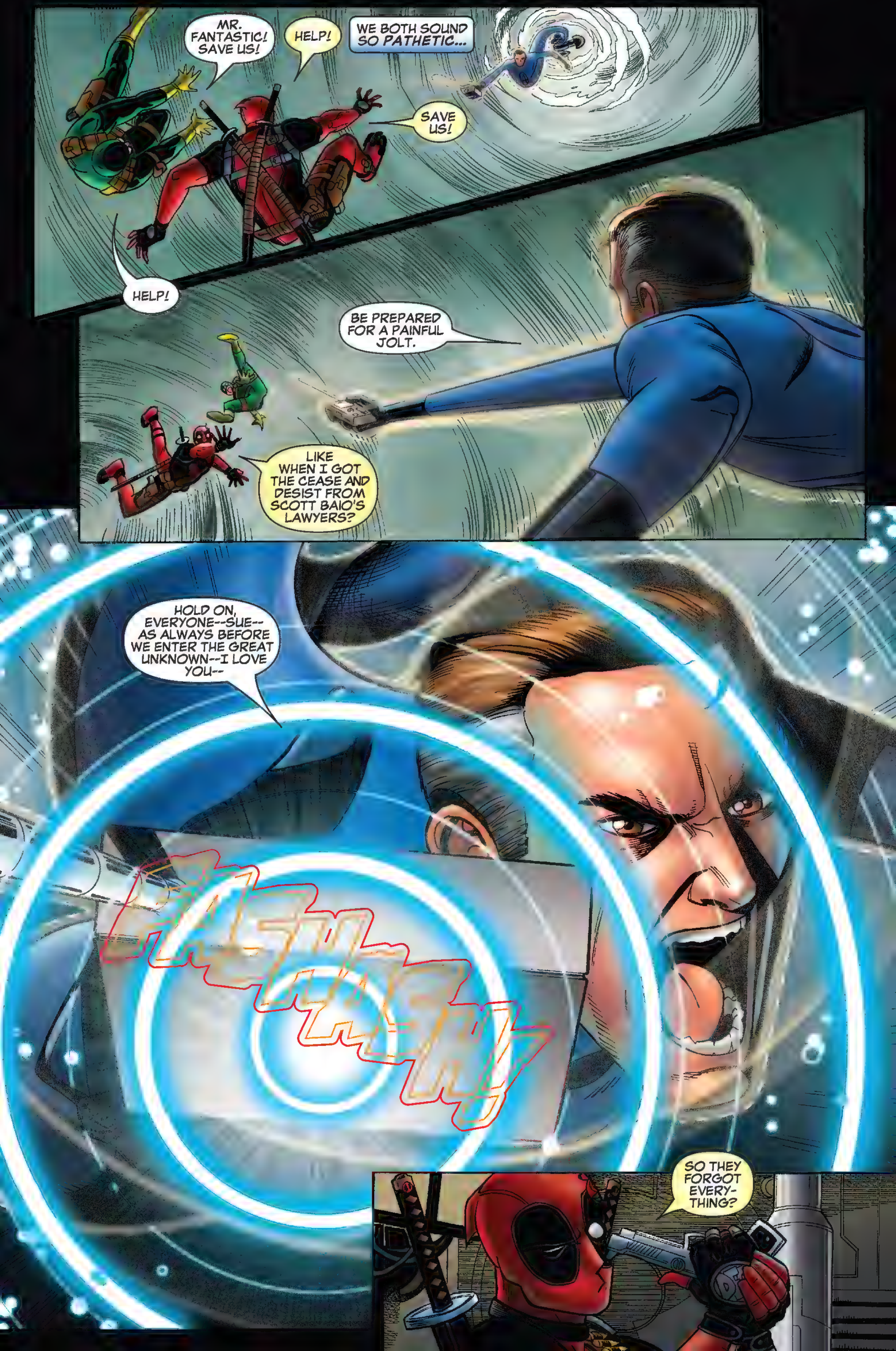

WHAT WAS THAT?
FELT LIKE A ROAD BUMP.
OKAY, MORE LIKE A HEAD-ON, MULTI-CAR, TRACTOR-TRAILER COLLISION...
HEY, LOOK AT ME, I'M THE SUPREME HYDRA COMMANDER. COOL.
AH, ALLISON DURING THE GOOD TIMES... LOOK HOW CUTE TERRY AND HOWIE WERE...

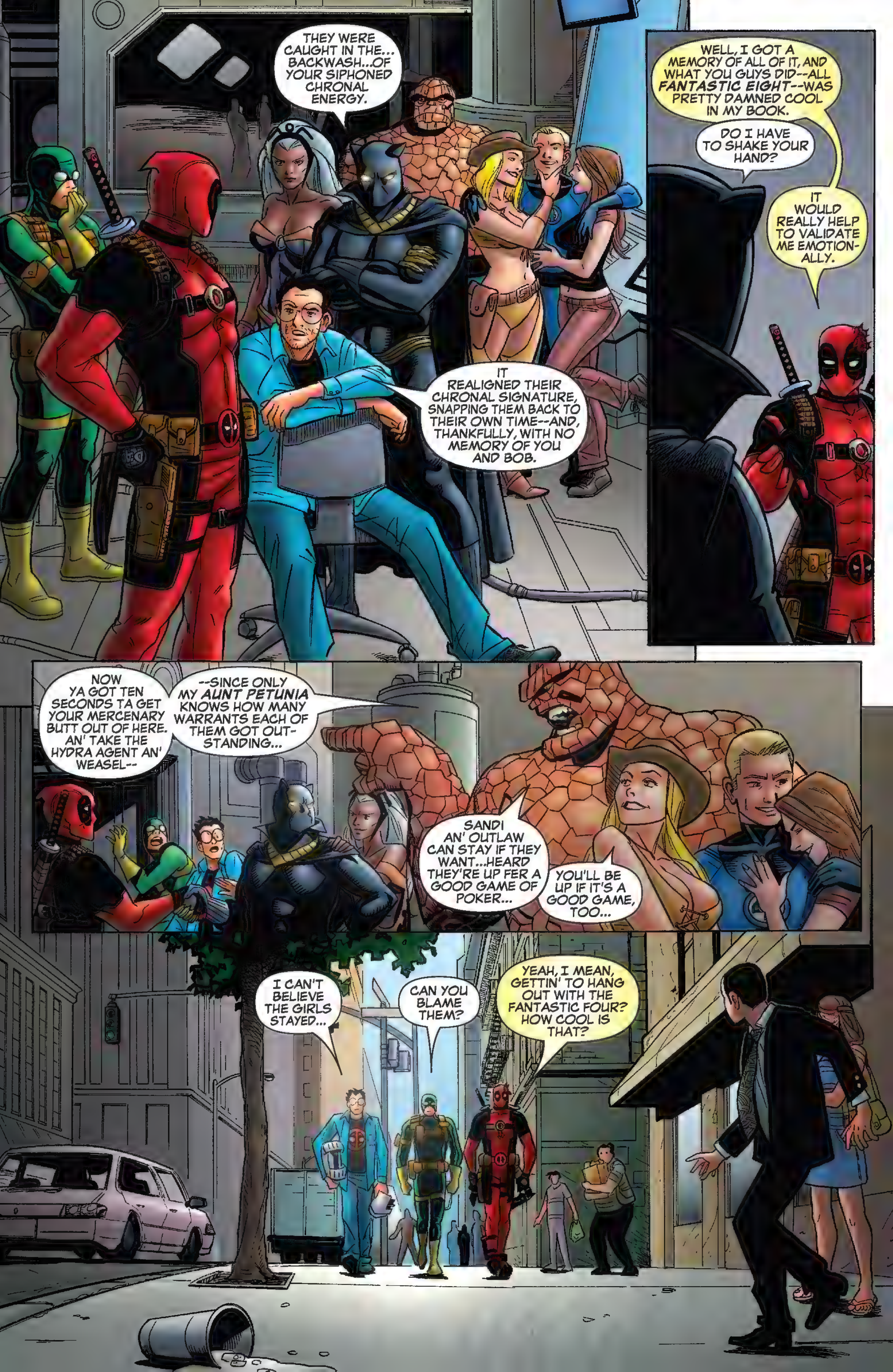

JANE, STOP THIS CRAZY THING!
I REALLY HAVE TO GO TO THE BATHROOM NOW.
WHAT'S HAPPENING?
WE'RE GOING TO DIE!
DID YOU SEE THE ONE WHERE I HAD *CLAWS*? SNIKT!
GYAAAAAH!
I SEE THEM!

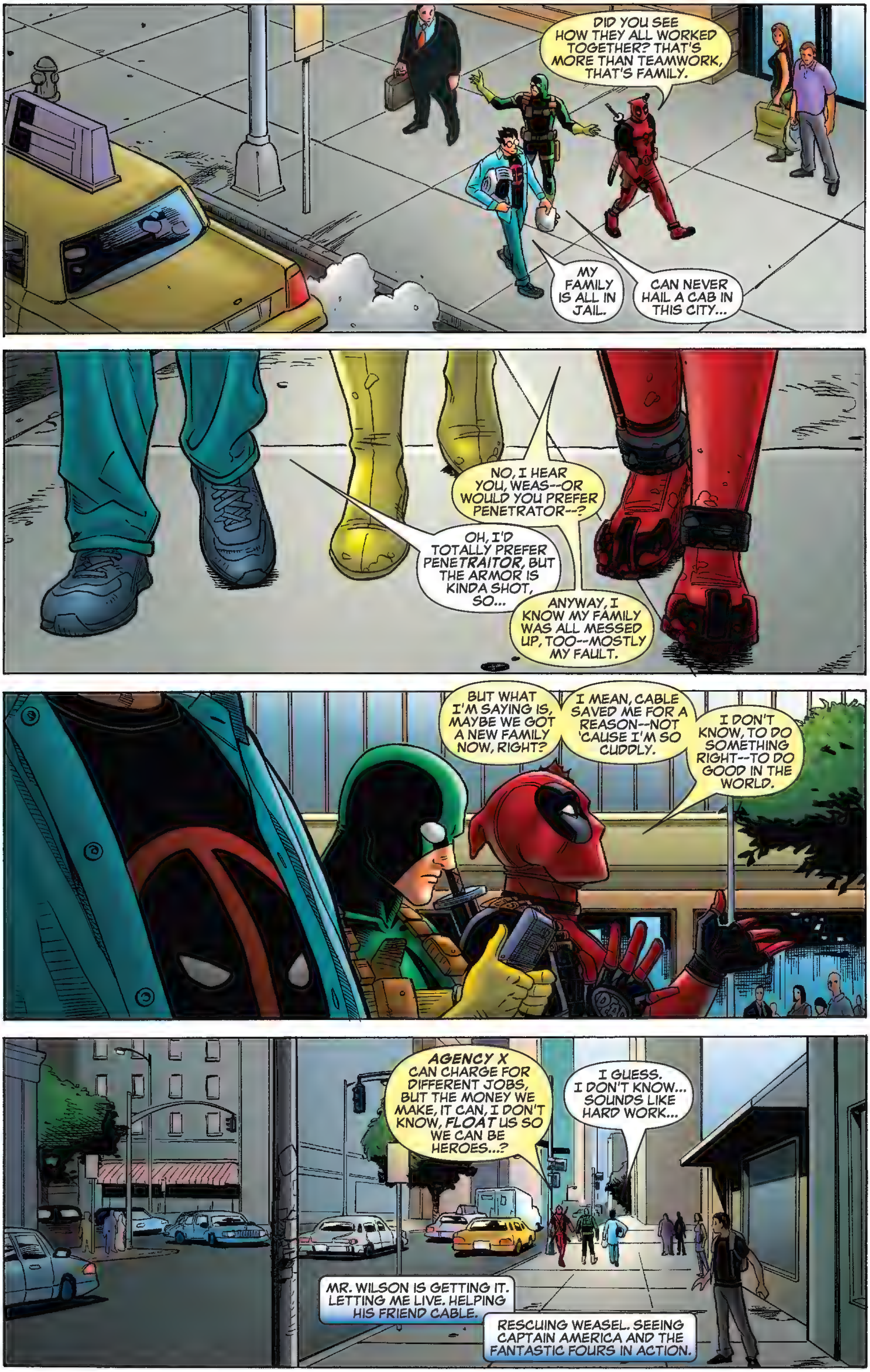

THE FURTHER THEY FALL, THE MORE THEY SEEM TO BE BREAKING UP TIME.
LIKE A PRISM-EFFECT, JOHNNY--THEY'RE CREATING BIFURCATED TIMELINES WITH THEMSELVES AS THE FULCRUM FOR THE DIVERGENCE STREAM.
ONCE, I'D LOVE TO HEAR YOU JUST SAY, "YEAH."
HUSH, BEN. GO AHEAD, REED, TELL US MORE...
4
NOW YOU'RE JUST MOCKING ME, AREN'T YOU...?
GENIUS NEEDS TO ASK?
HEY, BOB--LOOK--WE'RE SAVED!
KRA-KOW!
OKAY, MAYBE WE'RE NOT.
WHERE DID THAT COME FROM...?
OH.
UH-OH.

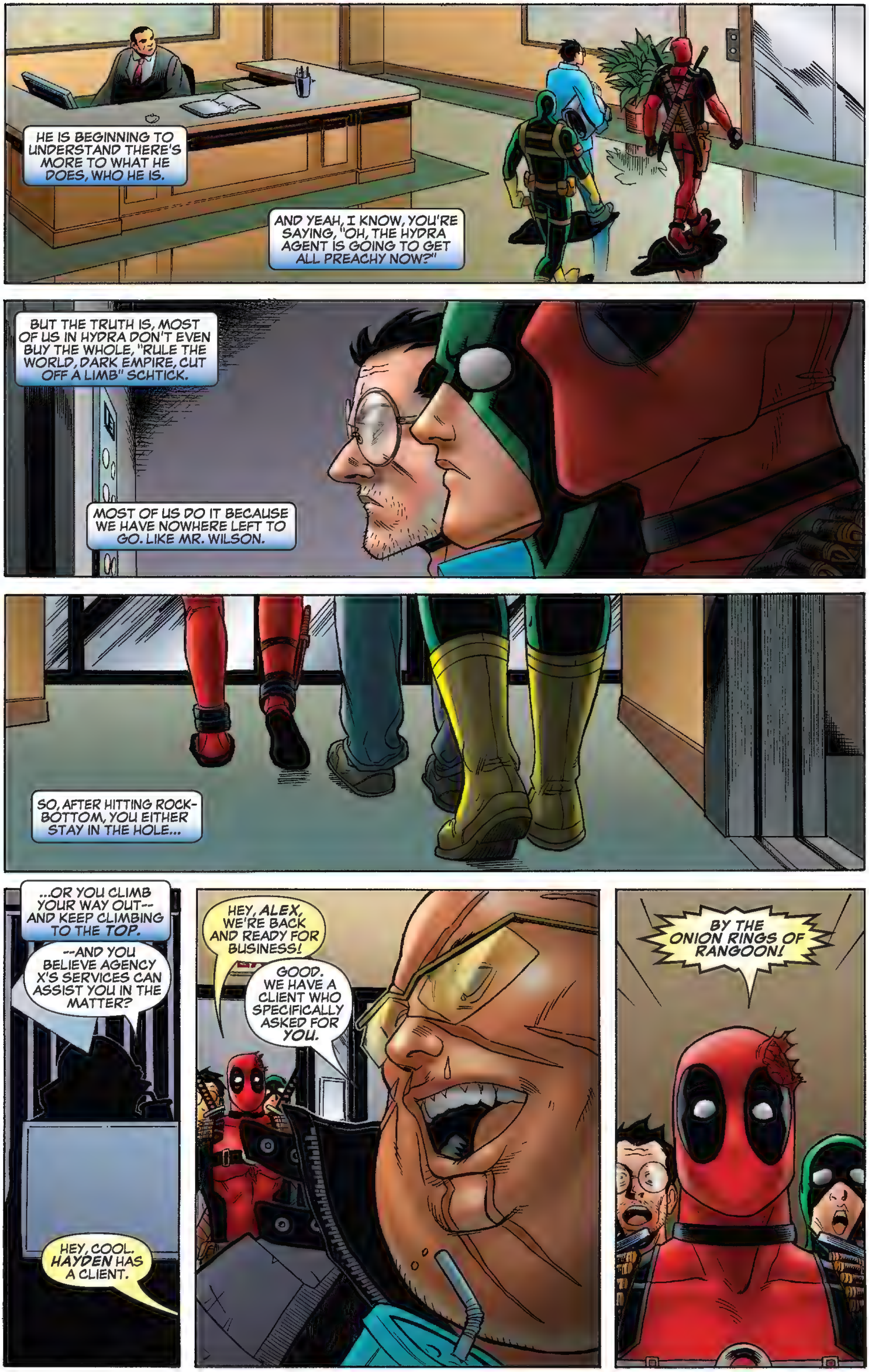

I'M SORRY, BUT WE HAVE TO TAKE OVER RIGHT NOW.
T'CHALLA--?
WHAT'S WITH THE UGLY MUG?
SUE ME, I FORGOT MY BOTOX.
WHAT'S THAT?
YOU ARE FROM DEADPOOL'S TIMELINE, COME TO RETRIEVE HIM?
YES, REED.
AND YOUR PRESENCE WITH BEN AND JOHNNY--AND THAT OTHER WOMAN...?
MY WIFE, ***ORORO***. ALSO KNOWN AS ***STORM*** AND A FUTURE X-MAN.
DOES YOUR PRESENCE MEAN SUE AND I...
ARE ON ***VACATION***.
AH, I SEE.
WE SORT OF...BUMPED INTO THEM... DURING OUR TRIP BACK--IT CAUSED THEM TO TUMBLE THROUGH THE TIME-STREAM.
WE COULDN'T LET REED TOUCH DEADPOOL WHILE HE WAS IN THE SPIRAL OR YOU ALL MIGHT HAVE BECOME LOST IN THE BIFURCATED TIMELINES.
NOR CAN WE LEAVE THEM FREE TO TUMBLE-- SURELY YOU SAW THEIR DELETERIOUS EFFECT ON VARIOUS TIME-LINES...
NORMALLY, THEY ARE MERELY IMBECILES, BUT THEIR PRESENCE HERE COULD BE DOWNRIGHT ***CATASTROPHIC***.

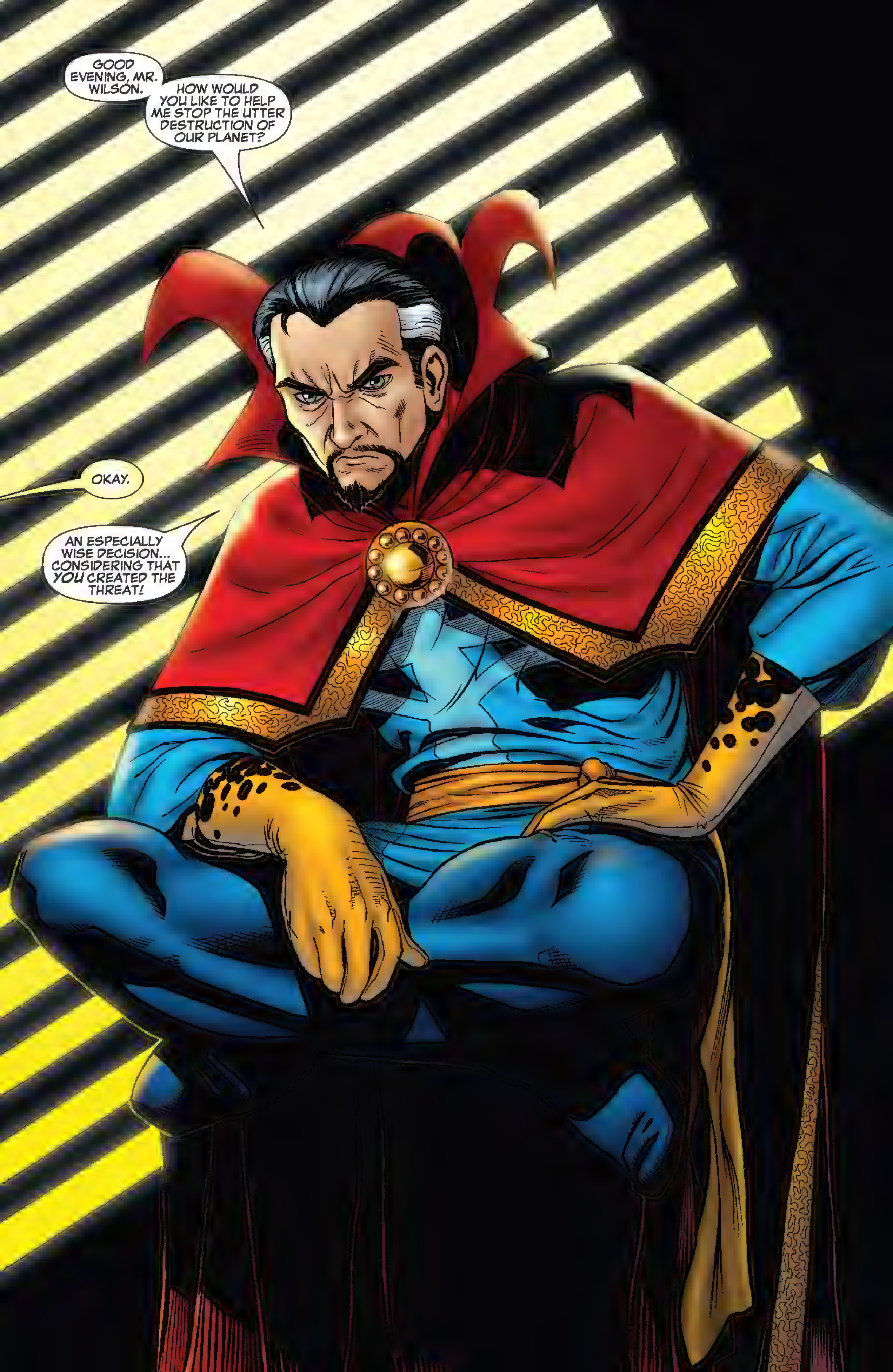

I BROUGHT THIS. IT'S INTENDED TO--
SIPHON THE EXCESS CHRONAL PARTICLES SUFFUSING THEIR BODIES, THEREBY CREATING A RUBBER-BAND EFFECT THAT WOULD CONCEIVABLY SNAP THEM BACK TO THEIR PROPER TIME.
I WAS GOING TO SAY "BRING THEM WITH US."
WHAT IS ITS EFFECTIVE RANGE?
A MOOT POINT TO SOMEONE WHO CAN STRETCH WITHIN METERS OF THEM...
UNDERSTOOD.
SUE, YOU'LL HAVE TO PROTECT ME IN AN INVISIBLE **FORCE FIELD** AS I GO DEEPER INTO THE TIME VORTEX.
JOHNNIES-- CREATE A **THERMAL UPDRAFT** TO STABILIZE THE FANTASTI-CAR.
BENS-- YOU'LL NEED TO ANCHOR ME TO THE CAR AS BEST YOU CAN.
IT'S WEIRD, WE'RE SO FAR AWAY, BUT I CAN SEE THEM LIKE THEY'RE RIGHT NEXT TO US.
ALL OF THEM, WORKING TOGETHER... SO SMOOTHLY.


MR. FANTASTIC! SAVE US!
HELP!
WE BOTH SOUND SO PATHETIC...
SAVE US!
HELP!
BE PREPARED FOR A PAINFUL JOLT.
LIKE WHEN I GOT THE CEASE AND DESIST FROM SCOTT BAIO'S LAWYERS?
HOLD ON, EVERYONE--SUE--AS ALWAYS BEFORE WE ENTER THE GREAT UNKNOWN--I LOVE YOU--
SO THEY FORGOT EVERYTHING?


THEY WERE CAUGHT IN THE... BACKWASH...OF YOUR SIPHONED CHRONAL ENERGY.
IT REALIGNED THEIR CHRONAL SIGNATURE, SNAPPING THEM BACK TO THEIR OWN TIME--AND, THANKFULLY, WITH NO MEMORY OF YOU AND BOB.
WELL, I GOT A MEMORY OF ALL OF IT, AND WHAT YOU GUYS DID--ALL ***FANTASTIC EIGHT***--WAS PRETTY DAMNED COOL IN MY BOOK.
DO I HAVE TO SHAKE YOUR HAND?
IT WOULD REALLY HELP TO VALIDATE ME EMOTION-ALLY.
NOW YA GOT TEN SECONDS TA GET YOUR MERCENARY BUTT OUT OF HERE. AN' TAKE THE HYDRA AGENT AN' WEASEL--
--SINCE ONLY MY ***AUNT PETUNIA*** KNOWS HOW MANY WARRANTS EACH OF THEM GOT OUT-STANDING...
SANDI AN' OUTLAW CAN STAY IF THEY WANT...HEARD THEY'RE UP FER A GOOD GAME OF POKER...
YOU'LL BE UP IF IT'S A GOOD GAME, TOO...
I CAN'T BELIEVE THE GIRLS STAYED...
CAN YOU BLAME THEM?
YEAH, I MEAN, GETTIN' TO HANG OUT WITH THE FANTASTIC FOUR? HOW COOL IS THAT?


DID YOU SEE HOW THEY ALL WORKED TOGETHER? THAT'S MORE THAN TEAMWORK, THAT'S FAMILY.
MY FAMILY IS ALL IN JAIL.
CAN NEVER HAIL A CAB IN THIS CITY...
NO, I HEAR YOU, WEAS--OR WOULD YOU PREFER PENETRATOR--?
OH, I'D TOTALLY PREFER PENE*TRAITOR*, BUT THE ARMOR IS KINDA SHOT, SO...
ANYWAY, I KNOW MY FAMILY WAS ALL MESSED UP, TOO--MOSTLY MY FAULT.
BUT WHAT I'M SAYING IS, MAYBE WE GOT A NEW FAMILY NOW, RIGHT?
I MEAN, CABLE SAVED ME FOR A REASON--NOT 'CAUSE I'M SO CUDDLY.
I DON'T KNOW, TO DO SOMETHING RIGHT--TO DO GOOD IN THE WORLD.
AGENCY X CAN CHARGE FOR DIFFERENT JOBS, BUT THE MONEY WE MAKE, IT CAN, I DON'T KNOW, *FLOAT* US SO WE CAN BE HEROES...?
I GUESS. I DON'T KNOW... SOUNDS LIKE HARD WORK...
MR. WILSON IS GETTING IT. LETTING ME LIVE. HELPING HIS FRIEND CABLE.
RESCUING WEASEL. SEEING CAPTAIN AMERICA AND THE FANTASTIC FOURS IN ACTION.


HE IS BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND THERE'S MORE TO WHAT HE DOES, WHO HE IS.
AND YEAH, I KNOW, YOU'RE SAYING, "OH, THE HYDRA AGENT IS GOING TO GET ALL PREACHY NOW?"
BUT THE TRUTH IS, MOST OF US IN HYDRA DON'T EVEN BUY THE WHOLE, "RULE THE WORLD, DARK EMPIRE, CUT OFF A LIMB" SCHTICK.
MOST OF US DO IT BECAUSE WE HAVE NOWHERE LEFT TO GO. LIKE MR. WILSON.
SO, AFTER HITTING ROCK-BOTTOM, YOU EITHER STAY IN THE HOLE...
...OR YOU CLIMB YOUR WAY OUT-- AND KEEP CLIMBING TO THE TOP.
--AND YOU BELIEVE AGENCY X'S SERVICES CAN ASSIST YOU IN THE MATTER?
HEY, COOL. HAYDEN HAS A CLIENT.
HEY, ALEX, WE'RE BACK AND READY FOR BUSINESS!
GOOD. WE HAVE A CLIENT WHO SPECIFICALLY ASKED FOR YOU.
BY THE ONION RINGS OF RANGOON!


GOOD EVENING, MR. WILSON.
HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO HELP ME STOP THE UTTER DESTRUCTION OF OUR PLANET?
OKAY.
AN ESPECIALLY WISE DECISION... CONSIDERING THAT *YOU* CREATED THE THREAT!

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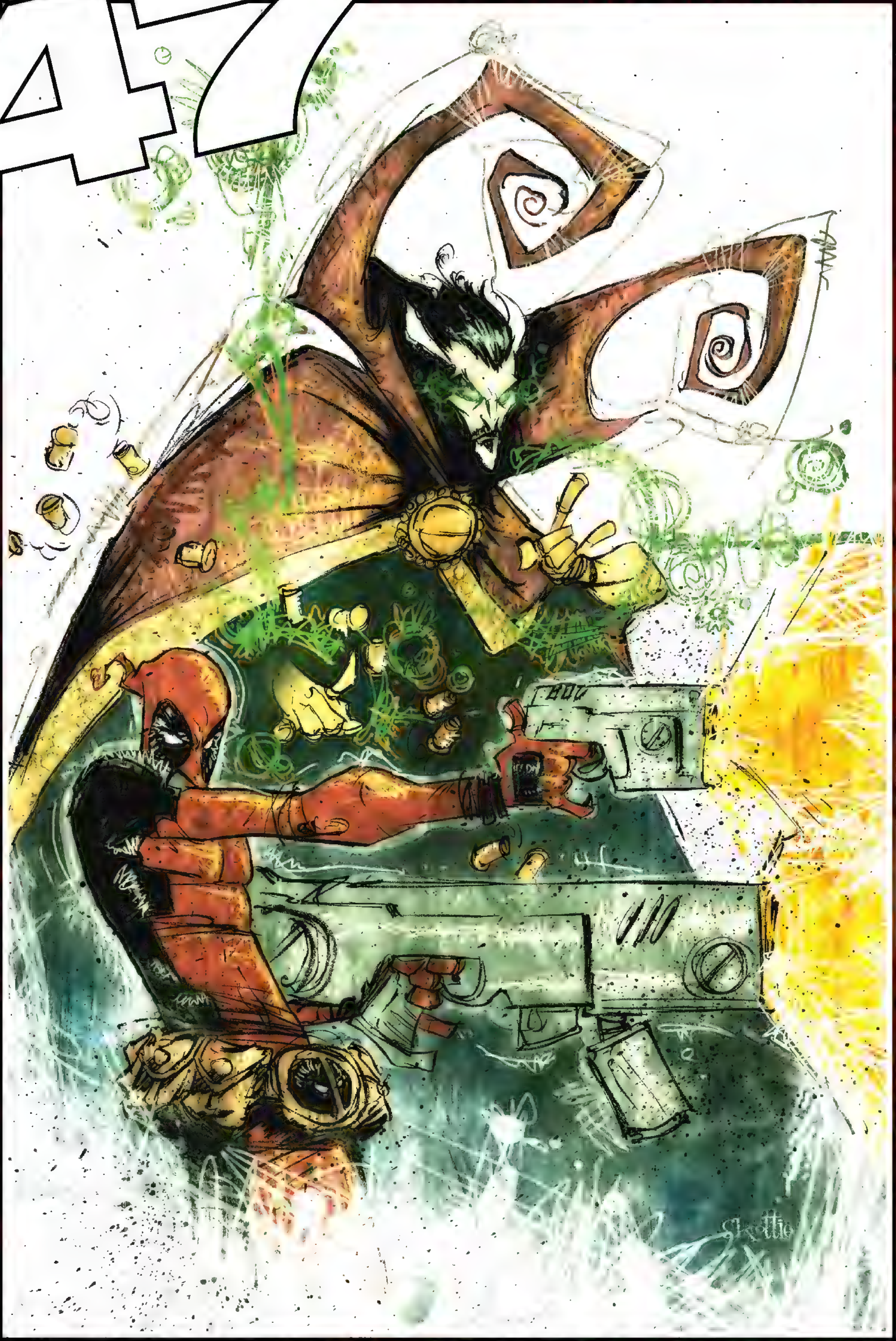

I Need A Trip Through The Netherrealms Like A Kick In The Nether Regions

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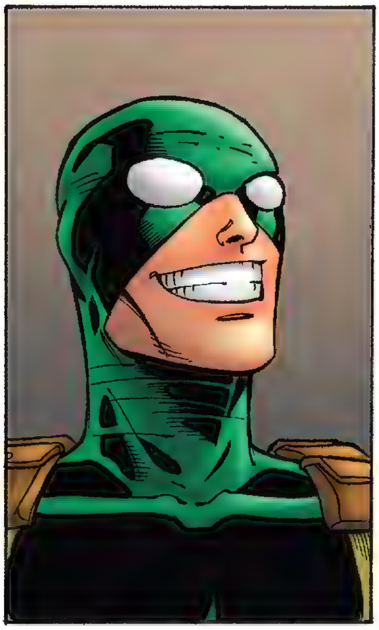
BOB'S BLOG
HAIL HYDRA!

HYDRA IS IN YOUR EXTENDED NETWORK



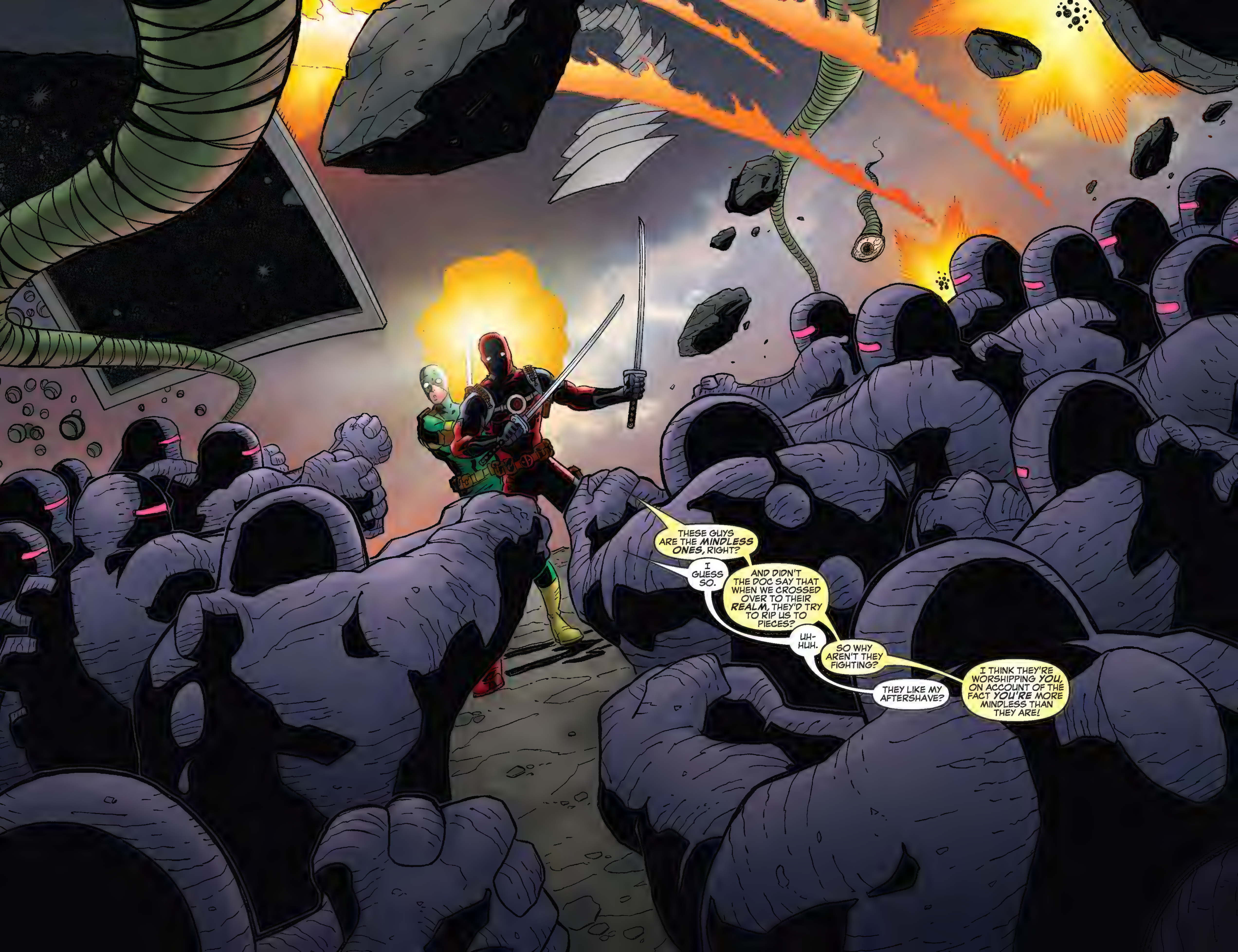
Name: Bob
Age: 33
Eyes: Only for you
Hair: Staticky today
Ht: 5'10" **Wt:** 180 lbs. (I could use a Hostess Cupcake)
Occupation: Former Agent of HYDRA, current Universe Saver
Marital Status: I am married to my work
Home: I live where trouble breathes
Favorite TV show: Fear Factor (I laugh at their fear)
Favorite Movie: Anything directed by Sam Peckinpah
Favorite Album: Anything by George Thoroughgood and the Destroyers
Likes: Saving the universe, fighting to save the universe, foiling those who seek to harm the universe
Dislikes: The Dread Dormammu, The Hoary Hosts of Hoggoth, The Many Moons of Munipoor, The Onion Rings of Rangoon

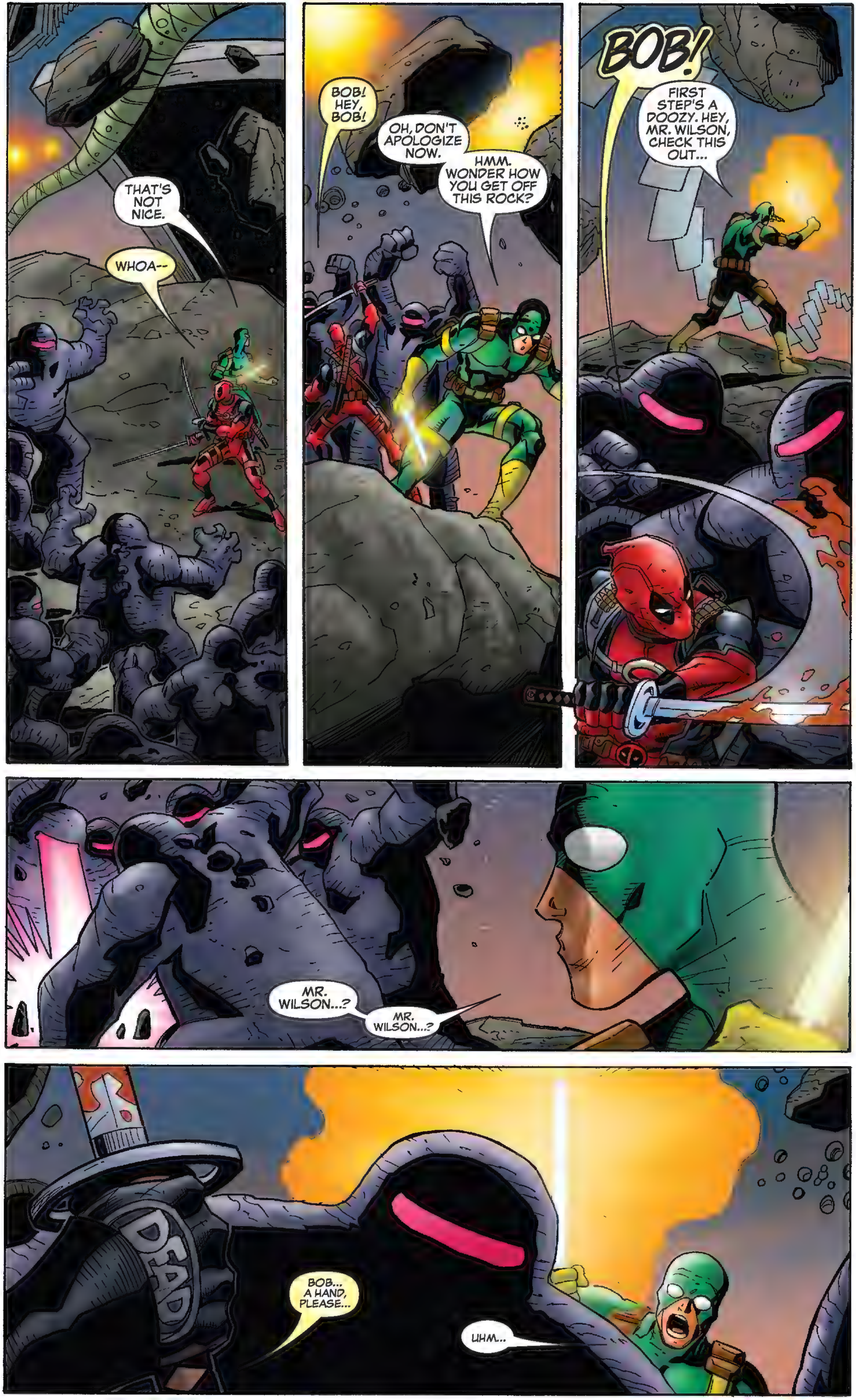
My name is Bob. I am a former Agent of HYDRA. I am currently the aide-de-camp of Wade Wilson, the Merc With a Mouth known as Deadpool. We work for Alex Hayden as Private Investigators for Agency X out of Manhattan. Together with tech-guru Weasel, Gal Friday Sandi and gal of my dreams, Outlaw, we do the dirty jobs no one else is able -- or willing -- to do. Or…any job that pays.

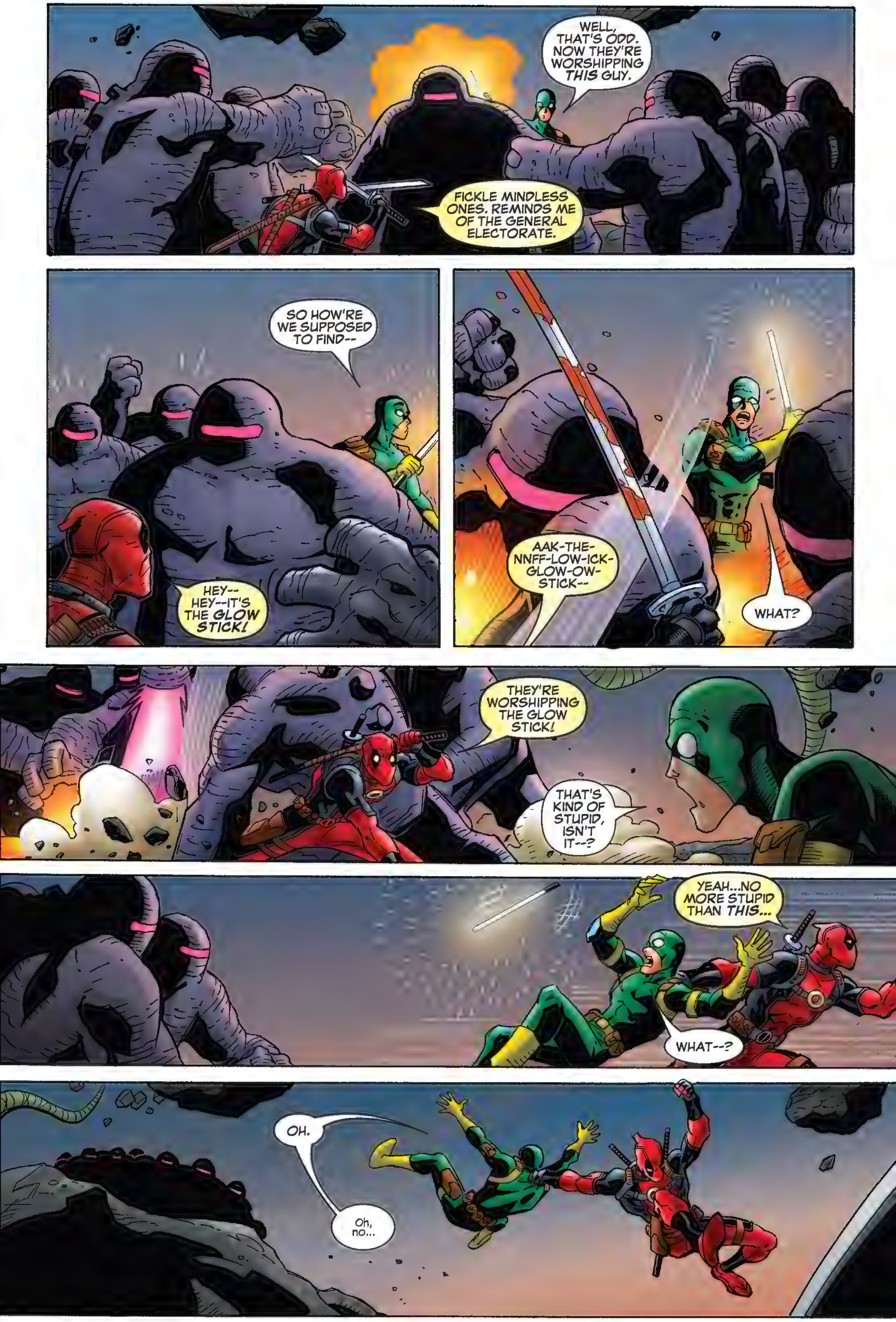
We were hired by Doctor Stephen Strange, the Master of the Mystic Arts, to travel to dangerous, distant, magical realms in order to stop a -- what did the Doc call it -- "breakdown in the ectotheric plane," which, I learned, is not like a regular plane, with wings n' $5 snack packs. Said breakdown, apparently, was the direct result of Wade's recent defeat of a nasty bad guy named T-Ray.

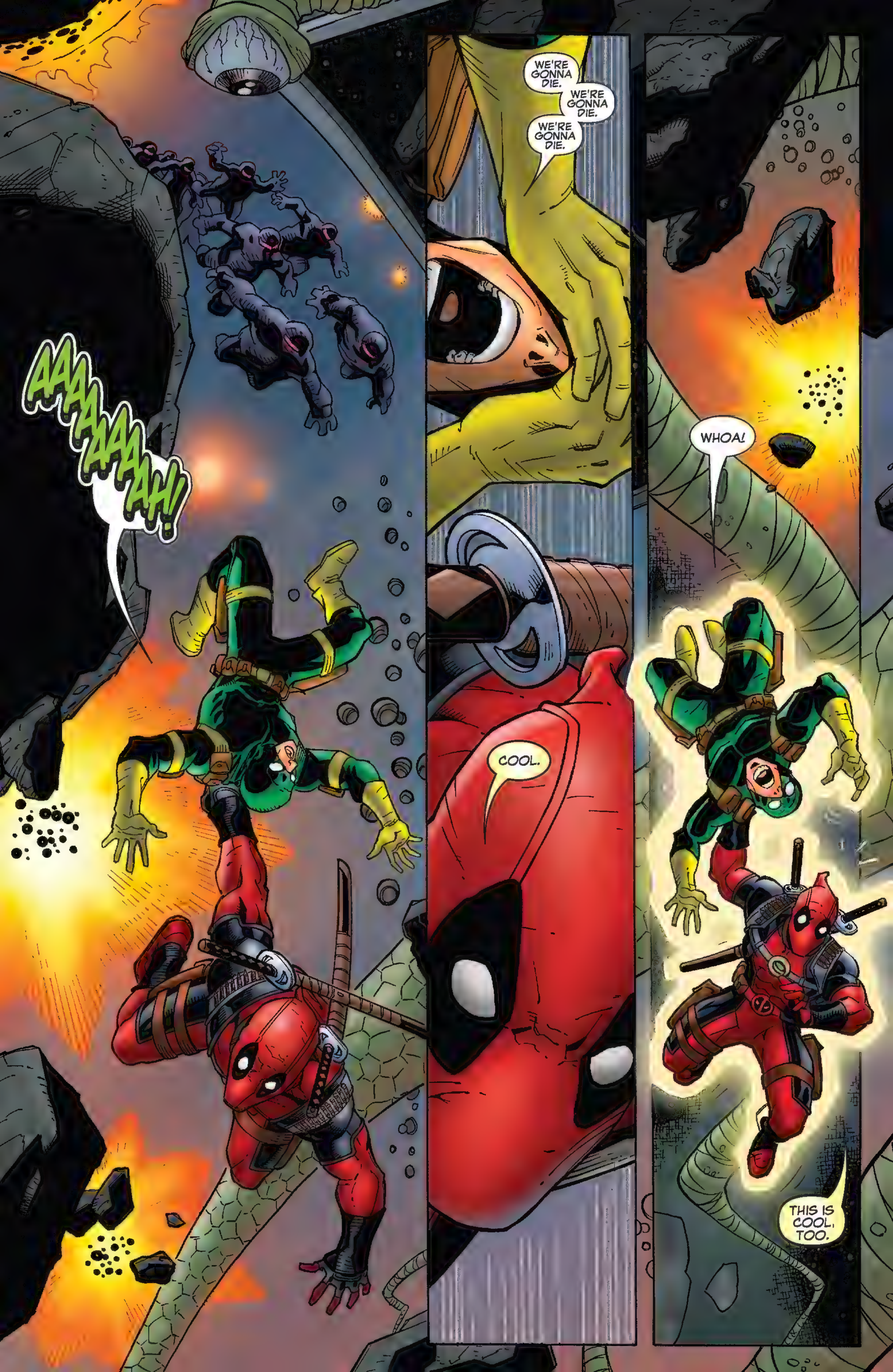
So this job is not just universe saving, it's **multiverse** saving, which is even versier. And even though Alec wrangled a paycheck out of the Doc (he promised to pay us in "good Karma," which I think is European currency), I think Wade would have done this job out of sheer moral responsibility. That's the kind of guy he is. Really.

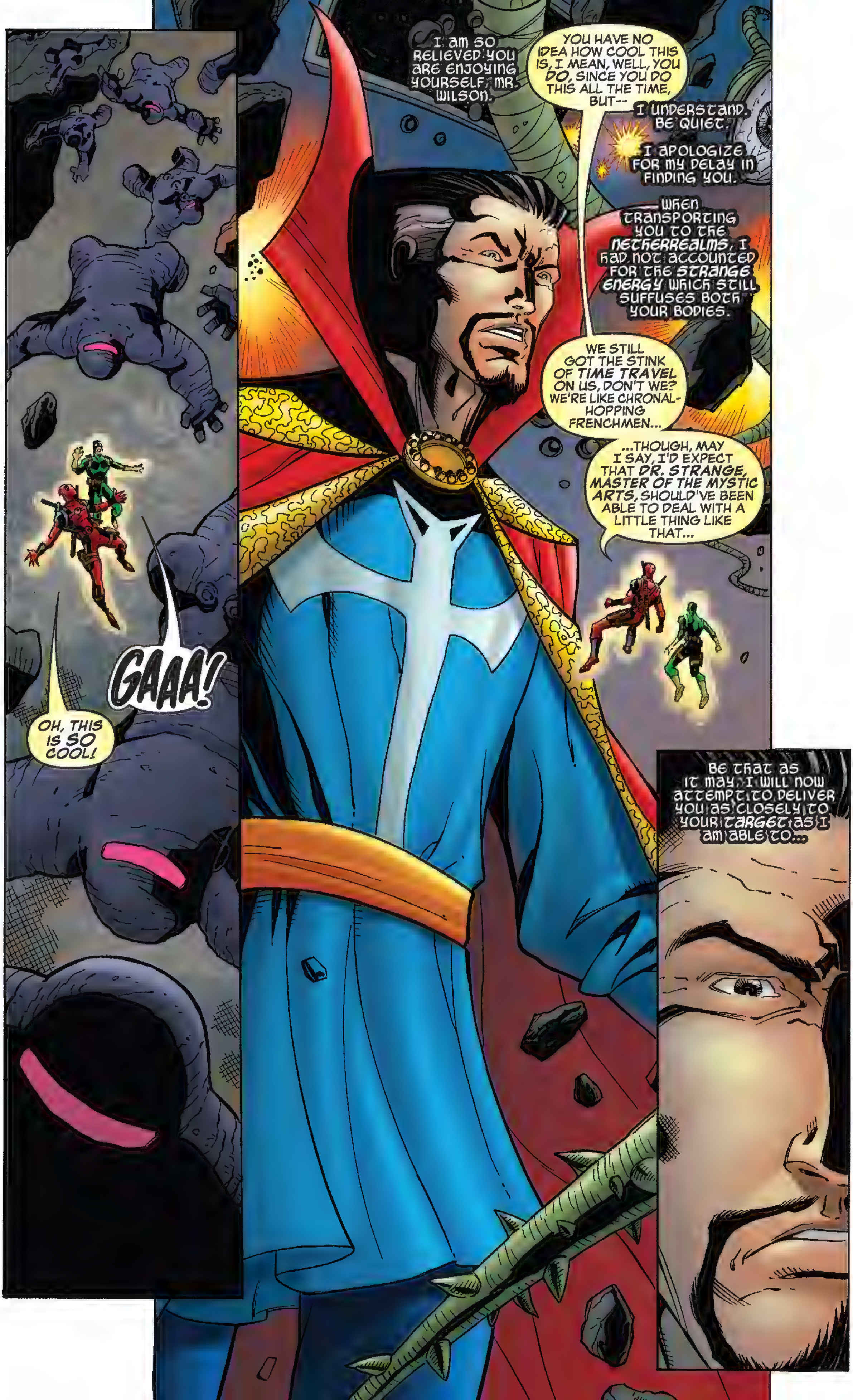
I barely had time to go to the bathroom before…

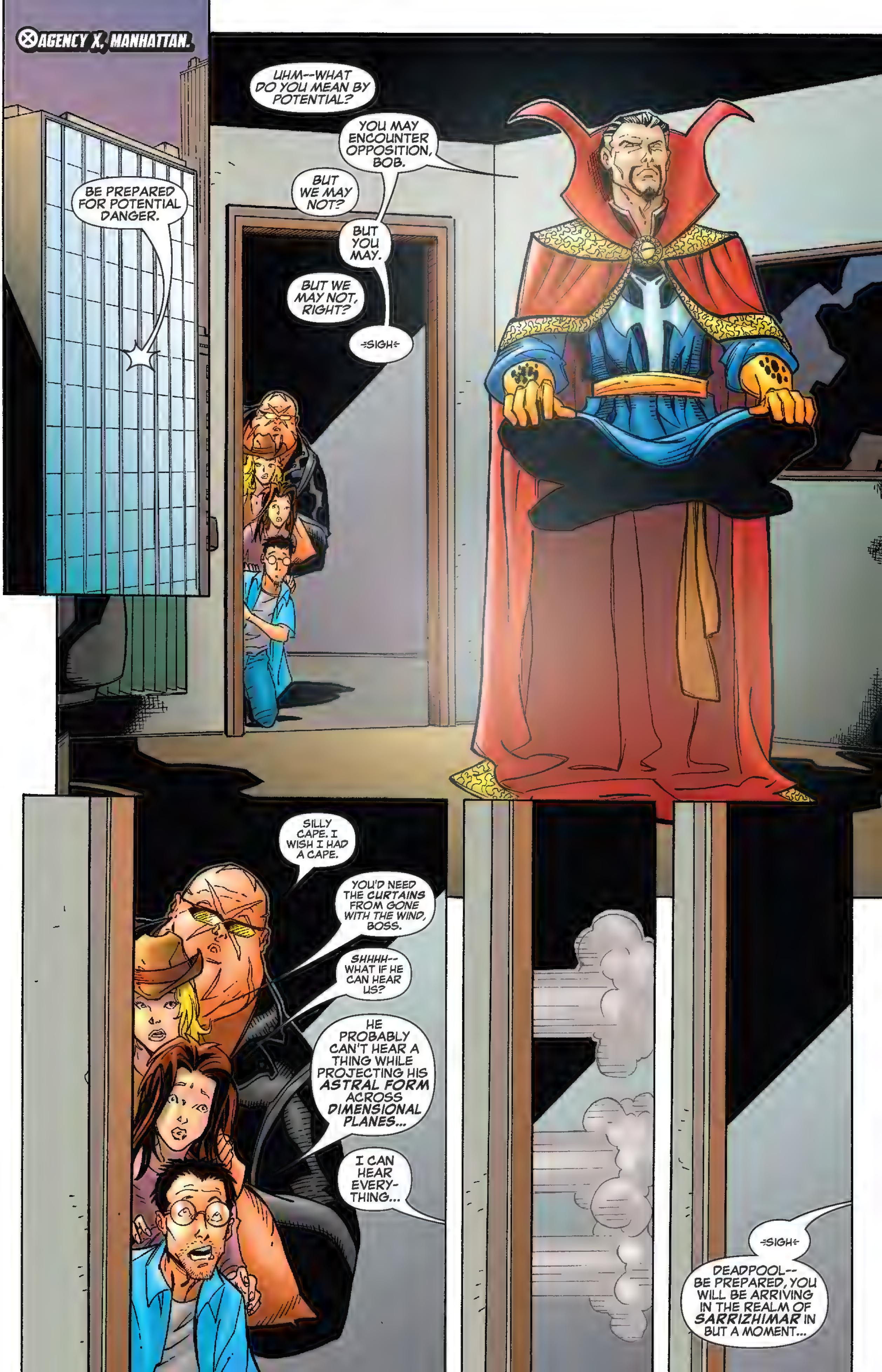

THESE GUYS ARE THE *MINDLESS ONES*, RIGHT?
I GUESS SO.
AND DIDN'T THE DOC SAY THAT WHEN WE CROSSED OVER TO THEIR *REALM*, THEY'D TRY TO RIP US TO PIECES?
UH-HUH.
SO WHY AREN'T THEY FIGHTING?
THEY LIKE MY AFTERSHAVE?
I THINK THEY'RE WORSHIPPING *YOU*, ON ACCOUNT OF THE FACT *YOU'RE* MORE MINDLESS THAN THEY ARE!

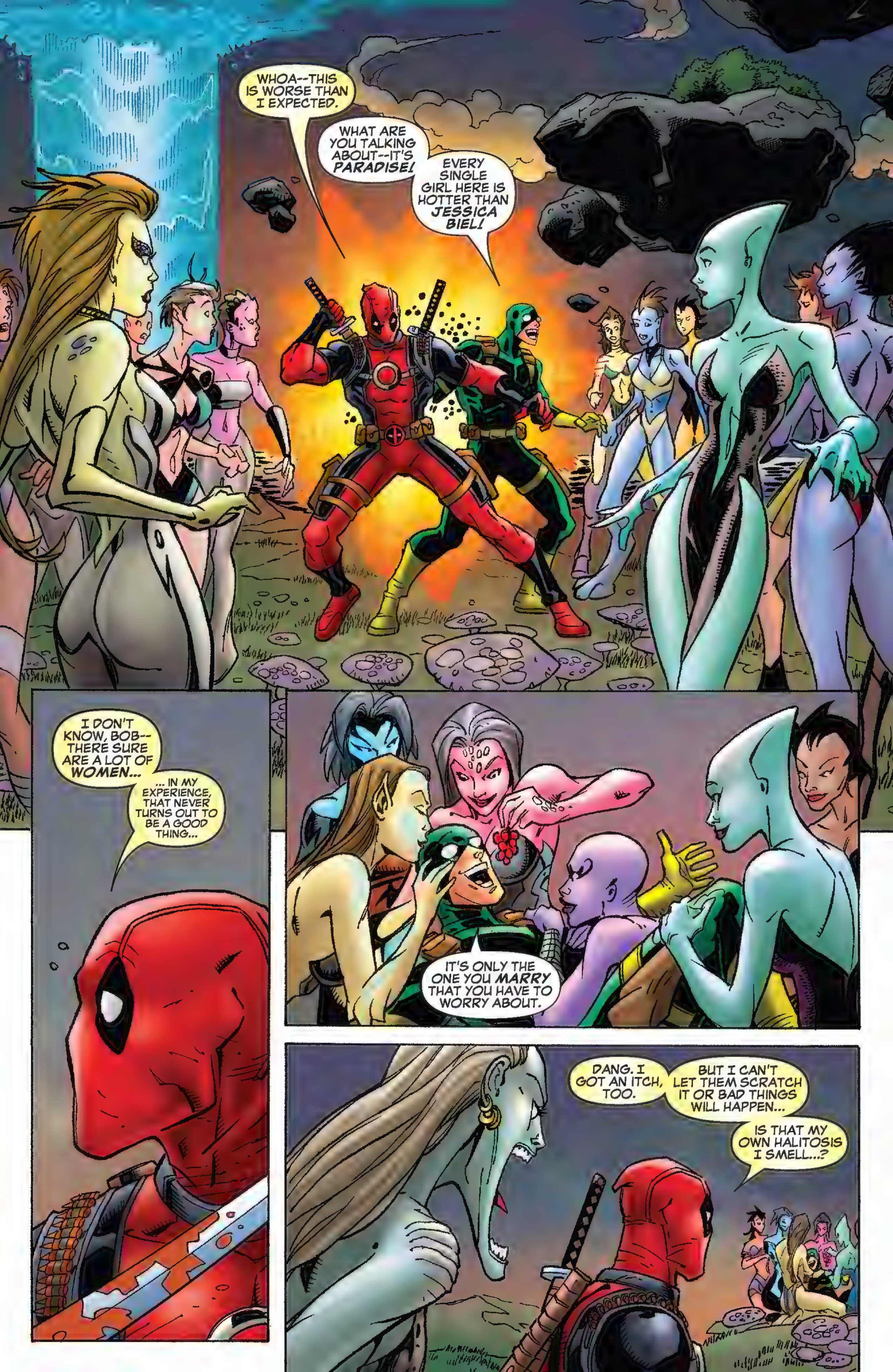

THAT'S NOT NICE.
WHOA--
BOB! HEY, BOB!
OH, DON'T APOLOGIZE NOW.
HMM. WONDER HOW YOU GET OFF THIS ROCK?
BOB!
FIRST STEP'S A DOOZY. HEY, MR. WILSON, CHECK THIS OUT...
MR. WILSON...?
MR. WILSON...?
DEAD
BOB... A HAND, PLEASE...
UHM...

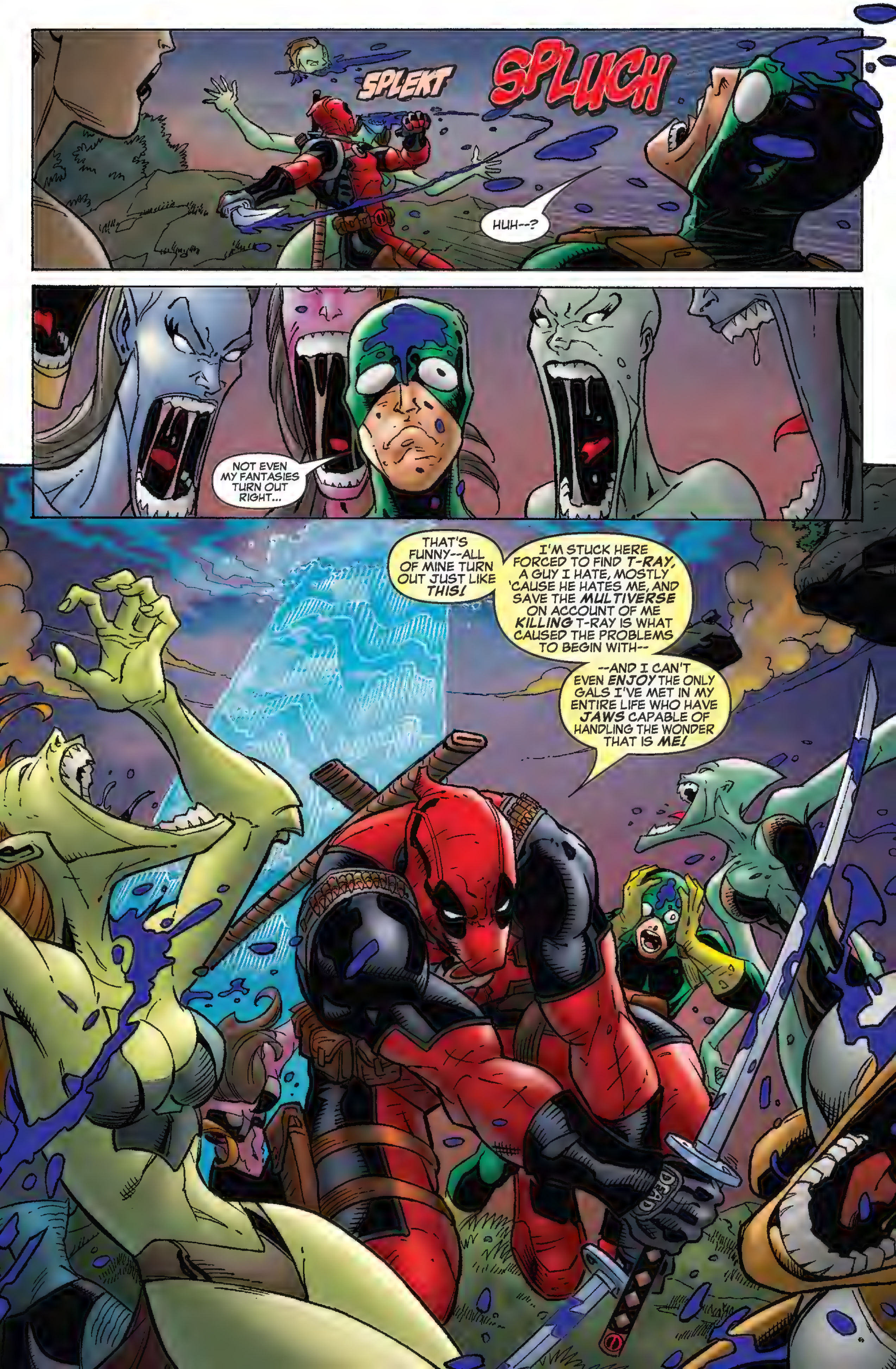

WELL, THAT'S ODD. NOW THEY'RE WORSHIPPING *THIS* GUY.
FICKLE MINDLESS ONES. REMINDS ME OF THE GENERAL ELECTORATE.
SO HOW'RE WE SUPPOSED TO FIND--
HEY-- HEY--IT'S THE *GLOW STICK!*
AAK-THE-NNFF-LOW-ICK-GLOW-OW-STICK--
WHAT?
THEY'RE WORSHIPPING THE GLOW STICK!
THAT'S KIND OF STUPID, ISN'T IT--?
YEAH...NO MORE STUPID THAN *THIS*...
WHAT--?
OH.
Oh, no...

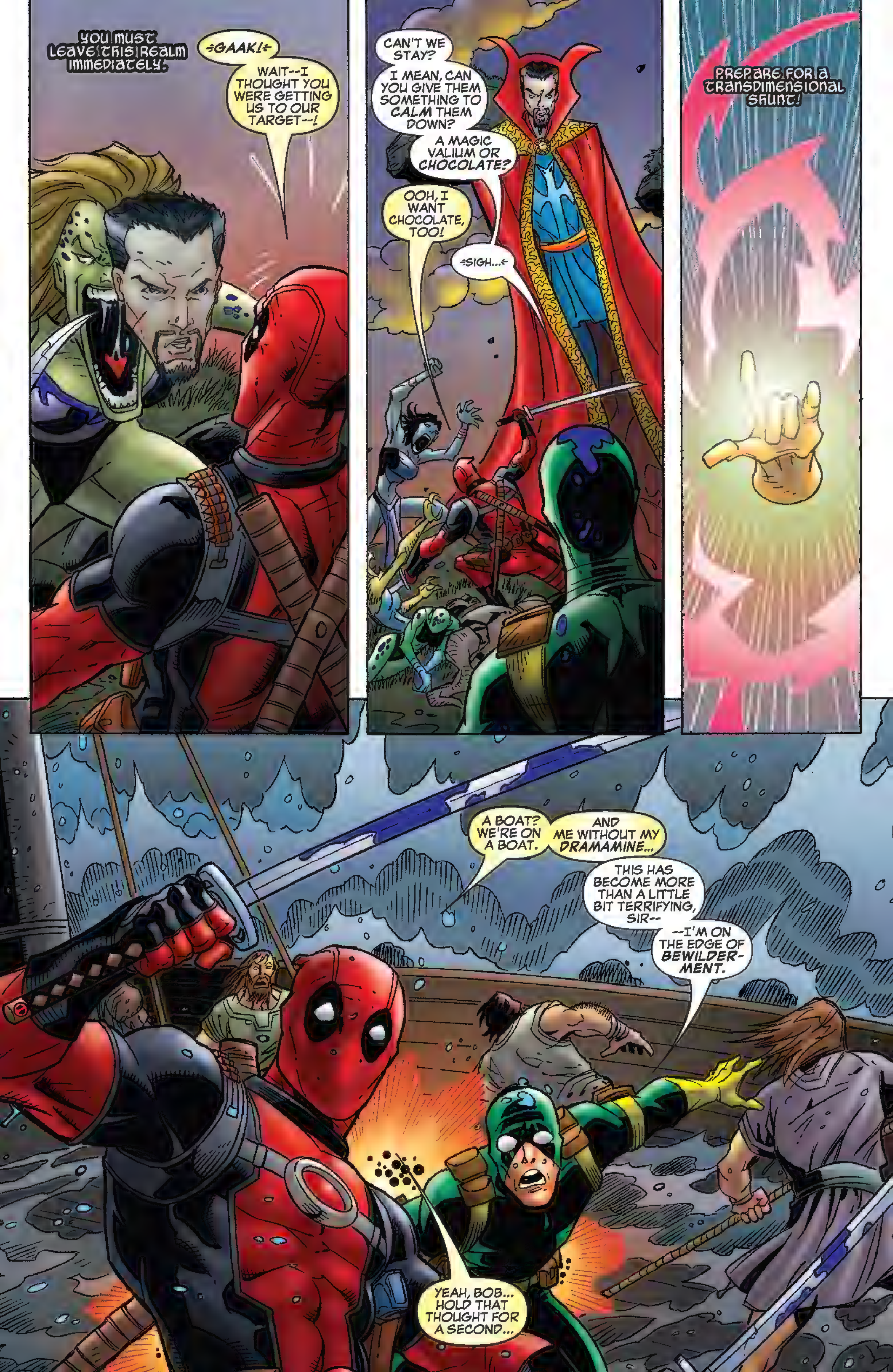

AAAAAAAAAAH!
WE'RE GONNA DIE.
WE'RE GONNA DIE.
WE'RE GONNA DIE.
COOL.
WHOA!
THIS IS COOL, TOO.

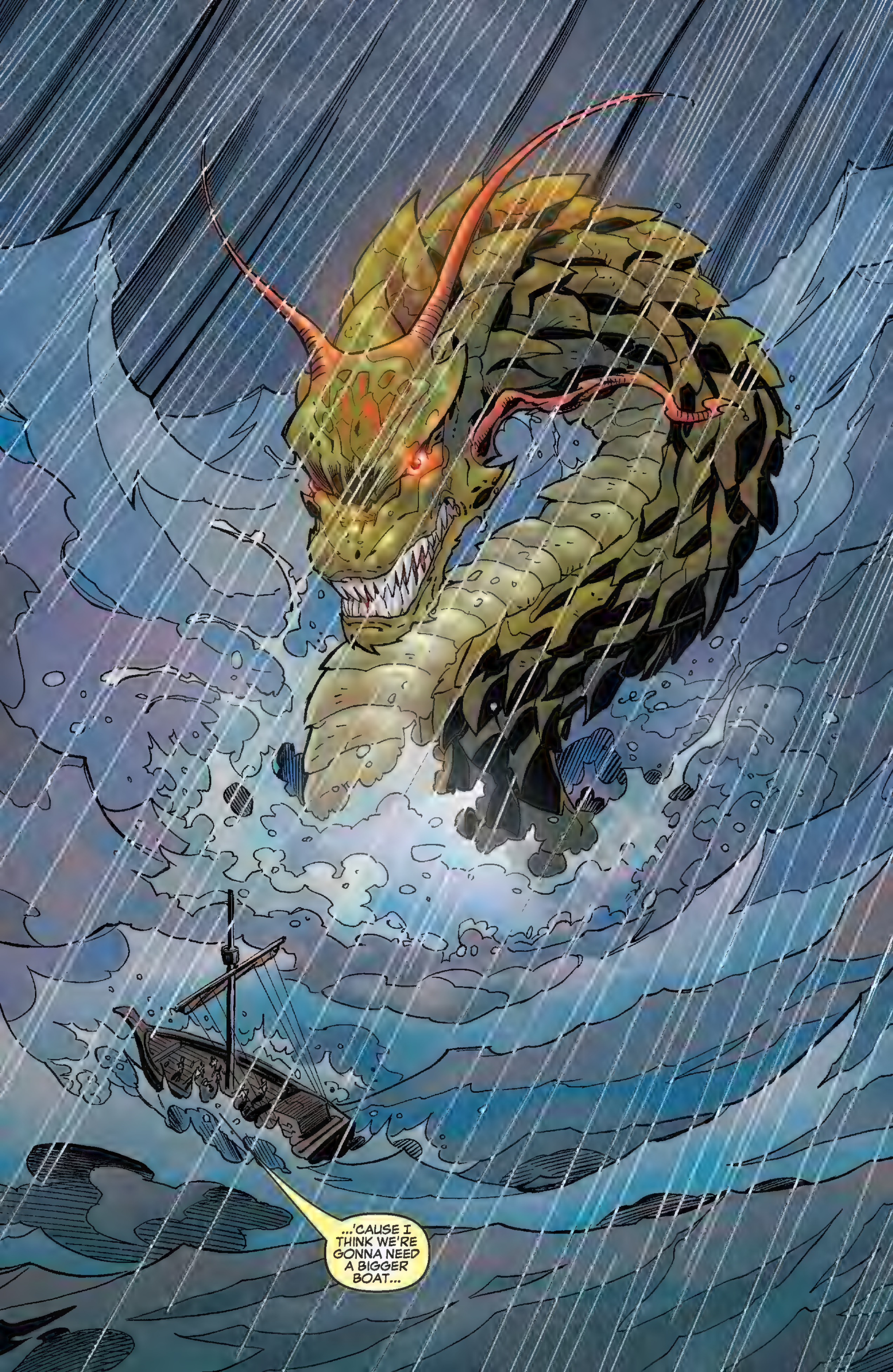

GAAA!
OH, THIS IS SO COOL!
I am so relieved you are enjoying yourself, Mr. Wilson.
YOU HAVE NO IDEA HOW COOL THIS IS, I MEAN, WELL, YOU DO, SINCE YOU DO THIS ALL THE TIME, BUT--
I understand. Be quiet.
I apologize for my delay in finding you.
When transporting you to the Netherrealms, I had not accounted for the strange energy which still suffuses both your bodies.
WE STILL GOT THE STINK OF TIME TRAVEL ON US, DON'T WE? WE'RE LIKE CHRONAL-HOPPING FRENCHMEN...
...THOUGH, MAY I SAY, I'D EXPECT THAT DR. STRANGE, MASTER OF THE MYSTIC ARTS, SHOULD'VE BEEN ABLE TO DEAL WITH A LITTLE THING LIKE THAT...
Be that as it may, I will now attempt to deliver you as closely to your target as I am able to...

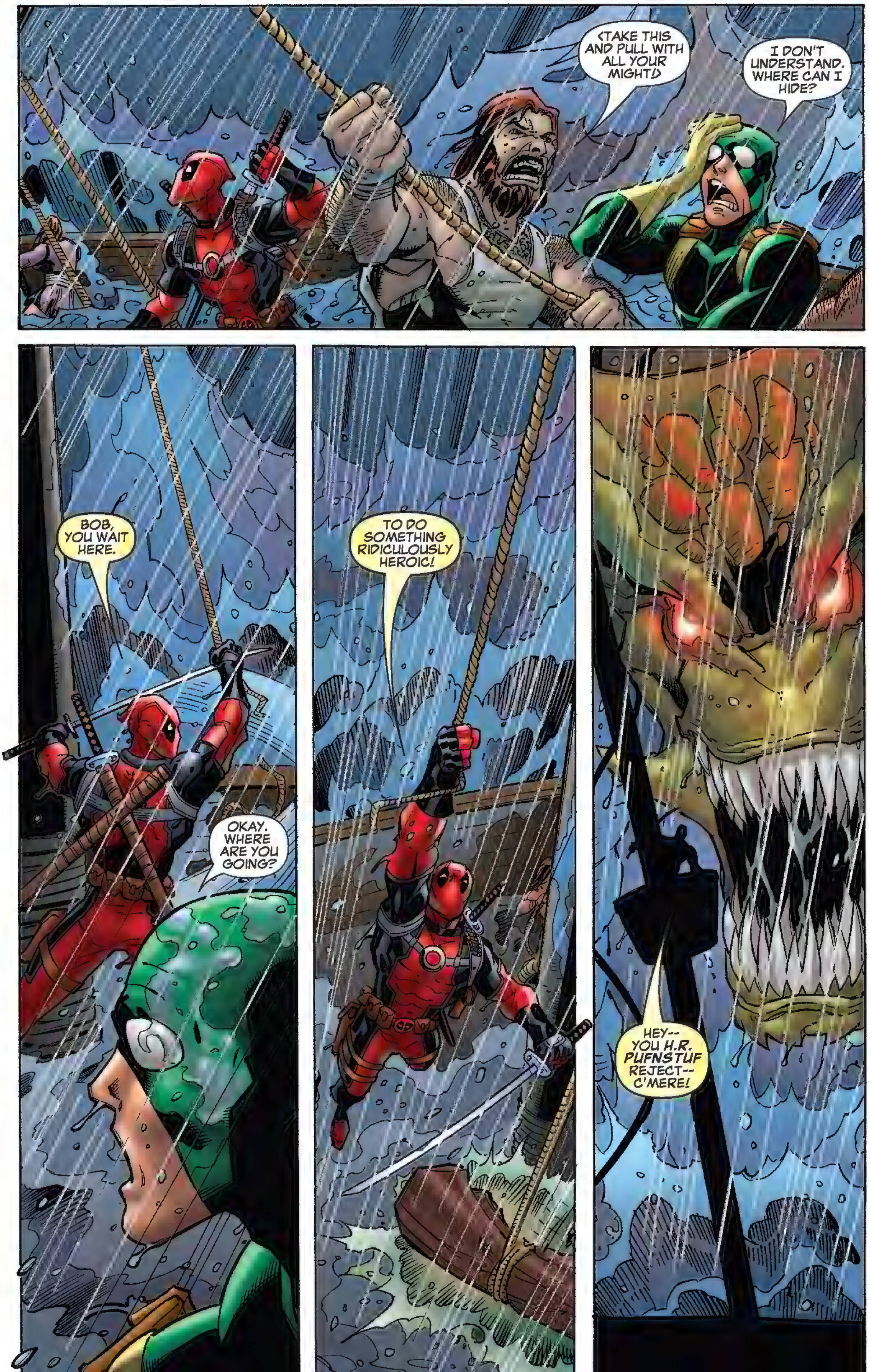

AGENCY X, MANHATTAN.
BE PREPARED FOR POTENTIAL DANGER.
UHM--WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY POTENTIAL?
YOU MAY ENCOUNTER OPPOSITION, BOB.
BUT WE MAY NOT?
BUT YOU MAY.
BUT WE MAY NOT, RIGHT?
=SIGH=
SILLY CAPE. I WISH I HAD A CAPE.
YOU'D NEED THE CURTAINS FROM GONE WITH THE WIND, BOSS.
SHHHH--WHAT IF HE CAN HEAR US?
HE PROBABLY CAN'T HEAR A THING WHILE PROJECTING HIS ASTRAL FORM ACROSS DIMENSIONAL PLANES...
I CAN HEAR EVERYTHING...
=SIGH=
DEADPOOL--BE PREPARED, YOU WILL BE ARRIVING IN THE REALM OF SARRIZHIMAR IN BUT A MOMENT...

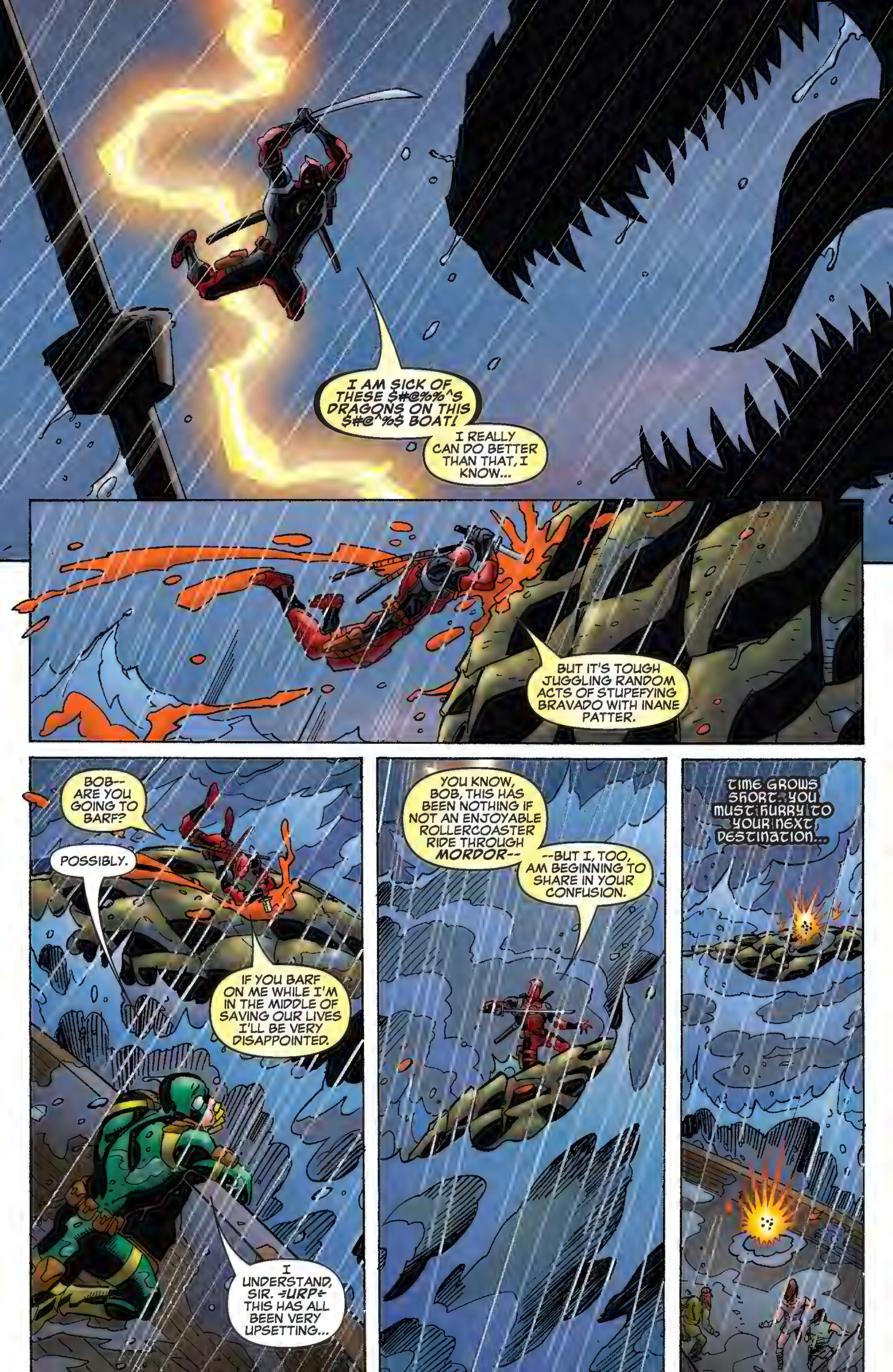

WHOA--THIS IS WORSE THAN I EXPECTED.
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT--IT'S PARADISE!
EVERY SINGLE GIRL HERE IS HOTTER THAN JESSICA BIEL!
I DON'T KNOW, BOB-- THERE SURE ARE A LOT OF WOMEN...
... IN MY EXPERIENCE, THAT NEVER TURNS OUT TO BE A GOOD THING...
IT'S ONLY THE ONE YOU MARRY THAT YOU HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT.
DANG. I GOT AN ITCH, TOO.
BUT I CAN'T LET THEM SCRATCH IT OR BAD THINGS WILL HAPPEN...
IS THAT MY OWN HALITOSIS I SMELL...?

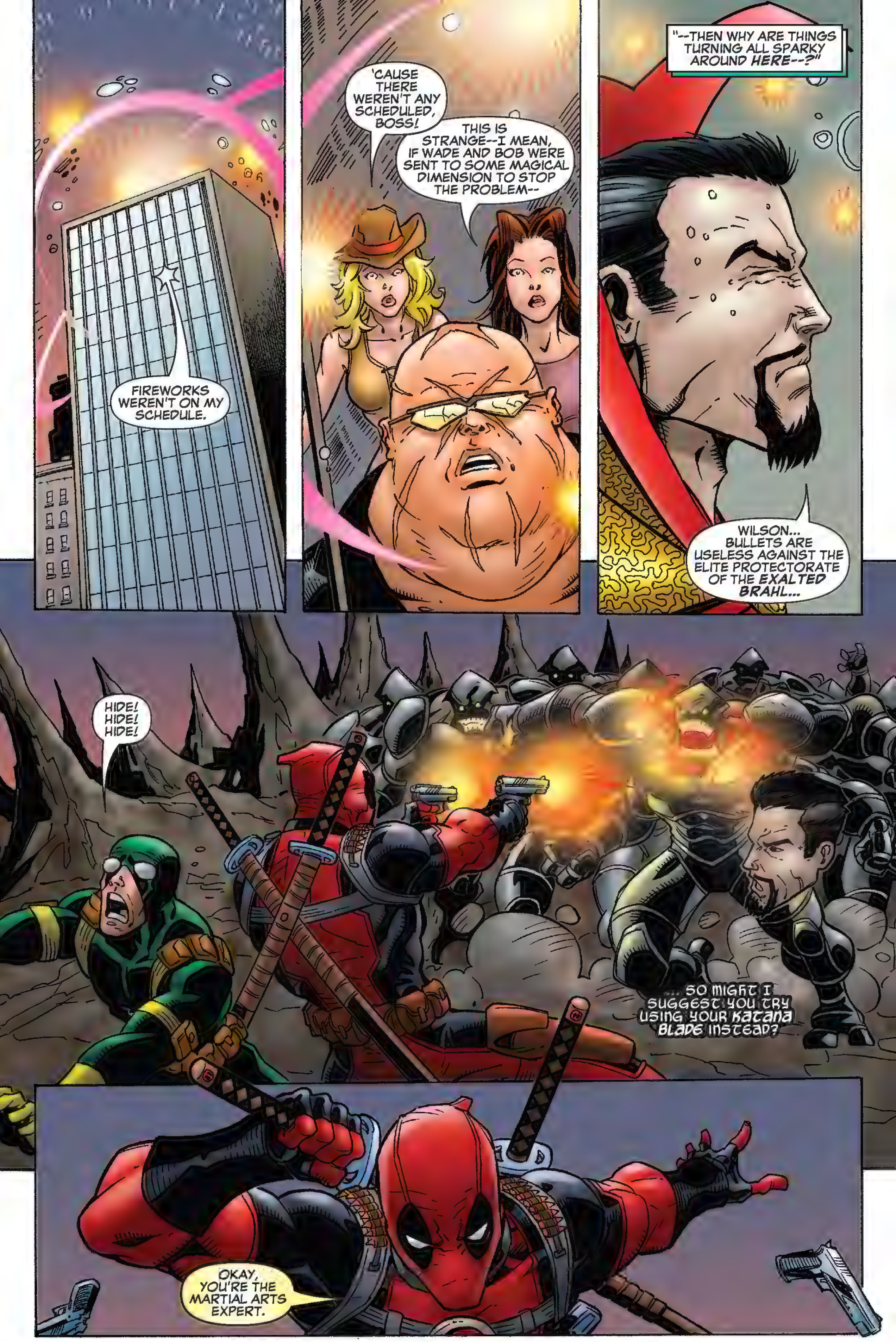

SPLEKT
SPLUCH
HUH--?
NOT EVEN MY FANTASIES TURN OUT RIGHT...
THAT'S FUNNY--ALL OF MINE TURN OUT JUST LIKE *THIS!*
I'M STUCK HERE FORCED TO FIND *T-RAY*, A GUY I HATE, MOSTLY 'CAUSE HE HATES ME, AND SAVE THE *MULTIVERSE* ON ACCOUNT OF ME *KILLING* T-RAY IS WHAT CAUSED THE PROBLEMS TO BEGIN WITH--
--AND I CAN'T EVEN *ENJOY* THE ONLY GALS I'VE MET IN MY ENTIRE LIFE WHO HAVE *JAWS* CAPABLE OF HANDLING THE WONDER THAT IS *ME!*
DEAD

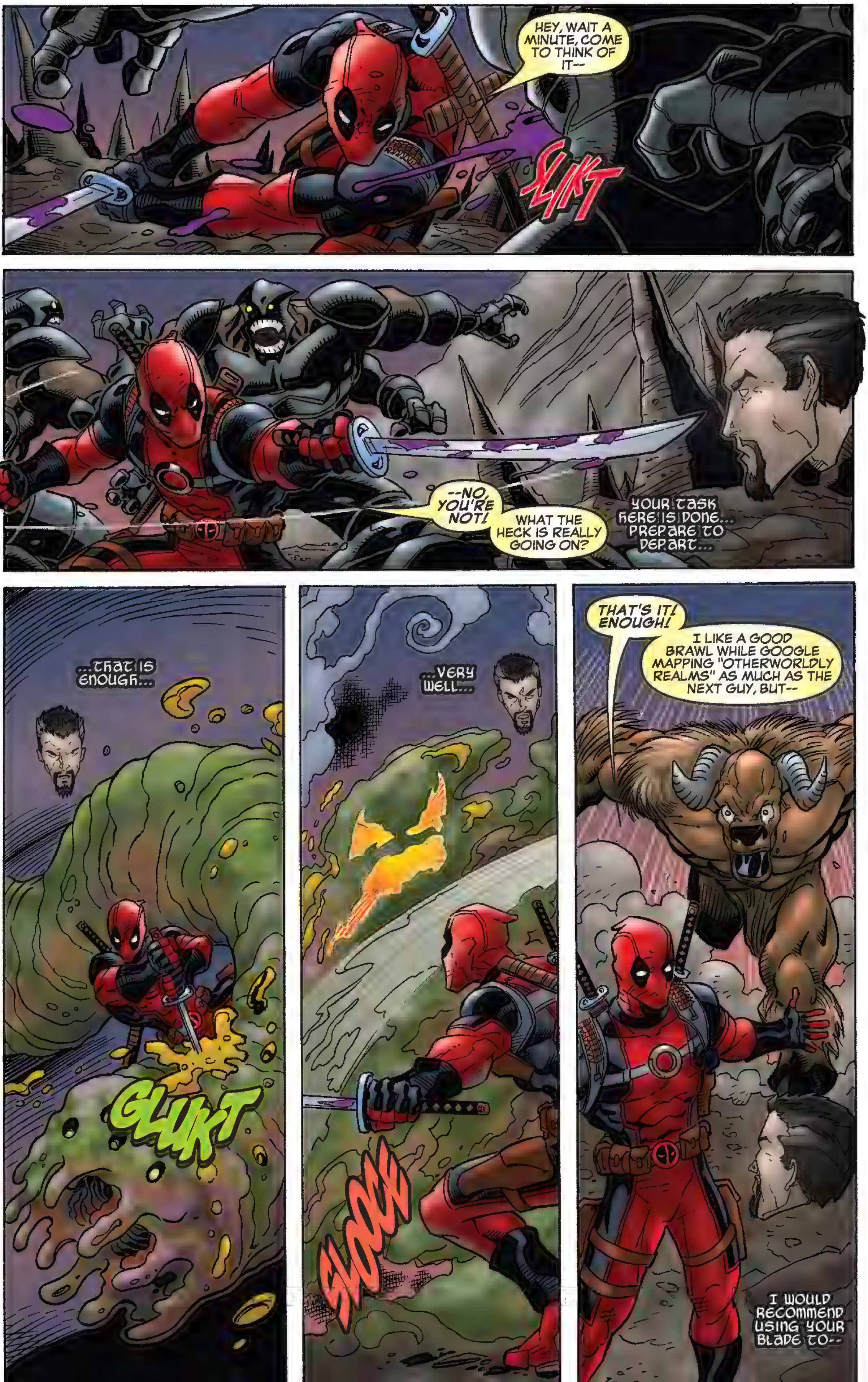

YOU MUST LEAVE THIS REALM IMMEDIATELY.
-GAAK!-
WAIT--I THOUGHT YOU WERE GETTING US TO OUR TARGET--!
CAN'T WE STAY?
I MEAN, CAN YOU GIVE THEM SOMETHING TO *CALM* THEM DOWN?
A MAGIC VALIUM OR *CHOCOLATE?*
OOH, I WANT CHOCOLATE, TOO!
-SIGH...-
PREPARE FOR A TRANSDIMENSIONAL SHUNT!
A BOAT? WE'RE ON A BOAT.
AND ME WITHOUT MY *DRAMAMINE...*
THIS HAS BECOME MORE THAN A LITTLE BIT TERRIFYING, SIR--
--I'M ON THE EDGE OF *BEWILDERMENT.*
YEAH, BOB... HOLD THAT THOUGHT FOR A SECOND...

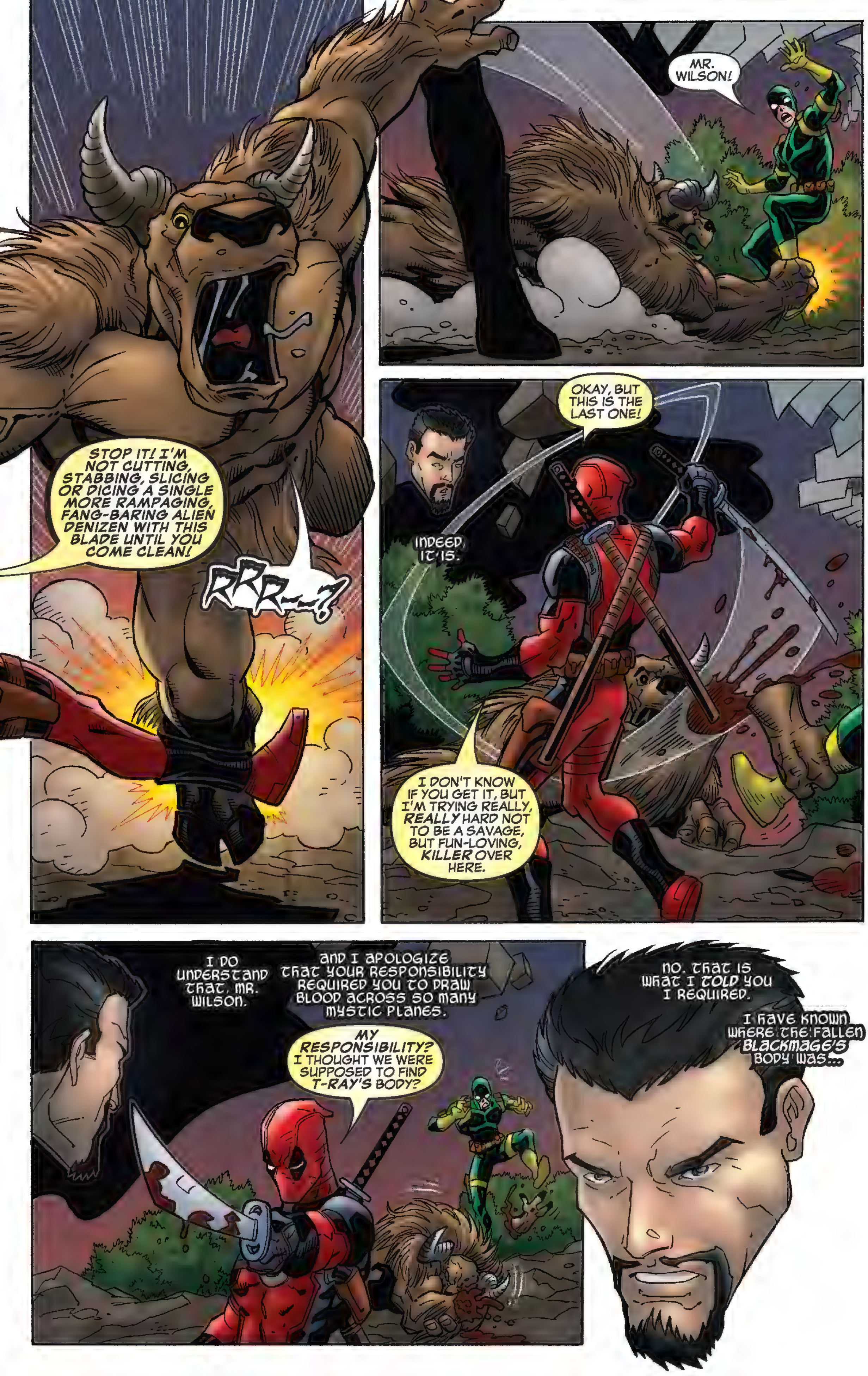

...'CAUSE I THINK WE'RE GONNA NEED A BIGGER BOAT...

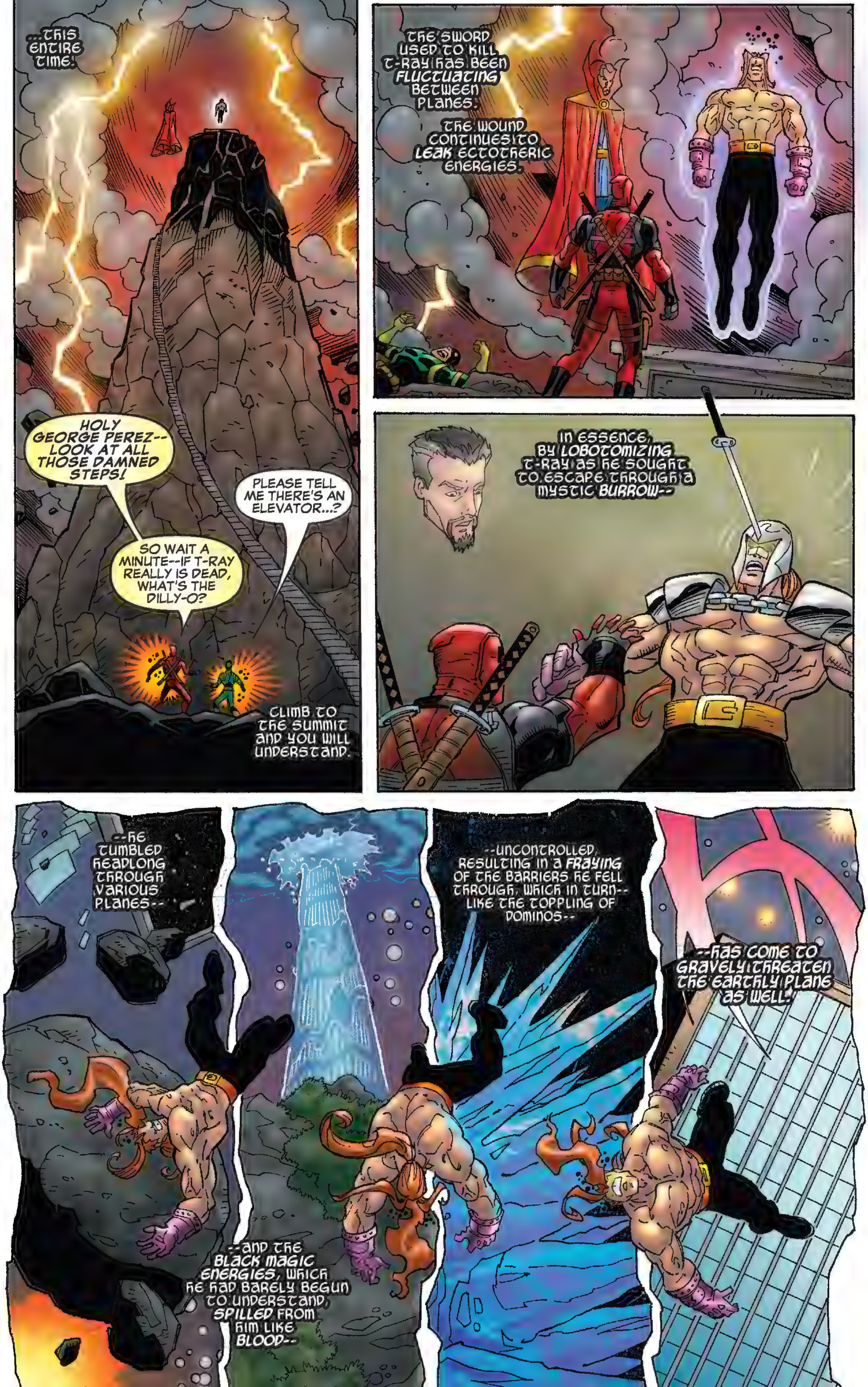

‹TAKE THIS AND PULL WITH ALL YOUR MIGHT!›
I DON'T UNDERSTAND. WHERE CAN I HIDE?
BOB, YOU WAIT HERE.
OKAY. WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
TO DO SOMETHING RIDICULOUSLY HEROIC!
HEY-- YOU H.R. PUFNSTUF REJECT-- C'MERE!

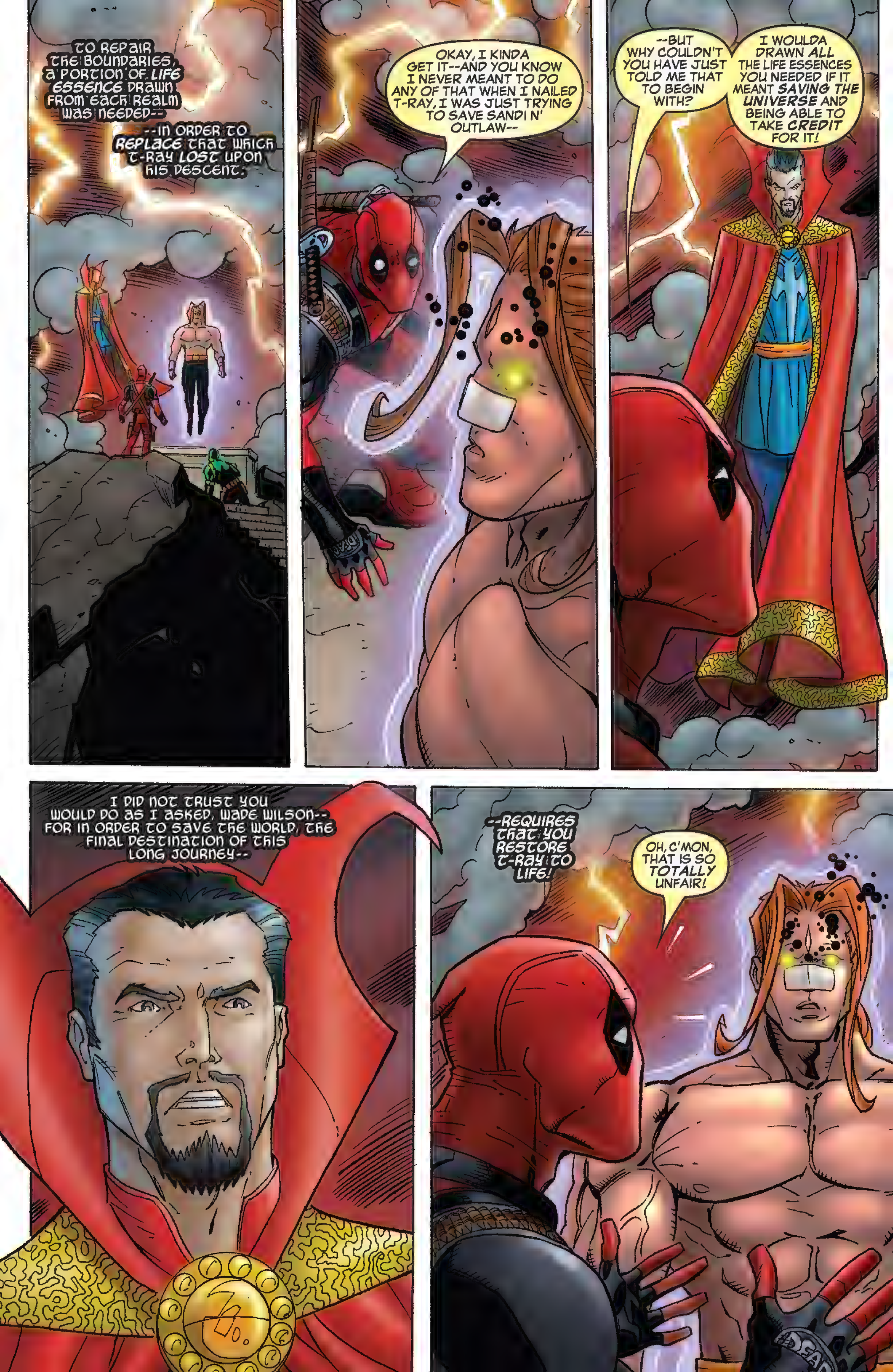

I AM SICK OF THESE $#@%%^S DRAGONS ON THIS $#@^%$ BOAT!
I REALLY CAN DO BETTER THAN THAT, I KNOW...
BUT IT'S TOUGH JUGGLING RANDOM ACTS OF STUPEFYING BRAVADO WITH INANE PATTER.
BOB-- ARE YOU GOING TO BARF?
POSSIBLY.
IF YOU BARF ON ME WHILE I'M IN THE MIDDLE OF SAVING OUR LIVES I'LL BE VERY DISAPPOINTED.
I UNDERSTAND, SIR. =URP= THIS HAS ALL BEEN VERY UPSETTING...
YOU KNOW, BOB, THIS HAS BEEN NOTHING IF NOT AN ENJOYABLE ROLLERCOASTER RIDE THROUGH MORDOR--
--BUT I, TOO, AM BEGINNING TO SHARE IN YOUR CONFUSION.
TIME GROWS SHORT. YOU MUST HURRY TO YOUR NEXT DESTINATION...

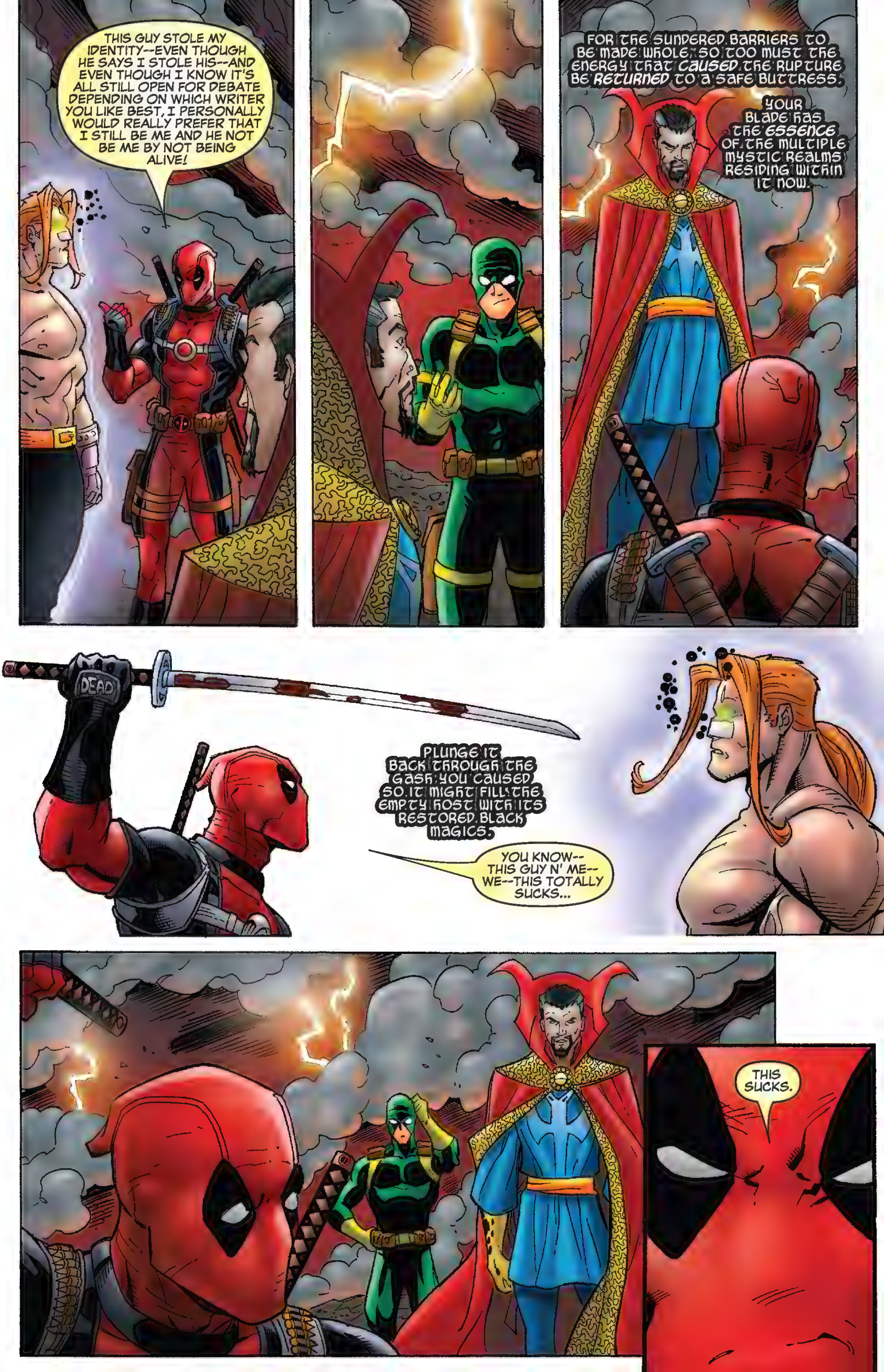

FIREWORKS WEREN'T ON MY SCHEDULE.
'CAUSE THERE WEREN'T ANY SCHEDULED, BOSS!
THIS IS STRANGE--I MEAN, IF WADE AND BOB WERE SENT TO SOME MAGICAL DIMENSION TO STOP THE PROBLEM--
"--THEN WHY ARE THINGS TURNING ALL SPARKY AROUND *HERE*--?"
WILSON... BULLETS ARE USELESS AGAINST THE ELITE PROTECTORATE OF THE *EXALTED BRAHL*...
HIDE! HIDE! HIDE!
...SO MIGHT I SUGGEST YOU TRY USING YOUR *KATANA BLADE* INSTEAD?
OKAY, YOU'RE THE MARTIAL ARTS EXPERT.

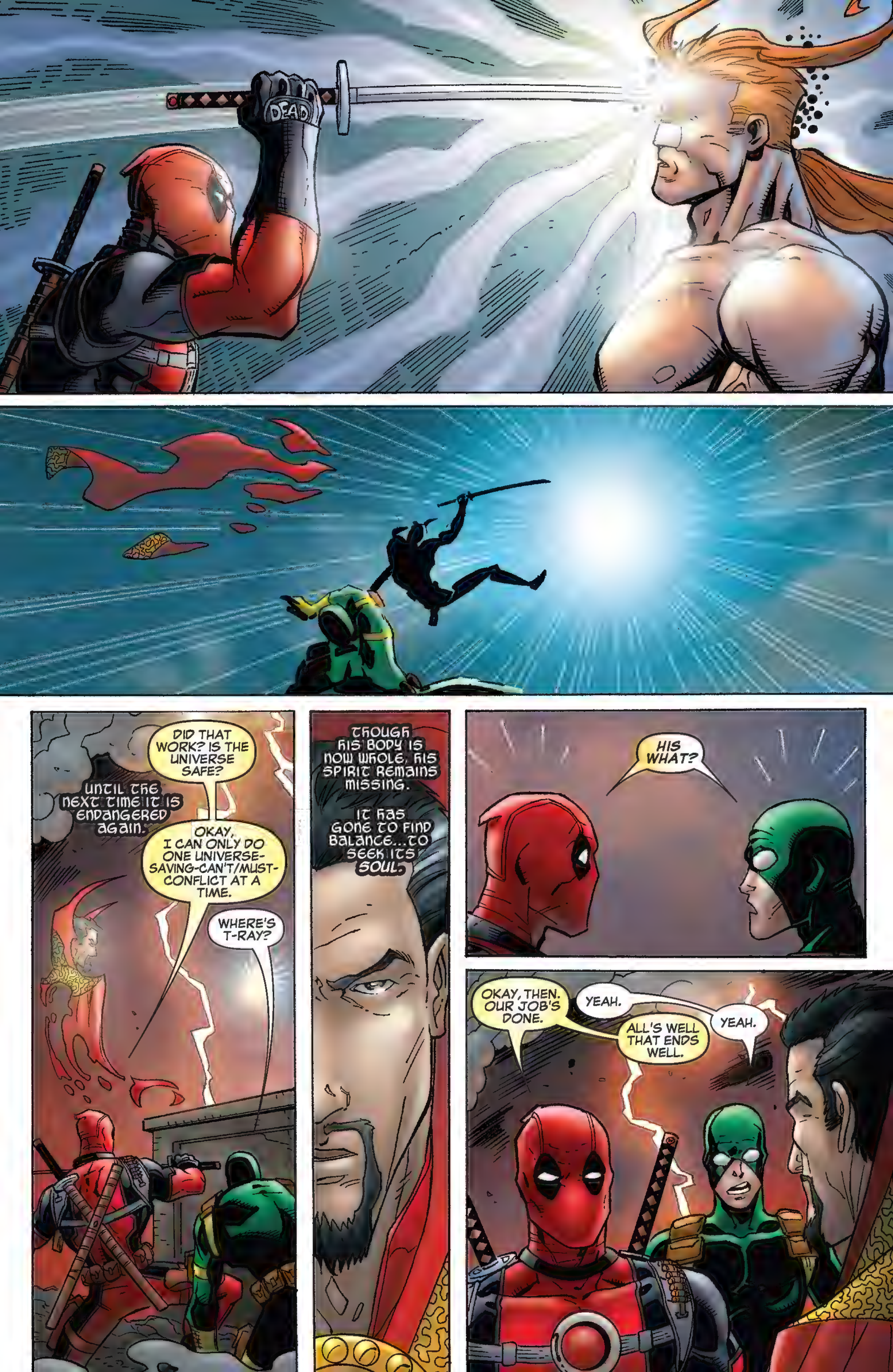

HEY, WAIT A MINUTE, COME TO THINK OF IT--
SLIKT
--NO, YOU'RE NOT!
WHAT THE HECK IS REALLY GOING ON?
YOUR TASK HERE IS DONE... PREPARE TO DEPART...
...THAT IS ENOUGH...
GLUKT
...VERY WELL...
SLOOCH
THAT'S IT! ENOUGH!
I LIKE A GOOD BRAWL WHILE GOOGLE MAPPING "OTHERWORLDLY REALMS" AS MUCH AS THE NEXT GUY, BUT--
I WOULD RECOMMEND USING YOUR BLADE TO--

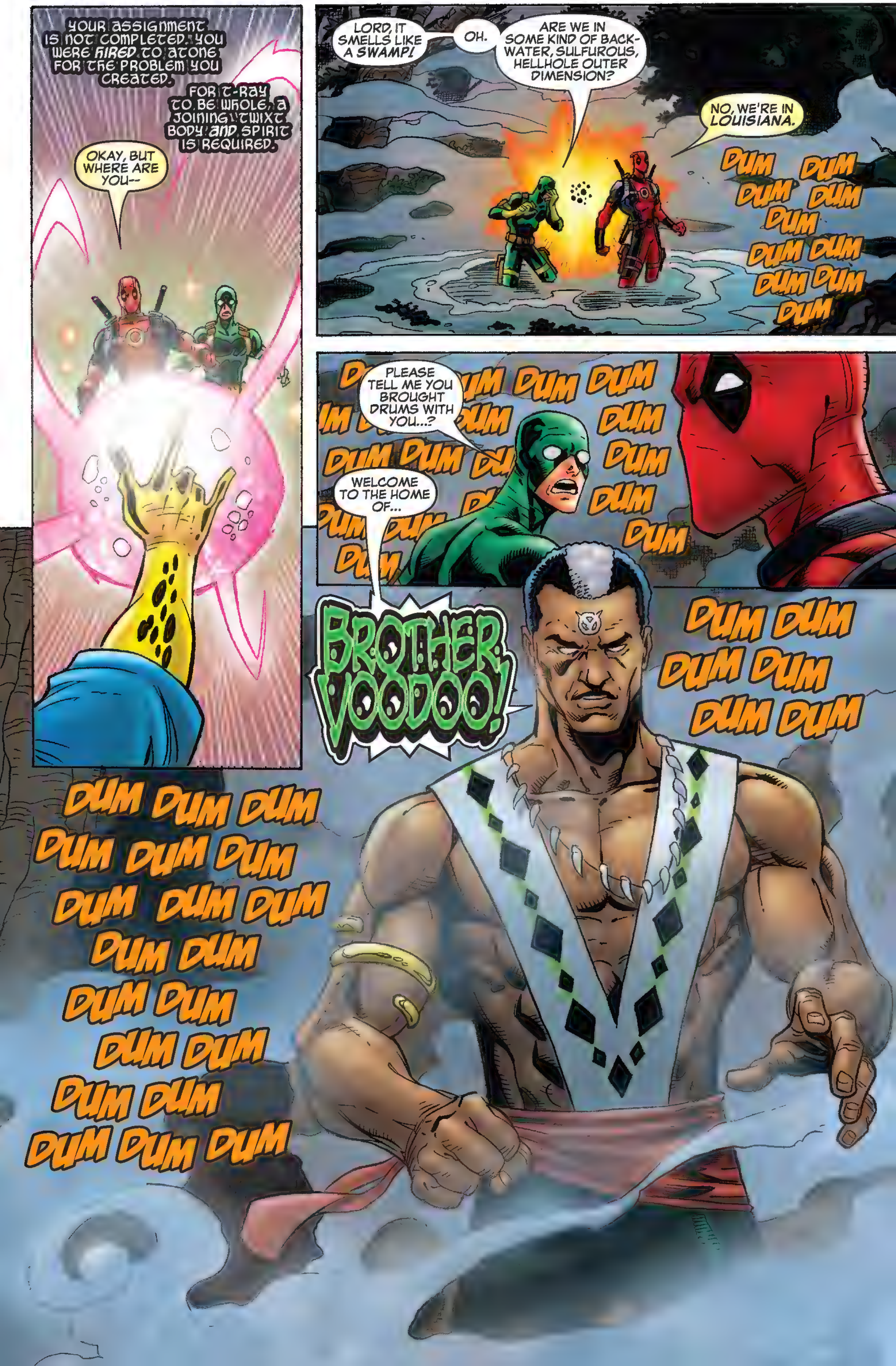

STOP IT! I'M NOT CUTTING, STABBING, SLICING OR DICING A SINGLE MORE RAMPAGING, FANG-BARING ALIEN DENIZEN WITH THIS BLADE UNTIL YOU COME CLEAN!
RRR--?
MR. WILSON!
OKAY, BUT THIS IS THE LAST ONE!
INDEED, IT IS.
I DON'T KNOW IF YOU GET IT, BUT I'M TRYING REALLY, *REALLY* HARD NOT TO BE A SAVAGE, BUT FUN-LOVING, *KILLER* OVER HERE.
I DO UNDERSTAND THAT, MR. WILSON.
AND I APOLOGIZE THAT YOUR RESPONSIBILITY REQUIRED YOU TO DRAW BLOOD ACROSS SO MANY MYSTIC PLANES.
MY RESPONSIBILITY? I THOUGHT WE WERE SUPPOSED TO FIND *T-RAY'S* BODY?
NO. THAT IS WHAT I *TOLD* YOU I REQUIRED.
I HAVE KNOWN WHERE THE FALLEN *BLACKMAGE'S* BODY WAS...


...THIS ENTIRE TIME.
HOLY GEORGE PEREZ-- LOOK AT ALL THOSE DAMNED STEPS!
SO WAIT A MINUTE--IF T-RAY REALLY IS DEAD, WHAT'S THE DILLY-O?
PLEASE TELL ME THERE'S AN ELEVATOR...?
CLIMB TO THE SUMMIT AND YOU WILL UNDERSTAND.
THE SWORD USED TO KILL T-RAY HAS BEEN FLUCTUATING BETWEEN PLANES.
THE WOUND CONTINUES TO LEAK ECTOTHERIC ENERGIES.
IN ESSENCE, BY LOBOTOMIZING T-RAY AS HE SOUGHT TO ESCAPE THROUGH A MYSTIC BURROW--
--HE TUMBLED HEADLONG THROUGH VARIOUS PLANES--
--AND THE BLACK MAGIC ENERGIES, WHICH HE HAD BARELY BEGUN TO UNDERSTAND, SPILLED FROM HIM LIKE BLOOD--
--UNCONTROLLED, RESULTING IN A FRAYING OF THE BARRIERS HE FELL THROUGH, WHICH IN TURN--LIKE THE TOPPLING OF DOMINOS--
--HAS COME TO GRAVELY THREATEN THE EARTHLY PLANE AS WELL.


TO REPAIR THE BOUNDARIES, A PORTION OF LIFE ESSENCE DRAWN FROM EACH REALM WAS NEEDED--
--IN ORDER TO REPLACE THAT WHICH T-RAY LOST UPON HIS DESCENT.
OKAY, I KINDA GET IT--AND YOU KNOW I NEVER MEANT TO DO ANY OF THAT WHEN I NAILED T-RAY, I WAS JUST TRYING TO SAVE SANDI N' OUTLAW--
--BUT WHY COULDN'T YOU HAVE JUST TOLD ME THAT TO BEGIN WITH?
I WOULDA DRAWN ALL THE LIFE ESSENCES YOU NEEDED IF IT MEANT SAVING THE UNIVERSE AND BEING ABLE TO TAKE CREDIT FOR IT!
I DID NOT TRUST YOU WOULD DO AS I ASKED, WADE WILSON--FOR IN ORDER TO SAVE THE WORLD, THE FINAL DESTINATION OF THIS LONG JOURNEY--
--REQUIRES THAT YOU RESTORE T-RAY TO LIFE!
OH, C'MON, THAT IS SO TOTALLY UNFAIR!


THIS GUY STOLE MY IDENTITY--EVEN THOUGH HE SAYS I STOLE HIS--AND EVEN THOUGH I KNOW IT'S ALL STILL OPEN FOR DEBATE DEPENDING ON WHICH WRITER YOU LIKE BEST, I PERSONALLY WOULD REALLY PREFER THAT I STILL BE ME AND HE NOT BE ME BY NOT BEING ALIVE!
FOR THE SUNDERED BARRIERS TO BE MADE WHOLE, SO TOO MUST THE ENERGY THAT *CAUSED* THE RUPTURE BE *RETURNED* TO A SAFE BUTTRESS.
YOUR BLADE HAS THE *ESSENCE* OF THE MULTIPLE MYSTIC REALMS RESIDING WITHIN IT NOW.
DEAD
PLUNGE IT BACK THROUGH THE GASH YOU CAUSED SO IT MIGHT FILL THE EMPTY HOST WITH ITS RESTORED BLACK MAGICS.
YOU KNOW-- THIS GUY N' ME-- WE--THIS TOTALLY SUCKS...
THIS SUCKS.


DEAD
DID THAT WORK? IS THE UNIVERSE SAFE?
UNTIL THE NEXT TIME IT IS ENDANGERED AGAIN.
OKAY, I CAN ONLY DO ONE UNIVERSE-SAVING-CAN'T/MUST-CONFLICT AT A TIME.
WHERE'S T-RAY?
THOUGH HIS BODY IS NOW WHOLE, HIS SPIRIT REMAINS MISSING.
IT HAS GONE TO FIND BALANCE...TO SEEK ITS SOUL.
HIS WHAT?
OKAY, THEN. OUR JOB'S DONE.
YEAH.
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.
YEAH.


YOUR ASSIGNMENT IS NOT COMPLETED. YOU WERE *HIRED* TO ATONE FOR THE PROBLEM YOU CREATED.
FOR T-RAY TO BE WHOLE, A JOINING 'TWIXT BODY *AND* SPIRIT IS REQUIRED.
OKAY, BUT WHERE ARE YOU--
LORD, IT SMELLS LIKE A *SWAMP!*
OH.
ARE WE IN SOME KIND OF BACK-WATER, SULFUROUS, HELLHOLE OUTER DIMENSION?
NO, WE'RE IN *LOUISIANA.*
DUM DUM DUM DUM DUM DUM DUM DUM DUM DUM
PLEASE TELL ME YOU BROUGHT DRUMS WITH YOU...?
WELCOME TO THE HOME OF...
DUM DUM DUM DUM DUM DUM DUM DUM DUM DUM DUM DUM DUM DUM DUM
BROTHER VOODOO!
DUM DUM DUM DUM DUM DUM
DUM DUM DUM DUM DUM DUM DUM DUM DUM DUM DUM DUM DUM DUM DUM DUM DUM DUM DUM DUM

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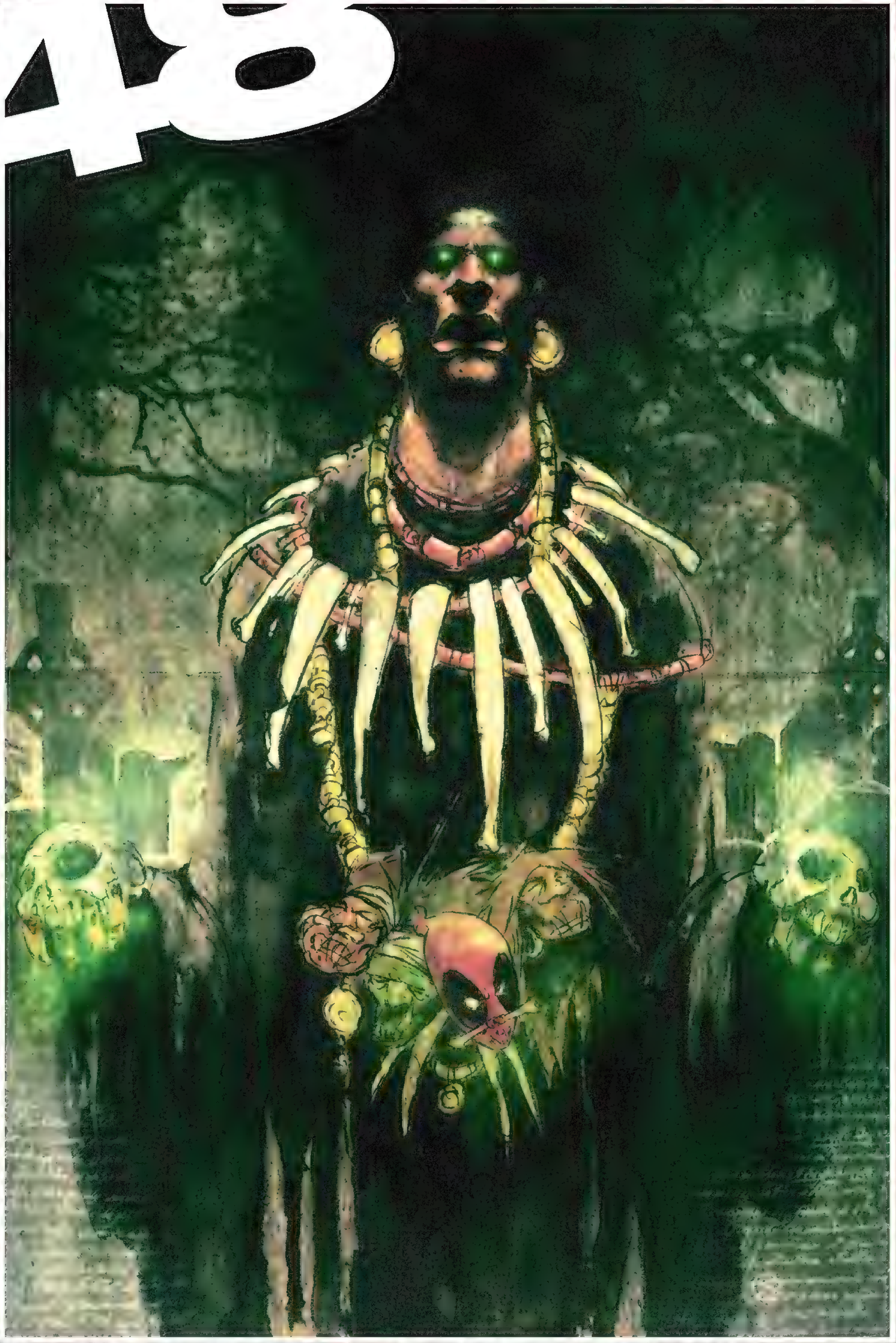

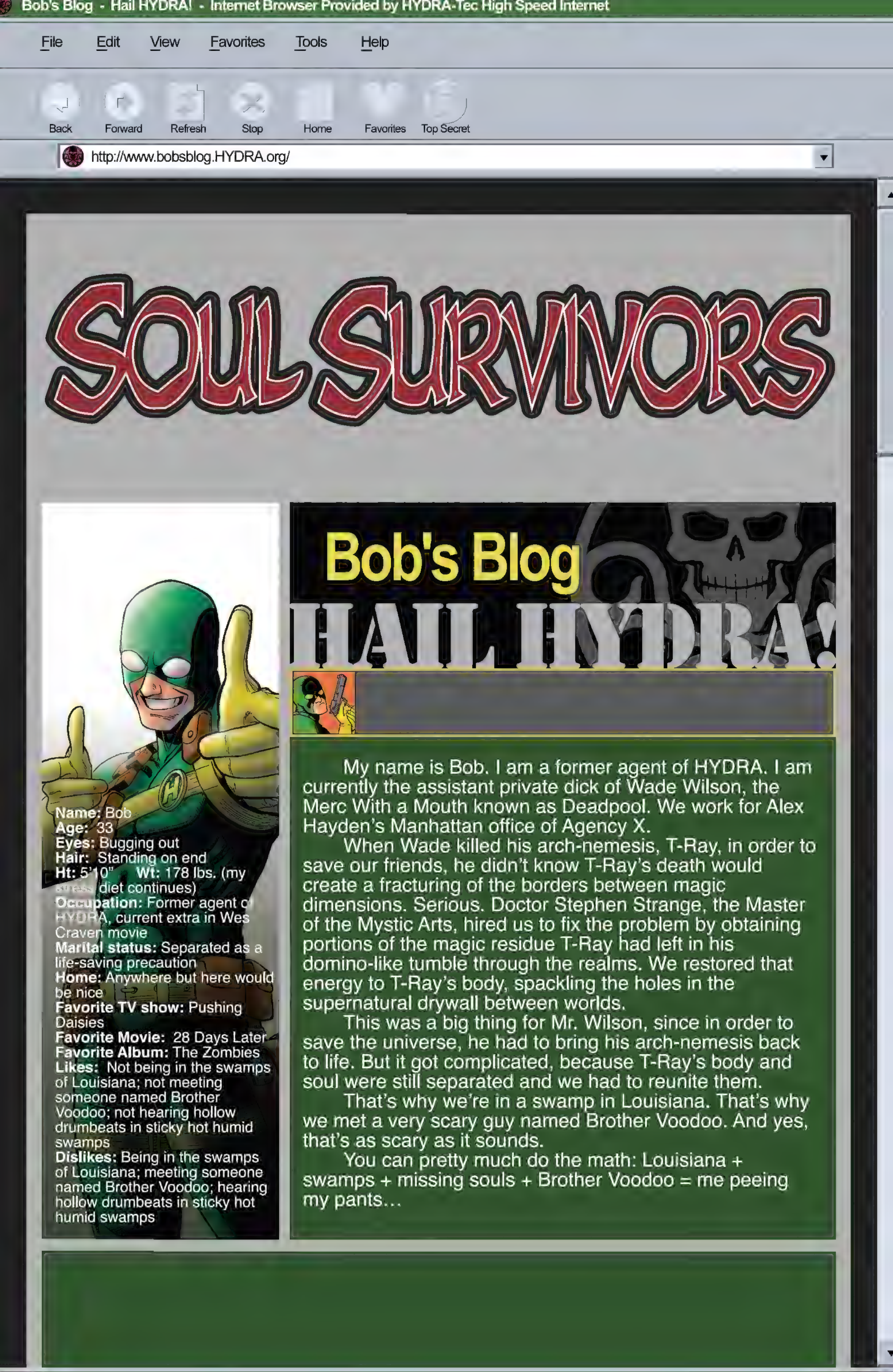
Bob's Blog - Hail HYDRA! - Internet Browser Provided by HYDRA-Tec High Speed Internet
File
Edit
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Help
Back
Forward
Refresh
Stop
Home
Favorites
Top Secret
http://www.bobsblog.HYDRA.org/

SOUL SURVIVORS

Bob's Blog

HAIL HYDRA!

Name: Bob
Age: 33
Eyes: Bugging out
Hair: Standing on end
Ht: 5'10" **Wt:** 178 lbs. (my stress diet continues)
Occupation: Former agent of HYDRA, current extra in Wes Craven movie
Marital status: Separated as a life-saving precaution
Home: Anywhere but here would be nice
Favorite TV show: Pushing Daisies
Favorite Movie: 28 Days Later
Favorite Album: The Zombies
Likes: Not being in the swamps of Louisiana; not meeting someone named Brother Voodoo; not hearing hollow drumbeats in sticky hot humid swamps
Dislikes: Being in the swamps of Louisiana; meeting someone named Brother Voodoo; hearing hollow drumbeats in sticky hot humid swamps

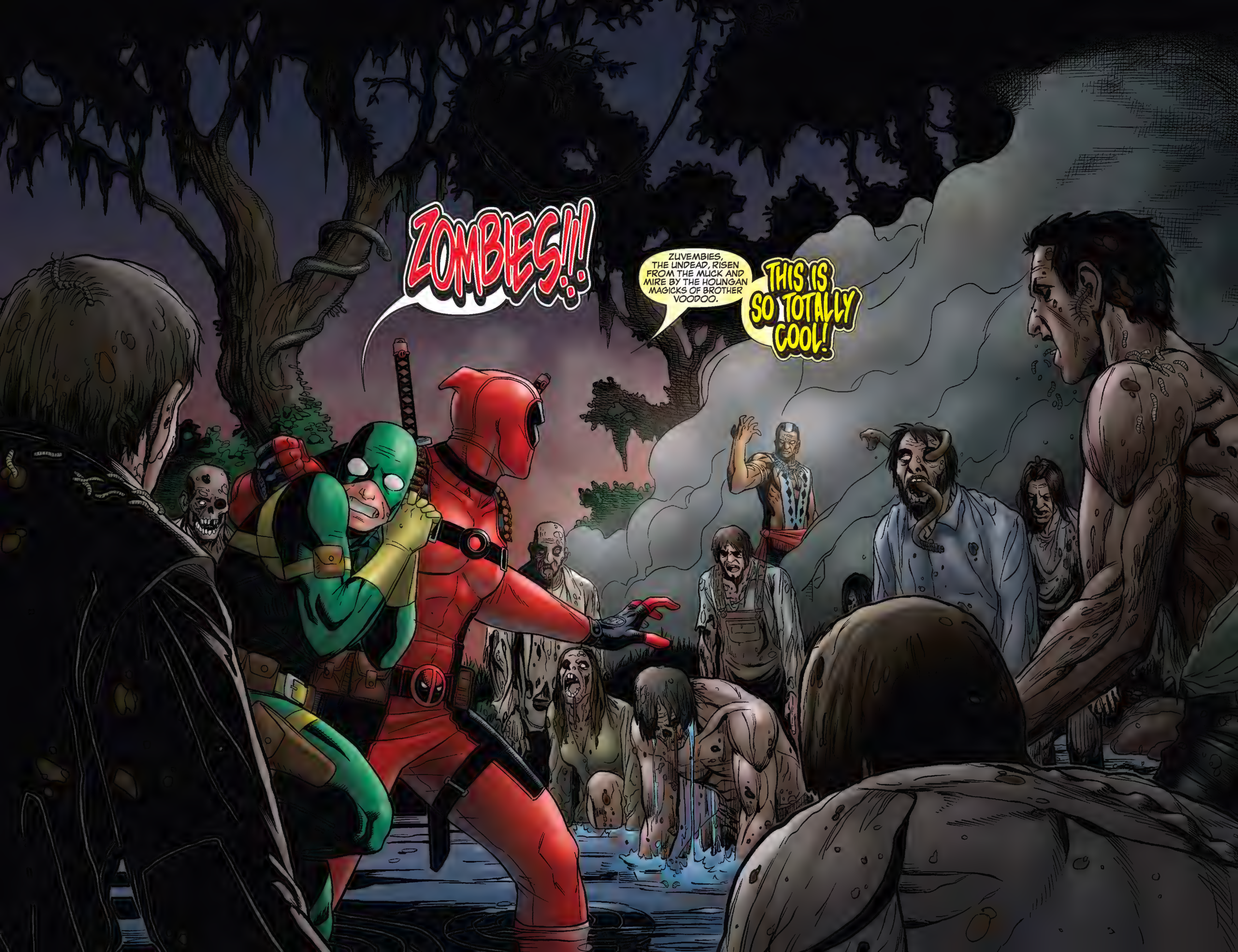
My name is Bob. I am a former agent of HYDRA. I am currently the assistant private dick of Wade Wilson, the Merc With a Mouth known as Deadpool. We work for Alex Hayden's Manhattan office of Agency X.

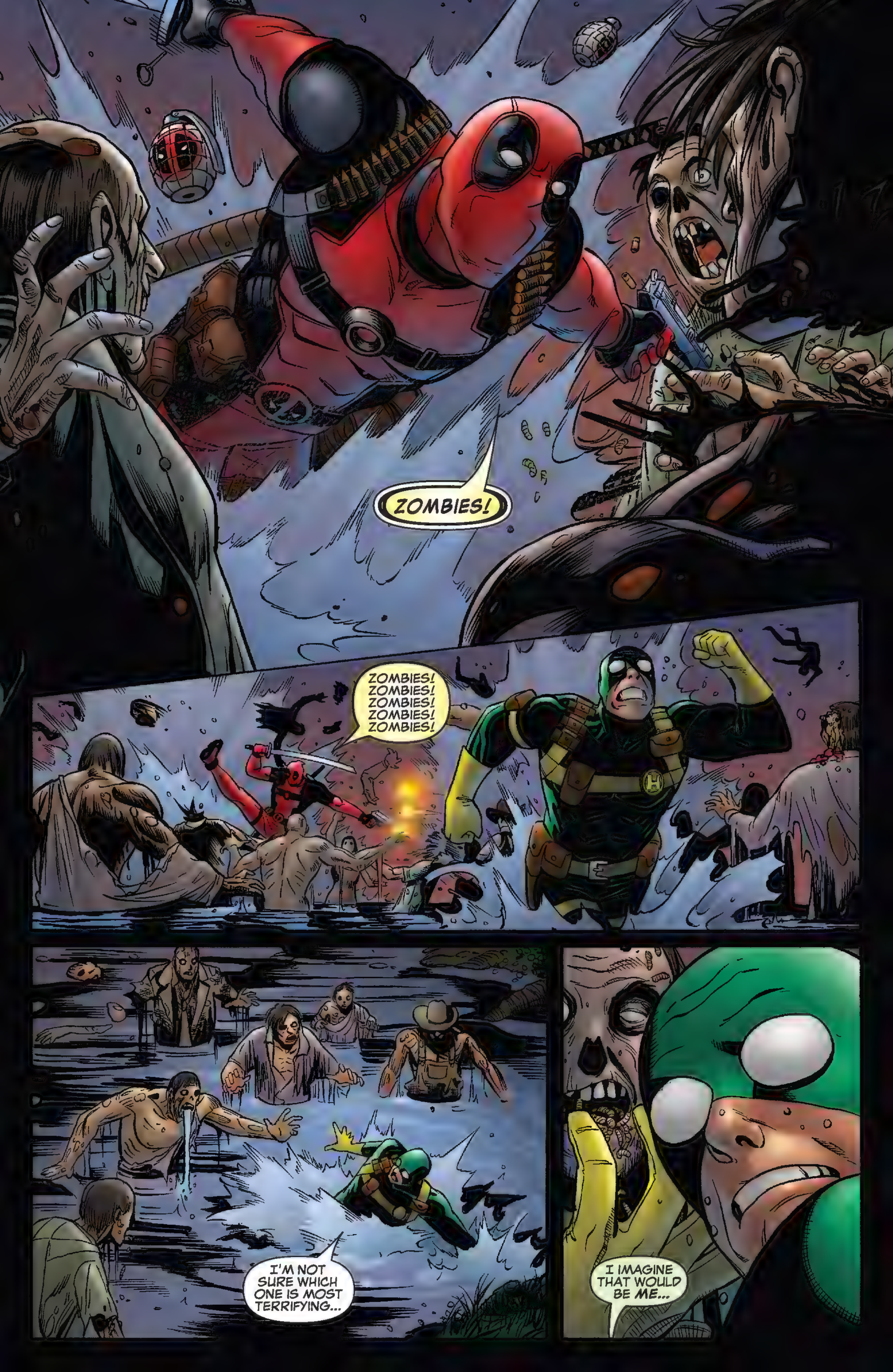
When Wade killed his arch-nemesis, T-Ray, in order to save our friends, he didn't know T-Ray's death would create a fracturing of the borders between magic dimensions. Serious. Doctor Stephen Strange, the Master of the Mystic Arts, hired us to fix the problem by obtaining portions of the magic residue T-Ray had left in his domino-like tumble through the realms. We restored that energy to T-Ray's body, spackling the holes in the supernatural drywall between worlds.

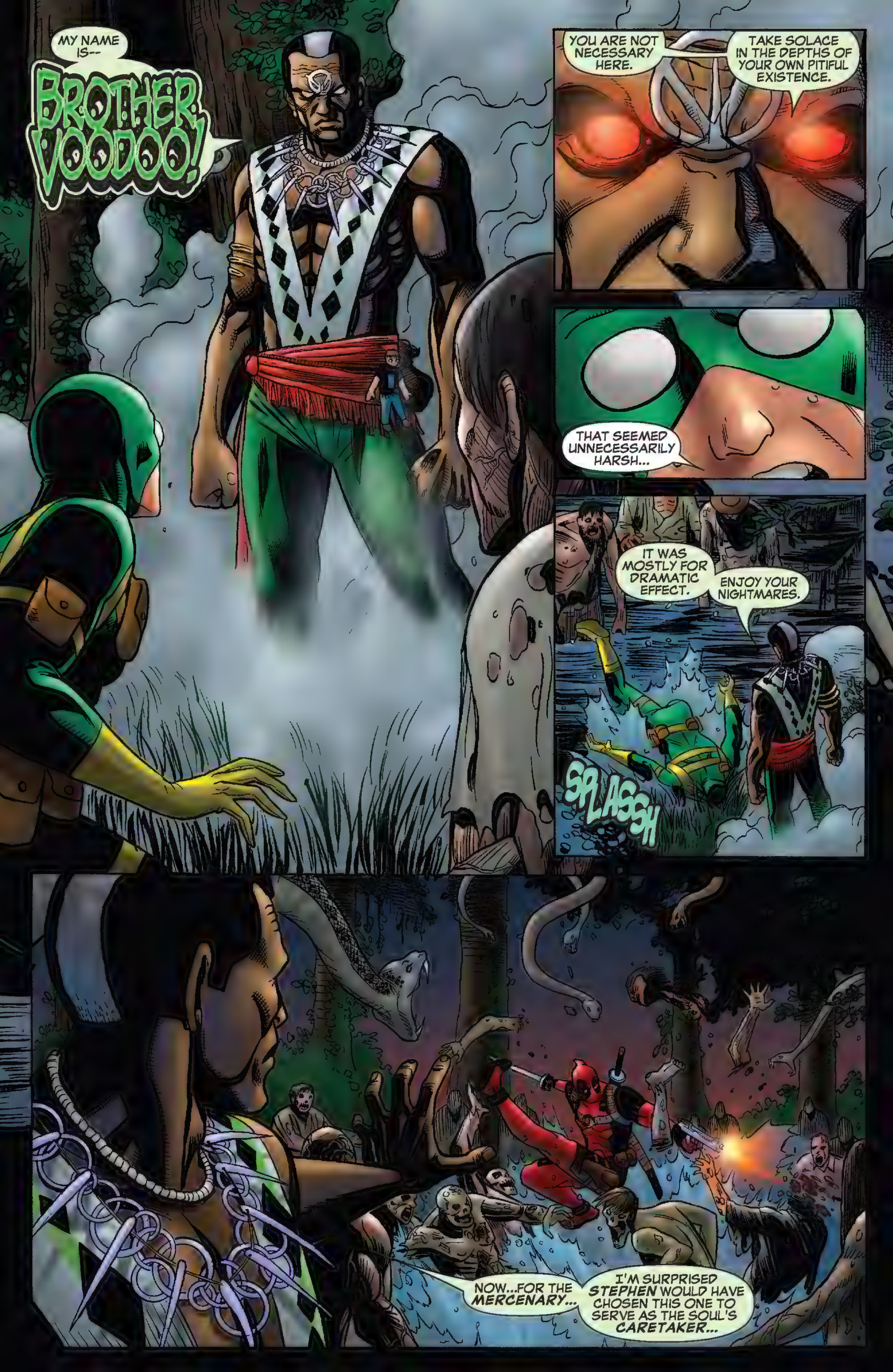
This was a big thing for Mr. Wilson, since in order to save the universe, he had to bring his arch-nemesis back to life. But it got complicated, because T-Ray's body and soul were still separated and we had to reunite them.

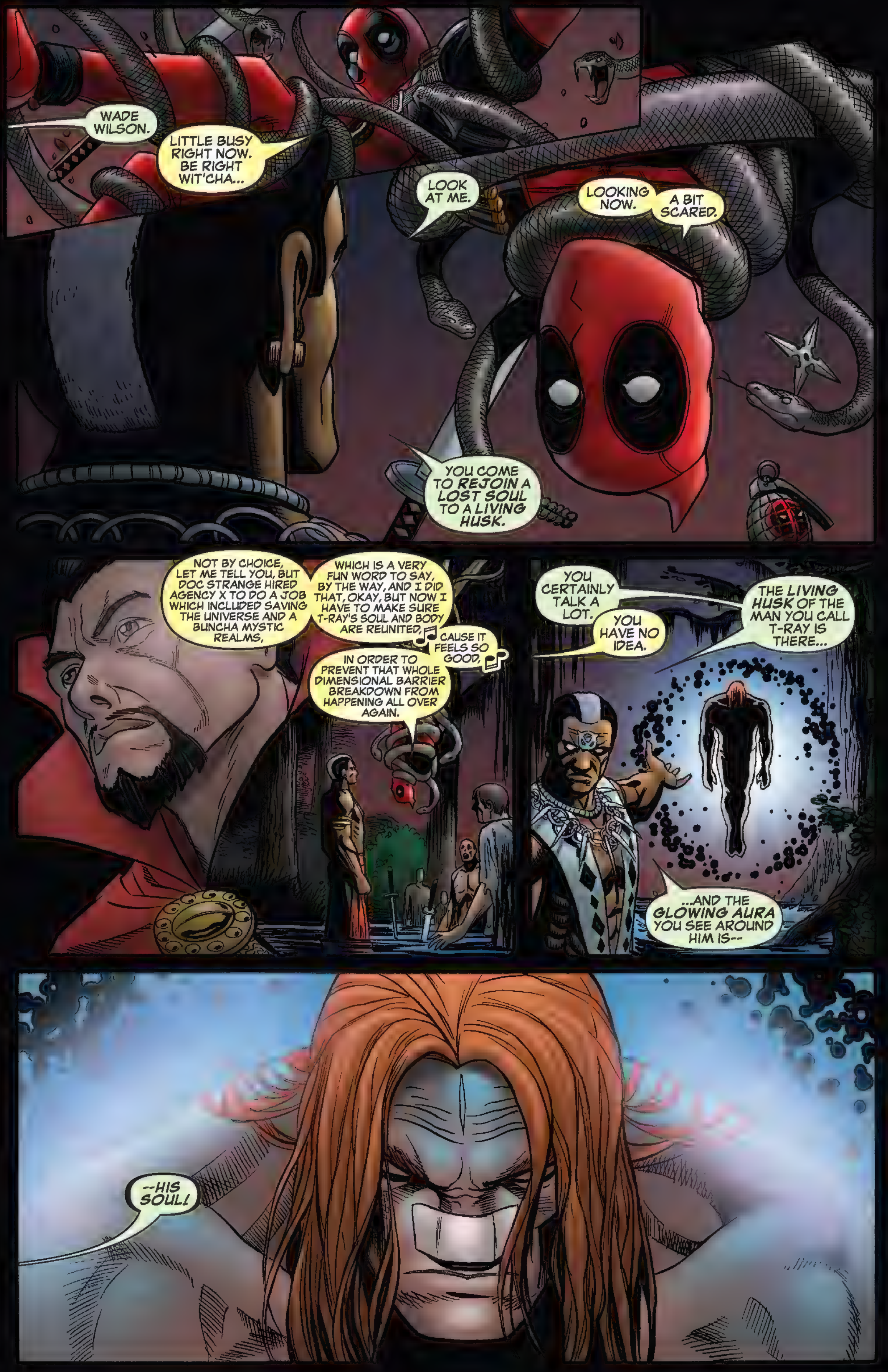
That's why we're in a swamp in Louisiana. That's why we met a very scary guy named Brother Voodoo. And yes, that's as scary as it sounds.

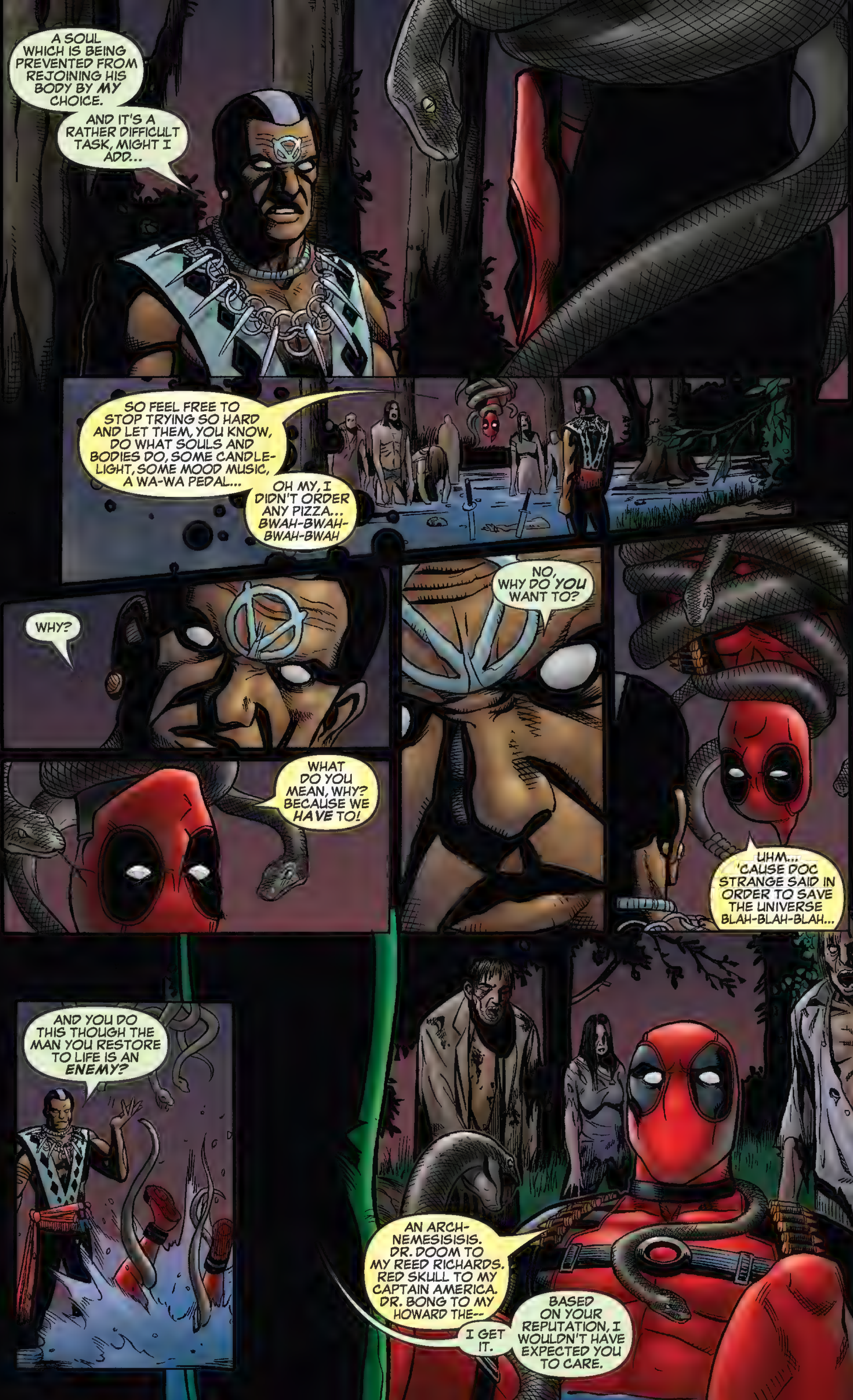
You can pretty much do the math: Louisiana + swamps + missing souls + Brother Voodoo = me peeing my pants...

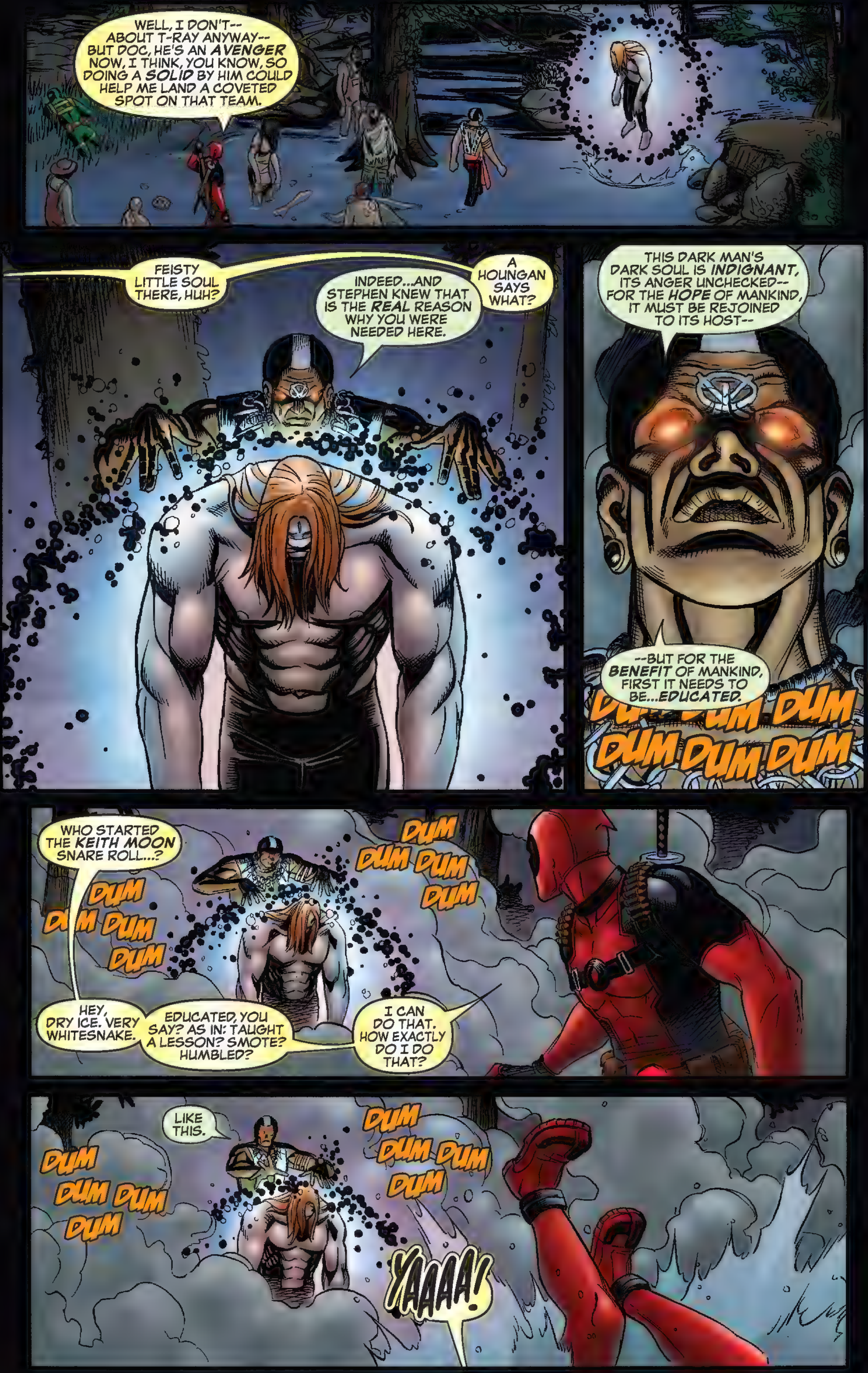

ZOMBIES!!!
ZUVEMBIES, THE UNDEAD, RISEN FROM THE MUCK AND MIRE BY THE HOUNGAN MAGICKS OF BROTHER VOODOO.
THIS IS SO TOTALLY COOL!

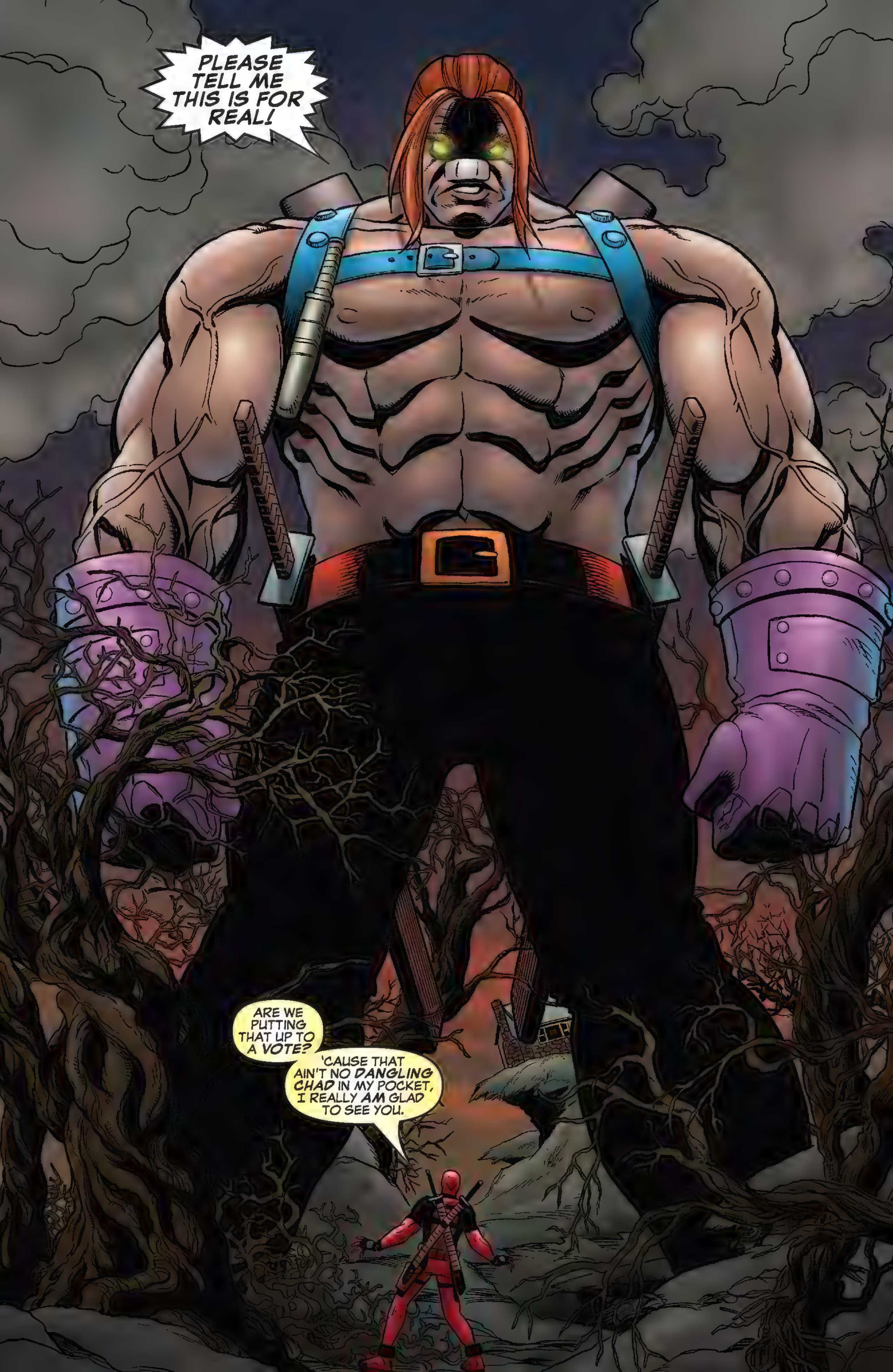

ZOMBIES!
ZOMBIES! ZOMBIES! ZOMBIES! ZOMBIES! ZOMBIES!
I'M NOT SURE WHICH ONE IS MOST TERRIFYING...
I IMAGINE THAT WOULD BE *ME*...

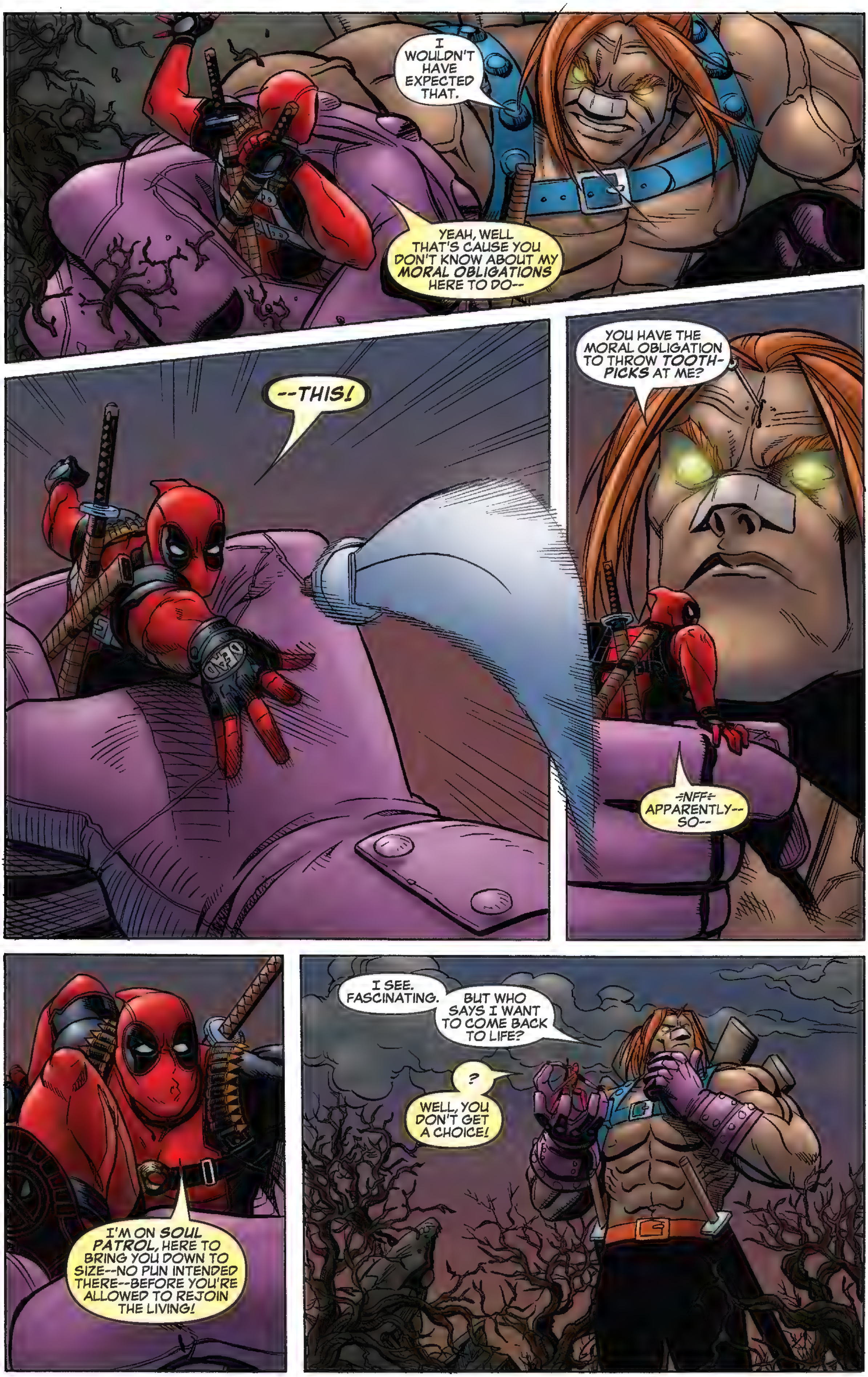

MY NAME IS--
BROTHER VOODOO!
YOU ARE NOT NECESSARY HERE.
TAKE SOLACE IN THE DEPTHS OF YOUR OWN PITIFUL EXISTENCE.
THAT SEEMED UNNECESSARILY HARSH...
IT WAS MOSTLY FOR DRAMATIC EFFECT.
ENJOY YOUR NIGHTMARES.
SPLASSH
NOW...FOR THE *MERCENARY*...
I'M SURPRISED *STEPHEN* WOULD HAVE CHOSEN THIS ONE TO SERVE AS THE SOUL'S *CARETAKER*...

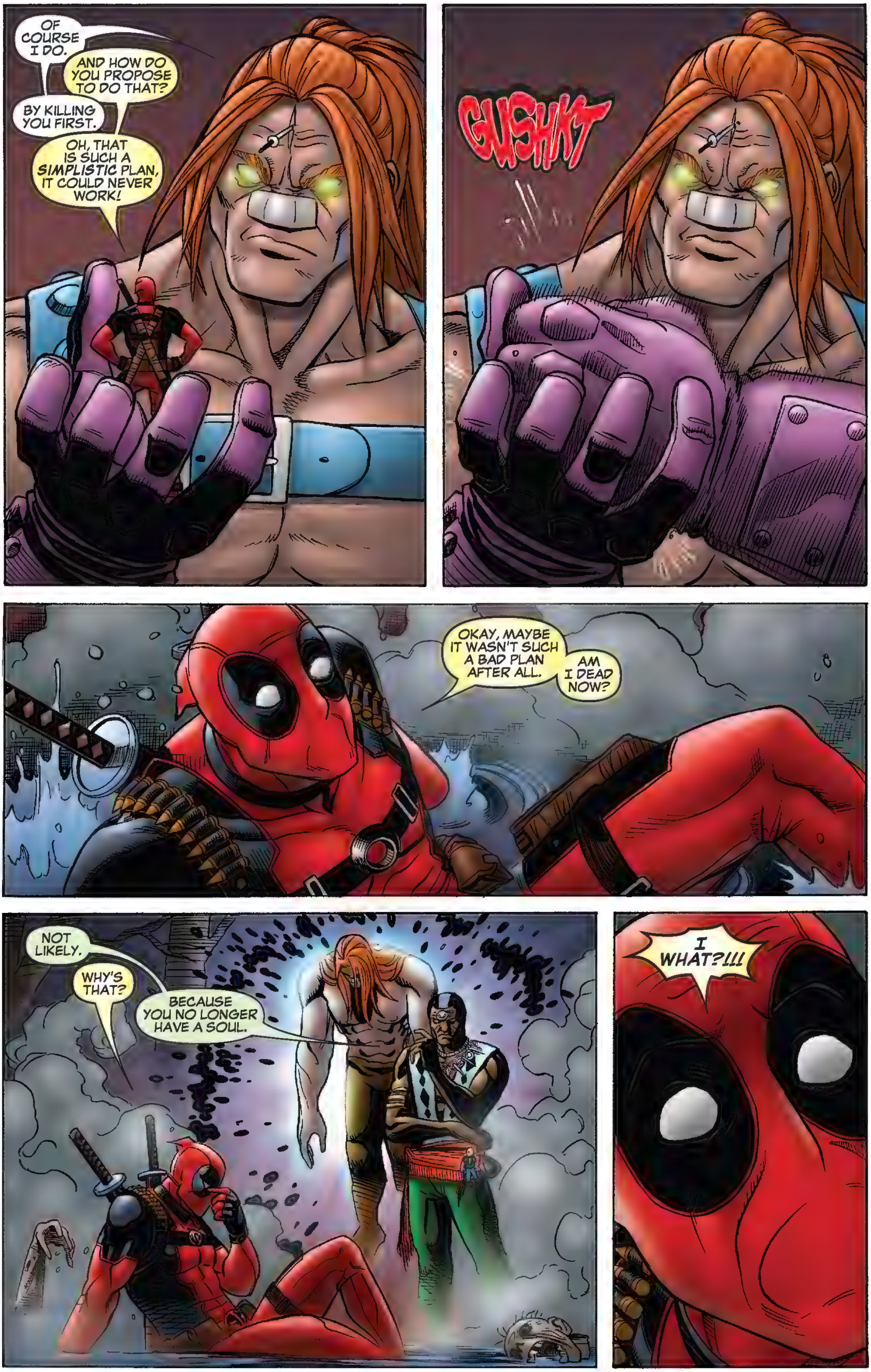

WADE WILSON.
LITTLE BUSY RIGHT NOW. BE RIGHT WIT'CHA...
LOOK AT ME.
LOOKING NOW.
A BIT SCARED.
YOU COME TO *REJOIN* A *LOST SOUL* TO A *LIVING HUSK*.
NOT BY CHOICE, LET ME TELL YOU, BUT DOC STRANGE HIRED AGENCY X TO DO A JOB WHICH INCLUDED SAVING THE UNIVERSE AND A BUNCHA MYSTIC REALMS,
WHICH IS A VERY FUN WORD TO SAY, BY THE WAY, AND I DID THAT, OKAY, BUT NOW I HAVE TO MAKE SURE T-RAY'S SOUL AND BODY ARE REUNITED,♫
♫CAUSE IT FEELS SO GOOD,♫
IN ORDER TO PREVENT THAT WHOLE DIMENSIONAL BARRIER BREAKDOWN FROM HAPPENING ALL OVER AGAIN.
YOU CERTAINLY TALK A LOT.
YOU HAVE NO IDEA.
THE *LIVING HUSK* OF THE MAN YOU CALL T-RAY IS THERE...
...AND THE *GLOWING AURA* YOU SEE AROUND HIM IS--
--HIS SOUL!

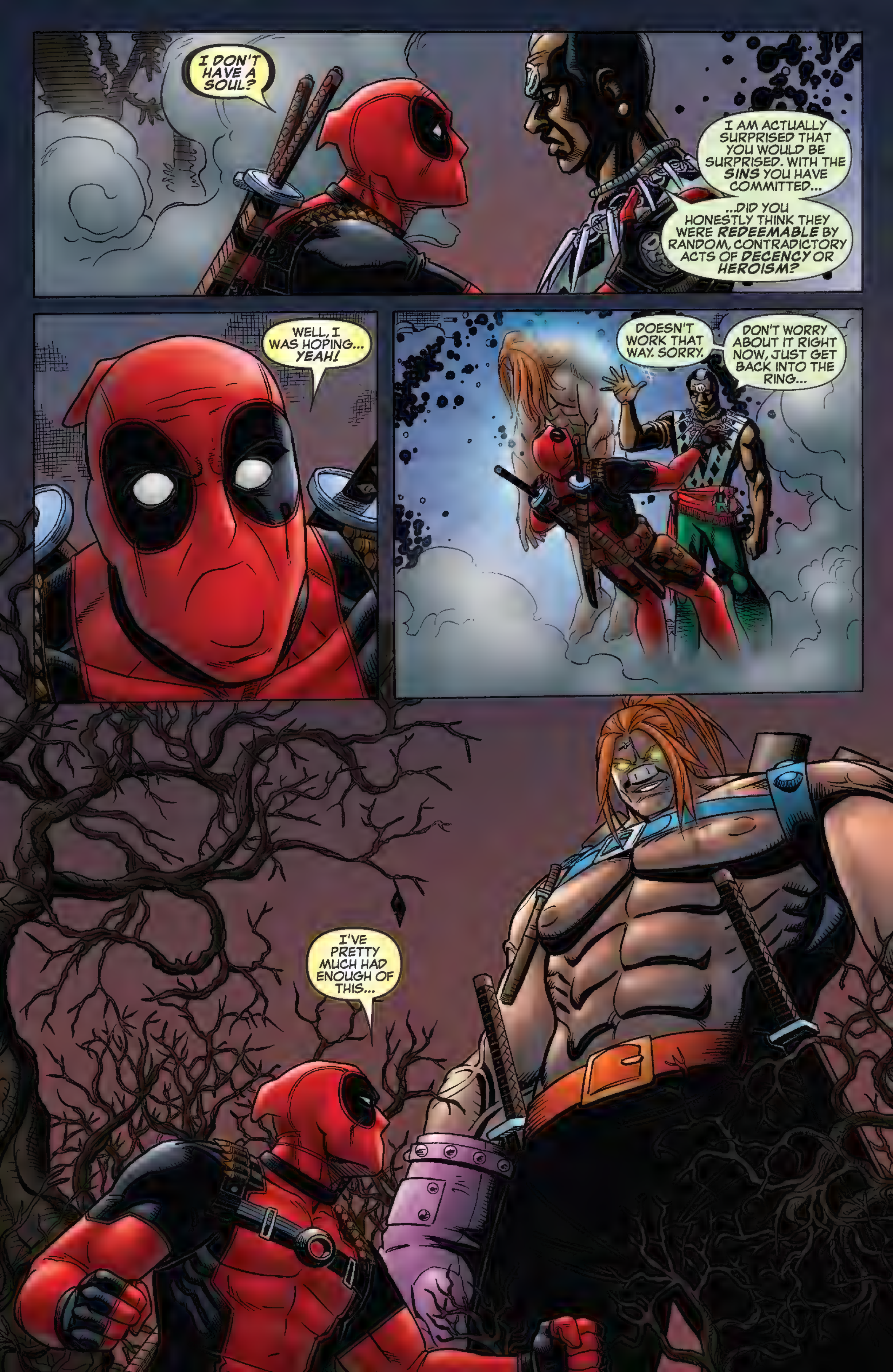

A SOUL WHICH IS BEING PREVENTED FROM REJOINING HIS BODY BY *MY* CHOICE.
AND IT'S A RATHER DIFFICULT TASK, MIGHT I ADD...
SO FEEL FREE TO STOP TRYING SO HARD AND LET THEM, YOU KNOW, DO WHAT SOULS AND BODIES DO, SOME CANDLE-LIGHT, SOME MOOD MUSIC, A WA-WA PEDAL...
OH MY, I DIDN'T ORDER ANY PIZZA... BWAH-BWAH-BWAH-BWAH
WHY?
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, WHY? BECAUSE WE *HAVE* TO!
NO, WHY DO *YOU* WANT TO?
UHM... 'CAUSE DOC STRANGE SAID IN ORDER TO SAVE THE UNIVERSE BLAH-BLAH-BLAH...
AND YOU DO THIS THOUGH THE MAN YOU RESTORE TO LIFE IS AN *ENEMY?*
AN ARCH-NEMESISISIS. DR. DOOM TO MY REED RICHARDS. RED SKULL TO MY CAPTAIN AMERICA. DR. BONG TO MY HOWARD THE--
I GET IT.
BASED ON YOUR REPUTATION, I WOULDN'T HAVE EXPECTED YOU TO CARE.

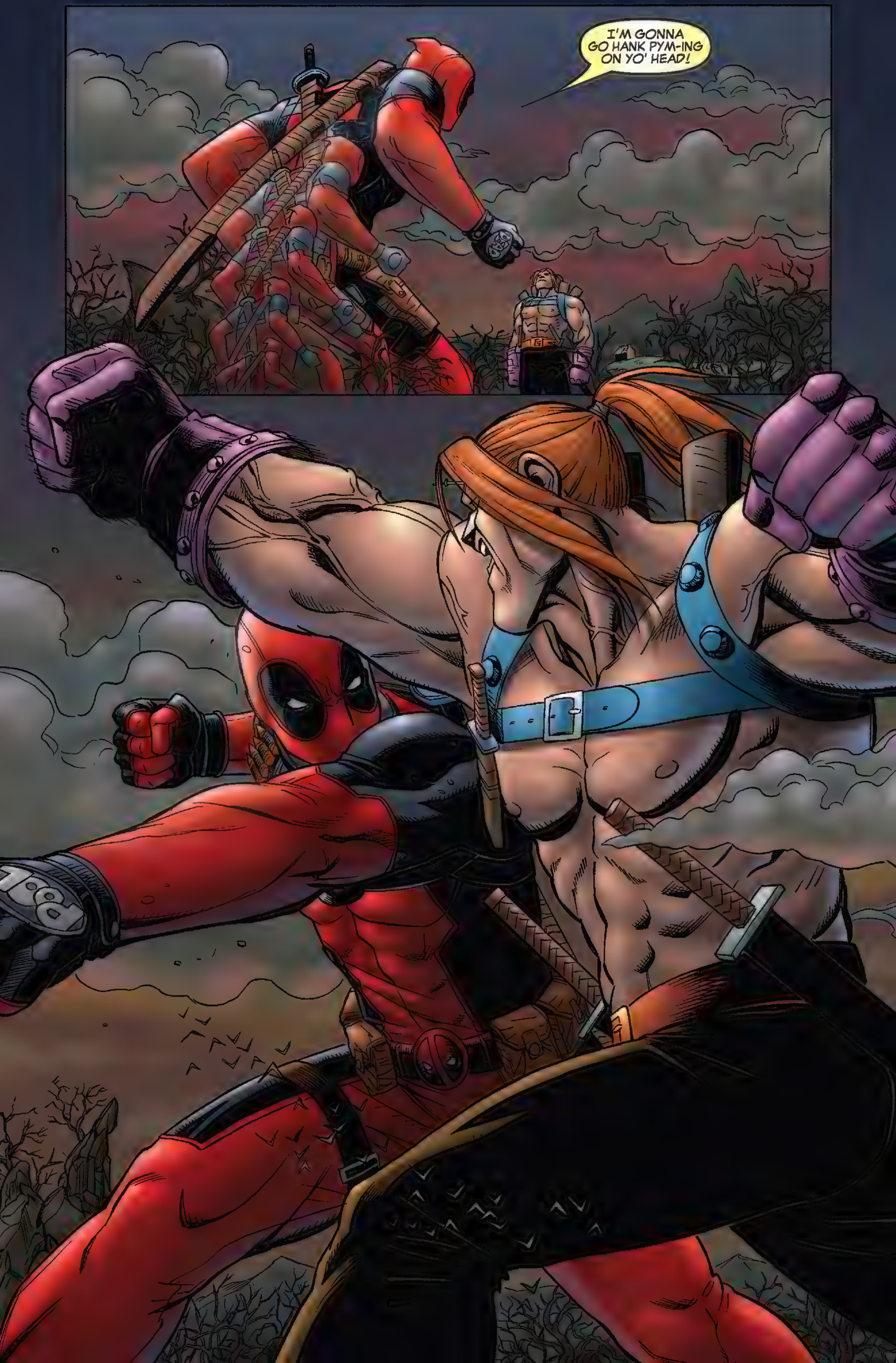

WELL, I DON'T-- ABOUT T-RAY ANYWAY-- BUT DOC, HE'S AN AVENGER NOW, I THINK, YOU KNOW, SO DOING A SOLID BY HIM COULD HELP ME LAND A COVETED SPOT ON THAT TEAM.
FEISTY LITTLE SOUL THERE, HUH?
INDEED...AND STEPHEN KNEW THAT IS THE REAL REASON WHY YOU WERE NEEDED HERE.
A HOUNGAN SAYS WHAT?
THIS DARK MAN'S DARK SOUL IS INDIGNANT, ITS ANGER UNCHECKED-- FOR THE HOPE OF MANKIND, IT MUST BE REJOINED TO ITS HOST--
--BUT FOR THE BENEFIT OF MANKIND, FIRST IT NEEDS TO BE...EDUCATED.
DUM DUM DUM DUM DUM DUM
WHO STARTED THE KEITH MOON SNARE ROLL...?
DUM DUM DUM DUM
DUM DUM DUM DUM
HEY, DRY ICE. VERY WHITESNAKE.
EDUCATED, YOU SAY? AS IN: TAUGHT A LESSON? SMOTE? HUMBLED?
I CAN DO THAT. HOW EXACTLY DO I DO THAT?
LIKE THIS.
DUM DUM DUM DUM
DUM DUM DUM DUM
YAAAA!

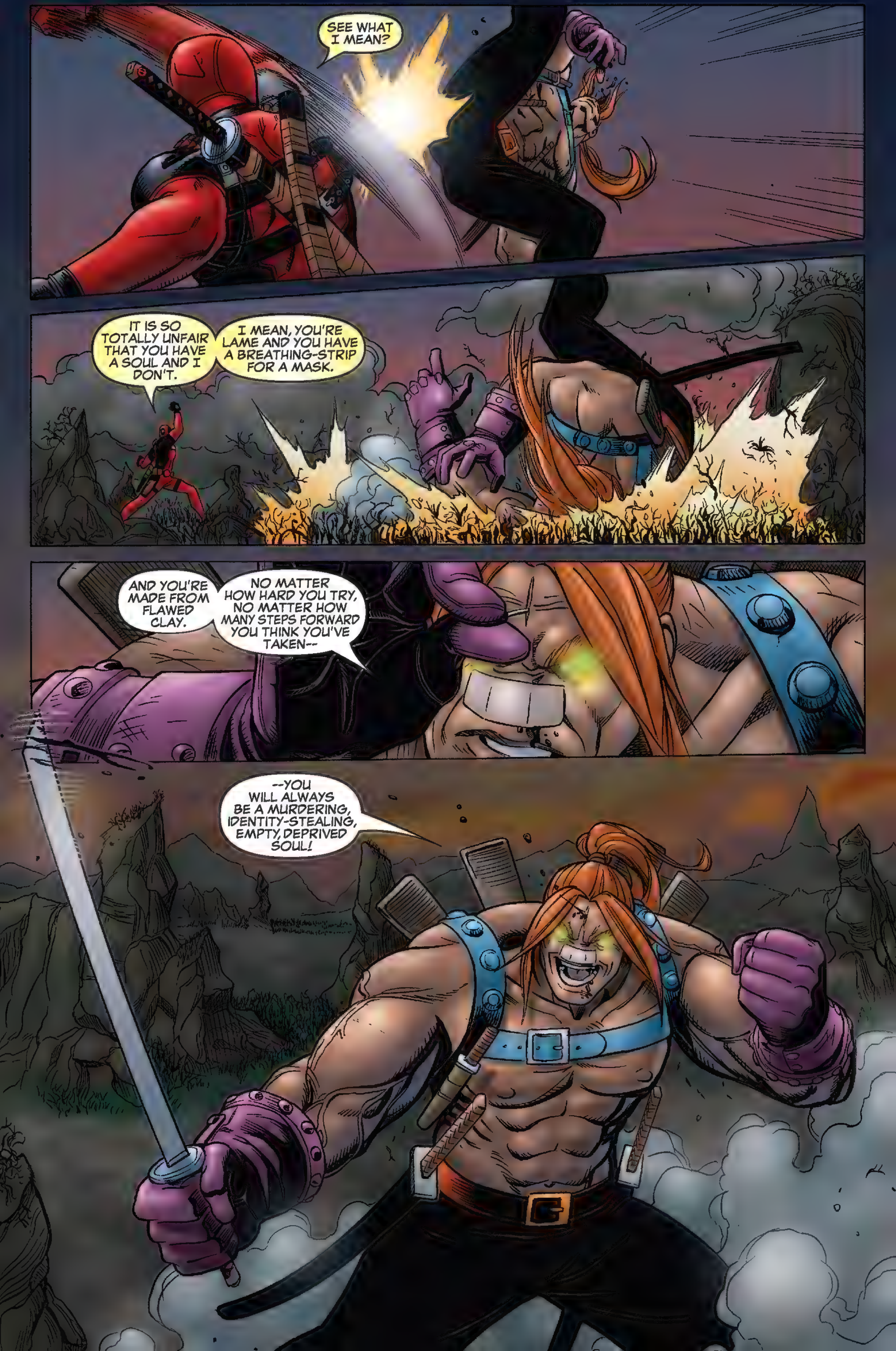

PLEASE TELL ME THIS IS FOR REAL!
ARE WE PUTTING THAT UP TO A *VOTE?*
'CAUSE THAT AIN'T NO *DANGLING CHAD* IN MY POCKET, I REALLY *AM* GLAD TO SEE YOU.

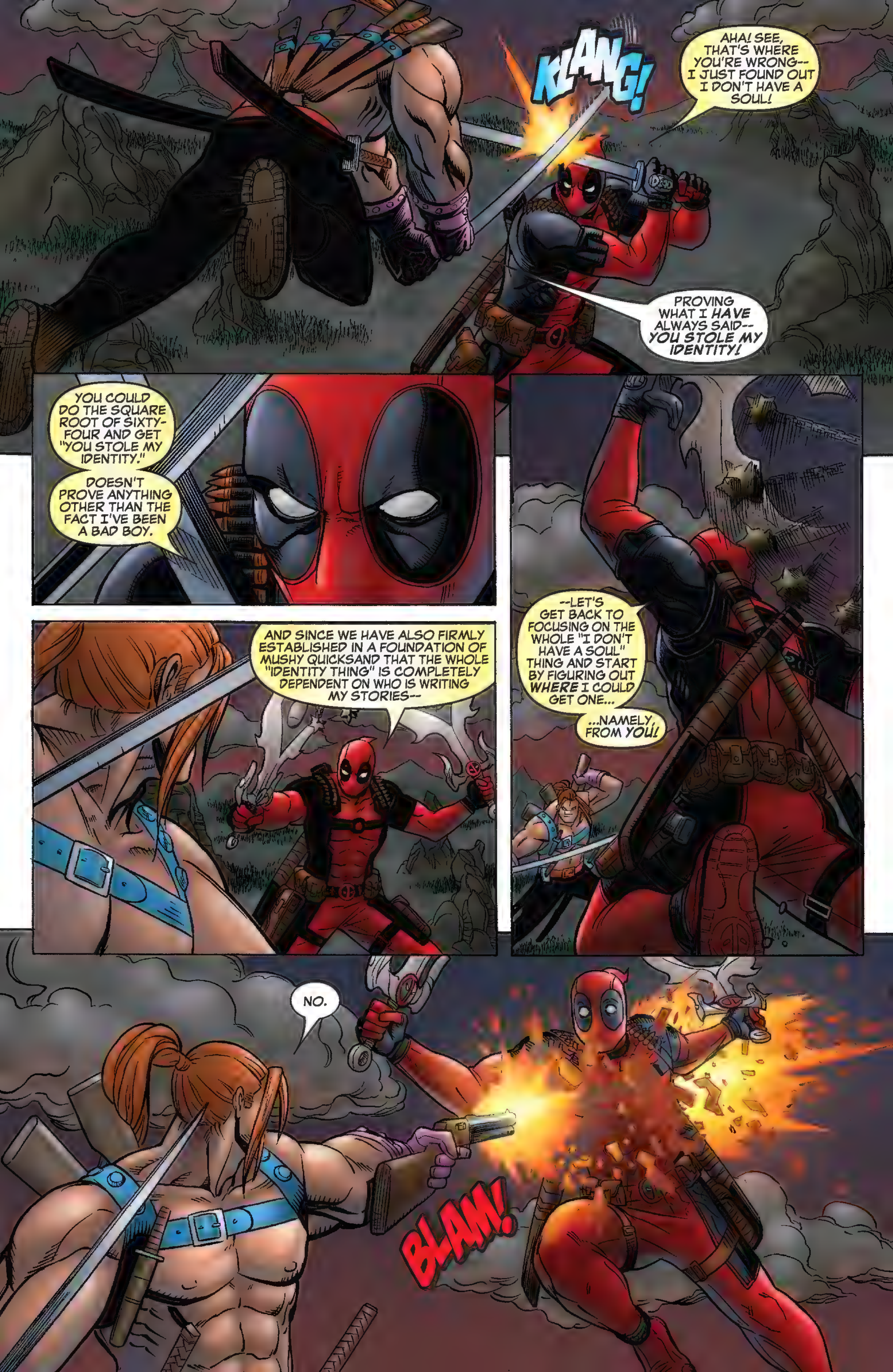

I WOULDN'T HAVE EXPECTED THAT.
YEAH, WELL THAT'S CAUSE YOU DON'T KNOW ABOUT MY *MORAL OBLIGATIONS* HERE TO DO--
--*THIS!*
YOU HAVE THE MORAL OBLIGATION TO THROW *TOOTH-PICKS* AT ME?
≠NFF≠ APPARENTLY-- SO--
I'M ON *SOUL PATROL*, HERE TO BRING YOU DOWN TO SIZE--NO PUN INTENDED THERE--BEFORE YOU'RE ALLOWED TO REJOIN THE LIVING!
I SEE. FASCINATING.
BUT WHO SAYS I WANT TO COME BACK TO LIFE?
?
WELL, YOU DON'T GET A CHOICE!

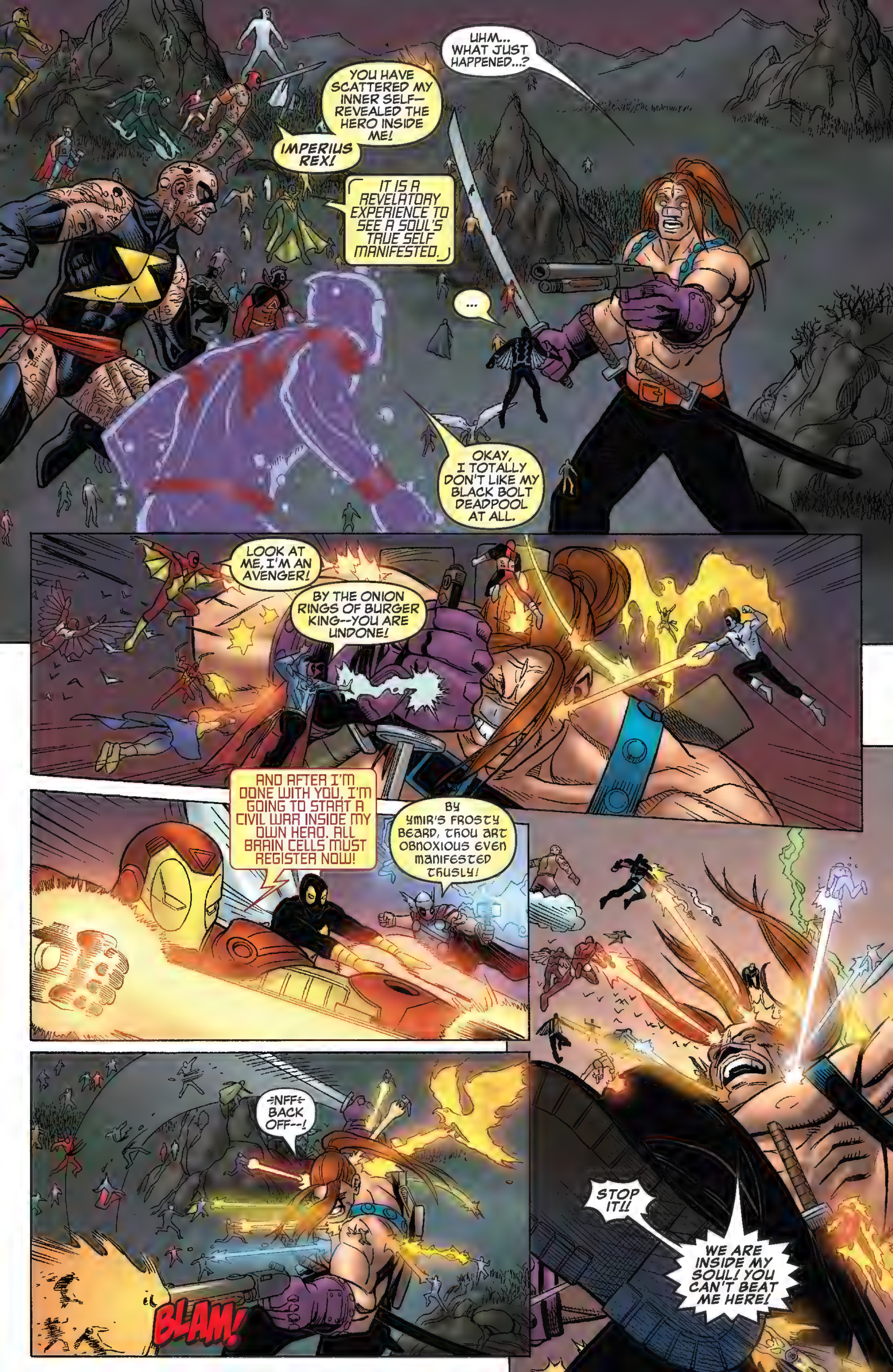

OF COURSE I DO.
AND HOW DO YOU PROPOSE TO DO THAT?
BY KILLING YOU FIRST.
OH, THAT IS SUCH A *SIMPLISTIC* PLAN, IT COULD NEVER WORK!
GUSHKT
OKAY, MAYBE IT WASN'T SUCH A BAD PLAN AFTER ALL.
AM I DEAD NOW?
NOT LIKELY.
WHY'S THAT?
BECAUSE YOU NO LONGER HAVE A SOUL.
I WHAT?!!!

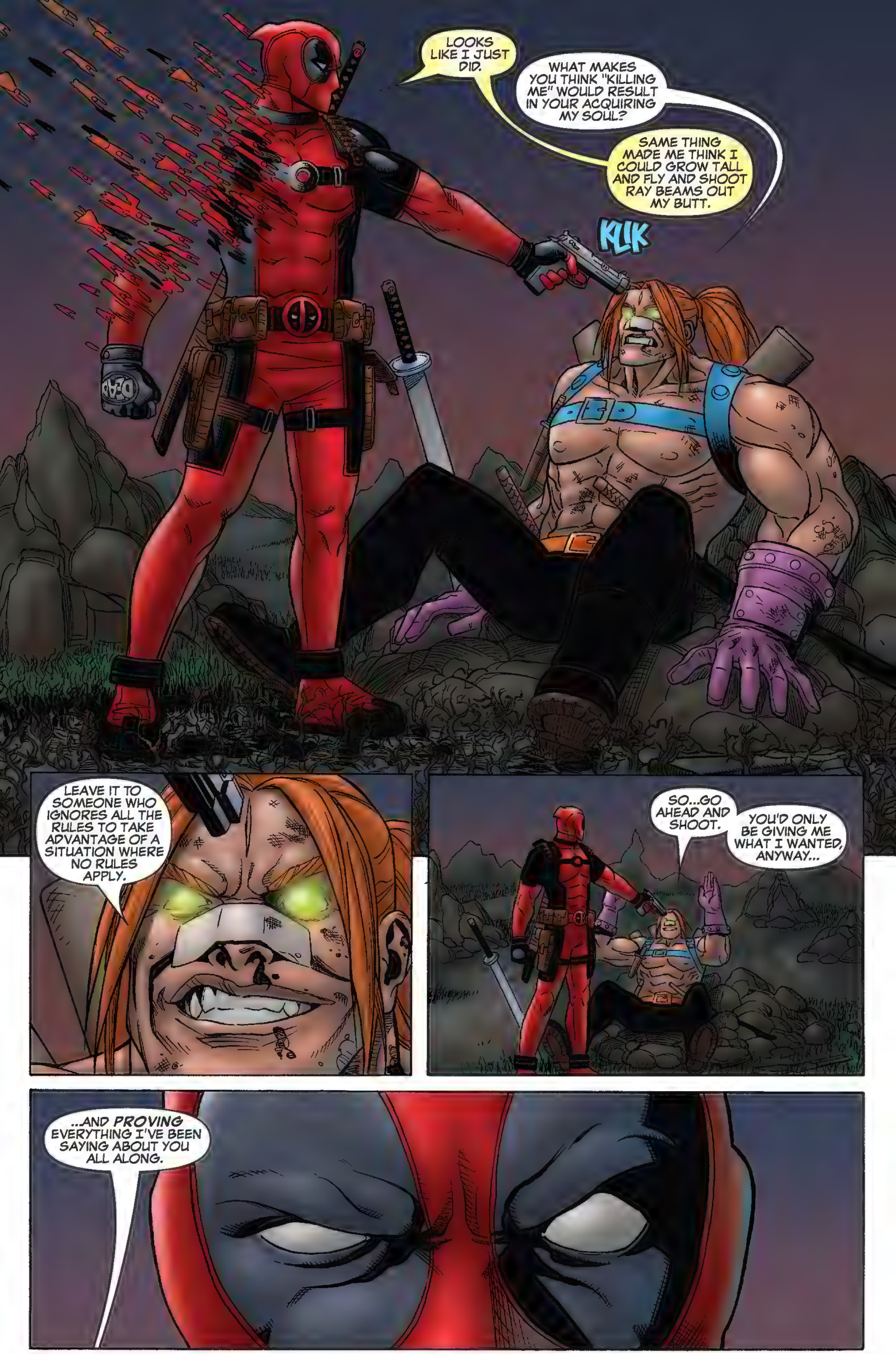

I DON'T HAVE A SOUL?
I AM ACTUALLY SURPRISED THAT YOU WOULD BE SURPRISED. WITH THE **SINS** YOU HAVE COMMITTED...
...DID YOU HONESTLY THINK THEY WERE **REDEEMABLE** BY RANDOM, CONTRADICTORY ACTS OF **DECENCY** OR **HEROISM?**
WELL, I WAS HOPING... *YEAH!*
DOESN'T WORK THAT WAY. SORRY.
DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT RIGHT NOW, JUST GET BACK INTO THE RING...
I'VE PRETTY MUCH HAD ENOUGH OF THIS...

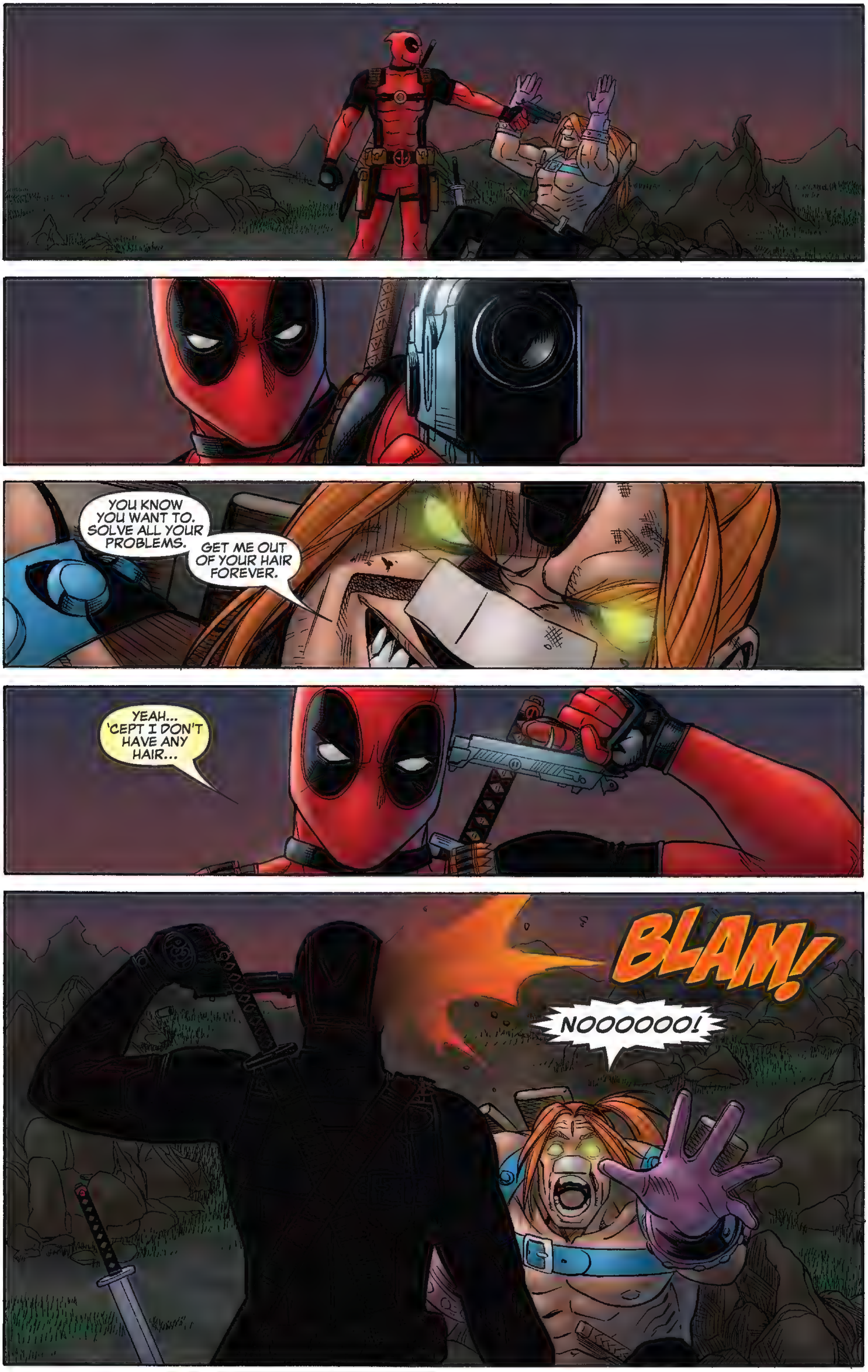

I'M GONNA GO HANK PYM-ING ON YO' HEAD!

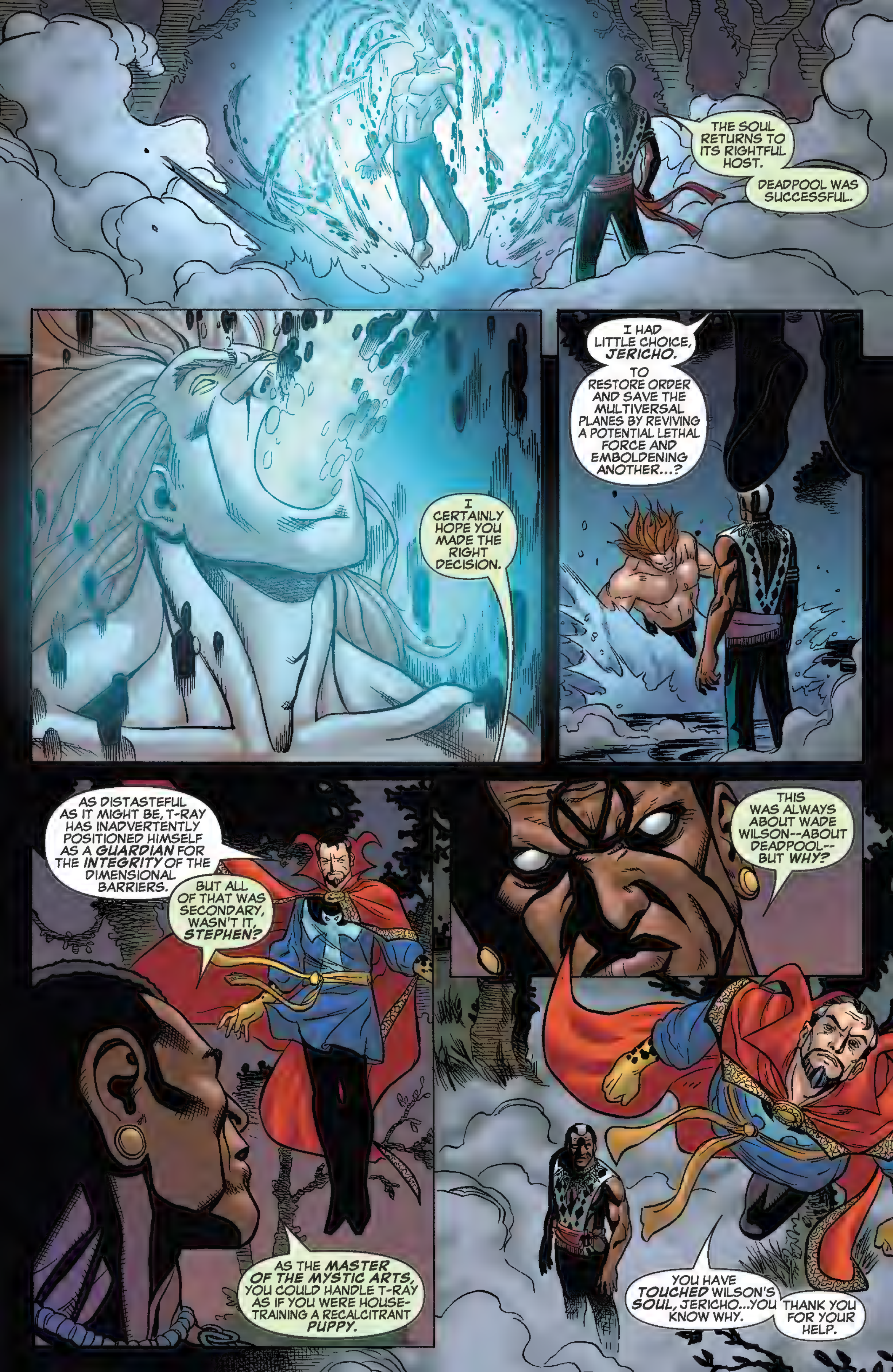

SEE WHAT I MEAN?
IT IS SO TOTALLY UNFAIR THAT YOU HAVE A SOUL AND I DON'T.
I MEAN, YOU'RE LAME AND YOU HAVE A BREATHING-STRIP FOR A MASK.
AND YOU'RE MADE FROM FLAWED CLAY.
NO MATTER HOW HARD YOU TRY, NO MATTER HOW MANY STEPS FORWARD YOU THINK YOU'VE TAKEN--
--YOU WILL ALWAYS BE A MURDERING, IDENTITY-STEALING, EMPTY, DEPRIVED SOUL!

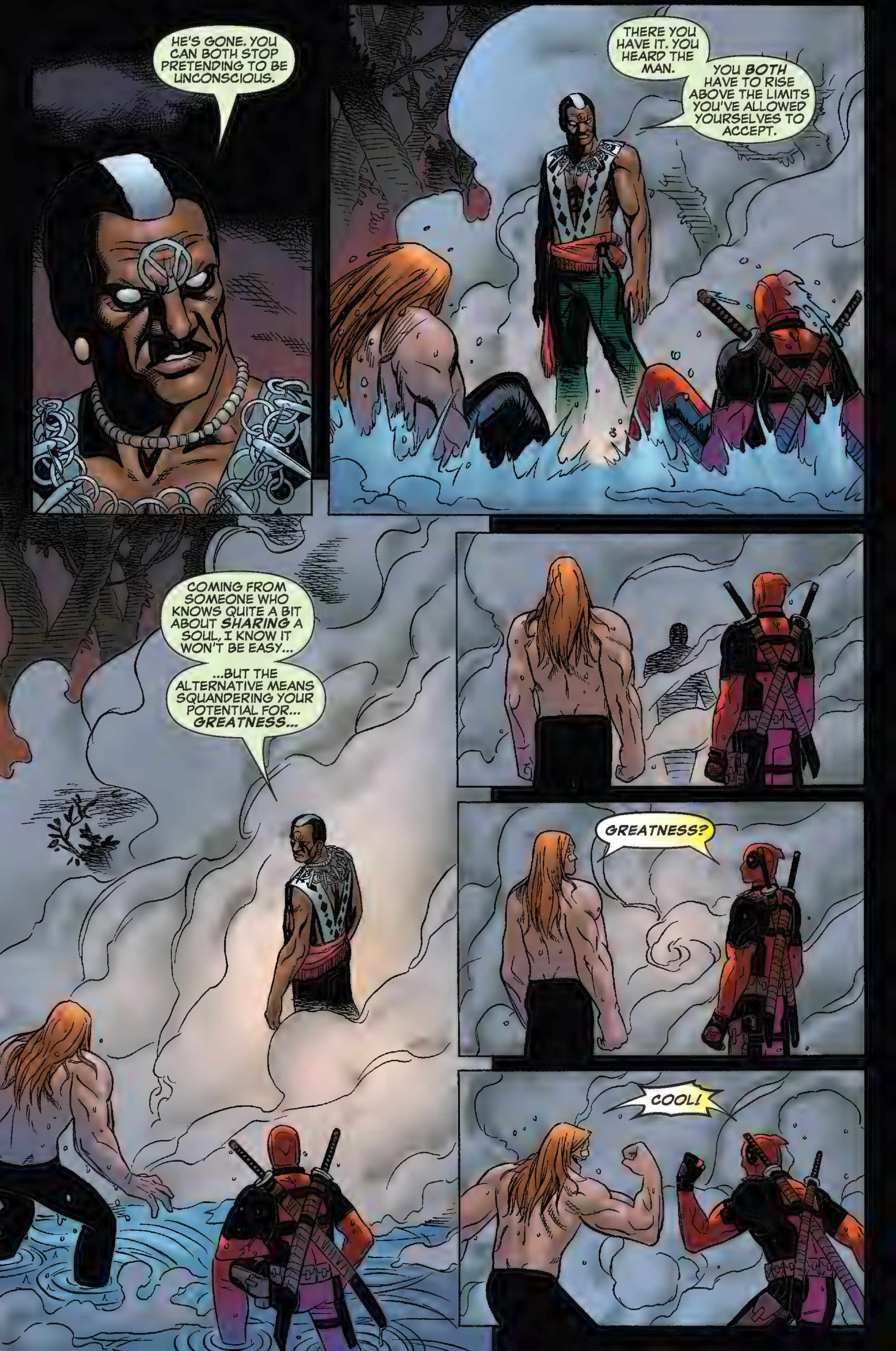

KLANG!
AHA! SEE, THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE WRONG-- I JUST FOUND OUT I DON'T HAVE A SOUL!
PROVING WHAT I *HAVE* ALWAYS SAID-- ***YOU STOLE MY IDENTITY!***
YOU COULD DO THE SQUARE ROOT OF SIXTY-FOUR AND GET "YOU STOLE MY IDENTITY."
DOESN'T PROVE ANYTHING OTHER THAN THE FACT I'VE BEEN A BAD BOY.
AND SINCE WE HAVE ALSO FIRMLY ESTABLISHED IN A FOUNDATION OF MUSHY QUICKSAND THAT THE WHOLE "IDENTITY THING" IS COMPLETELY DEPENDENT ON WHO IS WRITING MY STORIES--
--LET'S GET BACK TO FOCUSING ON THE WHOLE "I DON'T HAVE A SOUL" THING AND START BY FIGURING OUT ***WHERE*** I COULD GET ONE...
...NAMELY, FROM ***YOU!***
NO.
BLAM!

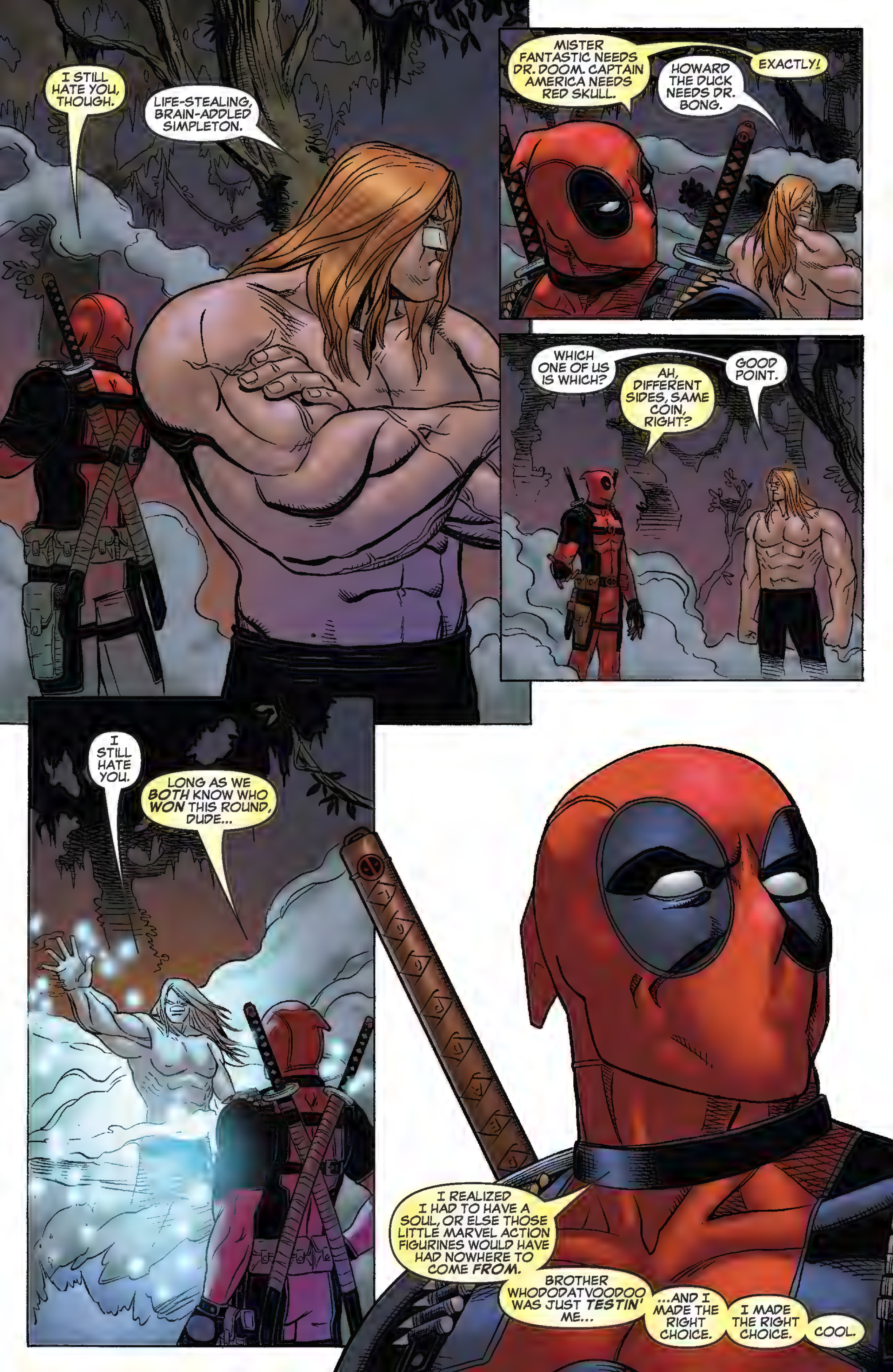

UHM... WHAT JUST HAPPENED...?
YOU HAVE SCATTERED MY INNER SELF— REVEALED THE HERO INSIDE ME!
IMPERIUS REX!
IT IS A REVELATORY EXPERIENCE TO SEE A SOUL'S TRUE SELF MANIFESTED.
...
OKAY, I TOTALLY DON'T LIKE MY BLACK BOLT DEADPOOL AT ALL.
LOOK AT ME, I'M AN AVENGER!
BY THE ONION RINGS OF BURGER KING--YOU ARE UNDONE!
AND AFTER I'M DONE WITH YOU, I'M GOING TO START A CIVIL WAR INSIDE MY OWN HERO. ALL BRAIN CELLS MUST REGISTER NOW!
BY YMIR'S FROSTY BEARD, THOU ART OBNOXIOUS EVEN MANIFESTED THUSLY!
=NFF= BACK OFF--!
BLAM!
STOP IT!!
WE ARE INSIDE MY SOUL! YOU CAN'T BEAT ME HERE!

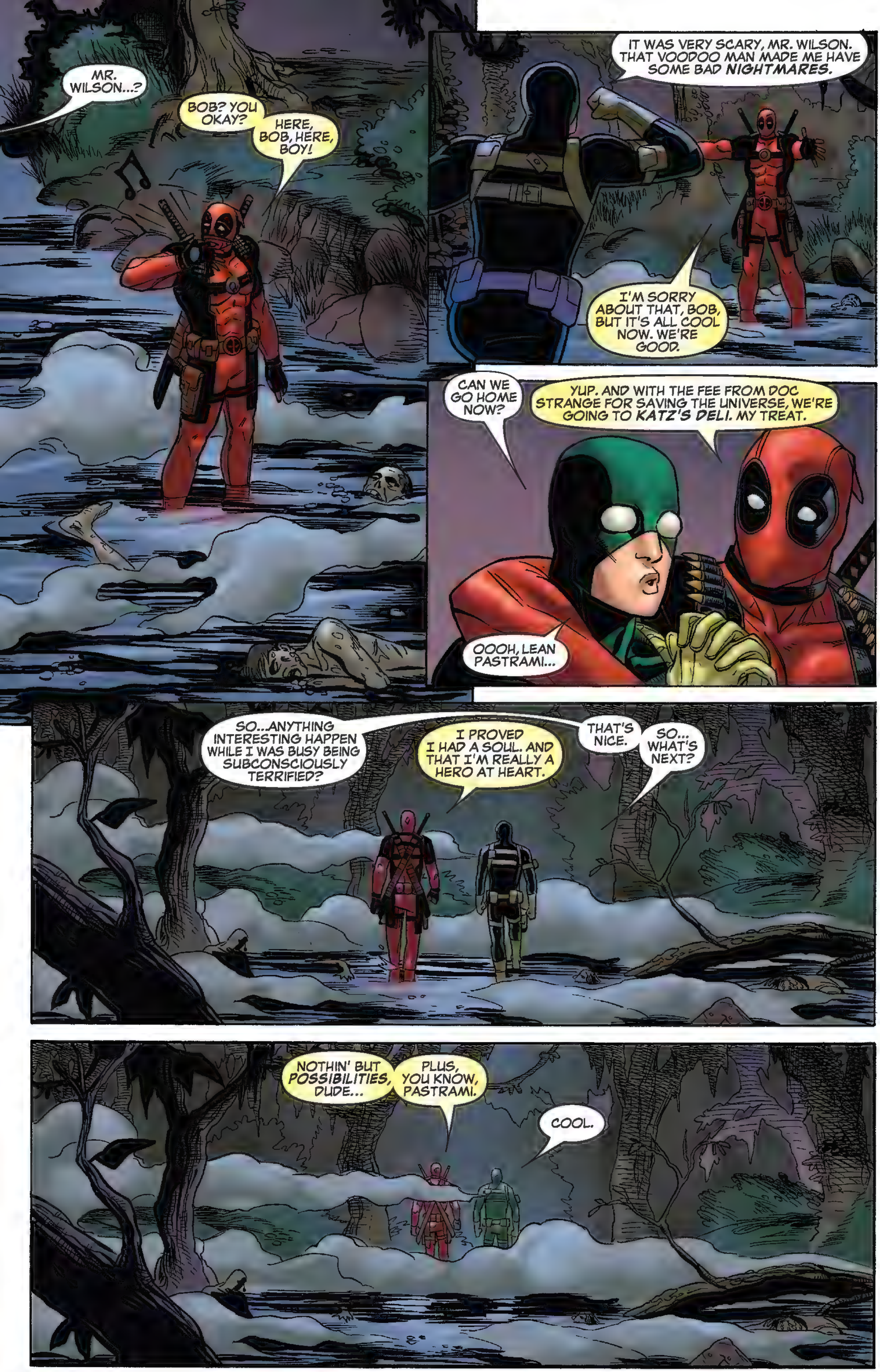

LOOKS LIKE I JUST DID.
WHAT MAKES YOU THINK "KILLING ME" WOULD RESULT IN YOUR ACQUIRING MY SOUL?
SAME THING MADE ME THINK I COULD GROW TALL AND FLY AND SHOOT RAY BEAMS OUT MY BUTT.
KLIK
LEAVE IT TO SOMEONE WHO IGNORES ALL THE RULES TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF A SITUATION WHERE NO RULES APPLY.
SO...GO AHEAD AND SHOOT.
YOU'D ONLY BE GIVING ME WHAT I WANTED, ANYWAY...
...AND *PROVING* EVERYTHING I'VE BEEN SAYING ABOUT YOU ALL ALONG.


YOU KNOW YOU WANT TO. SOLVE ALL YOUR PROBLEMS.
GET ME OUT OF YOUR HAIR FOREVER.
YEAH... 'CEPT I DON'T HAVE ANY HAIR...
BLAM!
NOOOOOO!


THE SOUL RETURNS TO ITS RIGHTFUL HOST.
DEADPOOL WAS SUCCESSFUL.
I CERTAINLY HOPE YOU MADE THE RIGHT DECISION.
I HAD LITTLE CHOICE, JERICHO. TO RESTORE ORDER AND SAVE THE MULTIVERSAL PLANES BY REVIVING A POTENTIAL LETHAL FORCE AND EMBOLDENING ANOTHER...?
AS DISTASTEFUL AS IT MIGHT BE, T-RAY HAS INADVERTENTLY POSITIONED HIMSELF AS A GUARDIAN FOR THE INTEGRITY OF THE DIMENSIONAL BARRIERS.
BUT ALL OF THAT WAS SECONDARY, WASN'T IT, STEPHEN?
AS THE MASTER OF THE MYSTIC ARTS, YOU COULD HANDLE T-RAY AS IF YOU WERE HOUSE-TRAINING A RECALCITRANT PUPPY.
THIS WAS ALWAYS ABOUT WADE WILSON--ABOUT DEADPOOL--BUT WHY?
YOU HAVE TOUCHED WILSON'S SOUL, JERICHO...YOU KNOW WHY.
THANK YOU FOR YOUR HELP.


HE'S GONE. YOU CAN BOTH STOP PRETENDING TO BE UNCONSCIOUS.
THERE YOU HAVE IT. YOU HEARD THE MAN.
YOU BOTH HAVE TO RISE ABOVE THE LIMITS YOU'VE ALLOWED YOURSELVES TO ACCEPT.
COMING FROM SOMEONE WHO KNOWS QUITE A BIT ABOUT SHARING A SOUL, I KNOW IT WON'T BE EASY...
...BUT THE ALTERNATIVE MEANS SQUANDERING YOUR POTENTIAL FOR... GREATNESS...
GREATNESS?
COOL!


I STILL HATE YOU, THOUGH.
LIFE-STEALING, BRAIN-ADDLED SIMPLETON.
MISTER FANTASTIC NEEDS DR. DOOM. CAPTAIN AMERICA NEEDS RED SKULL.
HOWARD THE DUCK NEEDS DR. BONG.
EXACTLY!
WHICH ONE OF US IS WHICH?
AH, DIFFERENT SIDES, SAME COIN, RIGHT?
GOOD POINT.
I STILL HATE YOU.
LONG AS WE **BOTH** KNOW WHO **WON** THIS ROUND, DUDE...
I REALIZED I HAD TO HAVE A SOUL, OR ELSE THOSE LITTLE MARVEL ACTION FIGURINES WOULD HAVE HAD NOWHERE TO COME **FROM.**
BROTHER WHODODATVOODOO WAS JUST **TESTIN'** ME...
...AND I MADE THE RIGHT CHOICE.
I MADE THE RIGHT CHOICE.
COOL.


MR. WILSON...?
BOB? YOU OKAY?
HERE, BOB, HERE, BOY!
IT WAS VERY SCARY, MR. WILSON. THAT VOODOO MAN MADE ME HAVE SOME BAD **NIGHTMARES.**
I'M SORRY ABOUT THAT, BOB, BUT IT'S ALL COOL NOW. WE'RE GOOD.
CAN WE GO HOME NOW?
YUP. AND WITH THE FEE FROM DOC STRANGE FOR SAVING THE UNIVERSE, WE'RE GOING TO **KATZ'S DELI.** MY TREAT.
OOOH, LEAN PASTRAMI...
SO...ANYTHING INTERESTING HAPPEN WHILE I WAS BUSY BEING SUBCONSCIOUSLY TERRIFIED?
I PROVED I HAD A SOUL. AND THAT I'M REALLY A HERO AT HEART.
THAT'S NICE.
SO... WHAT'S NEXT?
NOTHIN' BUT **POSSIBILITIES,** DUDE...
PLUS, YOU KNOW, PASTRAMI.
COOL.

DEAR DEADPOOL

Dear Deadpool,

I was going to start this e-mail with a string of curse words and begging. You see, I've recently read that the amazing title that is Cable & Deadpool is coming to an end.

I've been a big fan of C&DP since the first issue (back when religion was going blue), and it's the best monthly title Marvel puts out – heck, it's even won awards (Wizard's Funniest Letters Page, Comicboards.com's People's Choice Award). So with this (probably my final letter to C&DP), I've got a few things to say (not all are questions, but they are numbered!):

1) First, a big thanks to Fabian Nicieza for all that writing he does, the various artists that have worked on C&DP and Nicole for editing practically the entire series. Also thanks to Deadpool for answering my letters in issues 13, 19 and 25!

2) What are the plans for Deadpool after C&DP?

3) C&DP has lasted longer than most titles, is it going to make it to issue 50?

4) "Hail Hydra!"

5) Was there anything that was going to be put in C&DP that was ever left out (like when directors show outtakes on DVDs)?

I guess that's all I have to say...except for please don't cancel C&DP! (C'mon, I had to beg once.) It's the title that introduced me to B.A.D. Girls, made agents of Hydra cool, showed the world how powerful Cable can be, and lets Deadpool don X-Men outfits (still one of the funniest scenes in any comic ever!).

Regards,
Gary Pickup
Salford, Manchester, UK

Oooh, numbered comments!

1) You're welcome. We did it all in spite of Nicieza's best efforts to ruin us.

2) Good question. Shake the magic 8-ball and it says, "wait and see."

3) Yes. We should have been canceled much earlier, but no one at Marvel realized we were still being published.

4) I leave the sloganeering and dogma to Bob. I just like the whole "cut off one limb" part of the code...

5) Y'know, truth to tell, very little ever got left on the cutting room floor. You'd think that Nicieza guy would be able to self-censor by now.

Dear Deadpool,

Last year, I thought Spider-Man was the funniest and greatest super hero of all time, but then I played Marvel Ultimate Alliance [the video game], and you were so d*** funny, I had to buy your comics, and, umm... here I am, writing you some questions.

1) I recently learned you were Canadian – where are you from?

2) If you got your own movie, who would you want to play you?

3) Now, who do you think they'd get to play you?

4) If you fought Carnage, who would win?

5) I saw on the Internet you have a blog, who writes that?

6) What's a chimichanga?

7) Do you really force-feed vegetarians meatloaf?

P.S. I read on the Marvel website that you're dumber then Wolverine! Say it ain't so!

Sincerely,
Joe from Halifax

Okay, Joe, first things first: you need to learn about Marvel characters from a video game? What're you, some kind of thumb-addled text-messaging new gen–oooh, numbered questions...

1) I am not from Canada. Did they tell you that in a video game? I am red, white, black and blue American.

2) Ask the 8-ball.

3) No, really — ask the 8-ball.

4) What're you, like 11? There aren't any eleven-year-olds reading comics anymore. Go play a video game...

5) I write it myself. Just like these letters pages. I'm real, you know.

6) A tasty, crunchy fried Mexican dough with stuff shoved inside it.

7) No. Someone's eating choices are their own. I respect that, as I respect all life. But non-meat eaters are weenies.

Dear Deadpool,

I was sad and maddened by the announcement that Cable is getting his own book and you appear to be getting the shaft. You are the greatest hero in Marvel. Cable's a great guy and all, but if anyone deserves to take over the book entirely it's you. I hope you get a solo book of your own, or possibly an Agency X book featuring your amazing supporting cast. To fight the good fight, I've written this Pro-Deadpool Protest Song:

My Deadpool lies near cancellation,
Deadpool wants to lie over Bea,
My Deadpool lies near cancellation,
So bring back my Deadpool to me!

And now, because I know you love them, some numbered questions:

1) Is Bob, Agent of Hydra, ever going to reconcile with his wife? If not, maybe it's time he got a divorce and found a woman who loves him. Possibly a barista at the local Starbucks? They would both know what it's like being employed by a world domination enterprise, though Starbucks employs tasty beverages instead of generic, non-denominational fascism.

2) How about employing Taskmaster at Agency X?

3. Will Agent X manage to lose that weight?

4. Did you know that Sandy is Scottish for Alexander?

Your biggest fan:
Sandy Brophy in Edmonton,
Alberta, Canada

Sandy, your song really sucks. I mean, you're a doll and all, if you're a girl Sandy and not a boy Sandy, in which case, what is a boy in this day and age being called "Sandy" for? What? Chad, Chase and Hunter weren't good enough for your parents? Oooh, numbered questions...

1) Wait and see.

2) Wait and see.

3) Wait and see.

4) Wait and – oh, wait, forget that – so, what? You are a guy? Who shortened a cool, macho conqueror's name like Alexander into Sandy? You might as well be called Al. Go mope with Paul Simon. I'm sure you're too young to get that joke, so Nicole will get all mad at me now.

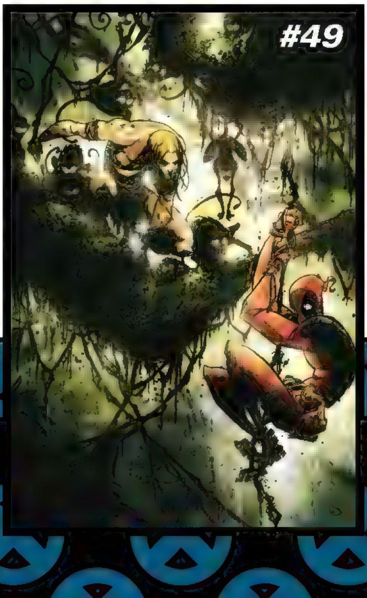
That's all for this month. Two more issues to go, and they are going to be super-fun romps through the Savage Land and New York with Ka-Zar and Zabu and dinosaurs and symbiotes and loads of guest-stars and two-fisted, ham-handed fun. The dang truth is, they are going to be Deadpoolerific comic books!

Our own teen-dream supreme, boy wonder Reilly Brown, will be writin' and drawin', with Nicieza pitchin' in, just enough to get his fingers all in my pie.

See you there – someone bring cake!

NEXT ISSUE:

DEADPOOL TRIES TO GET AHEAD IN THE WORLD!



E-MAIL: MHEROES@MARVEL.COM
MARK E-MAIL "OKAY TO PRINT."
LETTERS MAY BE EDITED FOR CONTENT & LENGTH.

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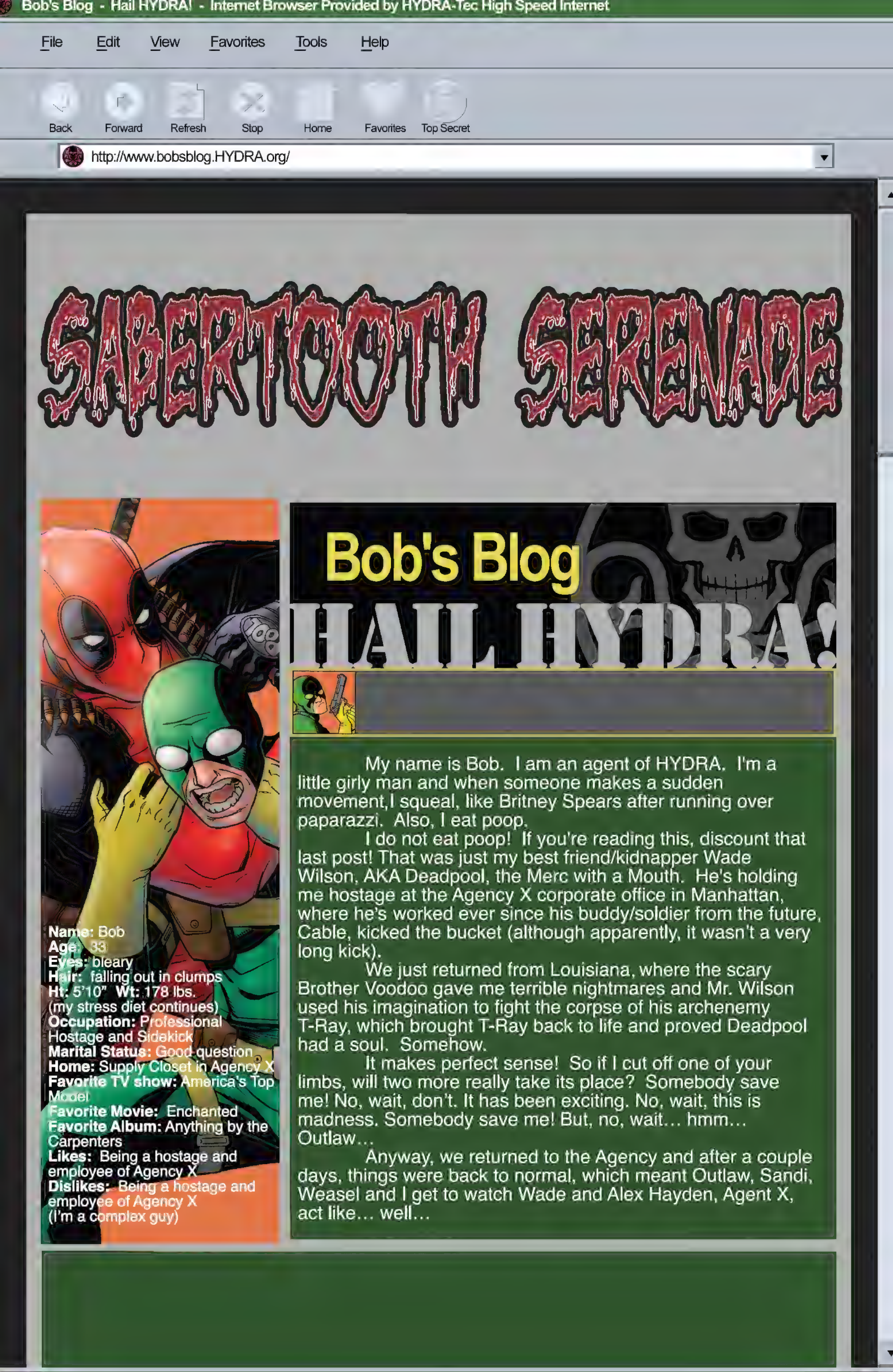

Bob's Blog - Hail HYDRA! - Internet Browser Provided by HYDRA-Tec High Speed Internet
File
Edit
View
Favorites
Tools
Help
Back
Forward
Refresh
Stop
Home
Favorites
Top Secret
http://www.bobsblog.HYDRA.org/
SABERTOOTH SERENADE
100
Bob's Blog
HAIL HYDRA!

Name: Bob
Age: 33
Eyes: bleary
Hair: falling out in clumps
Ht: 5'10" **Wt:** 178 lbs.
(my stress diet continues)
Occupation: Professional Hostage and Sidekick
Marital Status: Good question
Home: Supply Closet in Agency X
Favorite TV show: America's Top Model
Favorite Movie: Enchanted
Favorite Album: Anything by the Carpenters
Likes: Being a hostage and employee of Agency X
Dislikes: Being a hostage and employee of Agency X
(I'm a complex guy)

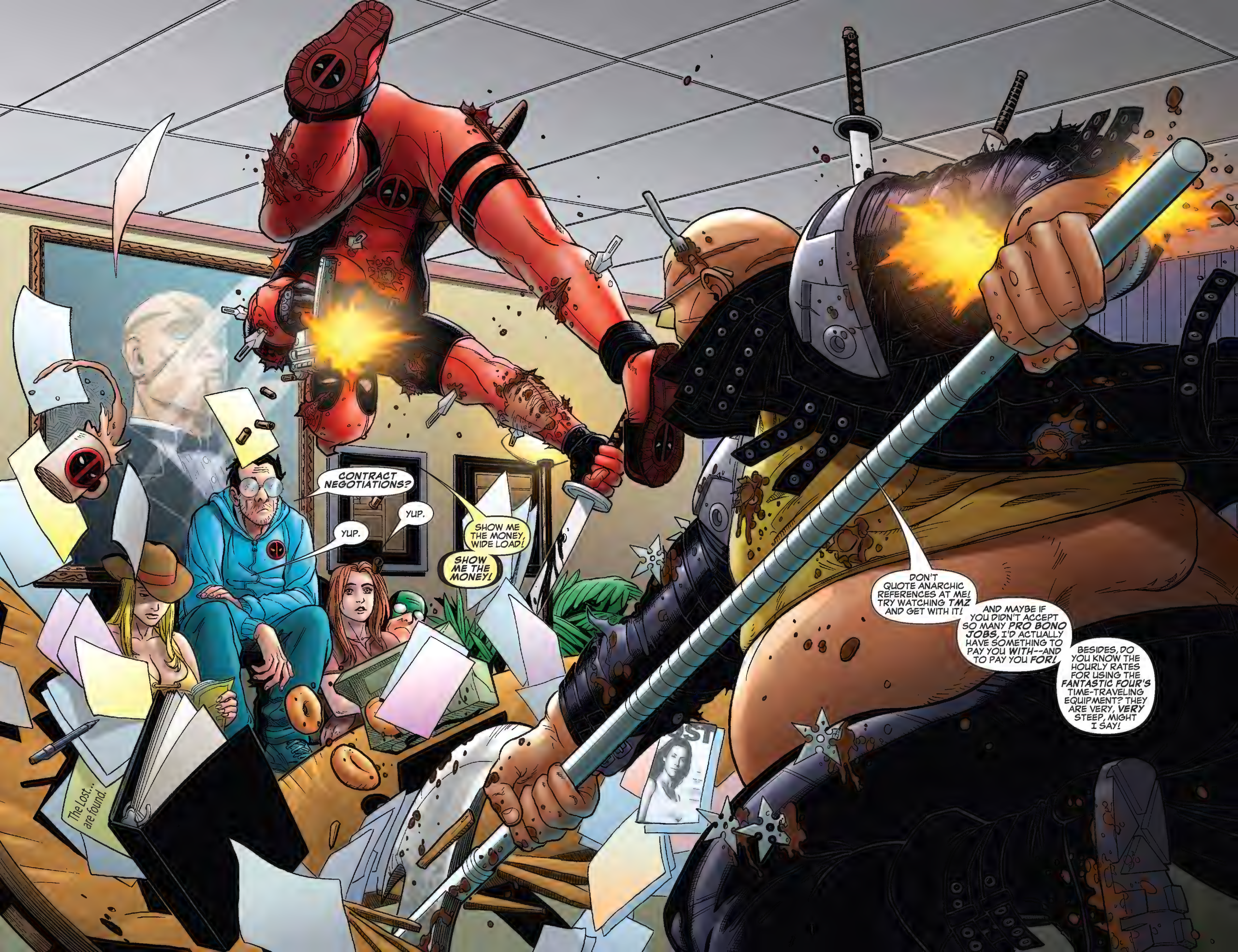
My name is Bob. I am an agent of HYDRA. I'm a little girly man and when someone makes a sudden movement,I squeal, like Britney Spears after running over paparazzi. Also, I eat poop.

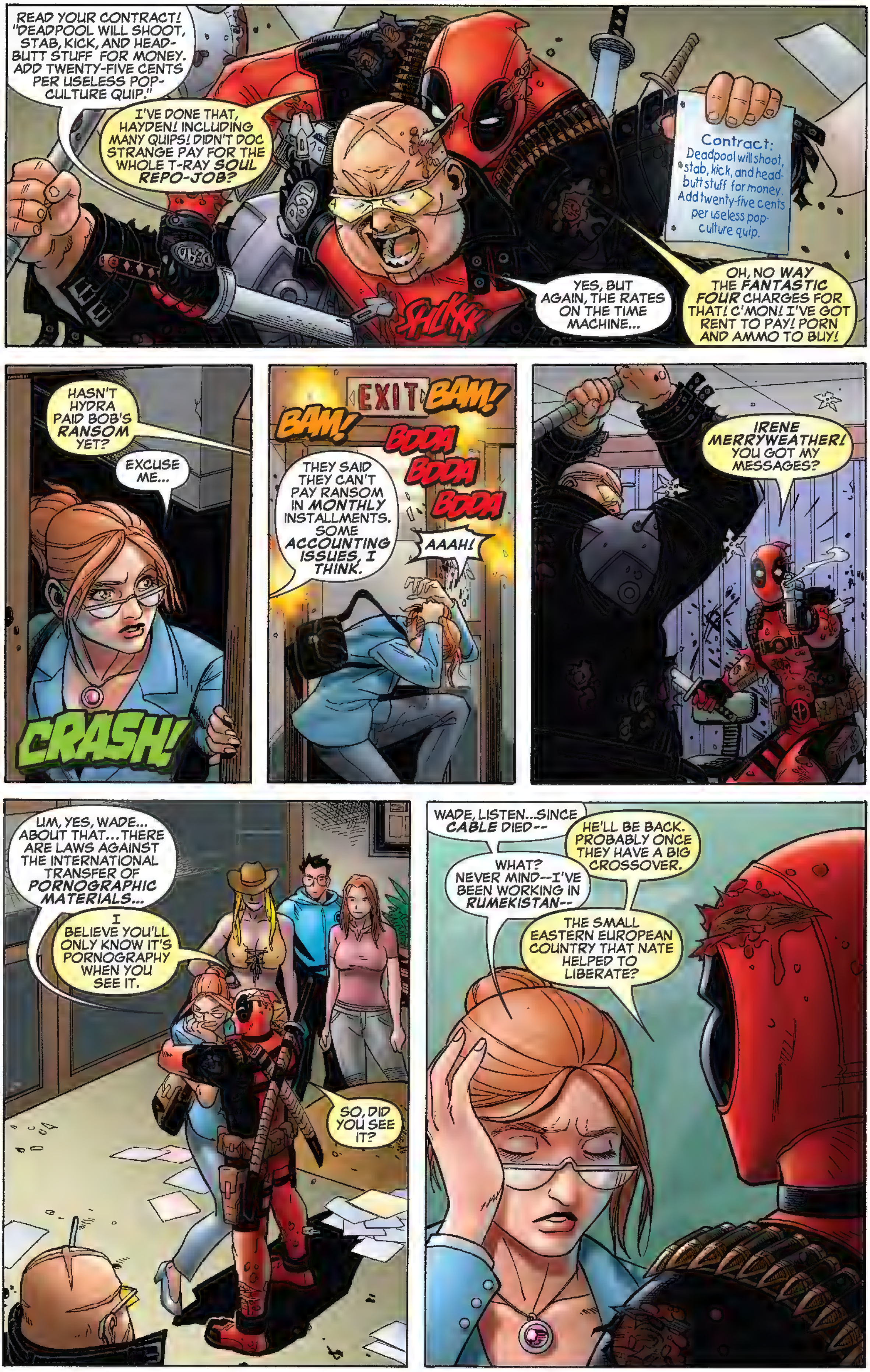
I do not eat poop! If you're reading this, discount that last post! That was just my best friend/kidnapper Wade Wilson, AKA Deadpool, the Merc with a Mouth. He's holding me hostage at the Agency X corporate office in Manhattan, where he's worked ever since his buddy/soldier from the future, Cable, kicked the bucket (although apparently, it wasn't a very long kick).

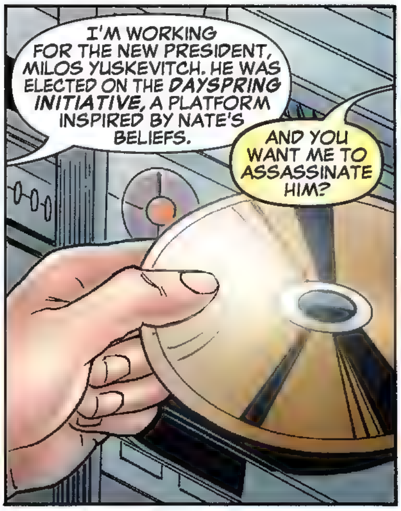
We just returned from Louisiana, where the scary Brother Voodoo gave me terrible nightmares and Mr. Wilson used his imagination to fight the corpse of his archenemy T-Ray, which brought T-Ray back to life and proved Deadpool had a soul. Somehow.

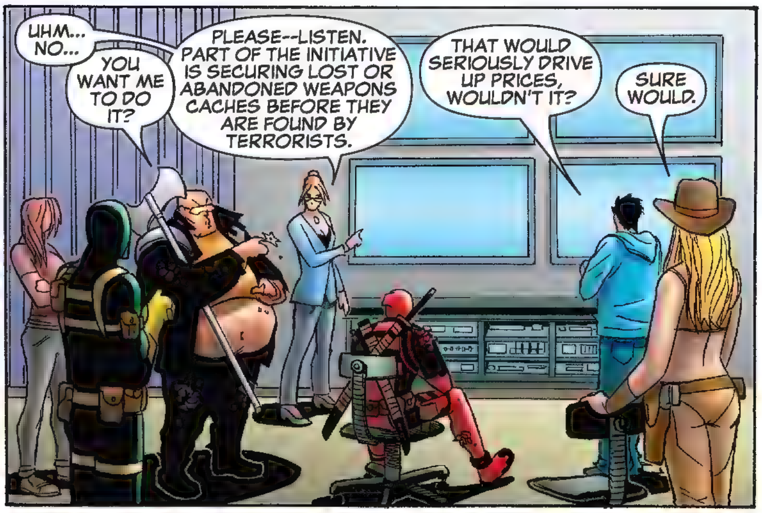
It makes perfect sense! So if I cut off one of your limbs, will two more really take its place? Somebody save me! No, wait, don't. It has been exciting. No, wait, this is madness. Somebody save me! But, no, wait… hmm… Outlaw…

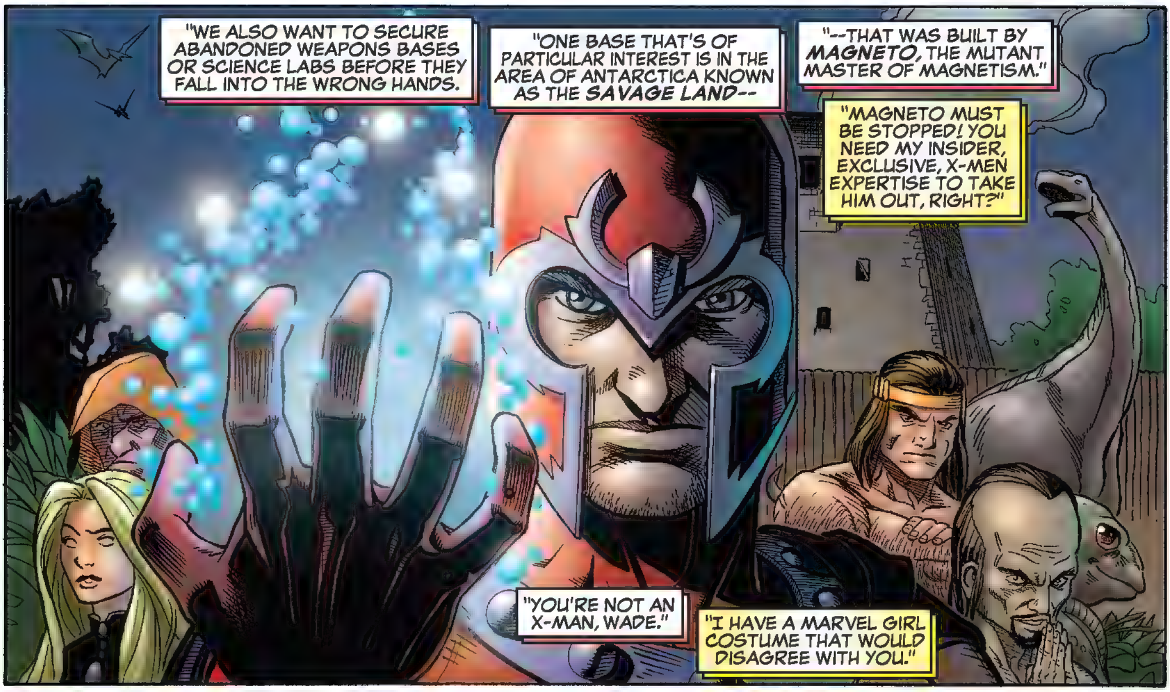
Anyway, we returned to the Agency and after a couple days, things were back to normal, which meant Outlaw, Sandi, Weasel and I get to watch Wade and Alex Hayden, Agent X, act like… well…

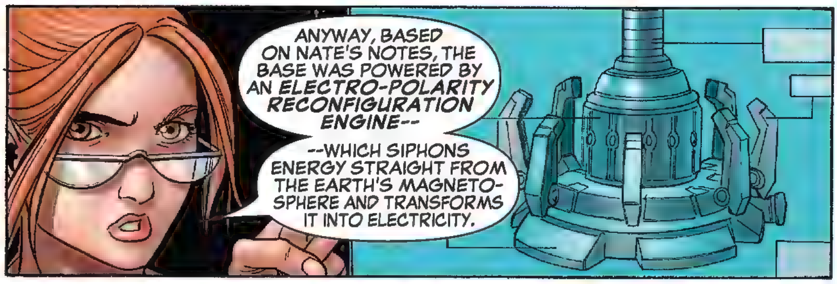

CONTRACT NEGOTIATIONS?
YUP.
YUP.
SHOW ME THE MONEY, WIDE LOAD!
SHOW ME THE MONEY!
DON'T QUOTE ANARCHIC REFERENCES AT ME! TRY WATCHING *TMZ* AND GET WITH IT!
AND MAYBE IF YOU DIDN'T ACCEPT SO MANY **PRO BONO JOBS**, I'D ACTUALLY HAVE SOMETHING TO PAY YOU *WITH*--AND TO PAY YOU *FOR!*
BESIDES, DO YOU KNOW THE HOURLY RATES FOR USING THE **FANTASTIC FOUR'S** TIME-TRAVELING EQUIPMENT? THEY ARE VERY, ***VERY*** STEEP, MIGHT I SAY!
The Lost... are found.
LOST

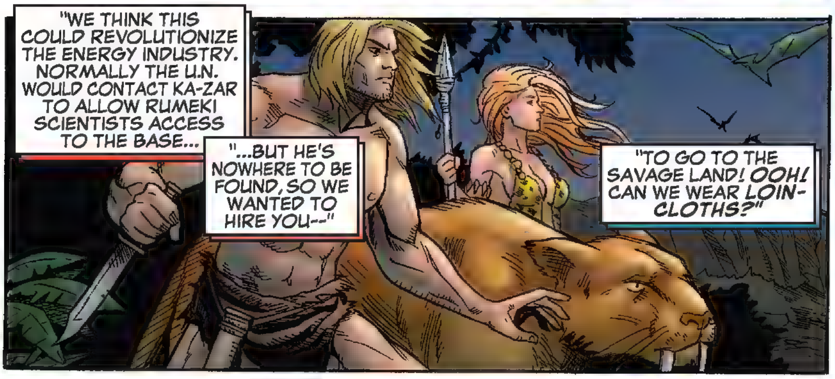

READ YOUR CONTRACT! "DEADPOOL WILL SHOOT, STAB, KICK, AND HEAD-BUTT STUFF FOR MONEY. ADD TWENTY-FIVE CENTS PER USELESS POP-CULTURE QUIP."
I'VE DONE THAT, HAYDEN! INCLUDING MANY QUIPS! DIDN'T DOC STRANGE PAY FOR THE WHOLE T-RAY SOUL REPO-JOB?
Contract: Deadpool will shoot, stab, kick, and head-butt stuff for money. Add twenty-five cents per useless pop-culture quip.
YES, BUT AGAIN, THE RATES ON THE TIME MACHINE...
OH, NO WAY THE FANTASTIC FOUR CHARGES FOR THAT! C'MON! I'VE GOT RENT TO PAY! PORN AND AMMO TO BUY!
SHLKKK
HASN'T HYDRA PAID BOB'S RANSOM YET?
EXCUSE ME...
CRASH!
EXIT
BAM!
BAM!
BDDA
BDDA
BDDA
THEY SAID THEY CAN'T PAY RANSOM IN MONTHLY INSTALLMENTS. SOME ACCOUNTING ISSUES, I THINK.
AAAH!
IRENE MERRYWEATHER! YOU GOT MY MESSAGES?
UM, YES, WADE... ABOUT THAT... THERE ARE LAWS AGAINST THE INTERNATIONAL TRANSFER OF PORNOGRAPHIC MATERIALS...
I BELIEVE YOU'LL ONLY KNOW IT'S PORNOGRAPHY WHEN YOU SEE IT.
SO, DID YOU SEE IT?
WADE, LISTEN...SINCE CABLE DIED--
HE'LL BE BACK. PROBABLY ONCE THEY HAVE A BIG CROSSOVER.
WHAT? NEVER MIND--I'VE BEEN WORKING IN RUMEKISTAN--
THE SMALL EASTERN EUROPEAN COUNTRY THAT NATE HELPED TO LIBERATE?

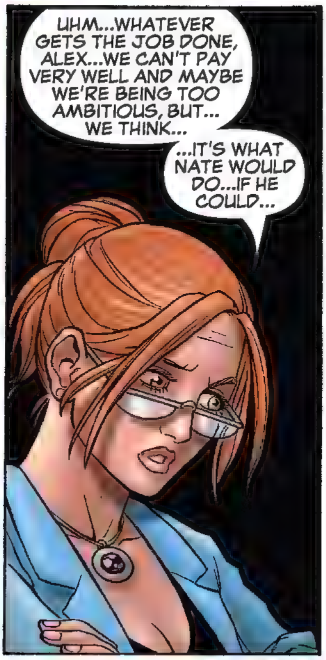

I'M WORKING FOR THE NEW PRESIDENT, MILOS YUSKEVITCH. HE WAS ELECTED ON THE *DAYSPRING INITIATIVE*, A PLATFORM INSPIRED BY NATE'S BELIEFS.
AND YOU WANT ME TO ASSASSINATE HIM?

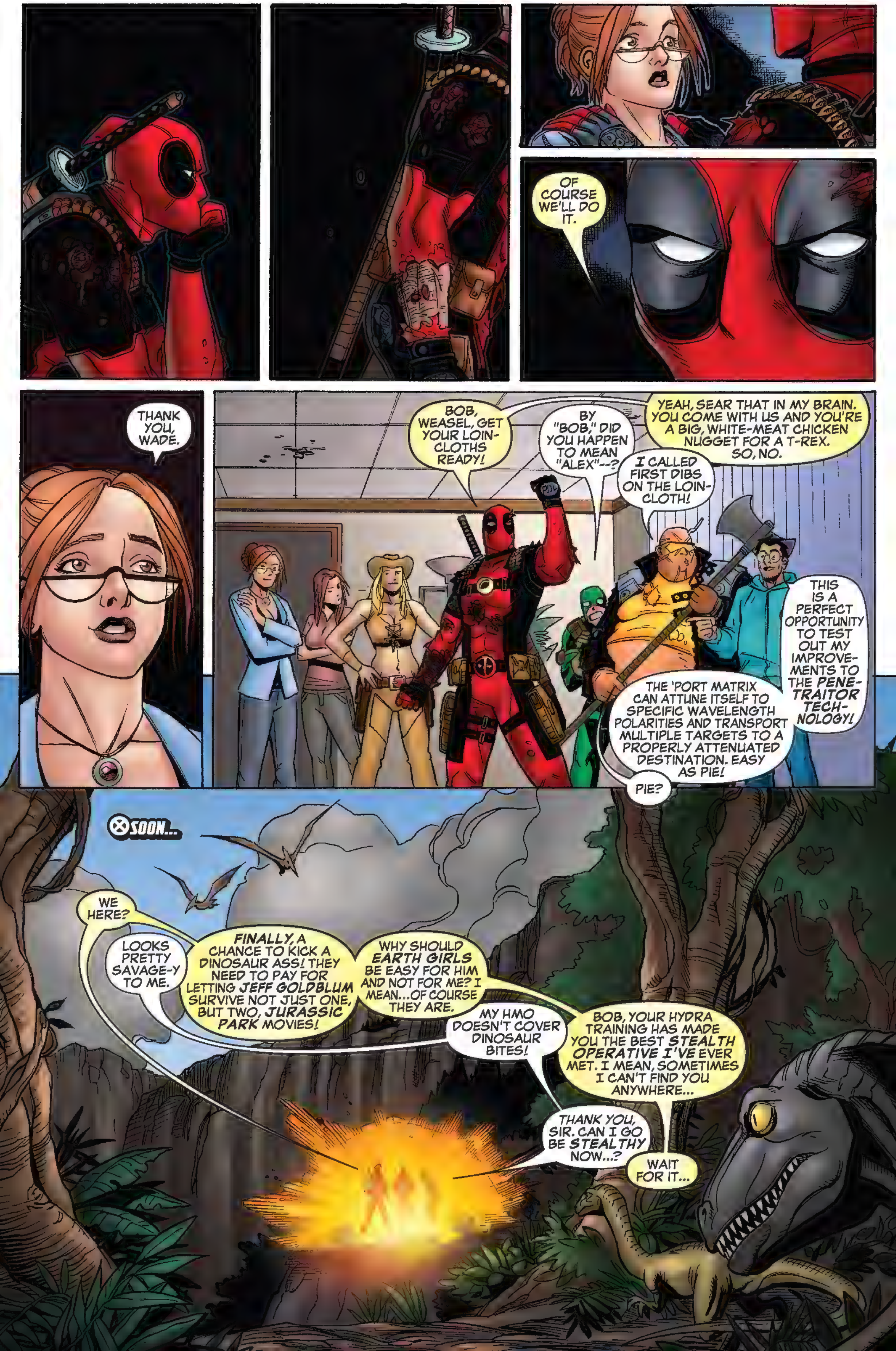

UHM... NO...
YOU WANT ME TO DO IT?
PLEASE--LISTEN. PART OF THE INITIATIVE IS SECURING LOST OR ABANDONED WEAPONS CACHES BEFORE THEY ARE FOUND BY TERRORISTS.
THAT WOULD SERIOUSLY DRIVE UP PRICES, WOULDN'T IT?
SURE WOULD.

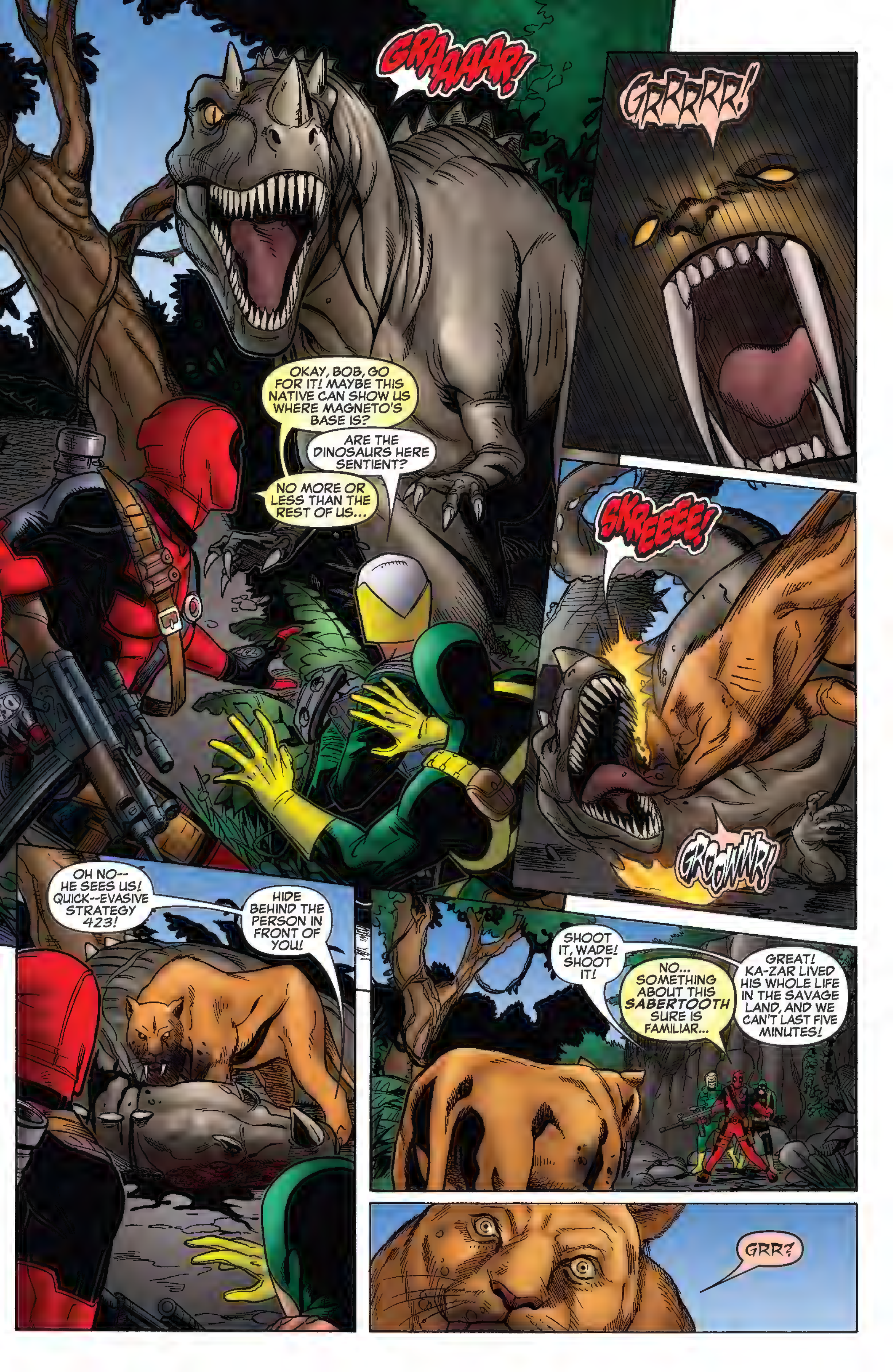

"WE ALSO WANT TO SECURE ABANDONED WEAPONS BASES OR SCIENCE LABS BEFORE THEY FALL INTO THE WRONG HANDS.
"ONE BASE THAT'S OF PARTICULAR INTEREST IS IN THE AREA OF ANTARCTICA KNOWN AS THE *SAVAGE LAND*--
"--THAT WAS BUILT BY *MAGNETO*, THE MUTANT MASTER OF MAGNETISM."
"MAGNETO MUST BE STOPPED! YOU NEED MY INSIDER, EXCLUSIVE, X-MEN EXPERTISE TO TAKE HIM OUT, RIGHT?"
"YOU'RE NOT AN X-MAN, WADE."
"I HAVE A MARVEL GIRL COSTUME THAT WOULD DISAGREE WITH YOU."

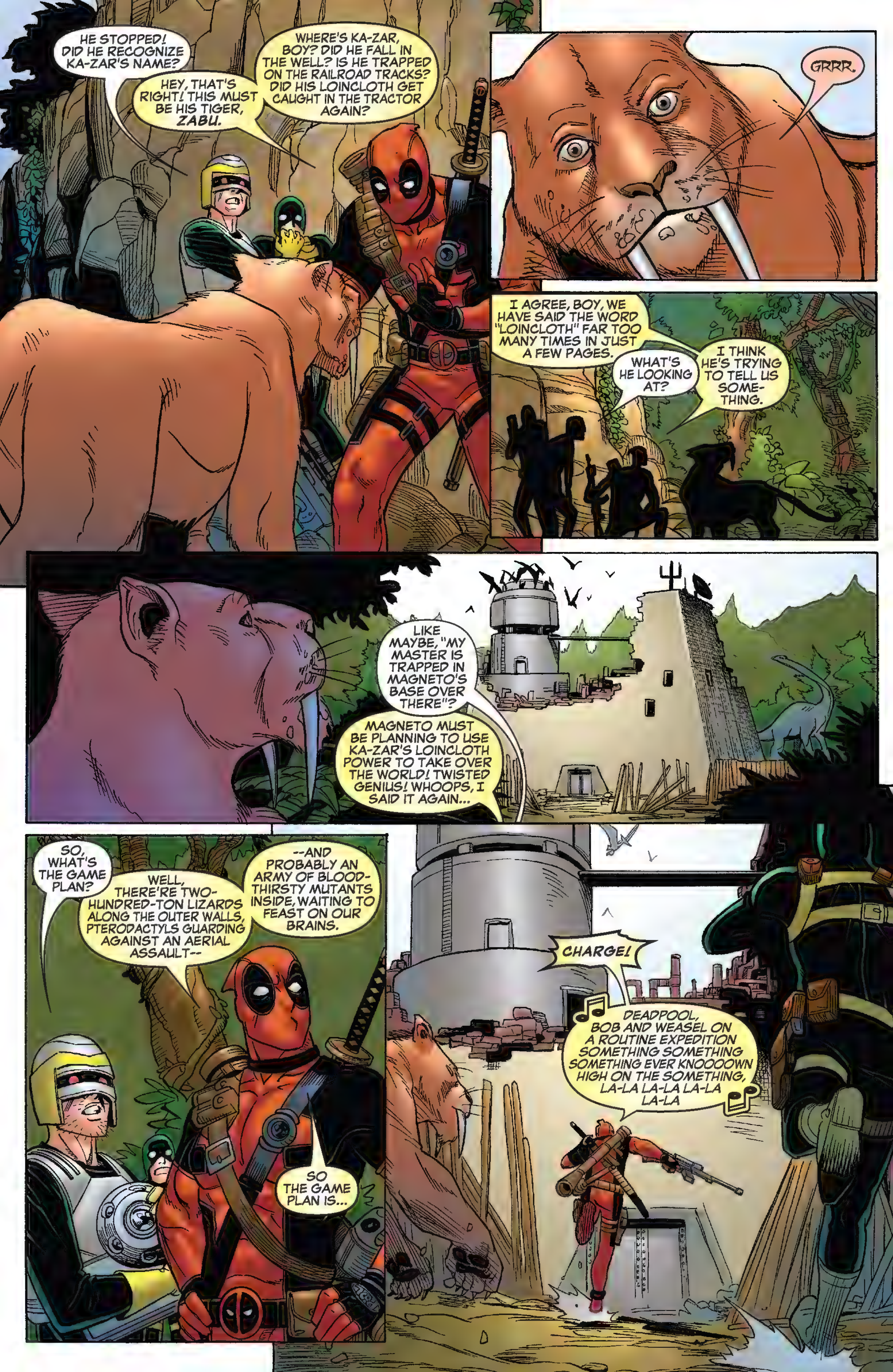

ANYWAY, BASED ON NATE'S NOTES, THE BASE WAS POWERED BY AN *ELECTRO-POLARITY RECONFIGURATION ENGINE*--
--WHICH SIPHONS ENERGY STRAIGHT FROM THE EARTH'S MAGNETOSPHERE AND TRANSFORMS IT INTO ELECTRICITY.

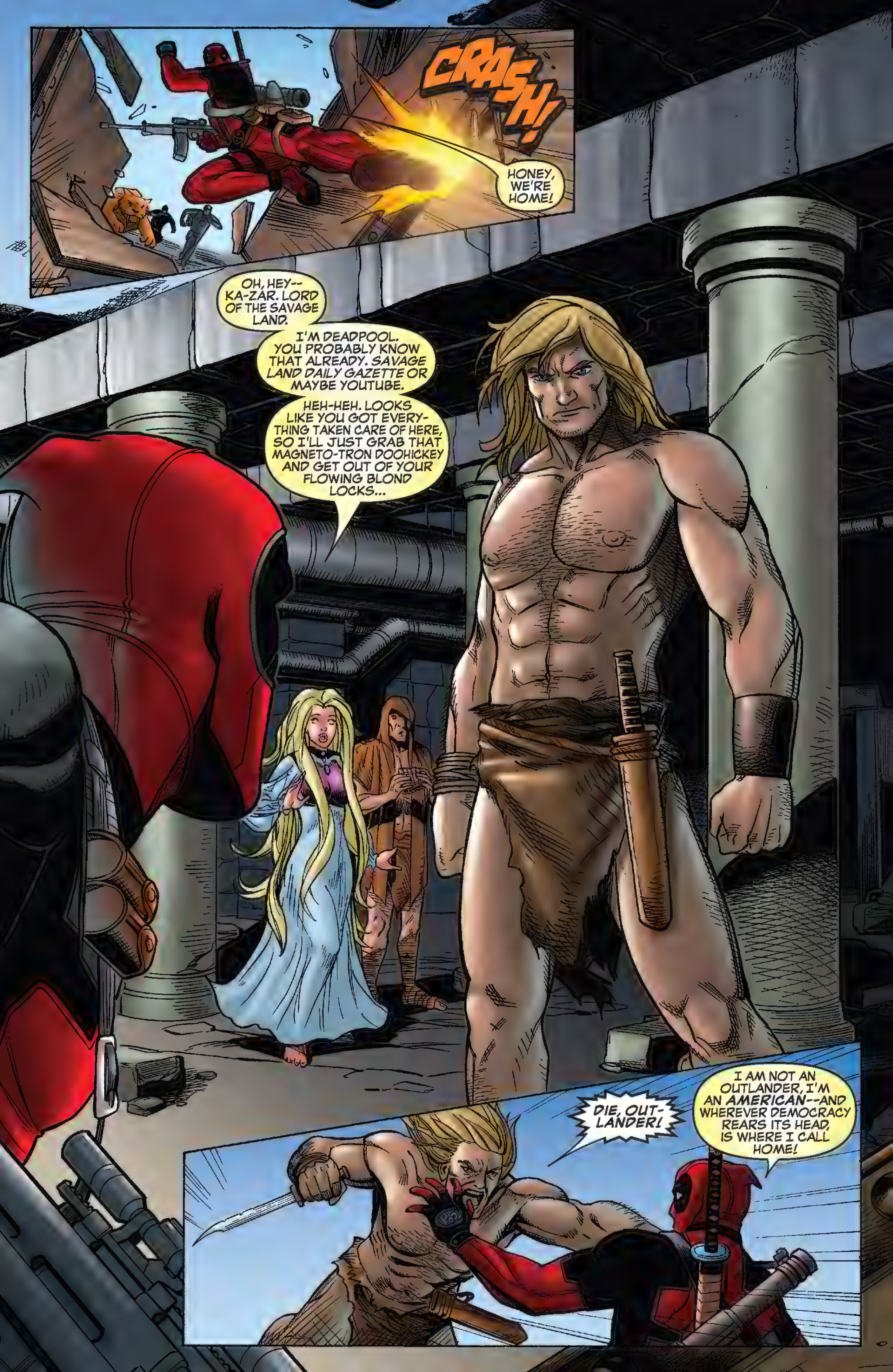

"WE THINK THIS COULD REVOLUTIONIZE THE ENERGY INDUSTRY. NORMALLY THE U.N. WOULD CONTACT KA-ZAR TO ALLOW RUMEKI SCIENTISTS ACCESS TO THE BASE...
"...BUT HE'S NOWHERE TO BE FOUND, SO WE WANTED TO HIRE YOU--"
"TO GO TO THE SAVAGE LAND! *OOH!* CAN WE WEAR *LOINCLOTHS?*"

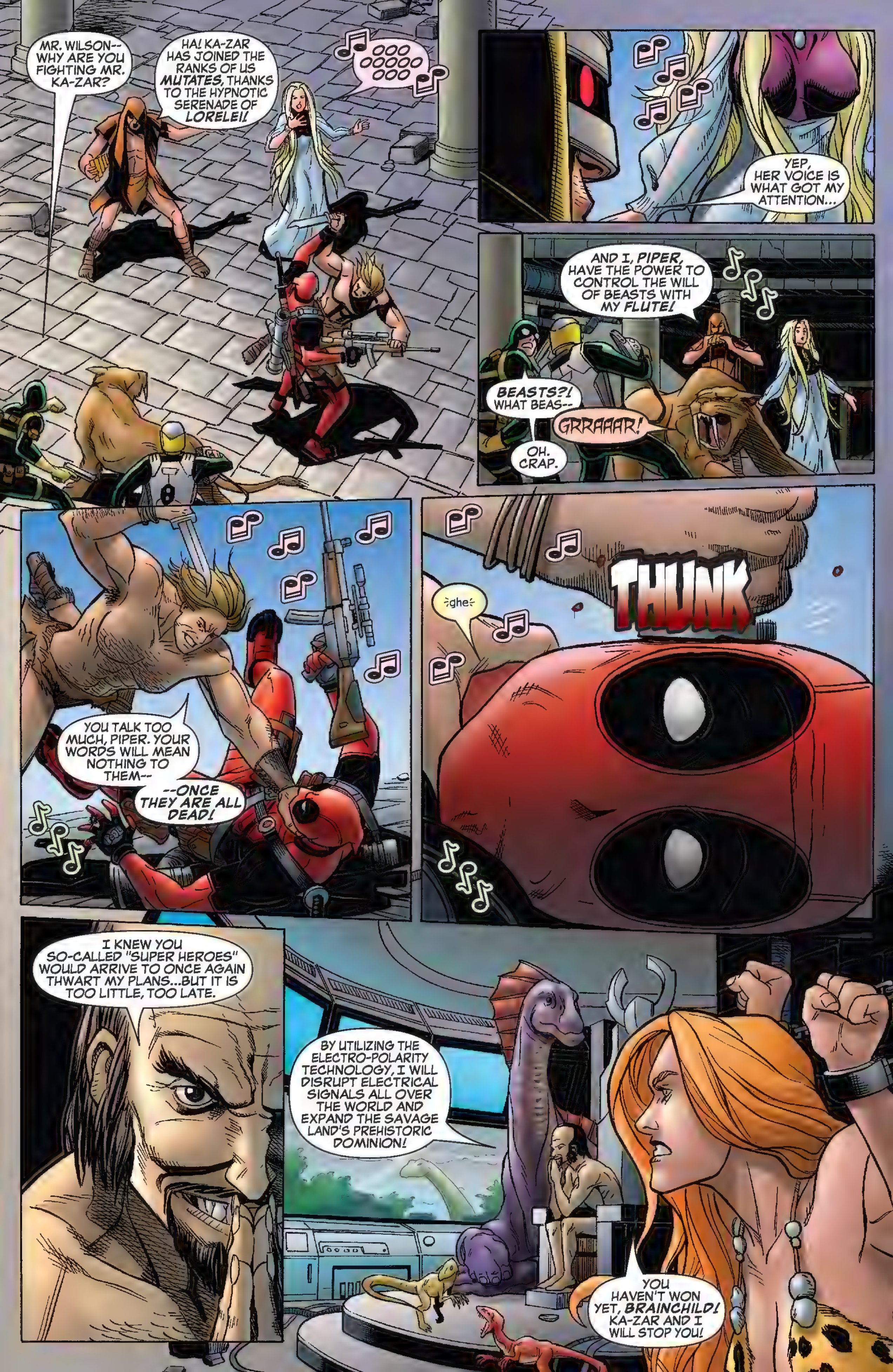

UHM...WHATEVER GETS THE JOB DONE, ALEX...WE CAN'T PAY VERY WELL AND MAYBE WE'RE BEING TOO AMBITIOUS, BUT... WE THINK...
...IT'S WHAT NATE WOULD DO...IF HE COULD...

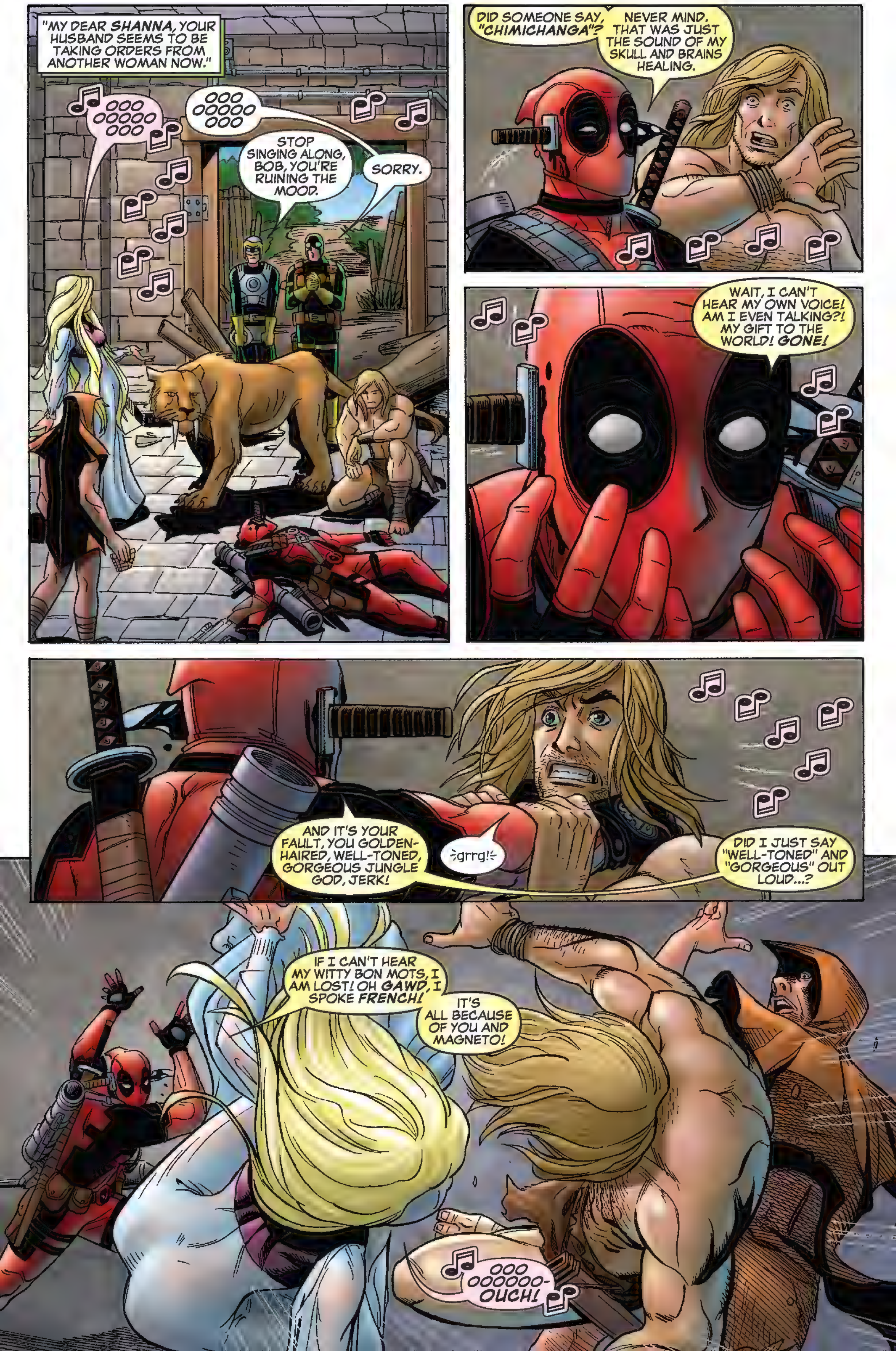

OF COURSE WE'LL DO IT.
THANK YOU, WADE.
BOB, WEASEL, GET YOUR LOINCLOTHS READY!
BY "BOB," DID YOU HAPPEN TO MEAN "ALEX"--?
YEAH, SEAR THAT IN MY BRAIN. YOU COME WITH US AND YOU'RE A BIG, WHITE-MEAT CHICKEN NUGGET FOR A T-REX. SO, NO.
I CALLED FIRST DIBS ON THE LOINCLOTH!
THIS IS A PERFECT OPPORTUNITY TO TEST OUT MY IMPROVEMENTS TO THE PENETRAITOR TECHNOLOGY!
THE 'PORT MATRIX CAN ATTUNE ITSELF TO SPECIFIC WAVELENGTH POLARITIES AND TRANSPORT MULTIPLE TARGETS TO A PROPERLY ATTENUATED DESTINATION. EASY AS PIE!
PIE?
SOON...
WE HERE?
LOOKS PRETTY SAVAGE-Y TO ME.
FINALLY, A CHANCE TO KICK A DINOSAUR ASS! THEY NEED TO PAY FOR LETTING JEFF GOLDBLUM SURVIVE NOT JUST ONE, BUT TWO, JURASSIC PARK MOVIES!
WHY SHOULD EARTH GIRLS BE EASY FOR HIM AND NOT FOR ME? I MEAN...OF COURSE THEY ARE.
MY HMO DOESN'T COVER DINOSAUR BITES!
BOB, YOUR HYDRA TRAINING HAS MADE YOU THE BEST STEALTH OPERATIVE I'VE EVER MET. I MEAN, SOMETIMES I CAN'T FIND YOU ANYWHERE...
THANK YOU, SIR. CAN I GO BE STEALTHY NOW...?
WAIT FOR IT...

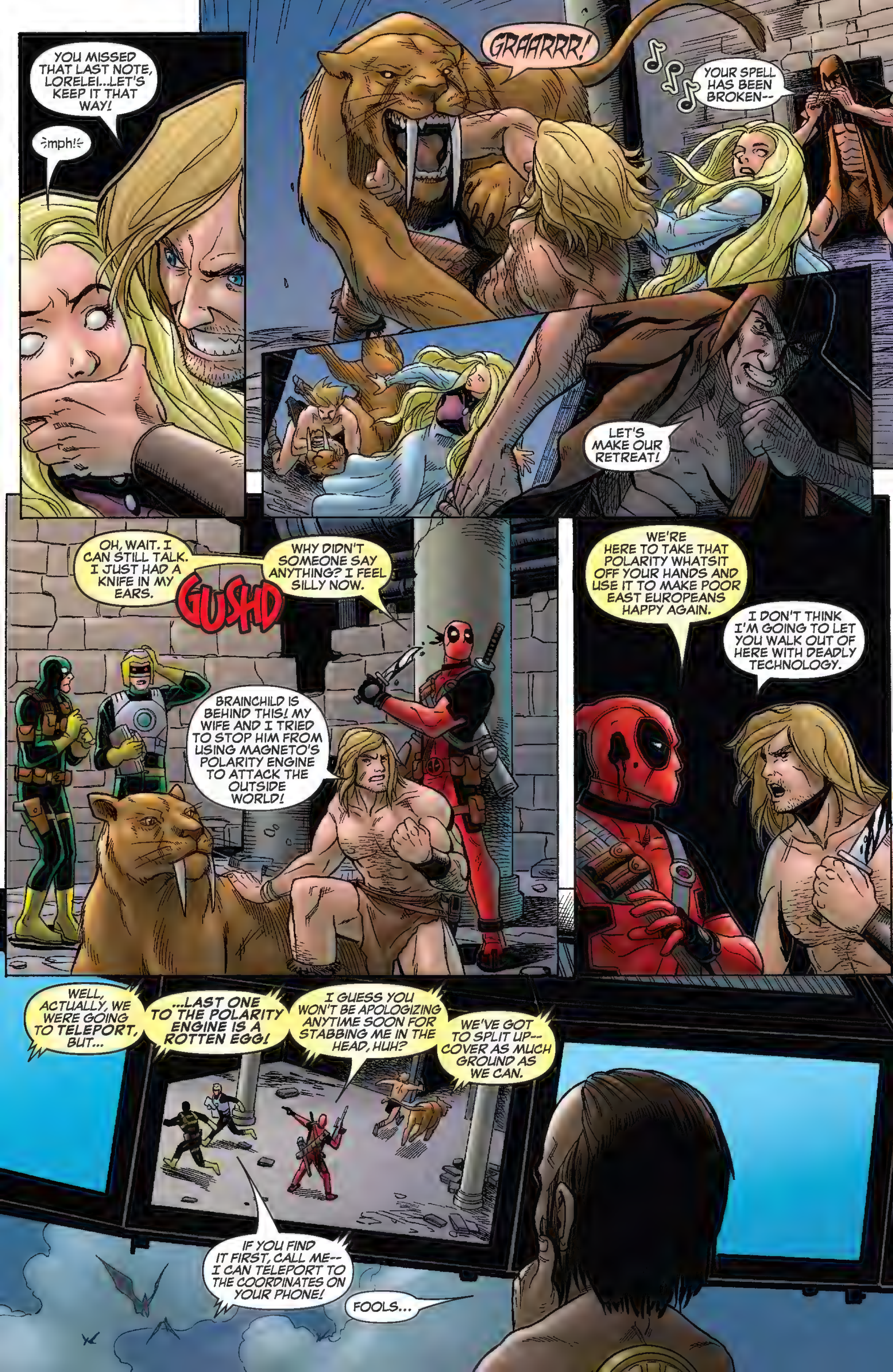

GRAAAAR!
OKAY, BOB, GO FOR IT! MAYBE THIS NATIVE CAN SHOW US WHERE MAGNETO'S BASE IS?
ARE THE DINOSAURS HERE SENTIENT?
NO MORE OR LESS THAN THE REST OF US...
GRRRRR!
SKREEEE!
GROOWWR!
OH NO-- HE SEES US! QUICK--EVASIVE STRATEGY 423!
HIDE BEHIND THE PERSON IN FRONT OF YOU!
SHOOT IT, WADE! SHOOT IT!
NO... SOMETHING ABOUT THIS SABERTOOTH SURE IS FAMILIAR...
GREAT! KA-ZAR LIVED HIS WHOLE LIFE IN THE SAVAGE LAND, AND WE CAN'T LAST FIVE MINUTES!
GRR?

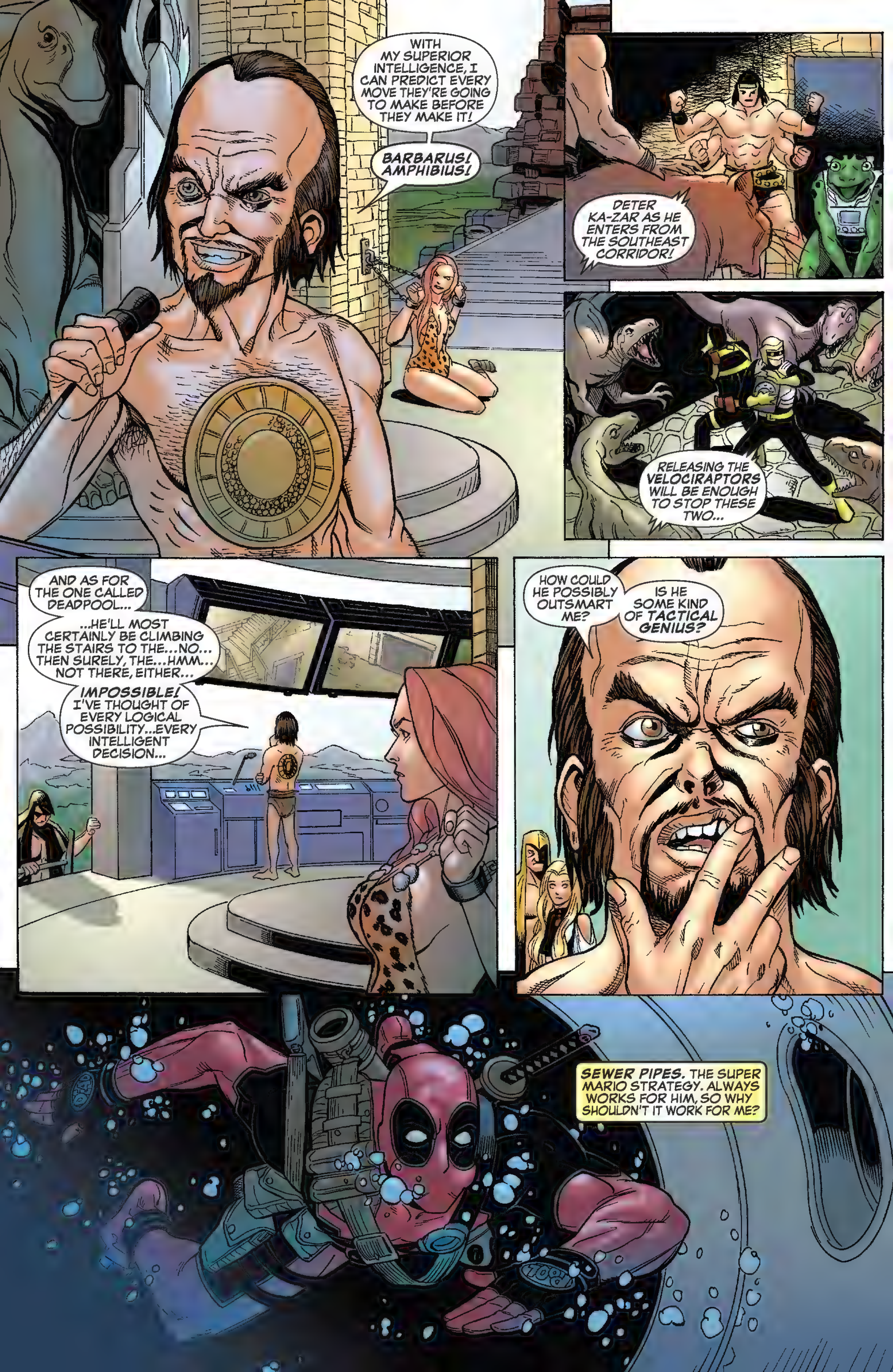

HE STOPPED! DID HE RECOGNIZE KA-ZAR'S NAME?
HEY, THAT'S RIGHT! THIS MUST BE HIS TIGER, *ZABU.*
WHERE'S KA-ZAR, BOY? DID HE FALL IN THE WELL? IS HE TRAPPED ON THE RAILROAD TRACKS? DID HIS LOINCLOTH GET CAUGHT IN THE TRACTOR AGAIN?
GRRR.
I AGREE, BOY, WE HAVE SAID THE WORD "LOINCLOTH" FAR TOO MANY TIMES IN JUST A FEW PAGES.
WHAT'S HE LOOKING AT?
I THINK HE'S TRYING TO TELL US SOME-THING.
LIKE MAYBE, "MY MASTER IS TRAPPED IN MAGNETO'S BASE OVER THERE"?
MAGNETO MUST BE PLANNING TO USE KA-ZAR'S LOINCLOTH POWER TO TAKE OVER THE WORLD! TWISTED GENIUS! WHOOPS, I SAID IT AGAIN...
SO, WHAT'S THE GAME PLAN?
WELL, THERE'RE TWO-HUNDRED-TON LIZARDS ALONG THE OUTER WALLS, PTERODACTYLS GUARDING AGAINST AN AERIAL ASSAULT--
--AND PROBABLY AN ARMY OF BLOOD-THIRSTY MUTANTS INSIDE, WAITING TO FEAST ON OUR BRAINS.
SO THE GAME PLAN IS...
CHARGE!
♫ DEADPOOL, BOB AND WEASEL ON A ROUTINE EXPEDITION SOMETHING SOMETHING SOMETHING EVER KNOOOOWN HIGH ON THE SOMETHING, LA-LA LA-LA LA-LA LA-LA ♫

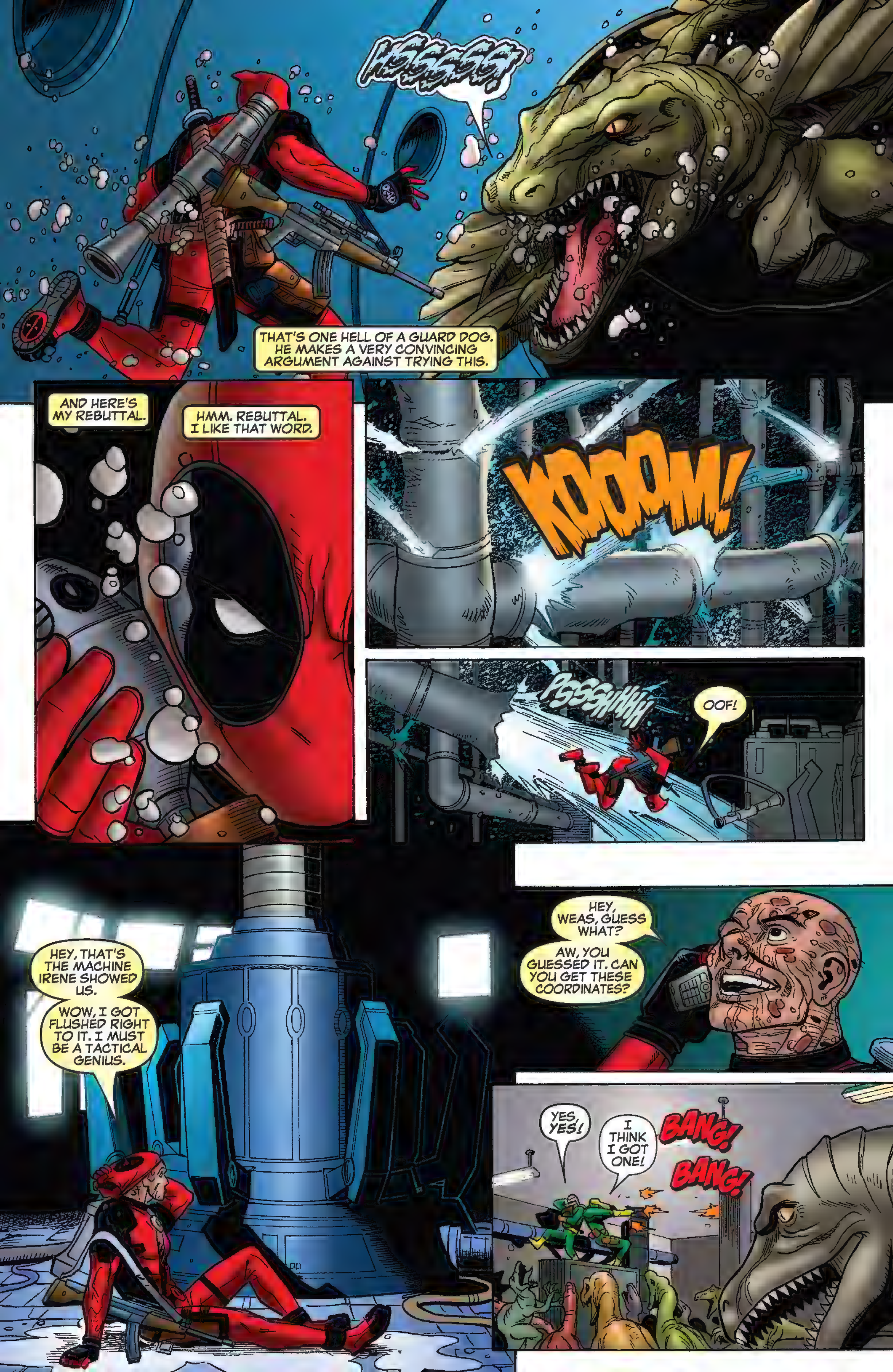

CRASH!
HONEY, WE'RE HOME!
OH, HEY-- KA-ZAR. LORD OF THE SAVAGE LAND.
I'M DEADPOOL. YOU PROBABLY KNOW THAT ALREADY. SAVAGE LAND DAILY GAZETTE OR MAYBE YOUTUBE.
HEH-HEH. LOOKS LIKE YOU GOT EVERYTHING TAKEN CARE OF HERE, SO I'LL JUST GRAB THAT MAGNETO-TRON DOOHICKEY AND GET OUT OF YOUR FLOWING BLOND LOCKS...
DIE, OUTLANDER!
I AM NOT AN OUTLANDER, I'M AN AMERICAN--AND WHEREVER DEMOCRACY REARS ITS HEAD, IS WHERE I CALL HOME!

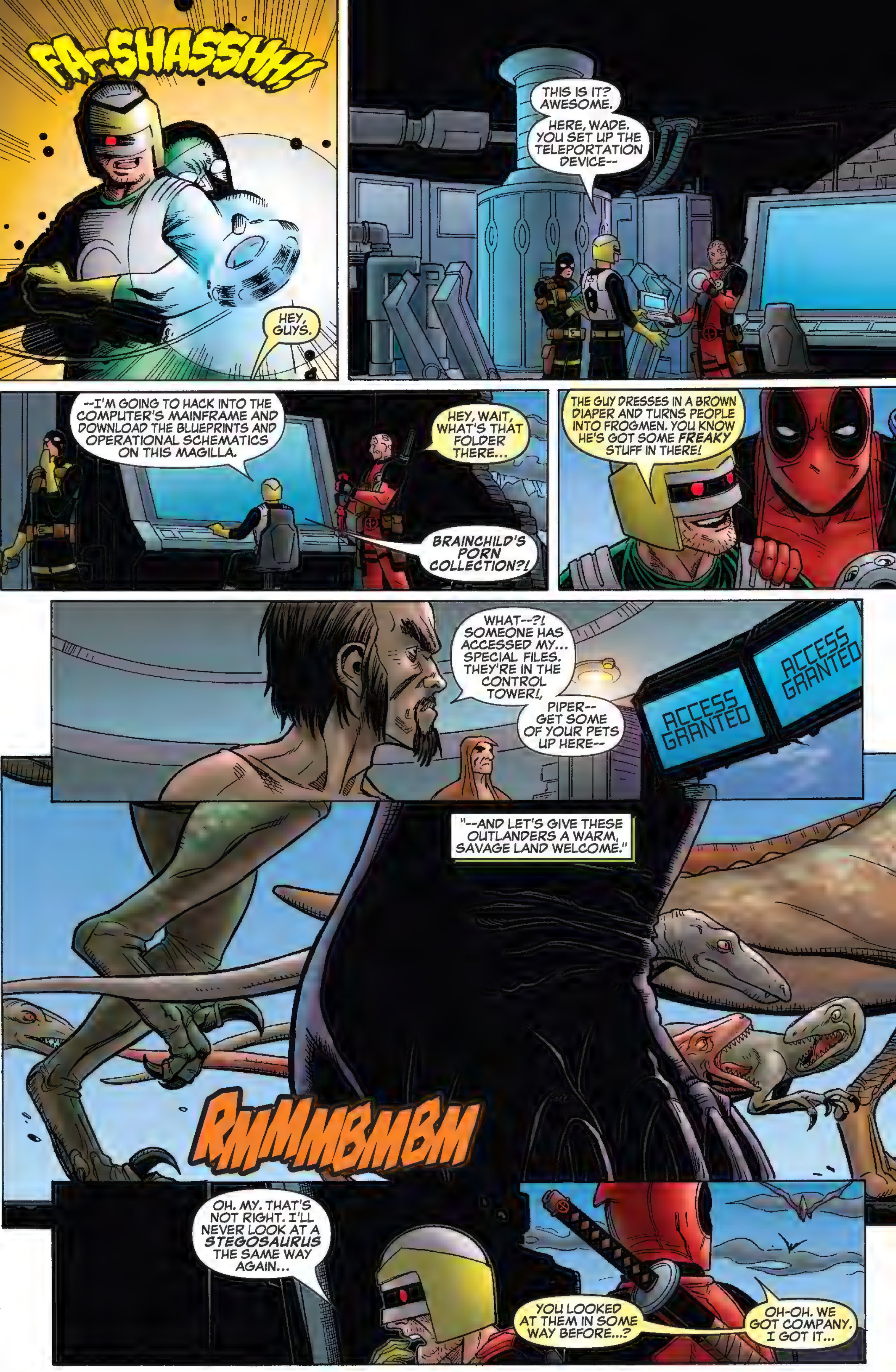

MR. WILSON-- WHY ARE YOU FIGHTING MR. KA-ZAR?
HA! KA-ZAR HAS JOINED THE RANKS OF US **MUTATES**, THANKS TO THE HYPNOTIC SERENADE OF **LORELEI**!
OOO OOOOO OOO
YEP, HER VOICE IS WHAT GOT MY ATTENTION...
AND I, **PIPER**, HAVE THE POWER TO CONTROL THE WILL OF BEASTS WITH MY **FLUTE**!
BEASTS?! WHAT BEAS--
GRRAAAR!
OH. CRAP.
YOU TALK TOO MUCH, PIPER. YOUR WORDS WILL MEAN NOTHING TO THEM--
--ONCE THEY ARE ALL DEAD!
ghe
THUNK
I KNEW YOU SO-CALLED "SUPER HEROES" WOULD ARRIVE TO ONCE AGAIN THWART MY PLANS...BUT IT IS TOO LITTLE, TOO LATE.
BY UTILIZING THE ELECTRO-POLARITY TECHNOLOGY, I WILL DISRUPT ELECTRICAL SIGNALS ALL OVER THE WORLD AND EXPAND THE SAVAGE LAND'S PREHISTORIC DOMINION!
YOU HAVEN'T WON YET, **BRAINCHILD**! KA-ZAR AND I WILL STOP YOU!

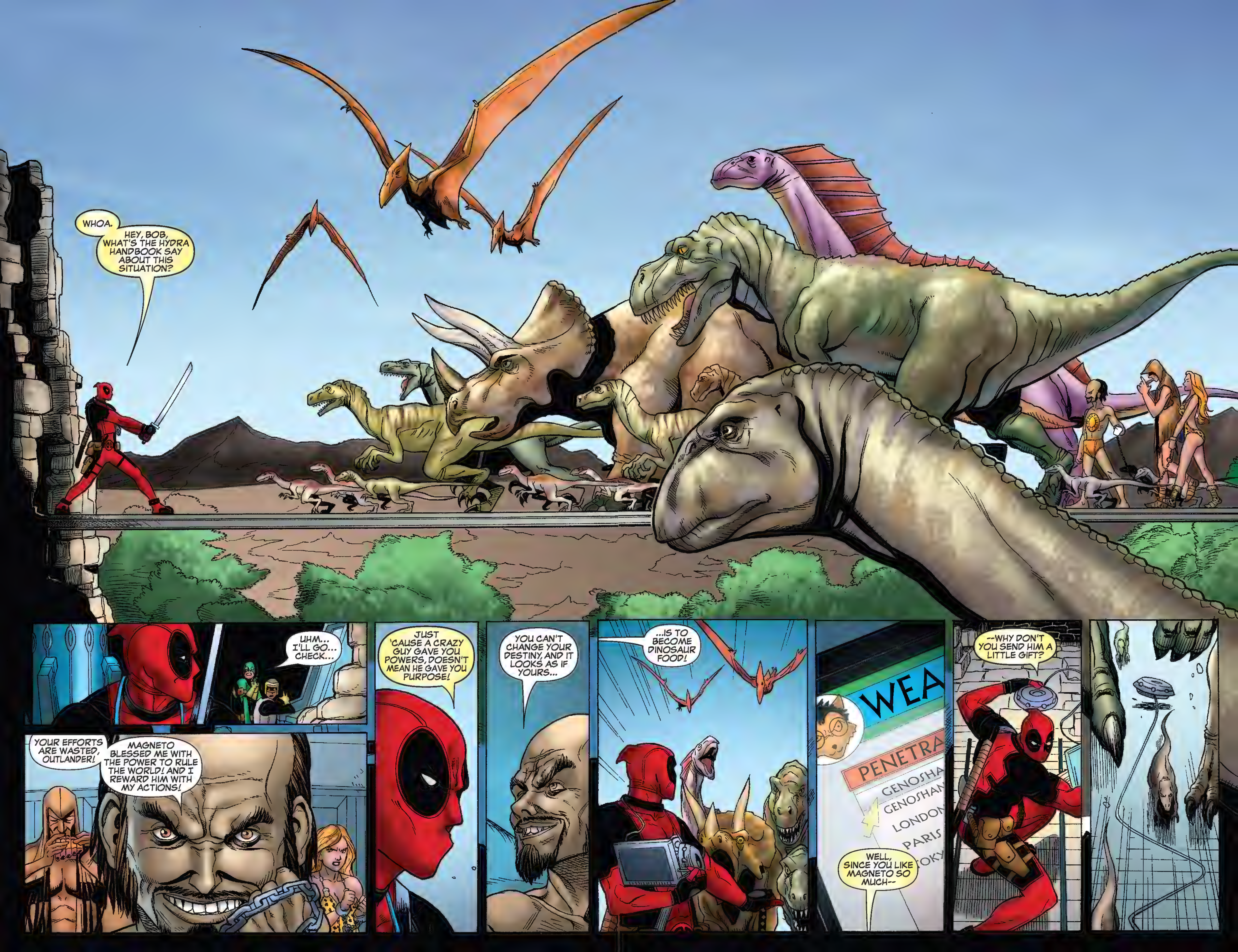

"MY DEAR *SHANNA*, YOUR HUSBAND SEEMS TO BE TAKING ORDERS FROM ANOTHER WOMAN NOW."
OOO OOOOO OOO
OOO OOOOO OOO
STOP SINGING ALONG, BOB, YOU'RE RUINING THE MOOD.
SORRY.
DID SOMEONE SAY, "*CHIMICHANGA*"?
NEVER MIND. THAT WAS JUST THE SOUND OF MY SKULL AND BRAINS HEALING.
WAIT, I CAN'T HEAR MY OWN VOICE! AM I EVEN TALKING?! MY GIFT TO THE WORLD! *GONE!*
AND IT'S YOUR FAULT, YOU GOLDEN-HAIRED, WELL-TONED, GORGEOUS JUNGLE GOD, JERK!
grrg!
DID I JUST SAY "WELL-TONED" AND "GORGEOUS" OUT LOUD...?
IF I CAN'T HEAR MY WITTY BON MOTS, I AM LOST! OH *GAWD*, I SPOKE *FRENCH!*
IT'S ALL BECAUSE OF YOU AND MAGNETO!
OOO OOOOOO-OUCH!

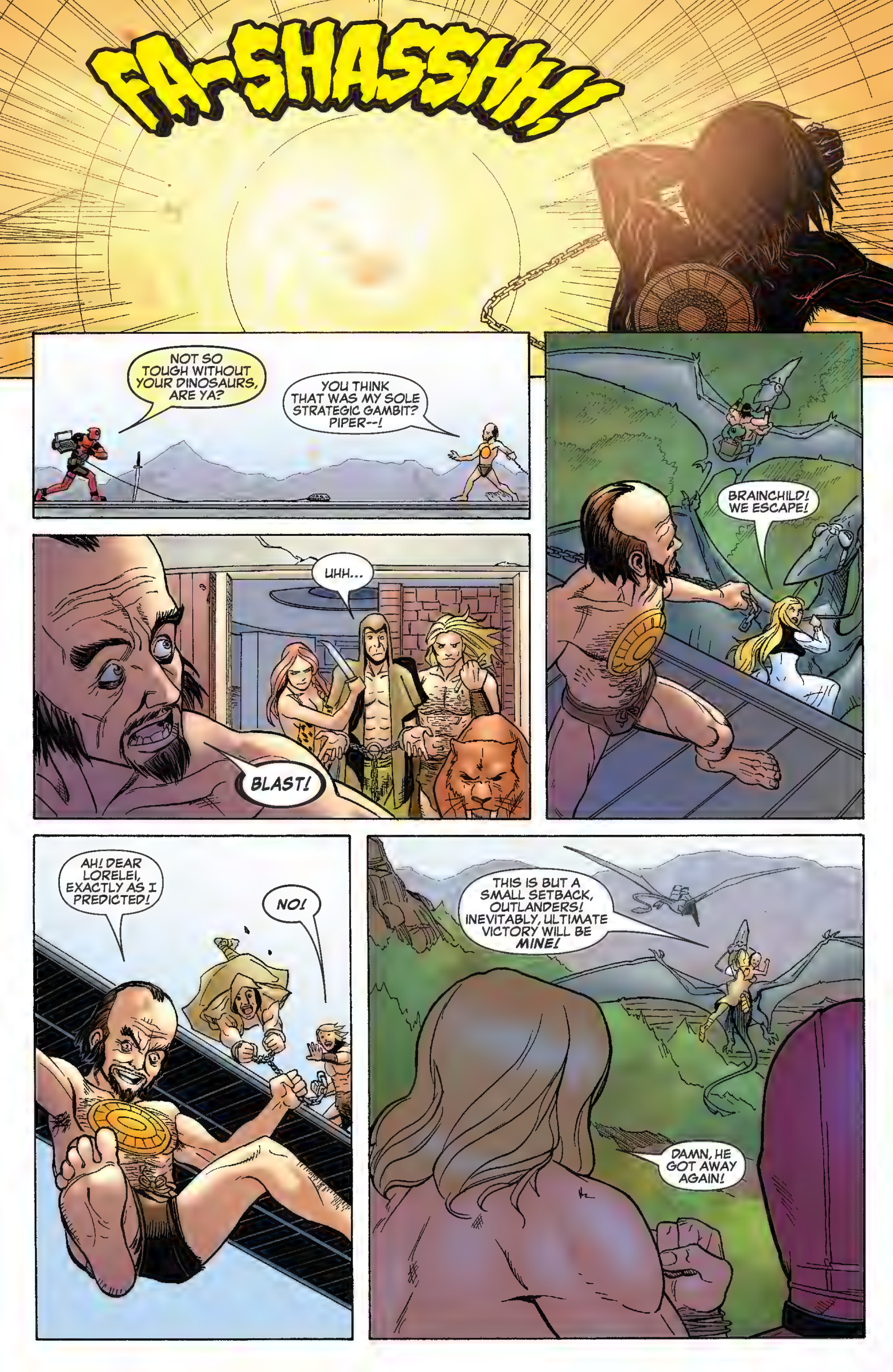

YOU MISSED THAT LAST NOTE, LORELEI...LET'S KEEP IT THAT WAY!
mph!
GRAARRR!
YOUR SPELL HAS BEEN BROKEN--
LET'S MAKE OUR RETREAT!
OH, WAIT. I CAN STILL TALK. I JUST HAD A KNIFE IN MY EARS.
GUSHD
WHY DIDN'T SOMEONE SAY ANYTHING? I FEEL SILLY NOW.
BRAINCHILD IS BEHIND THIS! MY WIFE AND I TRIED TO STOP HIM FROM USING MAGNETO'S POLARITY ENGINE TO ATTACK THE OUTSIDE WORLD!
WE'RE HERE TO TAKE THAT POLARITY WHATSIT OFF YOUR HANDS AND USE IT TO MAKE POOR EAST EUROPEANS HAPPY AGAIN.
I DON'T THINK I'M GOING TO LET YOU WALK OUT OF HERE WITH DEADLY TECHNOLOGY.
WELL, ACTUALLY, WE WERE GOING TO TELEPORT, BUT...
...LAST ONE TO THE POLARITY ENGINE IS A ROTTEN EGG!
I GUESS YOU WON'T BE APOLOGIZING ANYTIME SOON FOR STABBING ME IN THE HEAD, HUH?
WE'VE GOT TO SPLIT UP-- COVER AS MUCH GROUND AS WE CAN.
IF YOU FIND IT FIRST, CALL ME-- I CAN TELEPORT TO THE COORDINATES ON YOUR PHONE!
FOOLS...

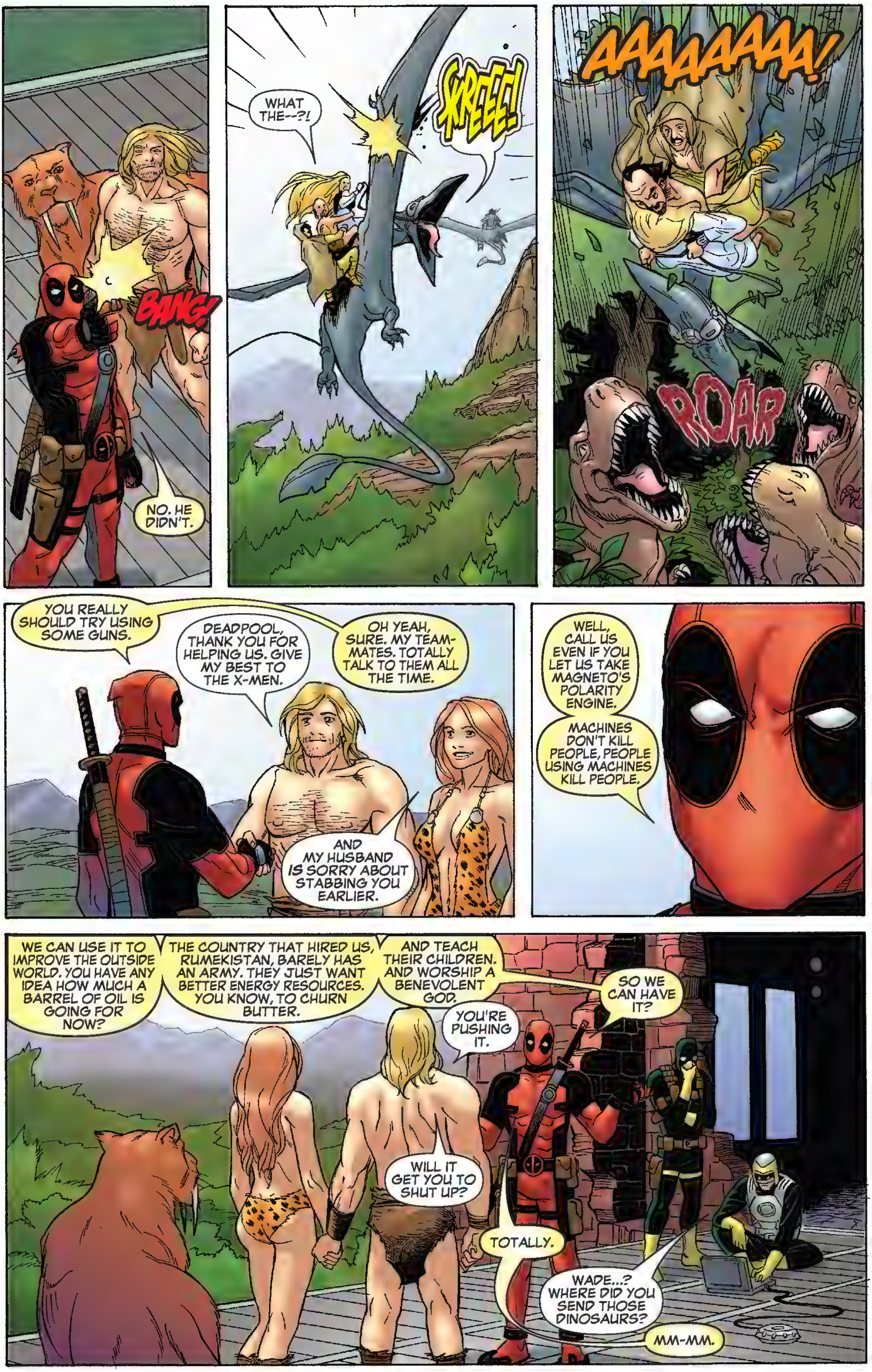

WITH MY SUPERIOR INTELLIGENCE, I CAN PREDICT EVERY MOVE THEY'RE GOING TO MAKE BEFORE THEY MAKE IT!
BARBARUS! AMPHIBIUS!
DETER KA-ZAR AS HE ENTERS FROM THE SOUTHEAST CORRIDOR!
RELEASING THE VELOCIRAPTORS WILL BE ENOUGH TO STOP THESE TWO...
AND AS FOR THE ONE CALLED DEADPOOL...
...HE'LL MOST CERTAINLY BE CLIMBING THE STAIRS TO THE...NO... THEN SURELY, THE...HMM... NOT THERE, EITHER...
IMPOSSIBLE! I'VE THOUGHT OF EVERY LOGICAL POSSIBILITY...EVERY INTELLIGENT DECISION...
HOW COULD HE POSSIBLY OUTSMART ME?
IS HE SOME KIND OF TACTICAL GENIUS?
SEWER PIPES. THE SUPER MARIO STRATEGY. ALWAYS WORKS FOR HIM, SO WHY SHOULDN'T IT WORK FOR ME?

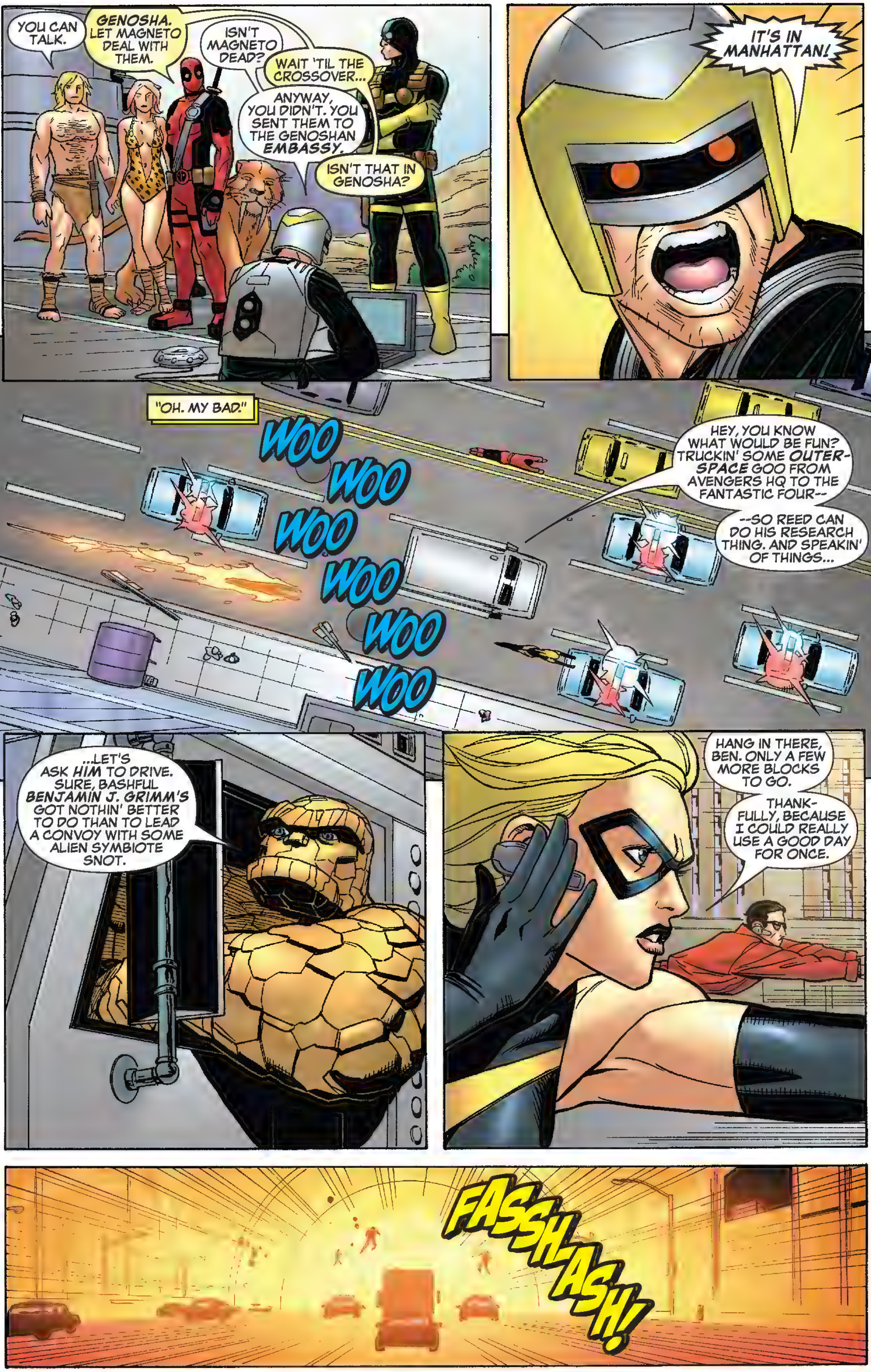

HISSSSS!
THAT'S ONE HELL OF A GUARD DOG. HE MAKES A VERY CONVINCING ARGUMENT AGAINST TRYING THIS.
AND HERE'S MY REBUTTAL.
HMM. REBUTTAL. I LIKE THAT WORD.
KOOOM!
PSSSHHHH
OOF!
HEY, THAT'S THE MACHINE IRENE SHOWED US.
WOW, I GOT FLUSHED RIGHT TO IT. I MUST BE A TACTICAL GENIUS.
HEY, WEAS, GUESS WHAT?
AW, YOU GUESSED IT. CAN YOU GET THESE COORDINATES?
YES, YES!
I THINK I GOT ONE!
BANG!
BANG!

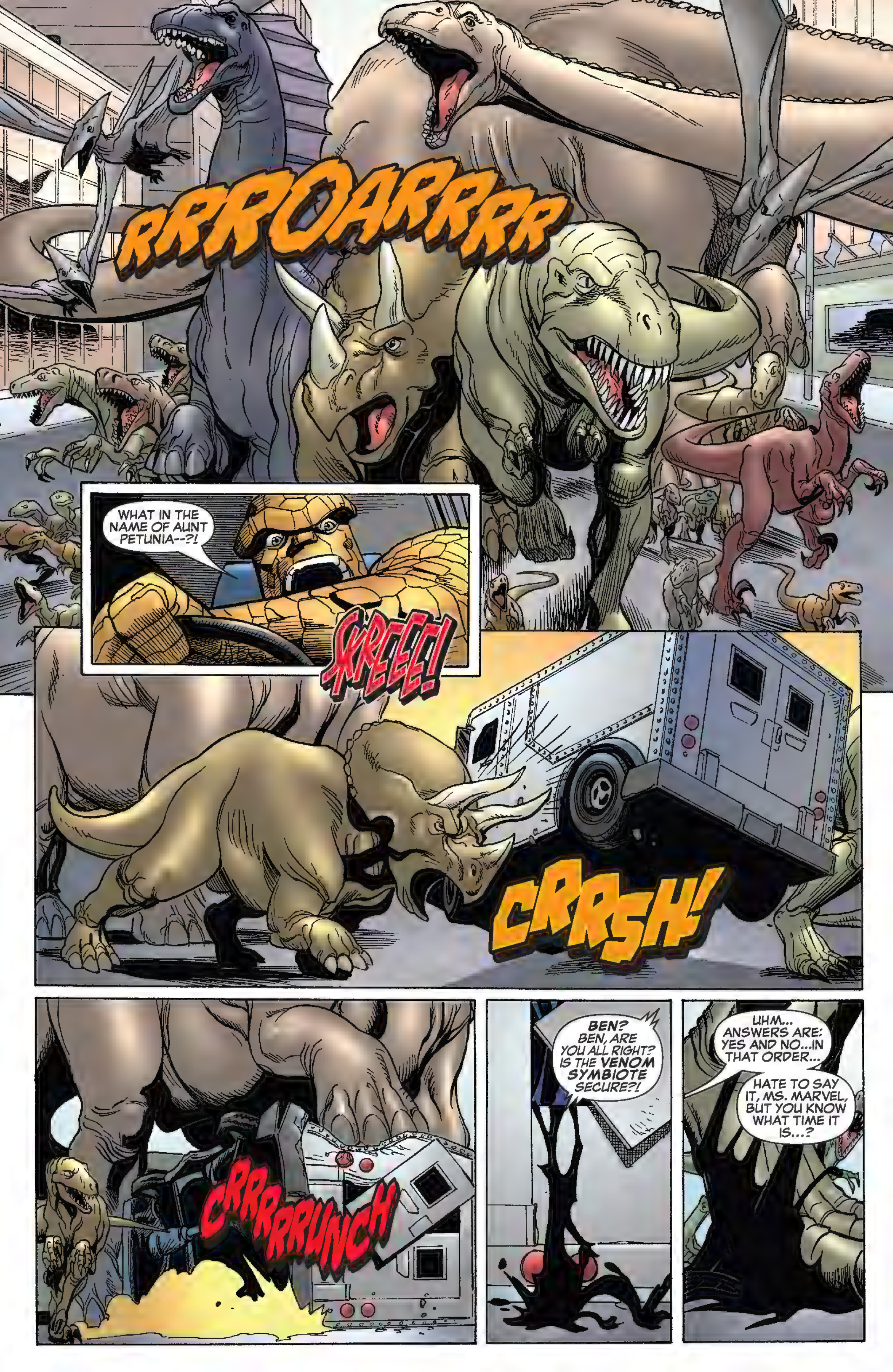

FA-SHASSHH!!
HEY, GUYS.
THIS IS IT? AWESOME.
HERE, WADE. YOU SET UP THE TELEPORTATION DEVICE--
--I'M GOING TO HACK INTO THE COMPUTER'S MAINFRAME AND DOWNLOAD THE BLUEPRINTS AND OPERATIONAL SCHEMATICS ON THIS MAGILLA.
HEY, WAIT, WHAT'S THAT FOLDER THERE...
BRAINCHILD'S PORN COLLECTION?!
THE GUY DRESSES IN A BROWN DIAPER AND TURNS PEOPLE INTO FROGMEN. YOU KNOW HE'S GOT SOME FREAKY STUFF IN THERE!
WHAT--?! SOMEONE HAS ACCESSED MY... SPECIAL FILES. THEY'RE IN THE CONTROL TOWER!,
PIPER-- GET SOME OF YOUR PETS UP HERE--
ACCESS GRANTED
ACCESS GRANTED
"--AND LET'S GIVE THESE OUTLANDERS A WARM, SAVAGE LAND WELCOME."
RMMMBMBM
OH. MY. THAT'S NOT RIGHT. I'LL NEVER LOOK AT A STEGOSAURUS THE SAME WAY AGAIN...
YOU LOOKED AT THEM IN SOME WAY BEFORE...?
OH-OH. WE GOT COMPANY. I GOT IT...

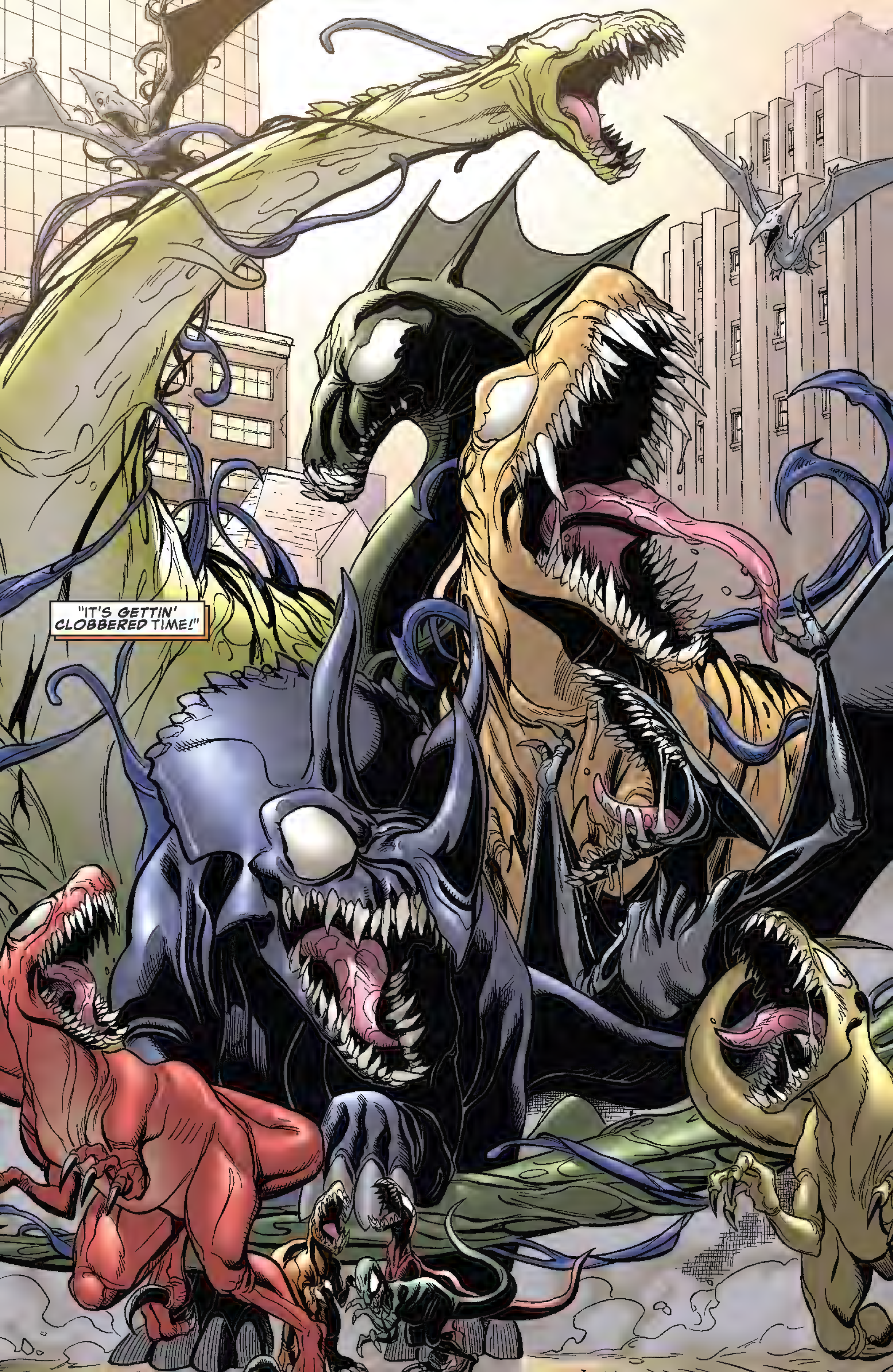

WHOA.
HEY, BOB, WHAT'S THE HYDRA HANDBOOK SAY ABOUT THIS SITUATION?
UHM... I'LL GO... CHECK...
YOUR EFFORTS ARE WASTED, OUTLANDER!
MAGNETO BLESSED ME WITH THE POWER TO RULE THE WORLD! AND I REWARD HIM WITH MY ACTIONS!
JUST 'CAUSE A CRAZY GUY GAVE YOU POWERS, DOESN'T MEAN HE GAVE YOU PURPOSE!
YOU CAN'T CHANGE YOUR DESTINY, AND IT LOOKS AS IF YOURS...
...IS TO BECOME DINOSAUR FOOD!
WEA
PENETRA
GENOSHA
GENOSHAN
LONDON
PARIS
TOKY
WELL, SINCE YOU LIKE MAGNETO SO MUCH--
--WHY DON'T YOU SEND HIM A LITTLE GIFT?

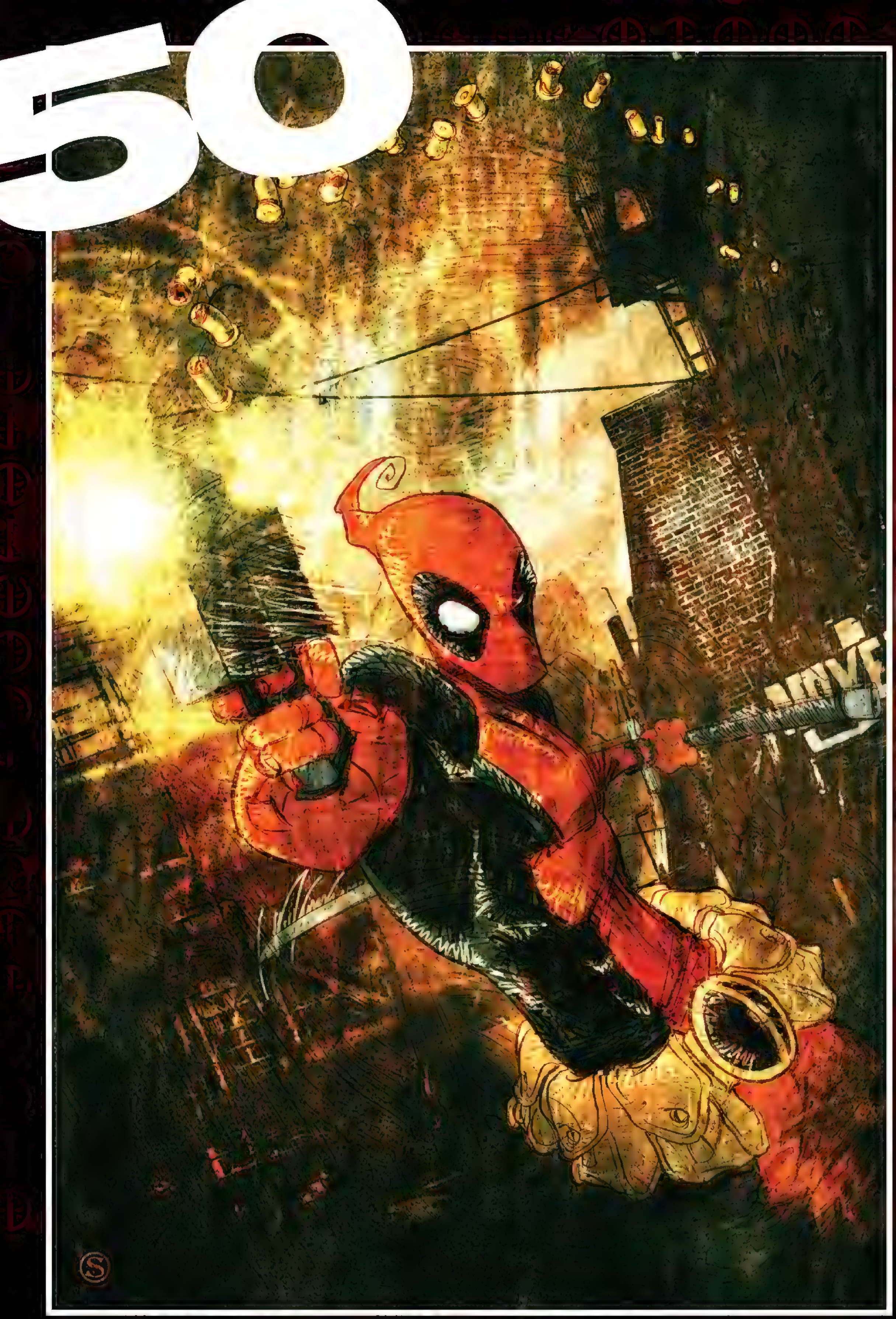

FA-SHASSHK!
NOT SO TOUGH WITHOUT YOUR DINOSAURS, ARE YA?
YOU THINK THAT WAS MY SOLE STRATEGIC GAMBIT? PIPER--!
UHH...
BLAST!
BRAINCHILD! WE ESCAPE!
AH! DEAR LORELEI, EXACTLY AS I PREDICTED!
NO!
THIS IS BUT A SMALL SETBACK, OUTLANDERS! INEVITABLY, ULTIMATE VICTORY WILL BE *MINE!*
DAMN, HE GOT AWAY AGAIN!


BANG!
NO. HE DIDN'T.
WHAT THE--?!
SKREEE!
AAAAAAAA!
ROAR
YOU REALLY SHOULD TRY USING SOME GUNS.
DEADPOOL, THANK YOU FOR HELPING US. GIVE MY BEST TO THE X-MEN.
OH YEAH, SURE. MY TEAM-MATES. TOTALLY TALK TO THEM ALL THE TIME.
AND MY HUSBAND IS SORRY ABOUT STABBING YOU EARLIER.
WELL, CALL US EVEN IF YOU LET US TAKE MAGNETO'S POLARITY ENGINE.
MACHINES DON'T KILL PEOPLE, PEOPLE USING MACHINES KILL PEOPLE.
WE CAN USE IT TO IMPROVE THE OUTSIDE WORLD. YOU HAVE ANY IDEA HOW MUCH A BARREL OF OIL IS GOING FOR NOW?
THE COUNTRY THAT HIRED US, RUMEKISTAN, BARELY HAS AN ARMY. THEY JUST WANT BETTER ENERGY RESOURCES. YOU KNOW, TO CHURN BUTTER.
AND TEACH THEIR CHILDREN. AND WORSHIP A BENEVOLENT GOD.
SO WE CAN HAVE IT?
YOU'RE PUSHING IT.
WILL IT GET YOU TO SHUT UP?
TOTALLY.
WADE...? WHERE DID YOU SEND THOSE DINOSAURS?
MM-MM.


YOU CAN TALK.
GENOSHA. LET MAGNETO DEAL WITH THEM.
ISN'T MAGNETO DEAD?
WAIT 'TIL THE CROSSOVER...
ANYWAY, YOU DIDN'T. YOU SENT THEM TO THE GENOSHAN **EMBASSY.**
ISN'T THAT IN GENOSHA?
IT'S IN MANHATTAN!
"OH. MY BAD."
WOO WOO WOO WOO WOO WOO
HEY, YOU KNOW WHAT WOULD BE FUN? TRUCKIN' SOME **OUTER-SPACE** GOO FROM AVENGERS HQ TO THE FANTASTIC FOUR--
--SO REED CAN DO HIS RESEARCH THING. AND SPEAKIN' OF THINGS...
...LET'S ASK **HIM** TO DRIVE. SURE, BASHFUL **BENJAMIN J. GRIMM'S** GOT NOTHIN' BETTER TO DO THAN TO LEAD A CONVOY WITH SOME ALIEN SYMBIOTE SNOT.
HANG IN THERE, BEN. ONLY A FEW MORE BLOCKS TO GO.
THANKFULLY, BECAUSE I COULD REALLY USE A GOOD DAY FOR ONCE.
FASSHASH!


RRROARRRRR
WHAT IN THE NAME OF AUNT PETUNIA--?!
SKREEE!
CRASH!
CRRRRRUNCH
BEN? BEN, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? IS THE VENOM SYMBIOTE SECURE?!
UHM... ANSWERS ARE: YES AND NO...IN THAT ORDER...
HATE TO SAY IT, MS. MARVEL, BUT YOU KNOW WHAT TIME IT IS...?


"IT'S GETTIN' CLOBBERED TIME!"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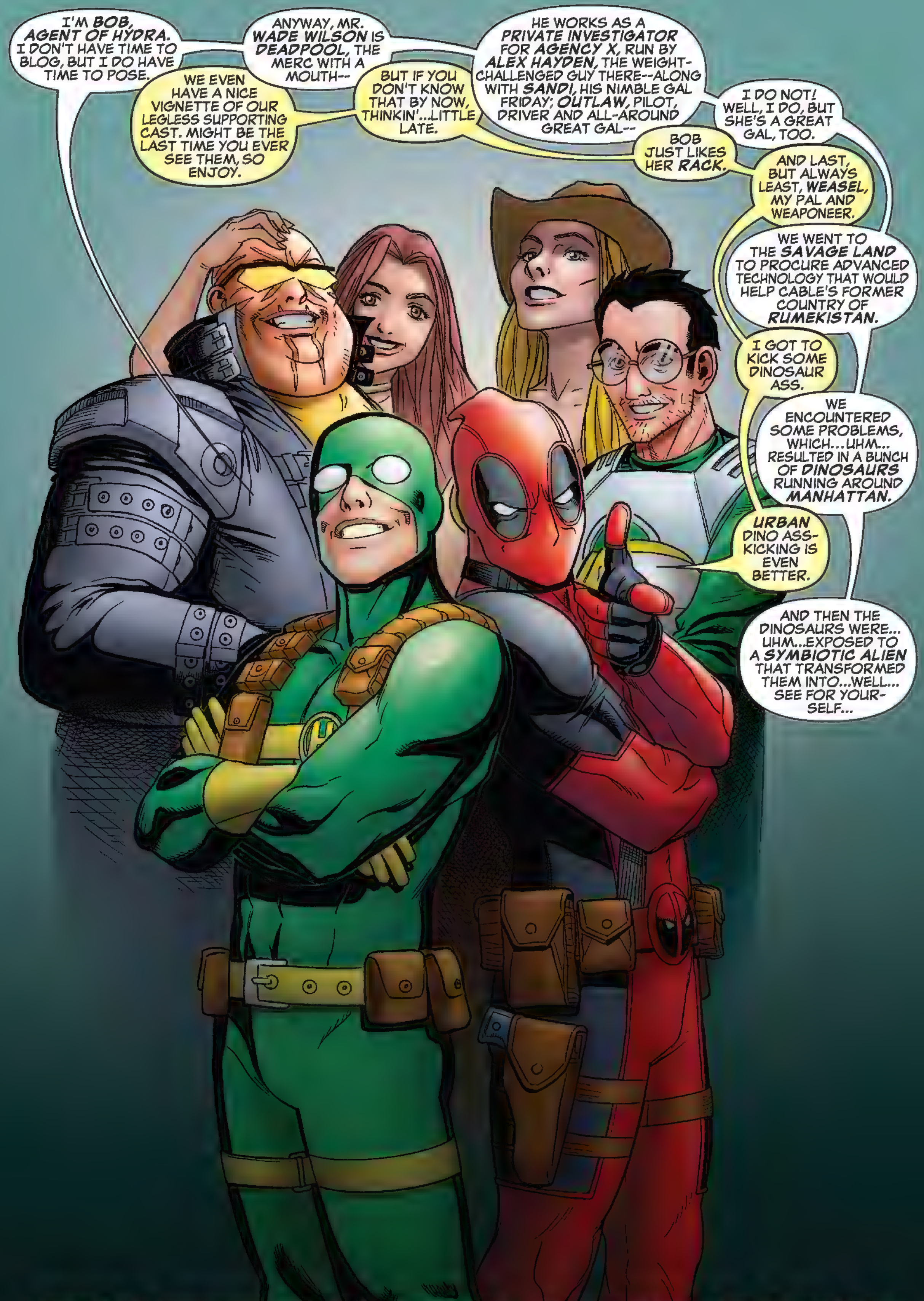
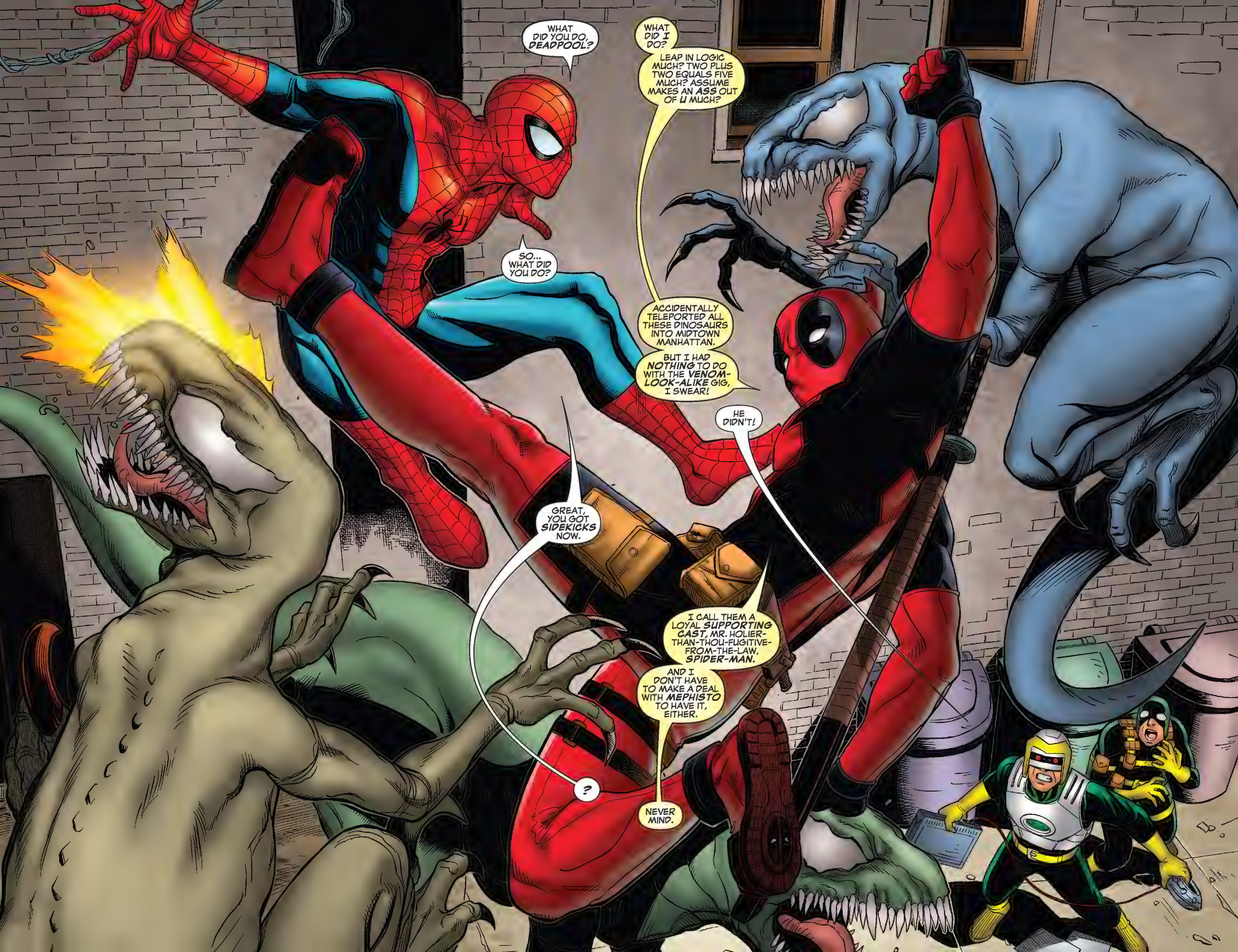
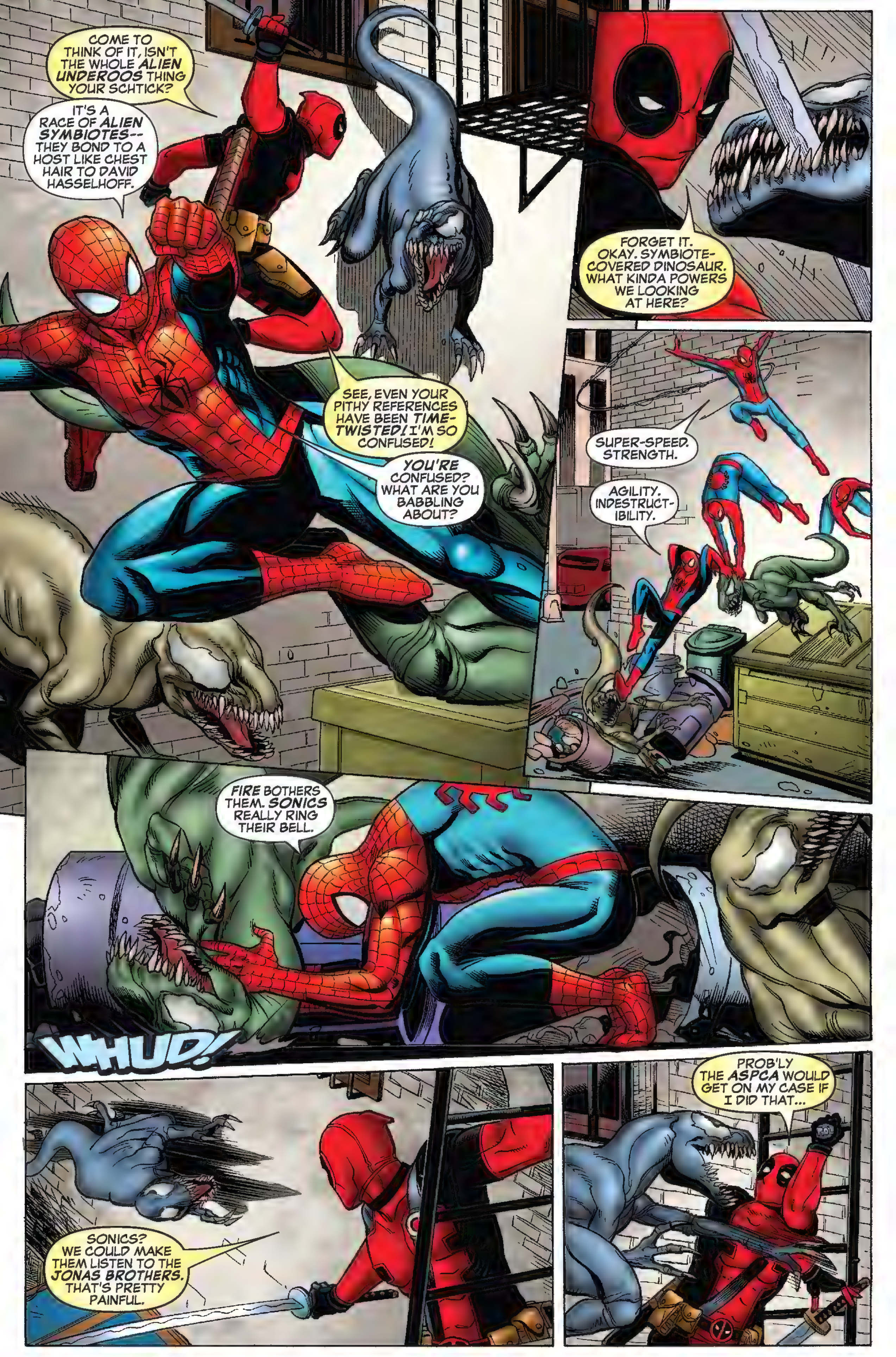
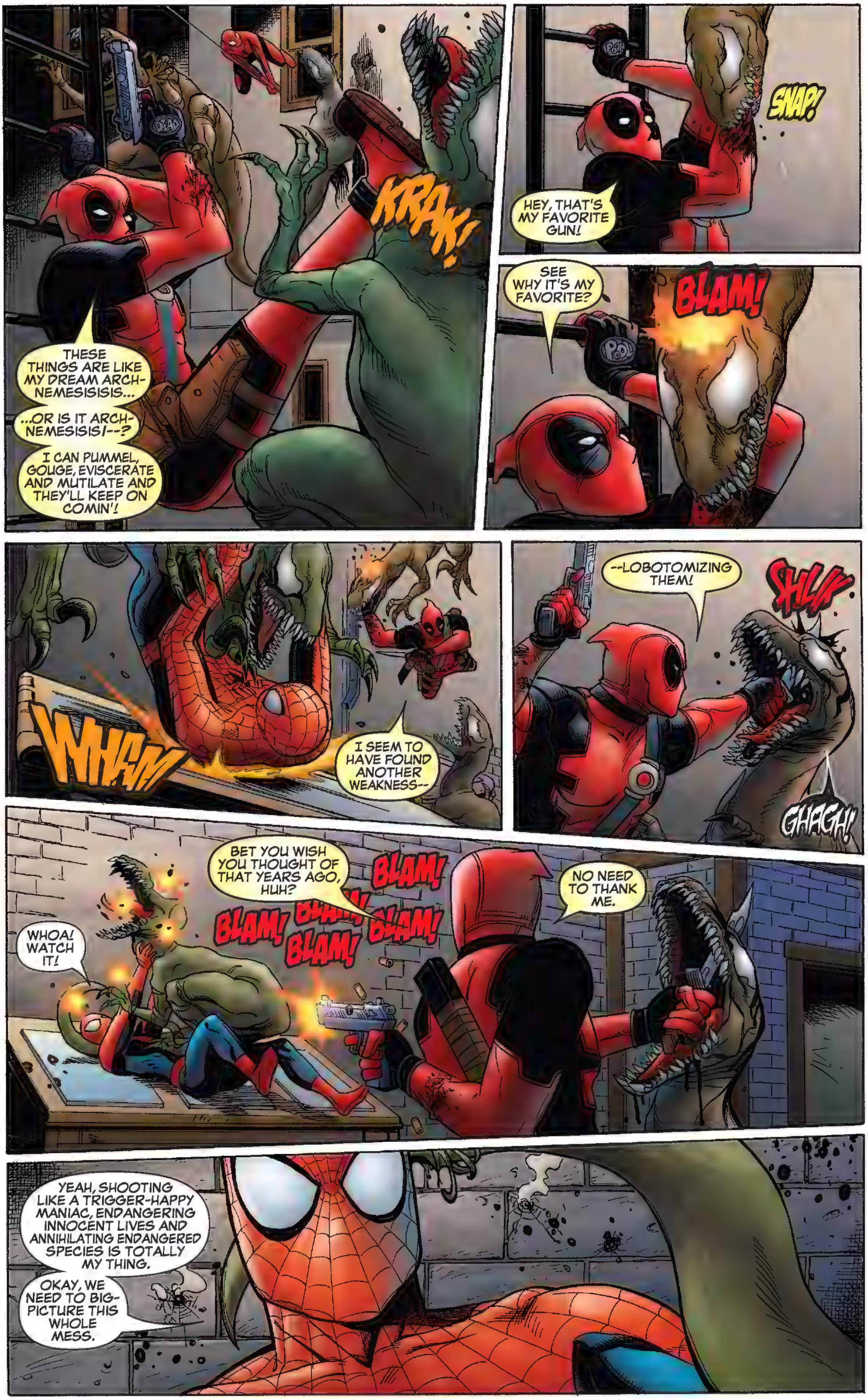
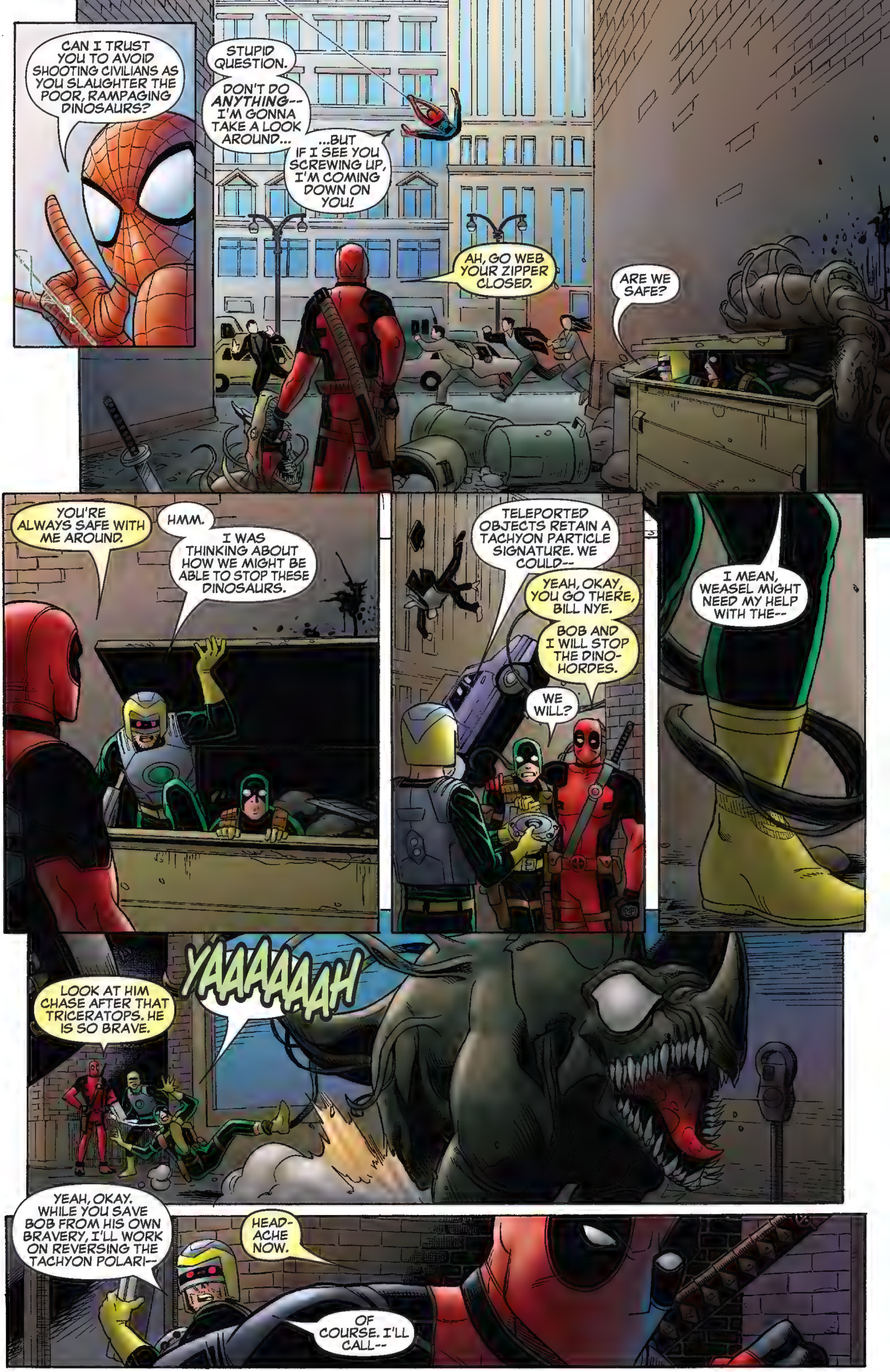

I'M BOB, AGENT OF HYDRA. I DON'T HAVE TIME TO BLOG, BUT I DO HAVE TIME TO POSE.
WE EVEN HAVE A NICE VIGNETTE OF OUR LEGLESS SUPPORTING CAST. MIGHT BE THE LAST TIME YOU EVER SEE THEM, SO ENJOY.
ANYWAY, MR. WADE WILSON IS DEADPOOL, THE MERC WITH A MOUTH--
BUT IF YOU DON'T KNOW THAT BY NOW, THINKIN'...LITTLE LATE.
HE WORKS AS A PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR FOR AGENCY X, RUN BY ALEX HAYDEN, THE WEIGHT-CHALLENGED GUY THERE--ALONG WITH SANDI, HIS NIMBLE GAL FRIDAY; OUTLAW, PILOT, DRIVER AND ALL-AROUND GREAT GAL--
BOB JUST LIKES HER RACK.
I DO NOT! WELL, I DO, BUT SHE'S A GREAT GAL, TOO.
AND LAST, BUT ALWAYS LEAST, WEASEL, MY PAL AND WEAPONEER.
WE WENT TO THE SAVAGE LAND TO PROCURE ADVANCED TECHNOLOGY THAT WOULD HELP CABLE'S FORMER COUNTRY OF RUMEKISTAN.
I GOT TO KICK SOME DINOSAUR ASS.
WE ENCOUNTERED SOME PROBLEMS, WHICH...UHM... RESULTED IN A BUNCH OF DINOSAURS RUNNING AROUND MANHATTAN.
URBAN DINO ASS-KICKING IS EVEN BETTER.
AND THEN THE DINOSAURS WERE... UHM...EXPOSED TO A SYMBIOTIC ALIEN THAT TRANSFORMED THEM INTO...WELL... SEE FOR YOURSELF...

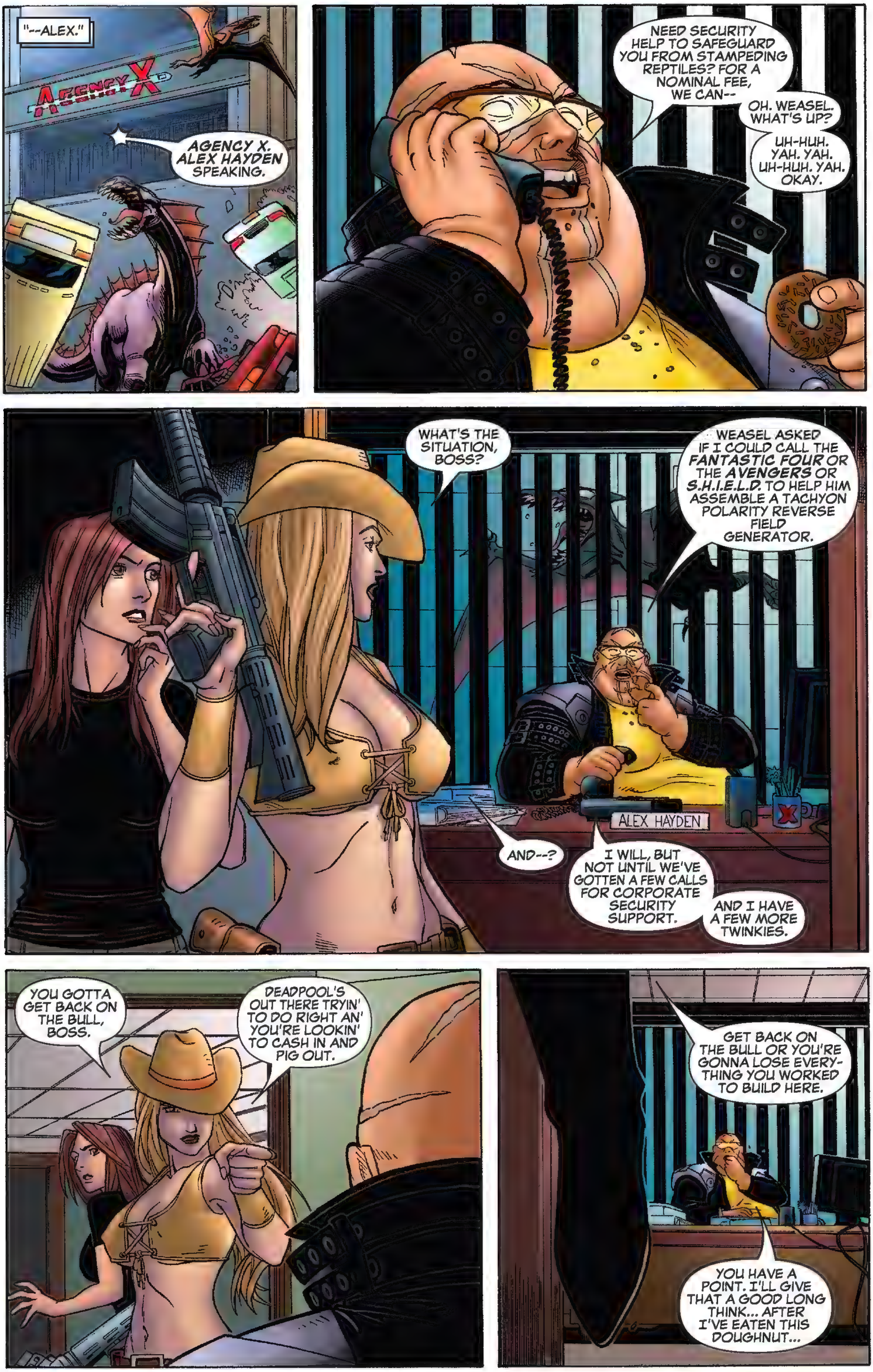
SYMBIOSIS MITOSIS

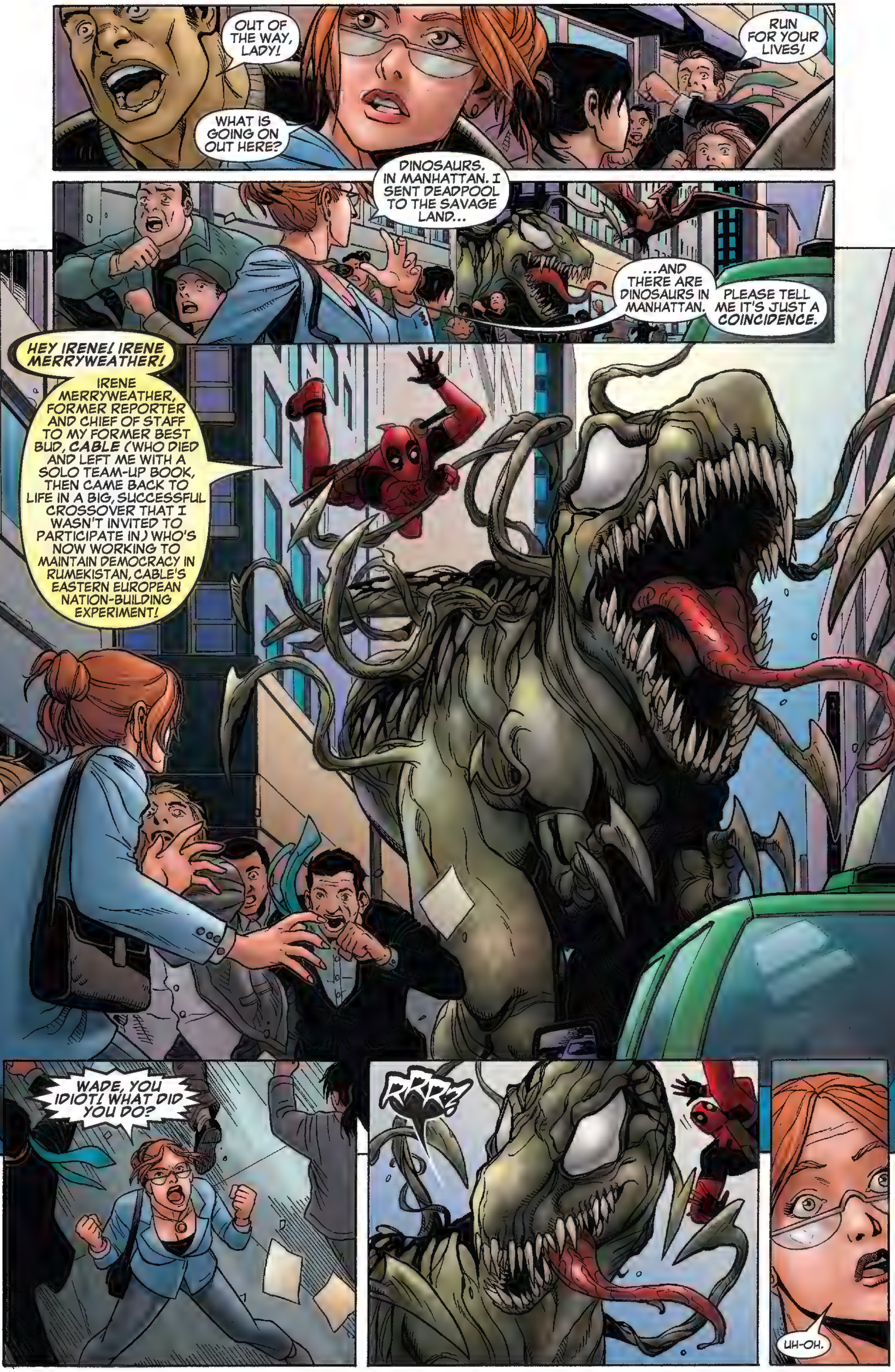

WHAT DID YOU DO, **DEADPOOL?**
WHAT DID **I** DO?
LEAP IN LOGIC MUCH? TWO PLUS TWO EQUALS FIVE MUCH? ASSUME MAKES AN **ASS** OUT OF **U** MUCH?
SO... WHAT DID YOU DO?
ACCIDENTALLY TELEPORTED ALL THESE DINOSAURS INTO MIDTOWN MANHATTAN.
BUT I HAD **NOTHING** TO DO WITH THE **VENOM-LOOK-ALIKE** GIG, I SWEAR!
HE DIDN'T!
GREAT, YOU GOT **SIDEKICKS** NOW.
I CALL THEM A LOYAL **SUPPORTING CAST,** MR. HOLIER-THAN-THOU-FUGITIVE-FROM-THE-LAW, **SPIDER-MAN.**
AND I DON'T HAVE TO MAKE A DEAL WITH **MEPHISTO** TO HAVE IT, EITHER.
?
NEVER MIND.

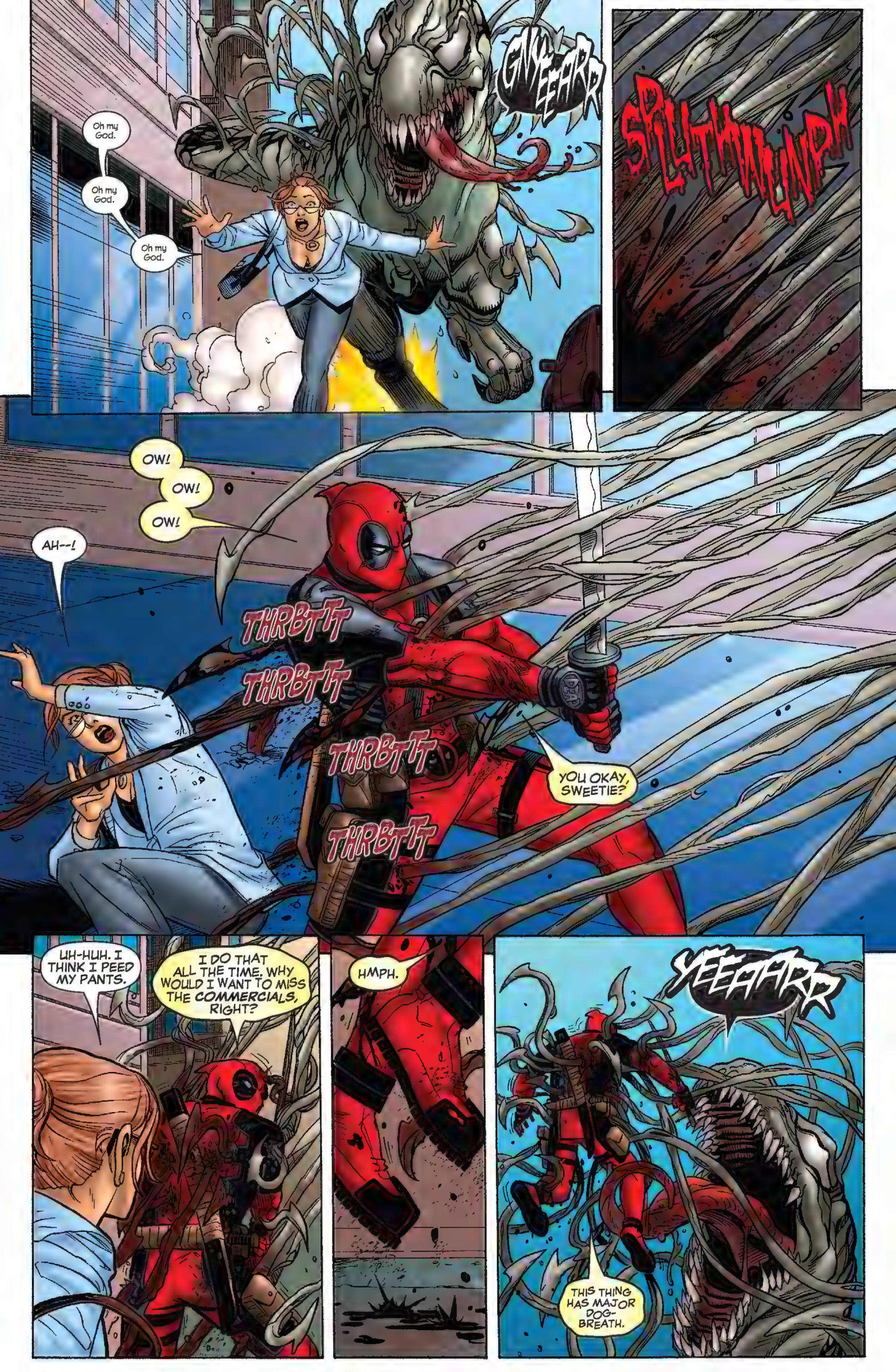

COME TO THINK OF IT, ISN'T THE WHOLE ALIEN UNDEROOS THING YOUR SCHTICK?
IT'S A RACE OF ALIEN SYMBIOTES-- THEY BOND TO A HOST LIKE CHEST HAIR TO DAVID HASSELHOFF.
FORGET IT. OKAY. SYMBIOTE-COVERED DINOSAUR. WHAT KINDA POWERS WE LOOKING AT HERE?
SEE, EVEN YOUR PITHY REFERENCES HAVE BEEN TIME-TWISTED! I'M SO CONFUSED!
YOU'RE CONFUSED? WHAT ARE YOU BABBLING ABOUT?
SUPER-SPEED. STRENGTH.
AGILITY. INDESTRUCTIBILITY.
FIRE BOTHERS THEM. SONICS REALLY RING THEIR BELL.
WHUD!
SONICS? WE COULD MAKE THEM LISTEN TO THE JONAS BROTHERS. THAT'S PRETTY PAINFUL.
PROB'LY THE ASPCA WOULD GET ON MY CASE IF I DID THAT...

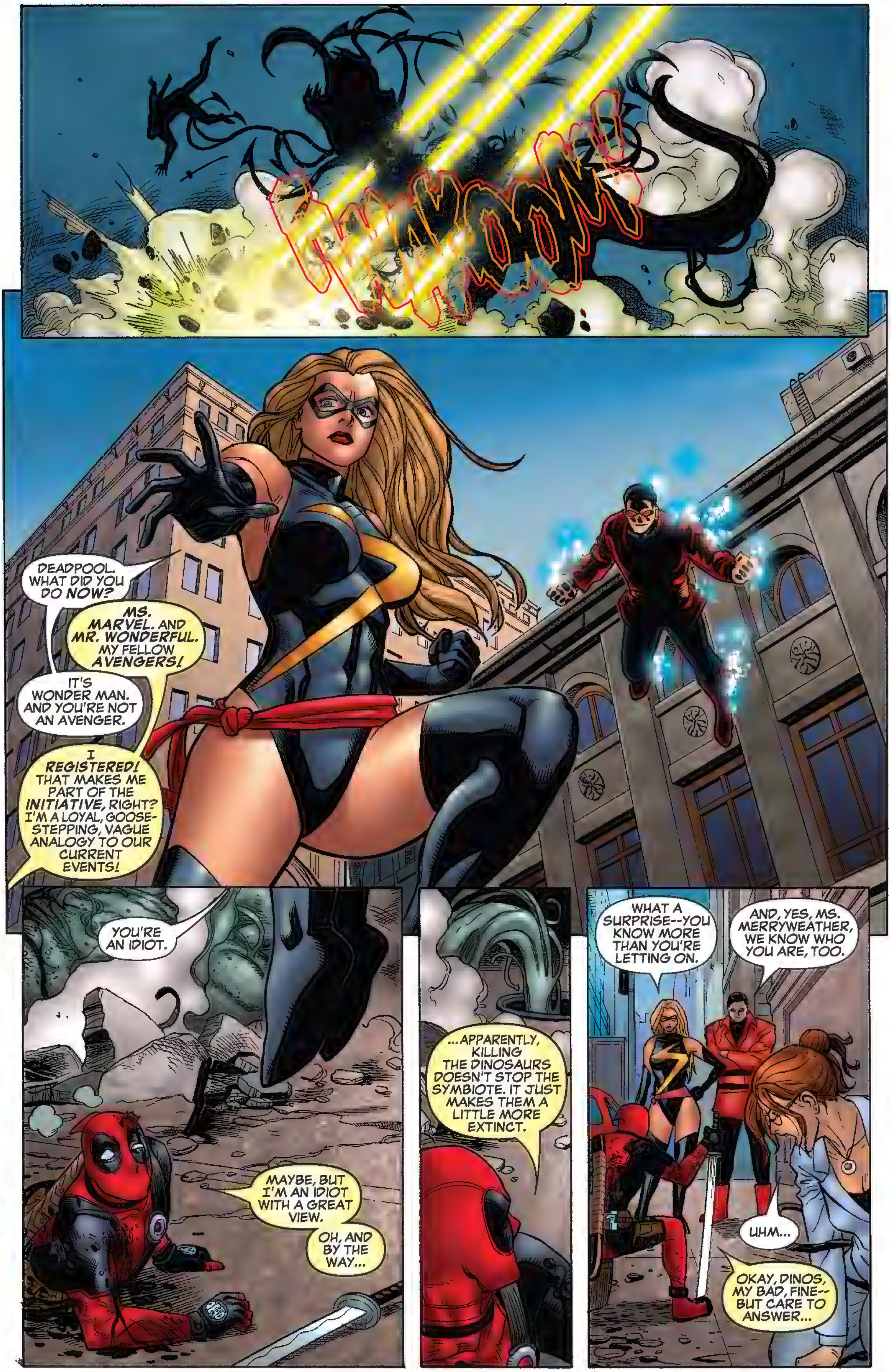

THESE THINGS ARE LIKE MY DREAM ARCH-NEMESISISIS...
...OR IS IT ARCH-NEMESISISI--?
I CAN PUMMEL, GOUGE, EVISCERATE AND MUTILATE AND THEY'LL KEEP ON COMIN'!
KRAK!
HEY, THAT'S MY FAVORITE GUN!
SNAP!
SEE WHY IT'S MY FAVORITE?
BLAM!
WHAM
I SEEM TO HAVE FOUND ANOTHER WEAKNESS--
--LOBOTOMIZING THEM!
SHLIK
GHAGH!
WHOA! WATCH IT!
BET YOU WISH YOU THOUGHT OF THAT YEARS AGO, HUH?
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
NO NEED TO THANK ME.
YEAH, SHOOTING LIKE A TRIGGER-HAPPY MANIAC, ENDANGERING INNOCENT LIVES AND ANNIHILATING ENDANGERED SPECIES IS TOTALLY MY THING.
OKAY, WE NEED TO BIG-PICTURE THIS WHOLE MESS.

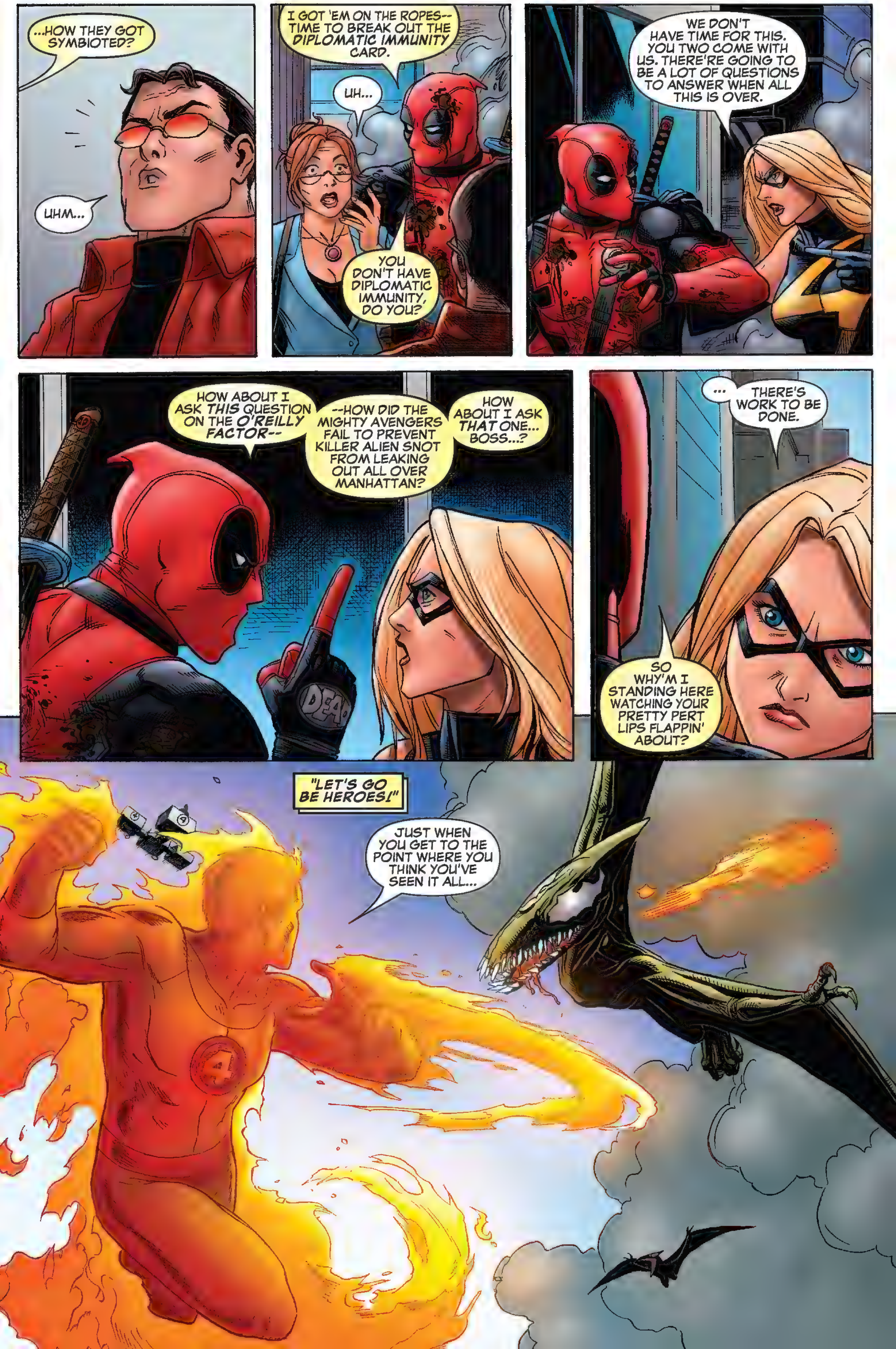

CAN I TRUST YOU TO AVOID SHOOTING CIVILIANS AS YOU SLAUGHTER THE POOR, RAMPAGING DINOSAURS?
STUPID QUESTION.
DON'T DO *ANYTHING*-- I'M GONNA TAKE A LOOK AROUND...
...BUT IF I SEE YOU SCREWING UP, I'M COMING DOWN ON YOU!
AH, GO WEB YOUR ZIPPER CLOSED.
ARE WE SAFE?
YOU'RE ALWAYS SAFE WITH ME AROUND.
HMM.
I WAS THINKING ABOUT HOW WE MIGHT BE ABLE TO STOP THESE DINOSAURS.
TELEPORTED OBJECTS RETAIN A TACHYON PARTICLE SIGNATURE. WE COULD--
YEAH, OKAY, YOU GO THERE, BILL NYE.
BOB AND I WILL STOP THE DINO-HORDES.
WE WILL?
I MEAN, WEASEL MIGHT NEED MY HELP WITH THE--
YAAAAAAH
LOOK AT HIM CHASE AFTER THAT TRICERATOPS. HE IS SO BRAVE.
YEAH, OKAY. WHILE YOU SAVE BOB FROM HIS OWN BRAVERY, I'LL WORK ON REVERSING THE TACHYON POLARI--
HEAD-ACHE NOW.
OF COURSE. I'LL CALL--

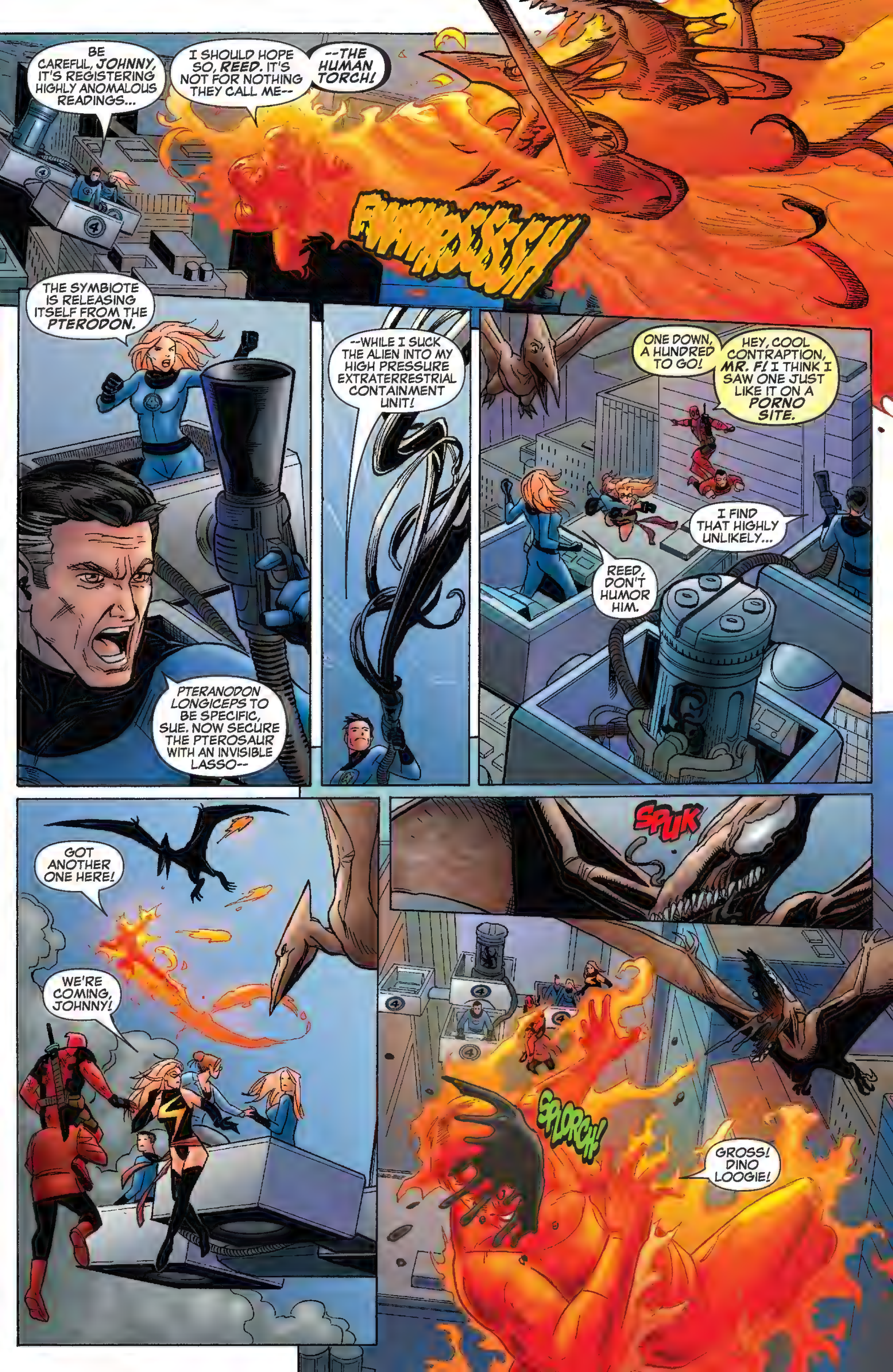

"--ALEX."
AGENCY X
AGENCY X. ALEX HAYDEN SPEAKING.
NEED SECURITY HELP TO SAFEGUARD YOU FROM STAMPEDING REPTILES? FOR A NOMINAL FEE, WE CAN--
OH. WEASEL. WHAT'S UP?
UH-HUH. YAH. YAH. UH-HUH. YAH. OKAY.
WHAT'S THE SITUATION, BOSS?
WEASEL ASKED IF I COULD CALL THE *FANTASTIC FOUR* OR THE *AVENGERS* OR *S.H.I.E.L.D.* TO HELP HIM ASSEMBLE A TACHYON POLARITY REVERSE FIELD GENERATOR.
ALEX HAYDEN
AND--?
I WILL, BUT NOT UNTIL WE'VE GOTTEN A FEW CALLS FOR CORPORATE SECURITY SUPPORT.
AND I HAVE A FEW MORE TWINKIES.
YOU GOTTA GET BACK ON THE BULL, BOSS.
DEADPOOL'S OUT THERE TRYIN' TO DO RIGHT AN' YOU'RE LOOKIN' TO CASH IN AND PIG OUT.
GET BACK ON THE BULL OR YOU'RE GONNA LOSE EVERYTHING YOU WORKED TO BUILD HERE.
YOU HAVE A POINT. I'LL GIVE THAT A GOOD LONG THINK... AFTER I'VE EATEN THIS DOUGHNUT...

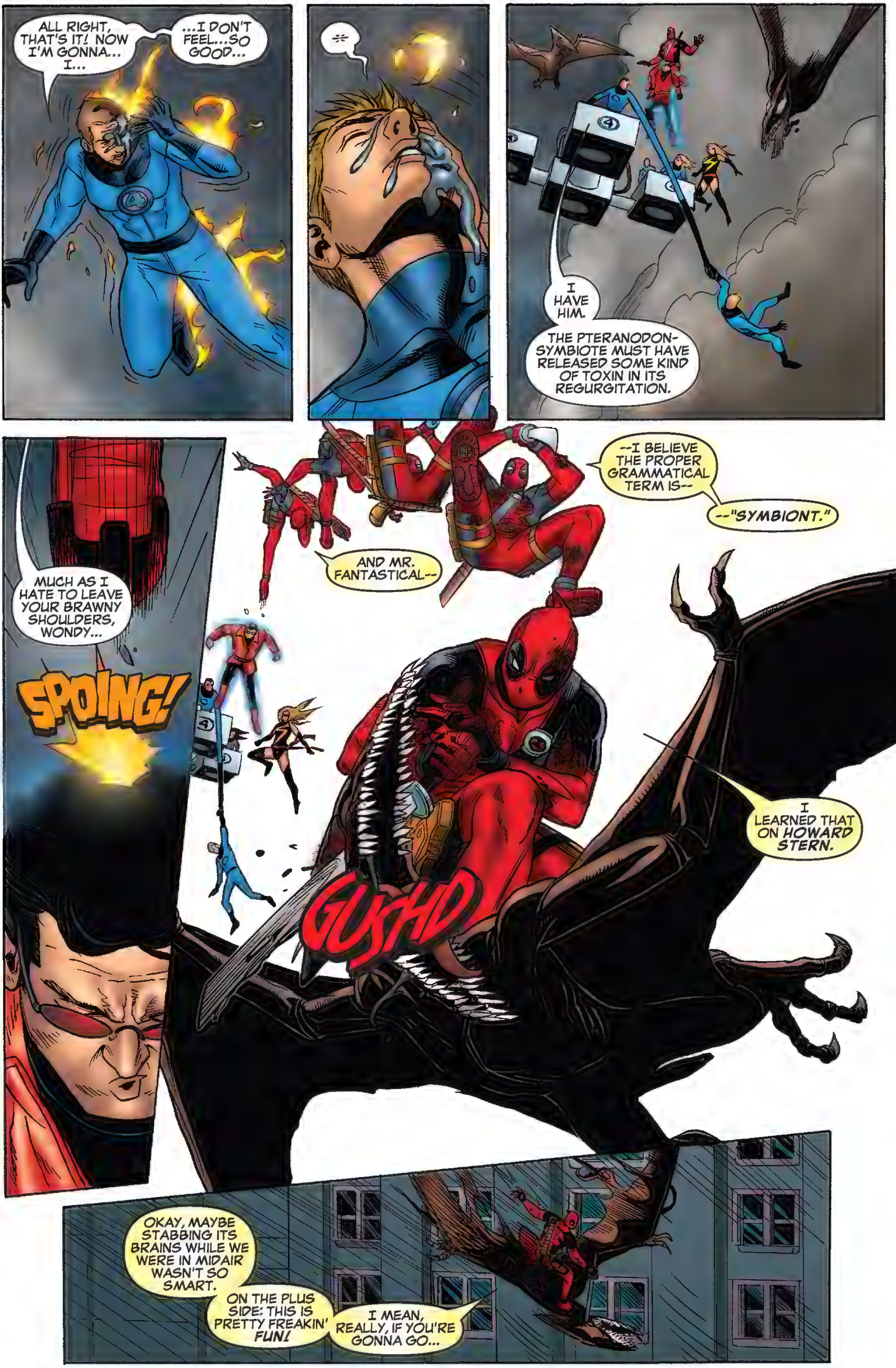

OUT OF THE WAY, LADY!
WHAT IS GOING ON OUT HERE?
RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!
DINOSAURS. IN MANHATTAN. I SENT DEADPOOL TO THE SAVAGE LAND...
...AND THERE ARE DINOSAURS IN MANHATTAN.
PLEASE TELL ME IT'S JUST A COINCIDENCE.
HEY IRENE! IRENE MERRYWEATHER!
IRENE MERRYWEATHER, FORMER REPORTER AND CHIEF OF STAFF TO MY FORMER BEST BUD, CABLE (WHO DIED AND LEFT ME WITH A SOLO TEAM-UP BOOK, THEN CAME BACK TO LIFE IN A BIG, SUCCESSFUL CROSSOVER THAT I WASN'T INVITED TO PARTICIPATE IN) WHO'S NOW WORKING TO MAINTAIN DEMOCRACY IN RUMEKISTAN, CABLE'S EASTERN EUROPEAN NATION-BUILDING EXPERIMENT!
WADE, YOU IDIOT! WHAT DID YOU DO?
RRRR
UH-OH.

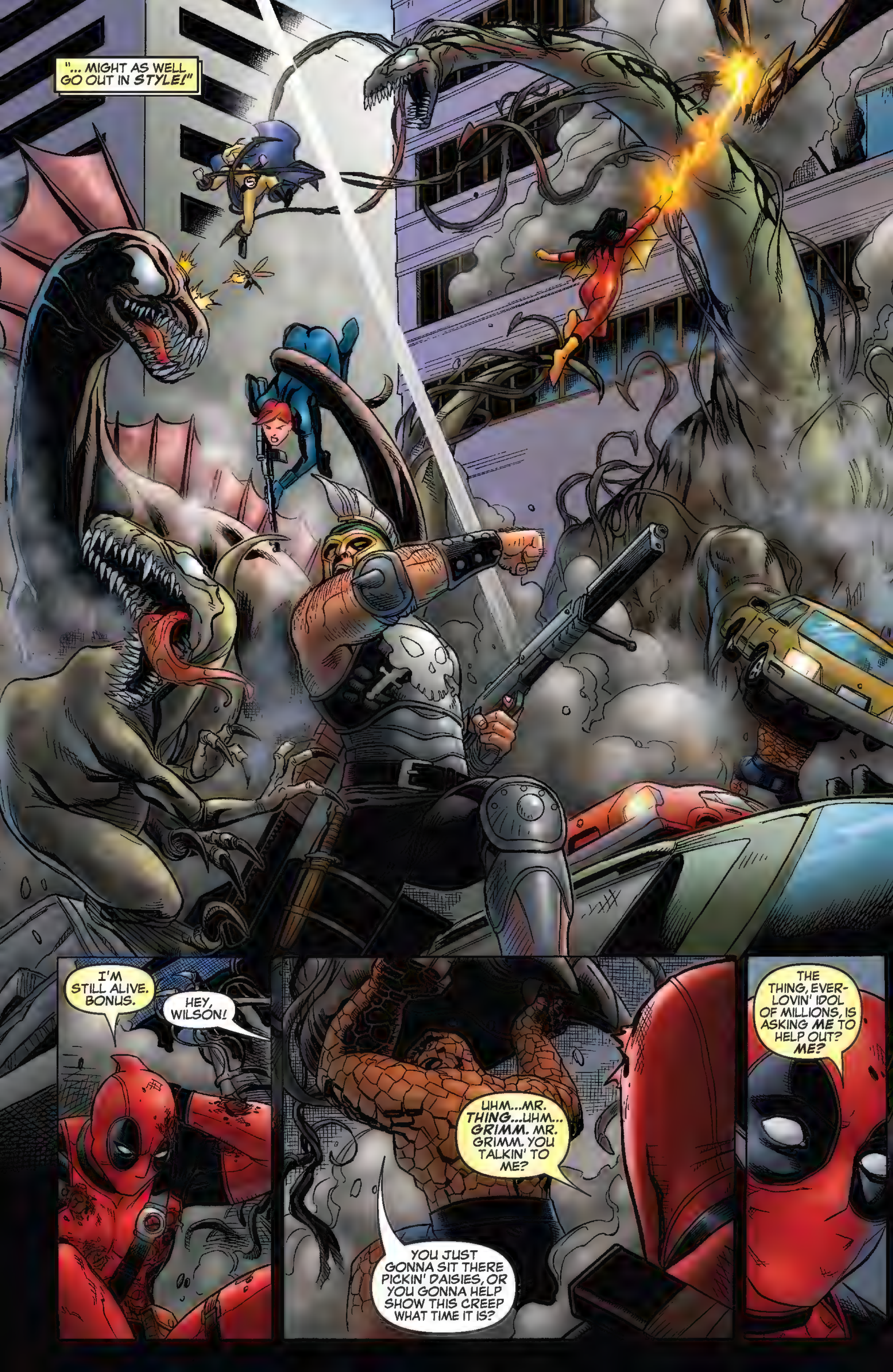

GNYEEARR
Oh my God.
Oh my God.
Oh my God.
SPLUTHHUNPH
OW!
OW!
OW!
AH--!
THRBTTT
THRBTTT
THRBTTT
THRBTTT
YOU OKAY, SWEETIE?
UH-HUH. I THINK I PEED MY PANTS.
I DO THAT ALL THE TIME. WHY WOULD I WANT TO MISS THE COMMERCIALS, RIGHT?
HMPH.
YEEAARR
THIS THING HAS MAJOR DOG-BREATH.

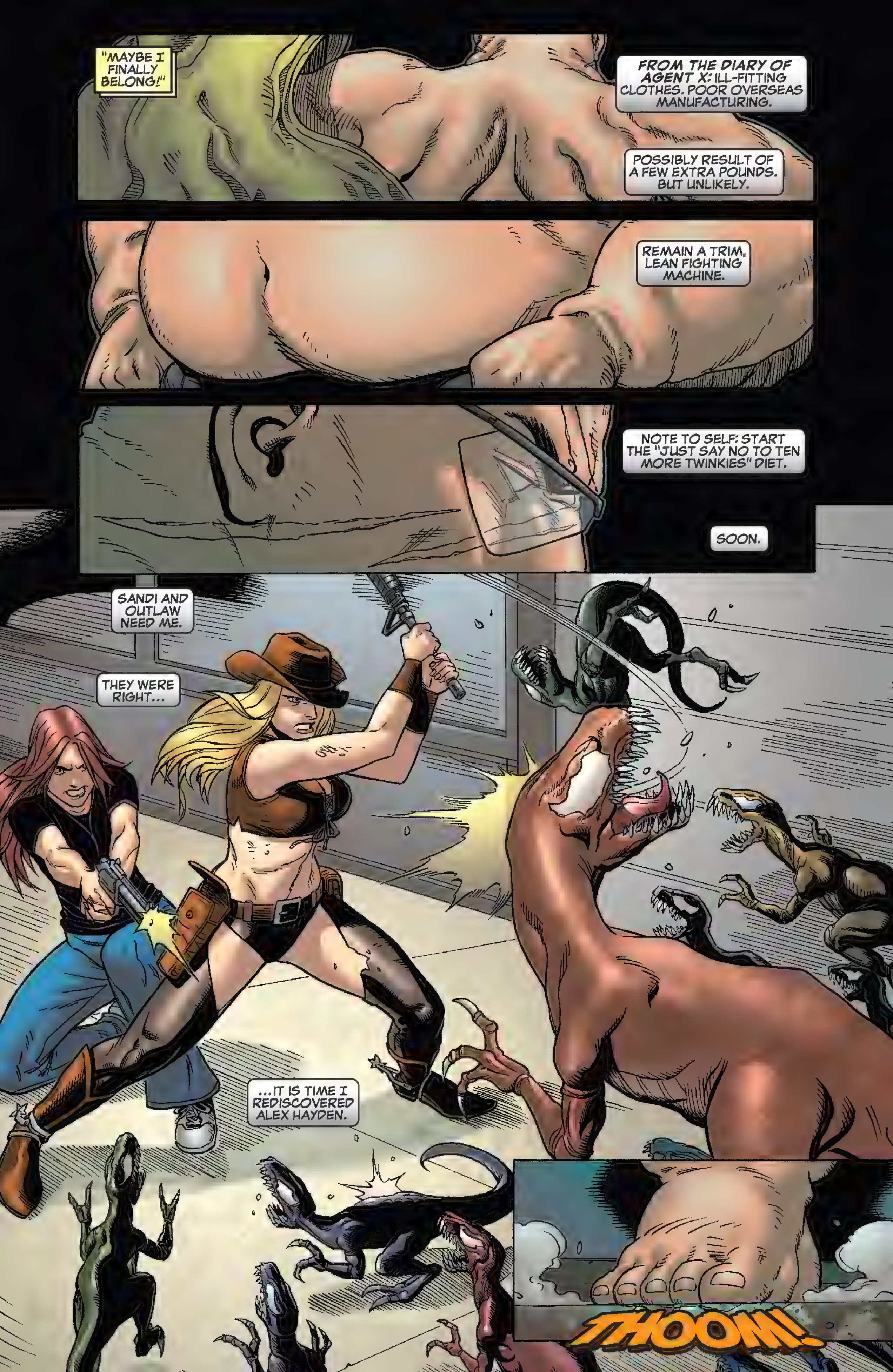

DEADPOOL. WHAT DID YOU DO *NOW?*
MS. MARVEL. AND *MR. WONDERFUL.* MY FELLOW *AVENGERS!*
IT'S WONDER MAN. AND YOU'RE NOT AN AVENGER.
I *REGISTERED!* THAT MAKES ME PART OF THE *INITIATIVE,* RIGHT? I'M A LOYAL, GOOSE-STEPPING, VAGUE ANALOGY TO OUR CURRENT EVENTS!
YOU'RE AN IDIOT.
MAYBE, BUT I'M AN IDIOT WITH A GREAT VIEW.
OH, AND BY THE WAY...
...APPARENTLY, KILLING THE DINOSAURS DOESN'T STOP THE SYMBIOTE. IT JUST MAKES THEM A LITTLE MORE EXTINCT.
WHAT A SURPRISE--YOU KNOW MORE THAN YOU'RE LETTING ON.
AND, YES, MS. MERRYWEATHER, WE KNOW WHO YOU ARE, TOO.
UHM...
OKAY, DINOS, MY BAD, FINE--BUT CARE TO ANSWER...

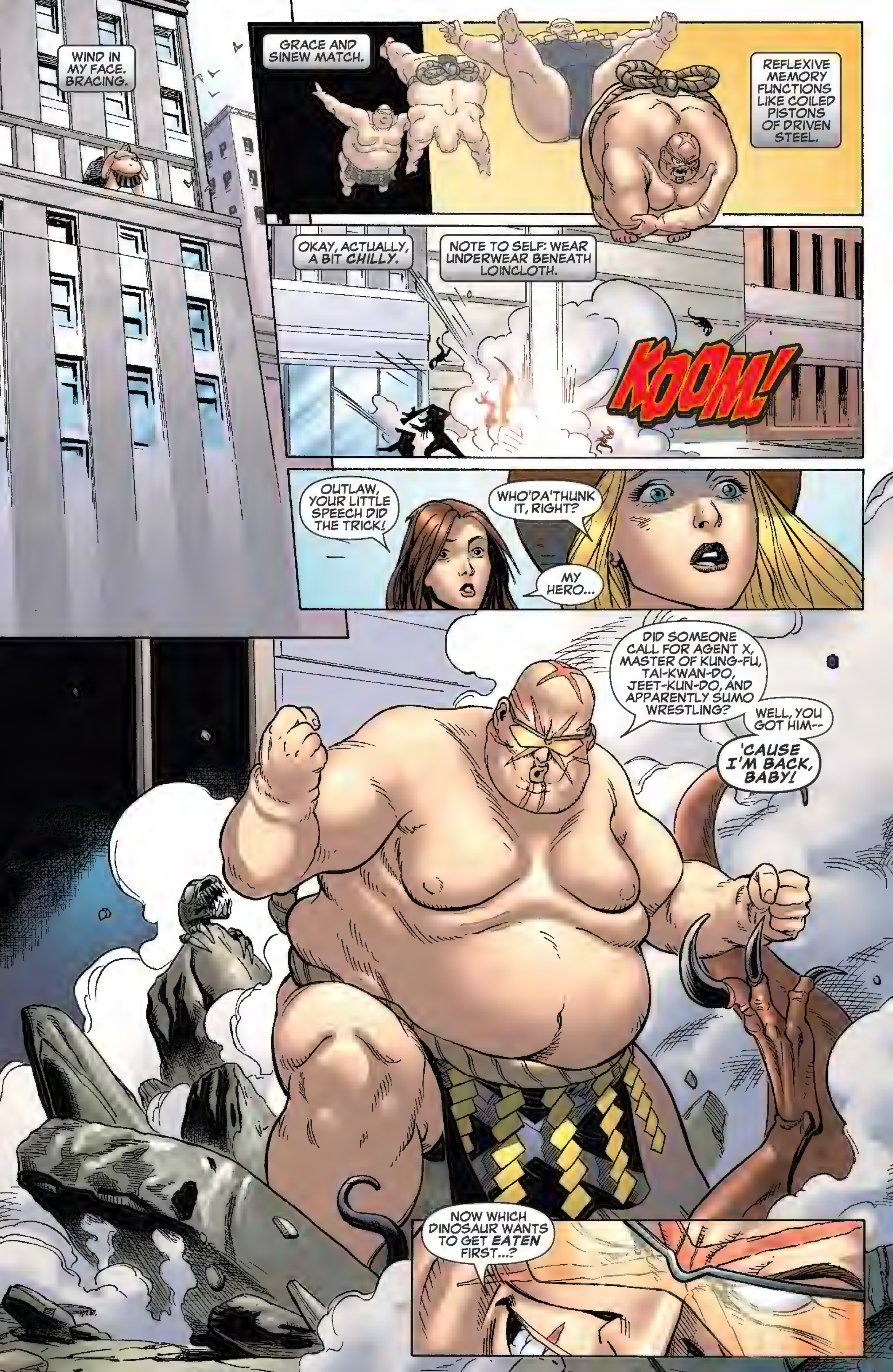

...HOW THEY GOT SYMBIOTED?
UHM...
I GOT 'EM ON THE ROPES-- TIME TO BREAK OUT THE *DIPLOMATIC IMMUNITY* CARD.
UH...
YOU DON'T HAVE DIPLOMATIC IMMUNITY, DO YOU?
WE DON'T HAVE TIME FOR THIS. YOU TWO COME WITH US. THERE'RE GOING TO BE A LOT OF QUESTIONS TO ANSWER WHEN ALL THIS IS OVER.
HOW ABOUT I ASK *THIS* QUESTION ON THE *O'REILLY FACTOR*--
--HOW DID THE MIGHTY AVENGERS FAIL TO PREVENT KILLER ALIEN SNOT FROM LEAKING OUT ALL OVER MANHATTAN?
HOW ABOUT I ASK *THAT* ONE... BOSS...?
...
THERE'S WORK TO BE DONE.
SO WHY'M I STANDING HERE WATCHING YOUR PRETTY PERT LIPS FLAPPIN' ABOUT?
"LET'S GO BE HEROES!"
JUST WHEN YOU GET TO THE POINT WHERE YOU THINK YOU'VE SEEN IT ALL...

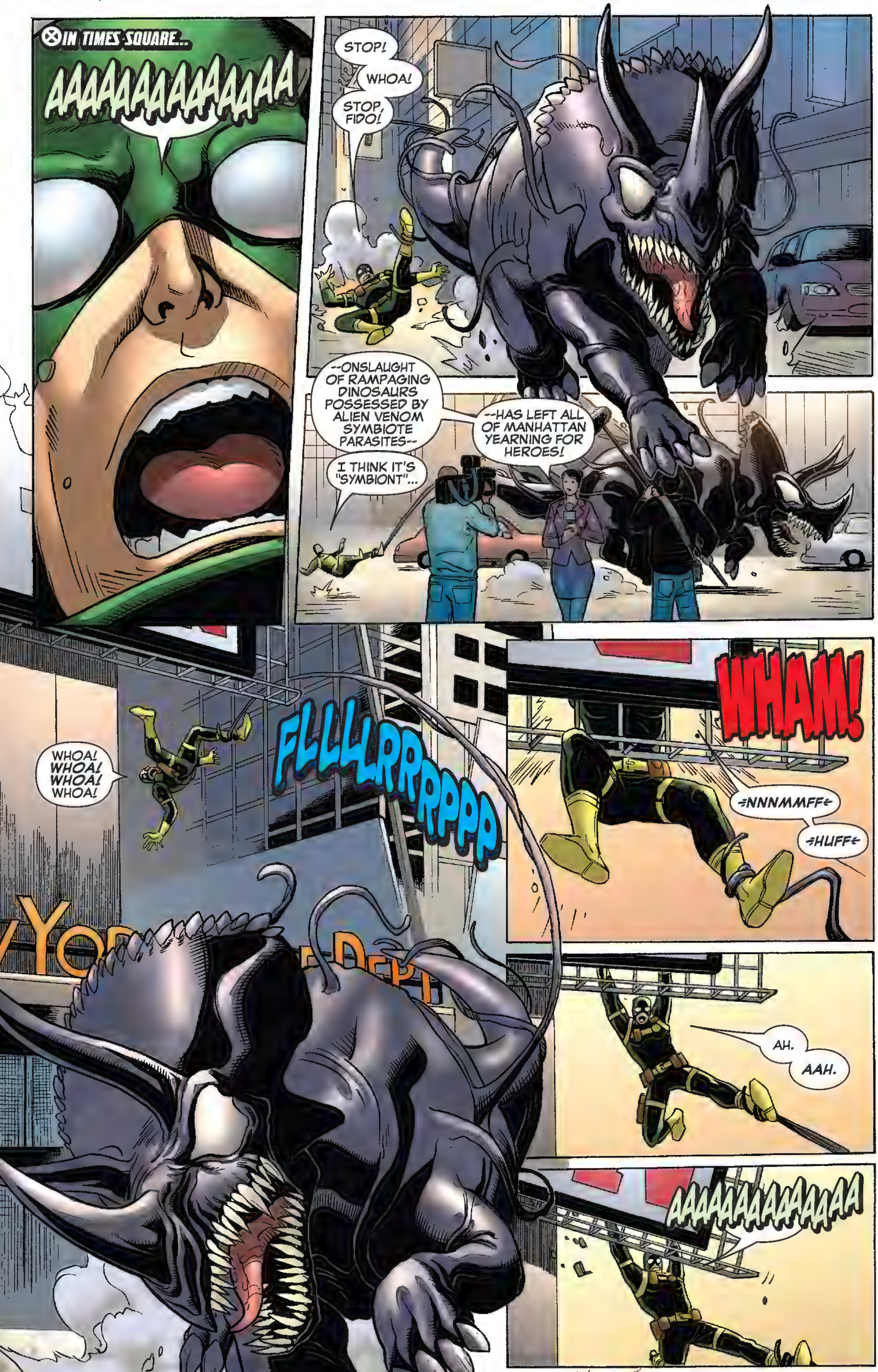

BE CAREFUL, JOHNNY, IT'S REGISTERING HIGHLY ANOMALOUS READINGS...
I SHOULD HOPE SO, REED. IT'S NOT FOR NOTHING THEY CALL ME--
--THE HUMAN TORCH!
FWWHOOSSH
THE SYMBIOTE IS RELEASING ITSELF FROM THE PTERODON.
PTERANODON LONGICEPS TO BE SPECIFIC, SUE. NOW SECURE THE PTEROSAUR WITH AN INVISIBLE LASSO--
--WHILE I SUCK THE ALIEN INTO MY HIGH PRESSURE EXTRATERRESTRIAL CONTAINMENT UNIT!
ONE DOWN, A HUNDRED TO GO!
HEY, COOL CONTRAPTION, MR. F! I THINK I SAW ONE JUST LIKE IT ON A PORNO SITE.
I FIND THAT HIGHLY UNLIKELY...
REED, DON'T HUMOR HIM.
GOT ANOTHER ONE HERE!
WE'RE COMING, JOHNNY!
SPUK
SPLORCH!
GROSS! DINO LOOGIE!

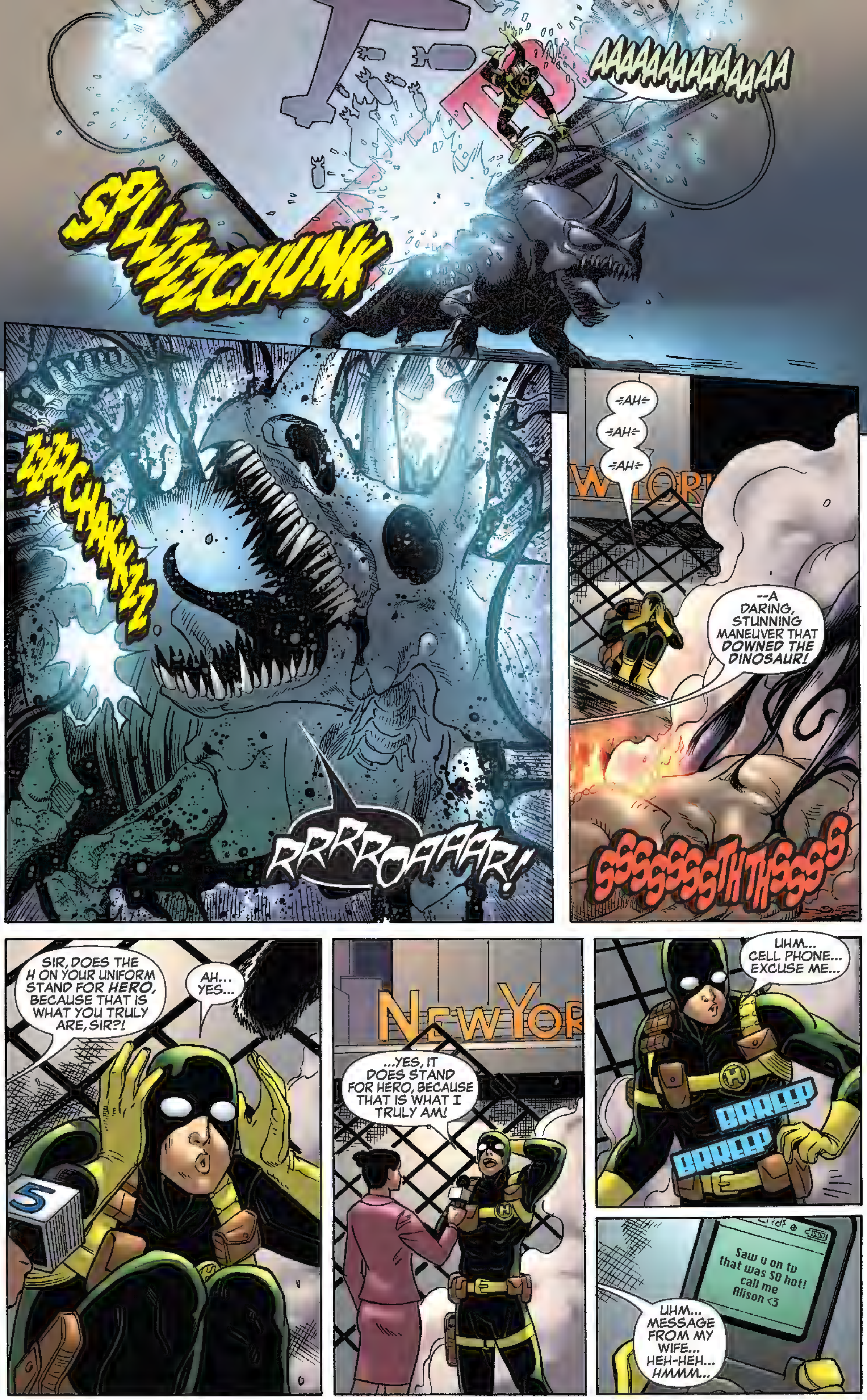

ALL RIGHT, THAT'S IT! NOW I'M GONNA... I...
...I DON'T FEEL...SO GOOD...
I HAVE HIM.
THE PTERANODON-SYMBIOTE MUST HAVE RELEASED SOME KIND OF TOXIN IN ITS REGURGITATION.
MUCH AS I HATE TO LEAVE YOUR BRAWNY SHOULDERS, WONDY...
SPOING!
AND MR. FANTASTICAL--
--I BELIEVE THE PROPER GRAMMATICAL TERM IS--
--"SYMBIONT."
I LEARNED THAT ON HOWARD STERN.
GUSHD
OKAY, MAYBE STABBING ITS BRAINS WHILE WE WERE IN MIDAIR WASN'T SO SMART.
ON THE PLUS SIDE: THIS IS PRETTY FREAKIN' FUN!
I MEAN, REALLY, IF YOU'RE GONNA GO...

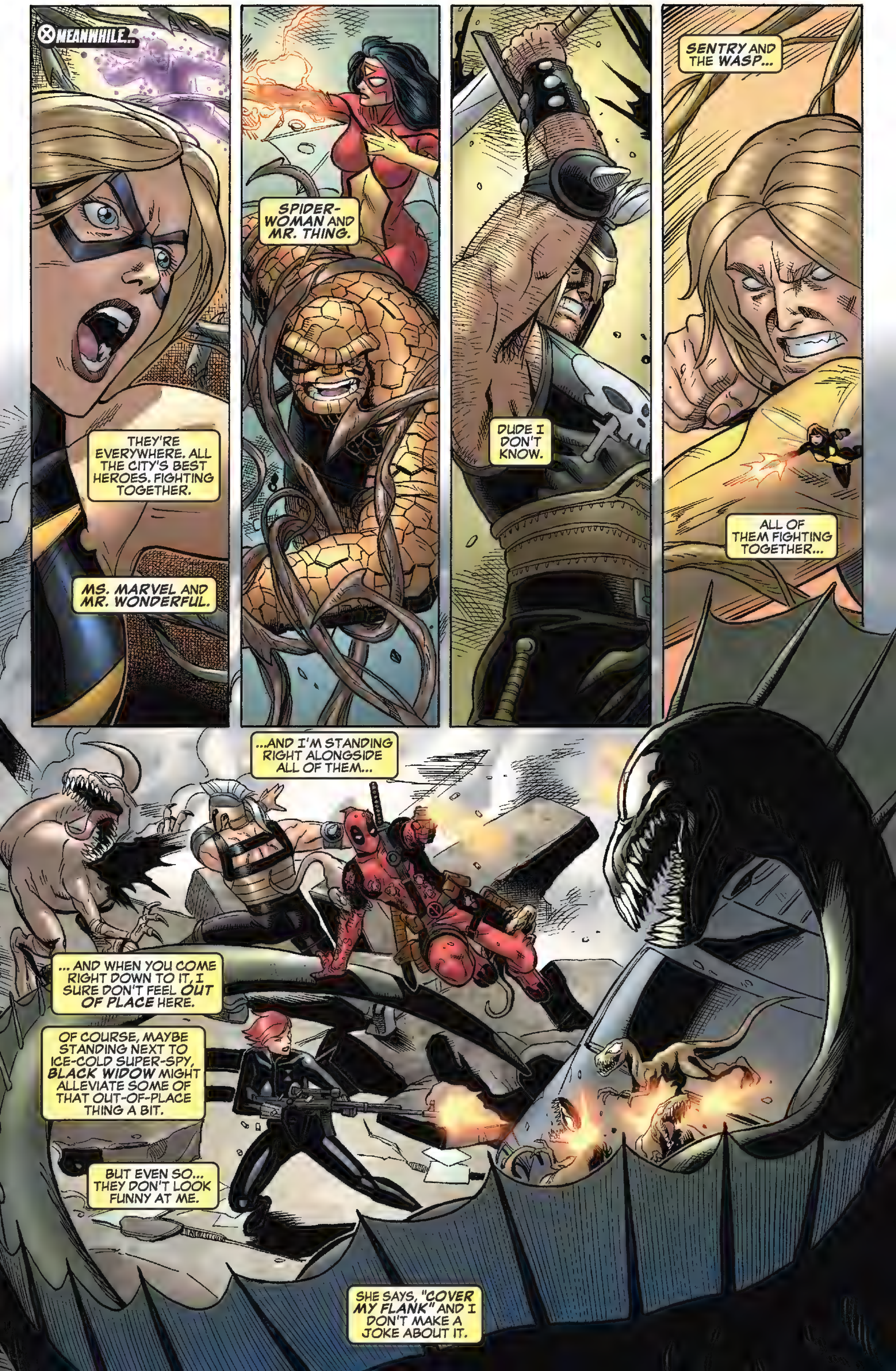

"... MIGHT AS WELL GO OUT IN *STYLE!*"
I'M STILL ALIVE. BONUS.
HEY, WILSON!
UHM...MR. *THING*...UHM... *GRIMM.* MR. GRIMM. YOU TALKIN' TO ME?
YOU JUST GONNA SIT THERE PICKIN' DAISIES, OR YOU GONNA HELP SHOW THIS CREEP WHAT TIME IT IS?
THE THING, EVER-LOVIN' IDOL OF MILLIONS, IS ASKING *ME* TO HELP OUT? *ME?*

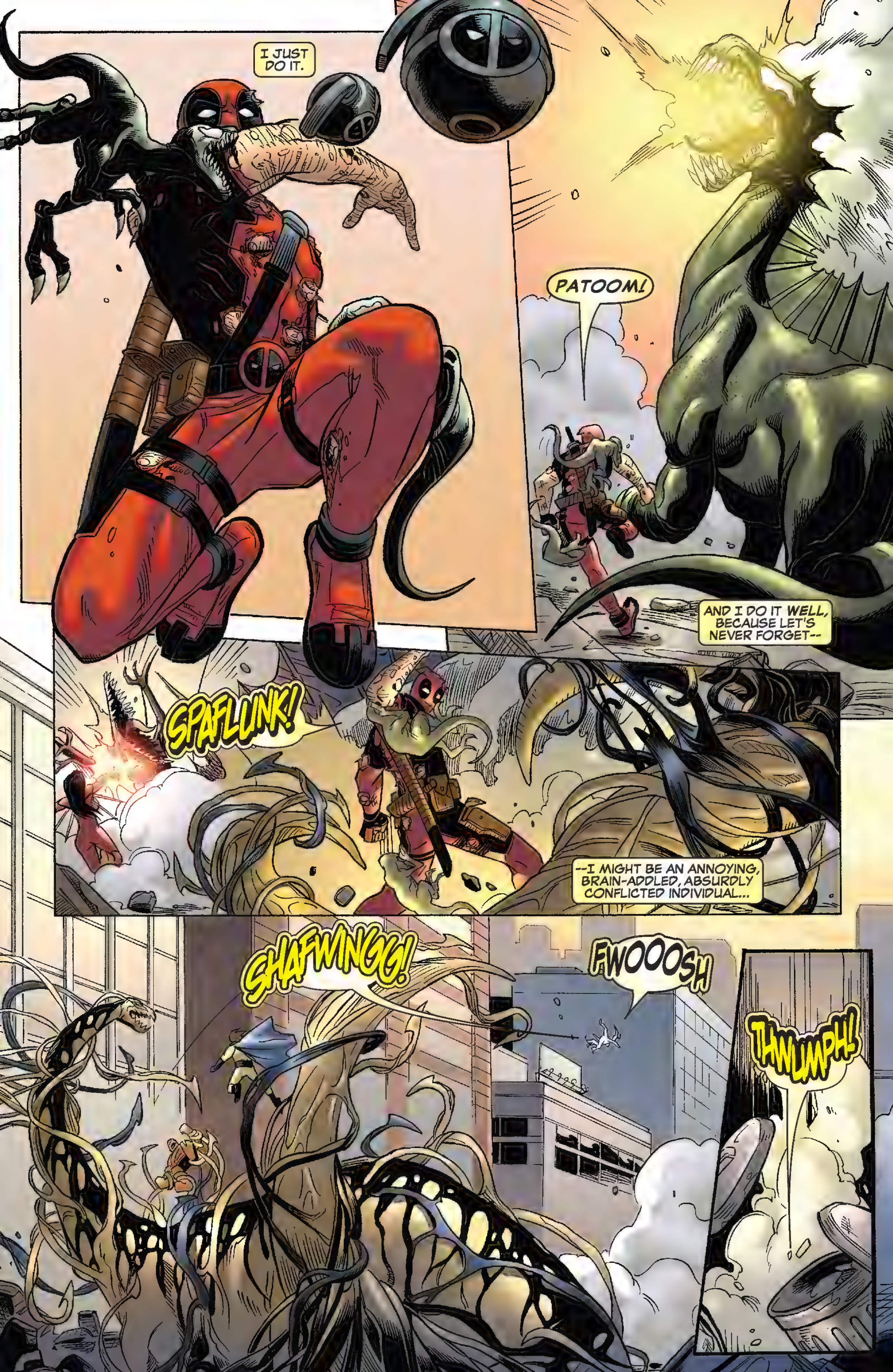

"MAYBE I FINALLY BELONG!"
FROM THE DIARY OF AGENT X: ILL-FITTING CLOTHES. POOR OVERSEAS MANUFACTURING.
POSSIBLY RESULT OF A FEW EXTRA POUNDS. BUT UNLIKELY.
REMAIN A TRIM, LEAN FIGHTING MACHINE.
NOTE TO SELF: START THE "JUST SAY NO TO TEN MORE TWINKIES" DIET.
SOON.
SANDI AND OUTLAW NEED ME.
THEY WERE RIGHT...
...IT IS TIME I REDISCOVERED ALEX HAYDEN.
THOOM!

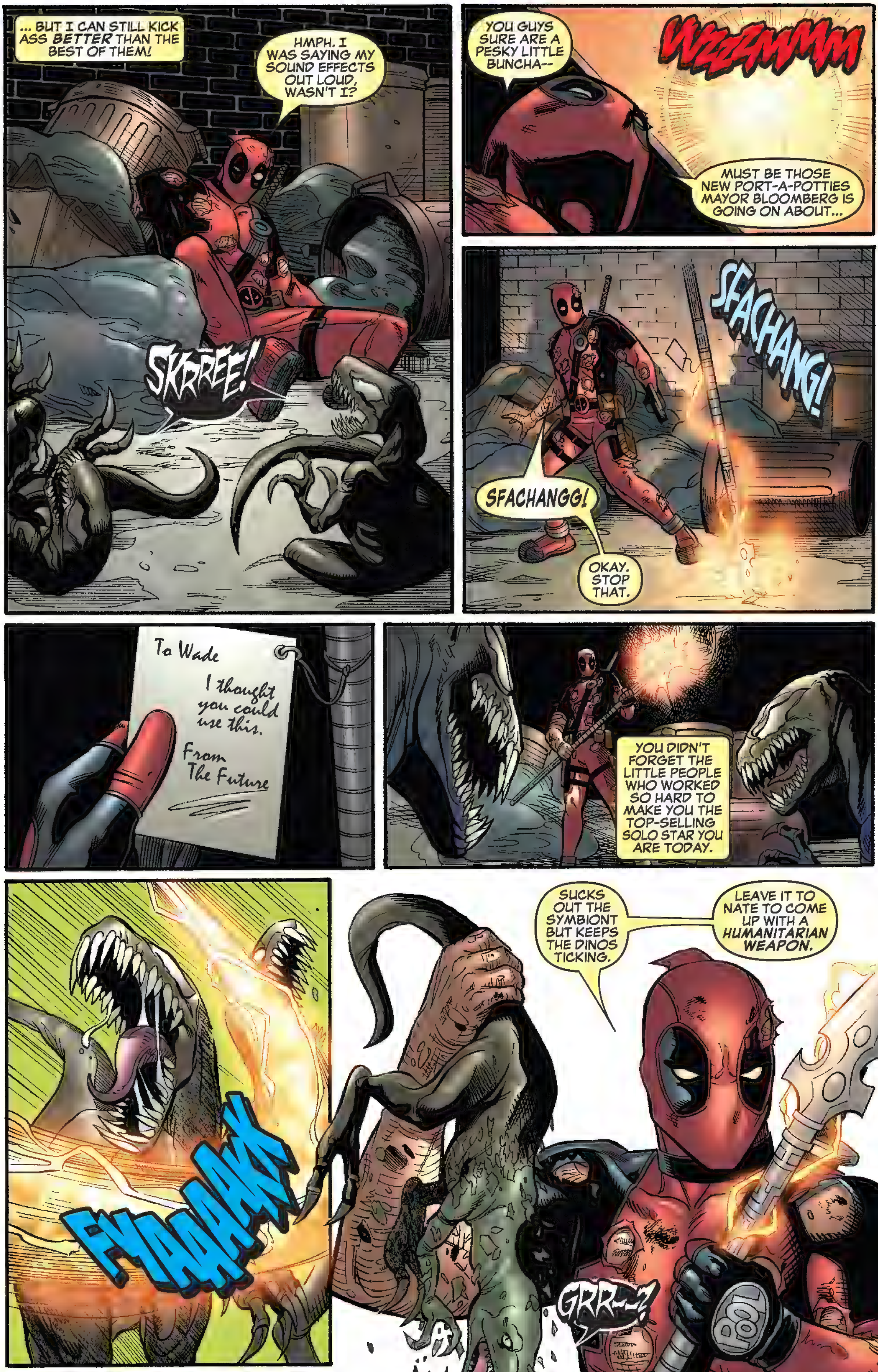

WIND IN MY FACE. BRACING.
GRACE AND SINEW MATCH.
REFLEXIVE MEMORY FUNCTIONS LIKE COILED PISTONS OF DRIVEN STEEL.
OKAY, ACTUALLY, A BIT *CHILLY.*
NOTE TO SELF: WEAR UNDERWEAR BENEATH LOINCLOTH.
KOOM!
OUTLAW, YOUR LITTLE SPEECH DID THE TRICK!
WHO'DA'THUNK IT, RIGHT?
MY HERO...
DID SOMEONE CALL FOR AGENT X, MASTER OF KUNG-FU, TAI-KWAN-DO, JEET-KUN-DO, AND APPARENTLY SUMO WRESTLING?
WELL, YOU GOT HIM--
'CAUSE I'M BACK, BABY!
NOW WHICH DINOSAUR WANTS TO GET *EATEN* FIRST...?

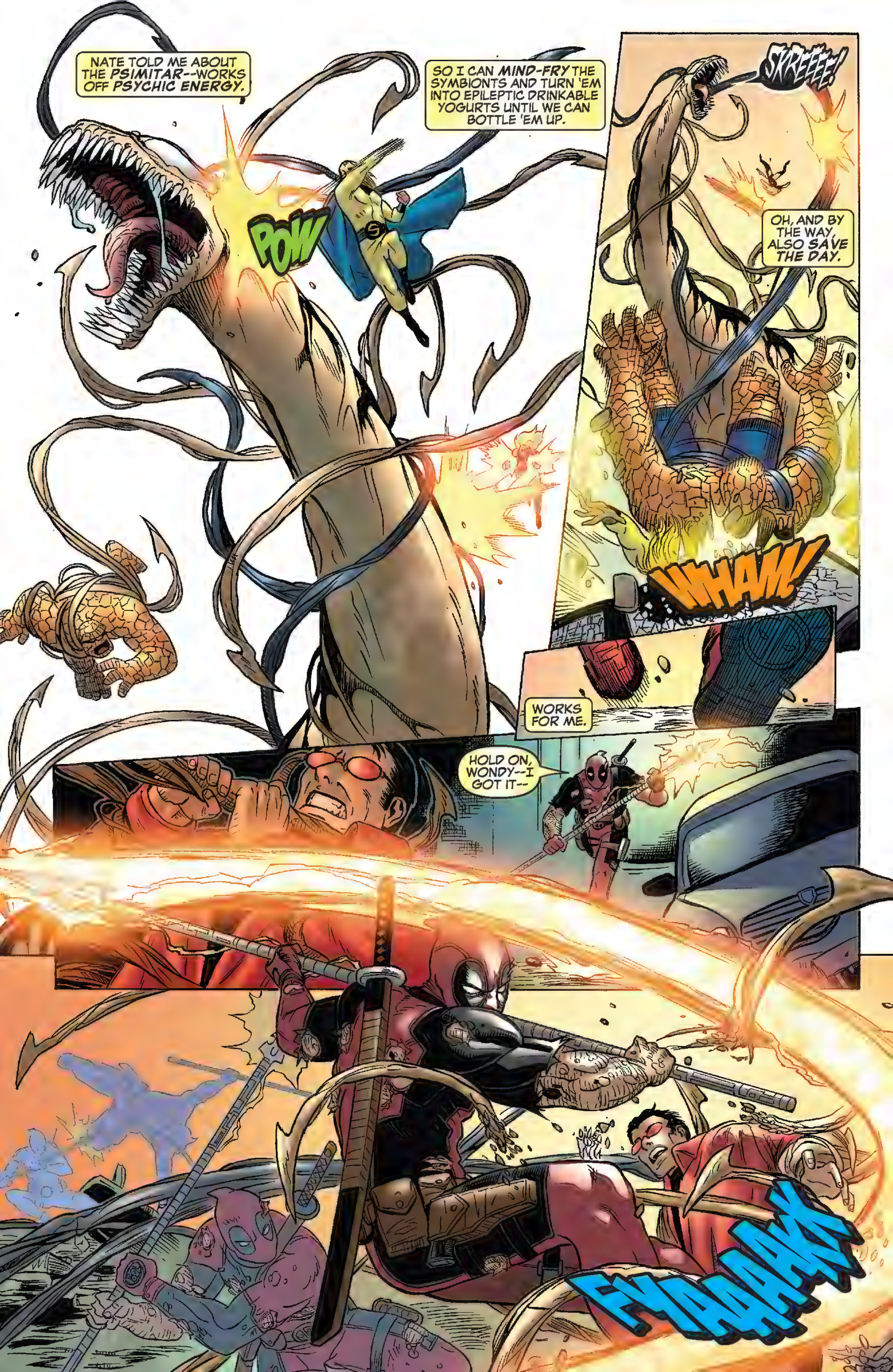

IN TIMES SQUARE...
AAAAAAAAAAAAAA
STOP!
WHOA!
STOP, FIDO!
--ONSLAUGHT OF RAMPAGING DINOSAURS POSSESSED BY ALIEN VENOM SYMBIOTE PARASITES--
I THINK IT'S "SYMBIONT"...
--HAS LEFT ALL OF MANHATTAN YEARNING FOR HEROES!
WHOA! WHOA! WHOA! WHOA!
FLLLLRRRPPPP
WHAM!
=NNNMMFF=
=HUFF=
AH.
AAH.
AAAAAAAAAAAA

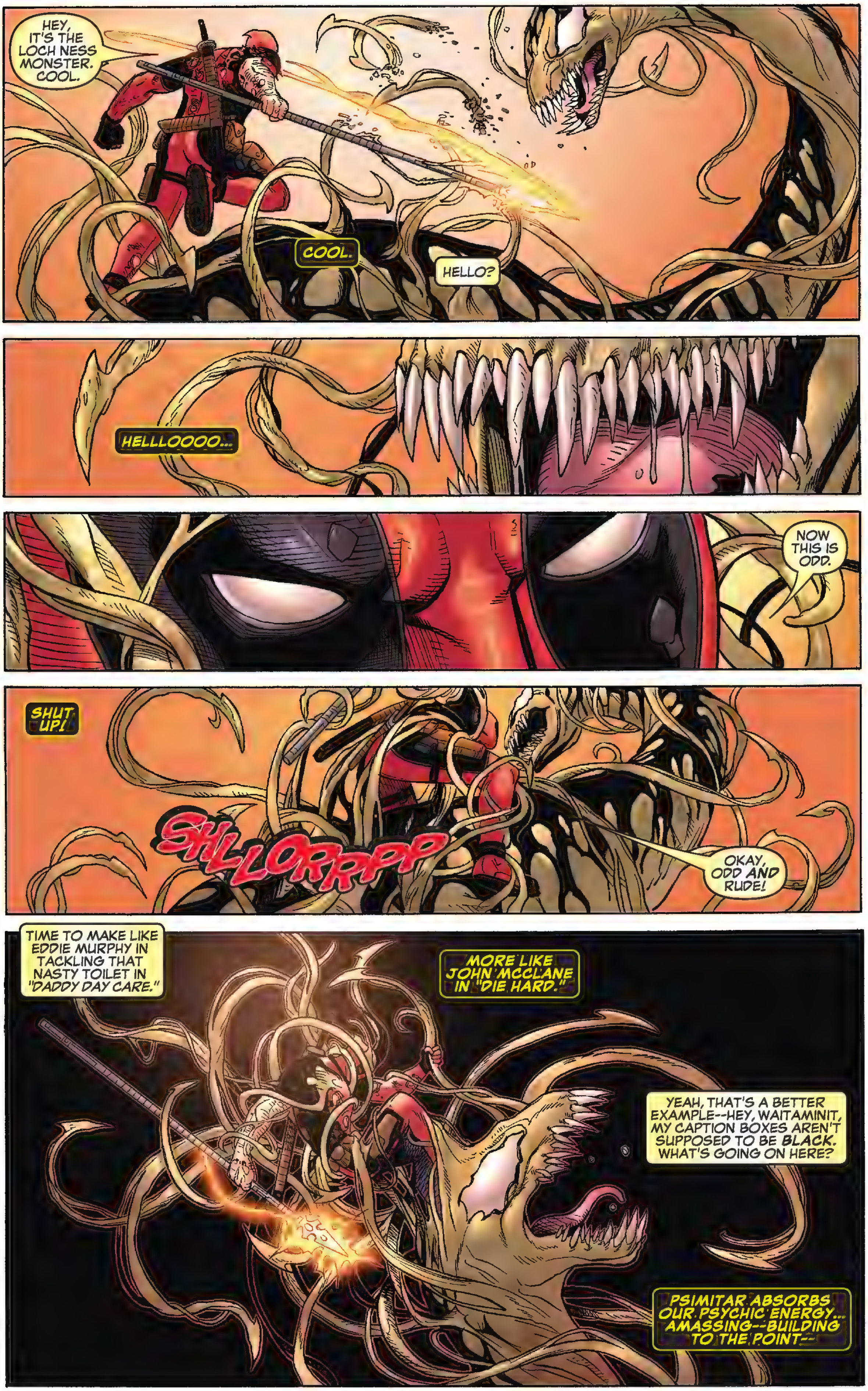

AAAAAAAAAAAAAA
SPLUZZZCHUNK
ZZZZCHAKKZZZ
RRRROAAAAR!
-AH-
-AH-
-AH-
NEW YORK
--A DARING, STUNNING MANEUVER THAT DOWNED THE DINOSAUR!
SSSSSSSTH THSSSS
SIR, DOES THE H ON YOUR UNIFORM STAND FOR HERO, BECAUSE THAT IS WHAT YOU TRULY ARE, SIR?!
AH... YES...
5
NEW YOR
...YES, IT DOES STAND FOR HERO, BECAUSE THAT IS WHAT I TRULY AM!
UHM... CELL PHONE... EXCUSE ME...
BRREEP
BRREEP
Saw u on tv that was SO hot! call me Alison <3
UHM... MESSAGE FROM MY WIFE... HEH-HEH... HMMM...

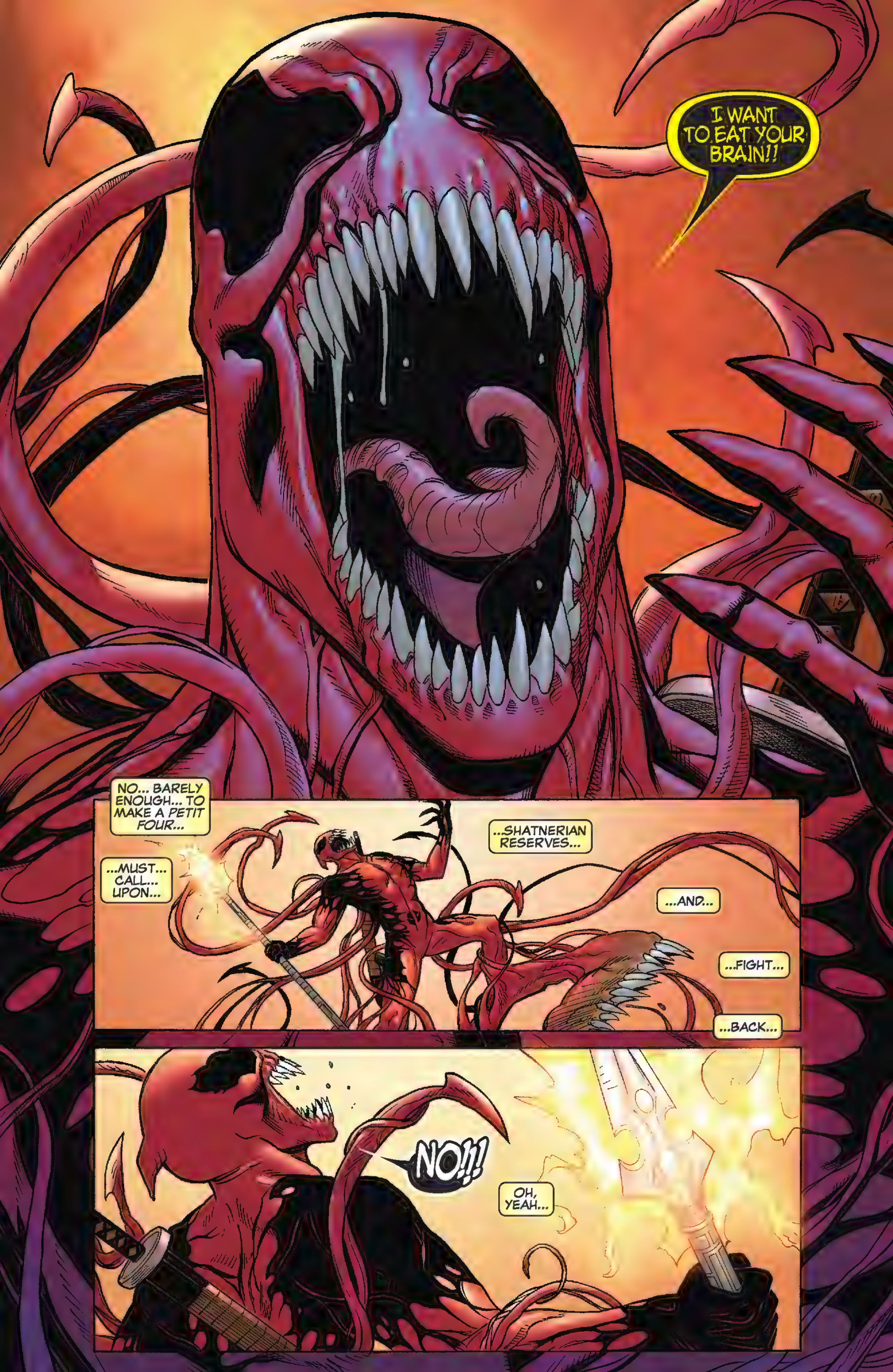

MEANWHILE...
THEY'RE EVERYWHERE. ALL THE CITY'S BEST HEROES. FIGHTING TOGETHER.
MS. MARVEL AND MR. WONDERFUL.
SPIDER-WOMAN AND MR. THING.
DUDE I DON'T KNOW.
SENTRY AND THE WASP...
ALL OF THEM FIGHTING TOGETHER...
...AND I'M STANDING RIGHT ALONGSIDE ALL OF THEM...
... AND WHEN YOU COME RIGHT DOWN TO IT, I SURE DON'T FEEL OUT OF PLACE HERE.
OF COURSE, MAYBE STANDING NEXT TO ICE-COLD SUPER-SPY, BLACK WIDOW MIGHT ALLEVIATE SOME OF THAT OUT-OF-PLACE THING A BIT.
BUT EVEN SO... THEY DON'T LOOK FUNNY AT ME.
SHE SAYS, "COVER MY FLANK" AND I DON'T MAKE A JOKE ABOUT IT.

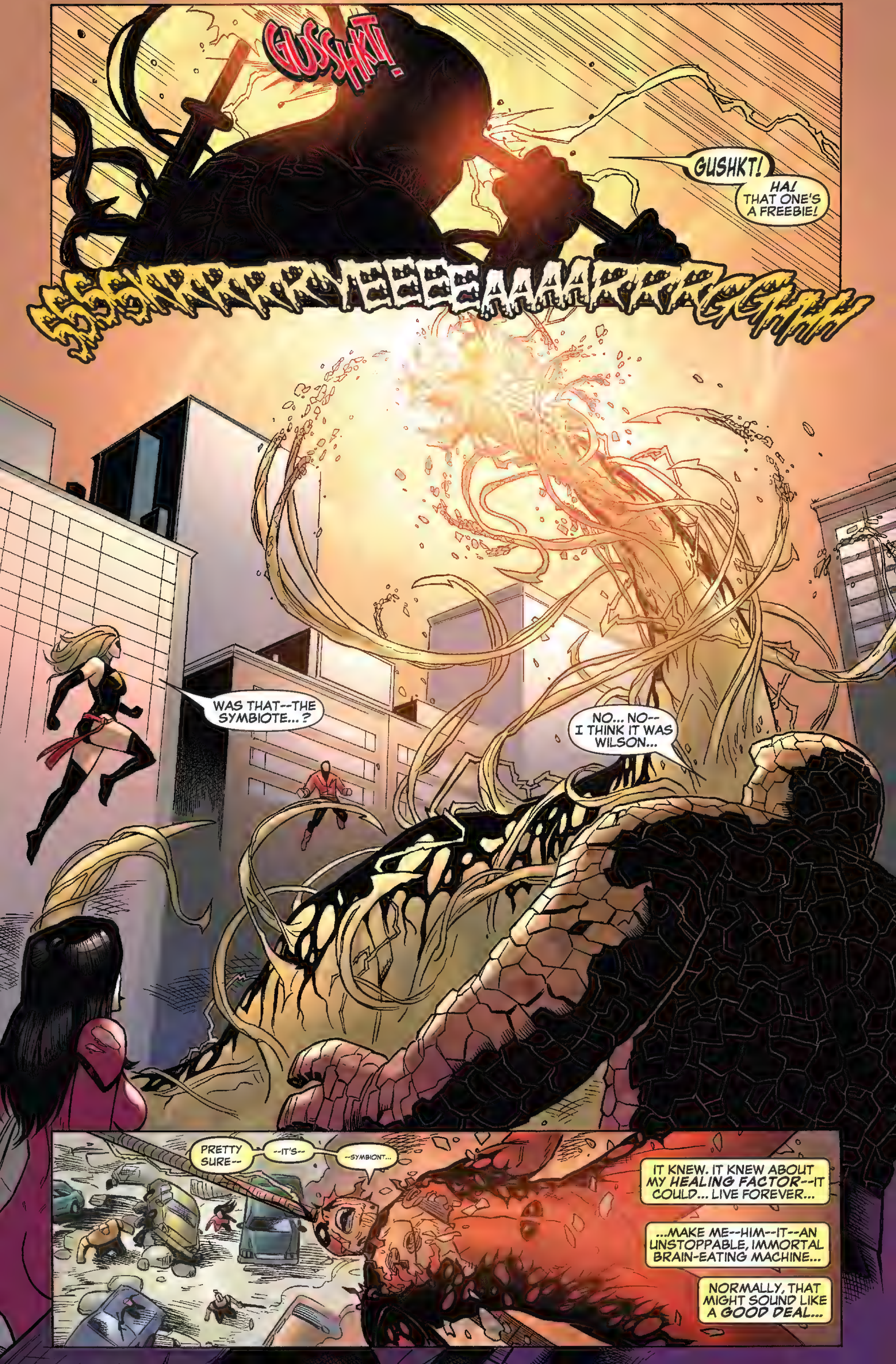

I JUST DO IT.
PATOOM!
AND I DO IT WELL, BECAUSE LET'S NEVER FORGET--
SPAFLUNK!
--I MIGHT BE AN ANNOYING, BRAIN-ADDLED, ABSURDLY CONFLICTED INDIVIDUAL...
SHAFWINGG!
FWOOOSH
THWUMPH!

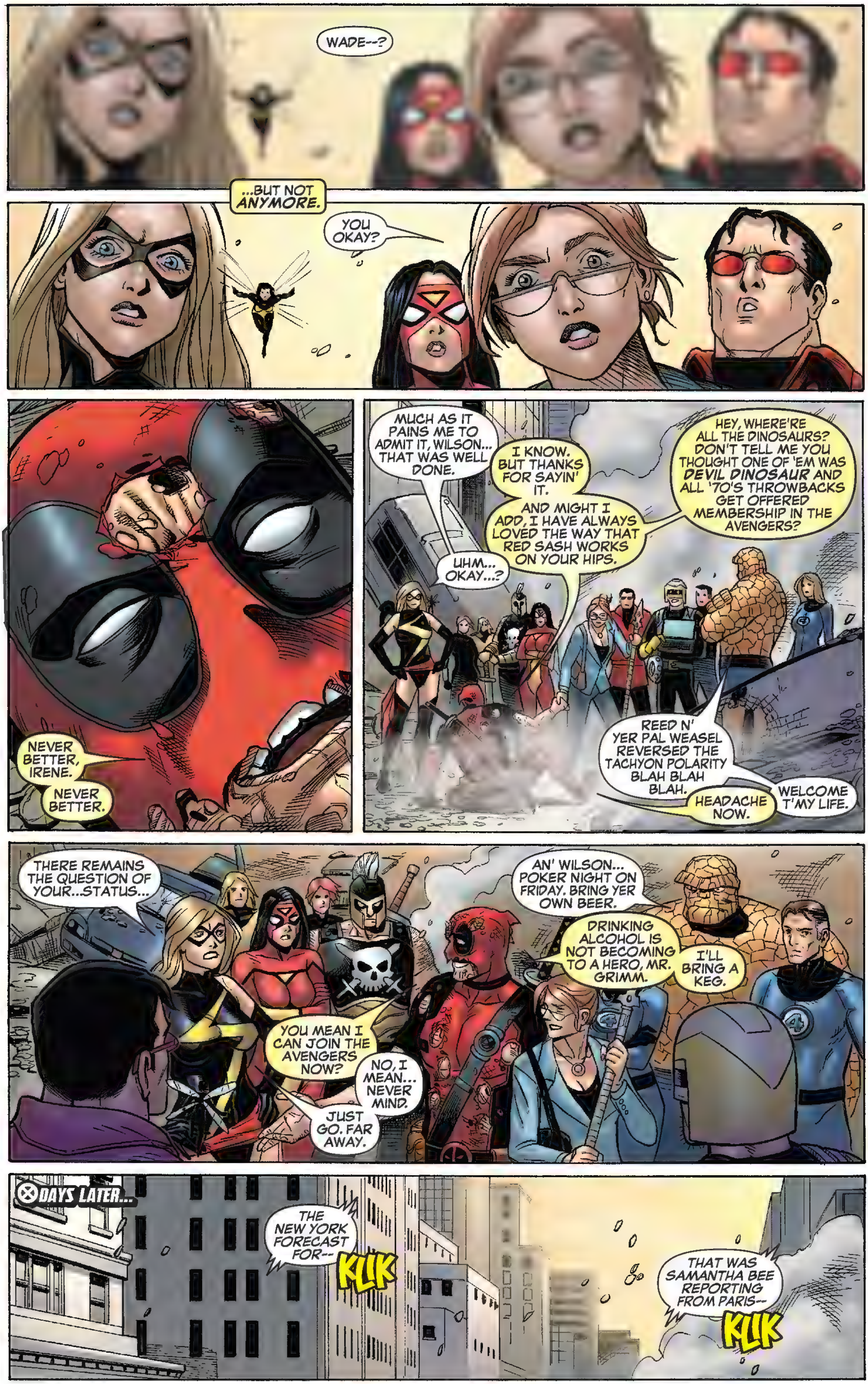

... BUT I CAN STILL KICK ASS *BETTER* THAN THE BEST OF THEM!
HMPH. I WAS SAYING MY SOUND EFFECTS OUT LOUD, WASN'T I?
SKRREE!
YOU GUYS SURE ARE A PESKY LITTLE BUNCHA--
VVZZMMMM
MUST BE THOSE NEW PORT-A-POTTIES MAYOR BLOOMBERG IS GOING ON ABOUT...
SFACHANG!
SFACHANGG!
OKAY. STOP THAT.
To Wade
I thought you could use this.
From The Future
YOU DIDN'T FORGET THE LITTLE PEOPLE WHO WORKED SO HARD TO MAKE YOU THE TOP-SELLING SOLO STAR YOU ARE TODAY.
FYOAAAK!
SUCKS OUT THE SYMBIONT BUT KEEPS THE DINOS TICKING.
LEAVE IT TO NATE TO COME UP WITH A *HUMANITARIAN WEAPON.*
GRR--?
POOL

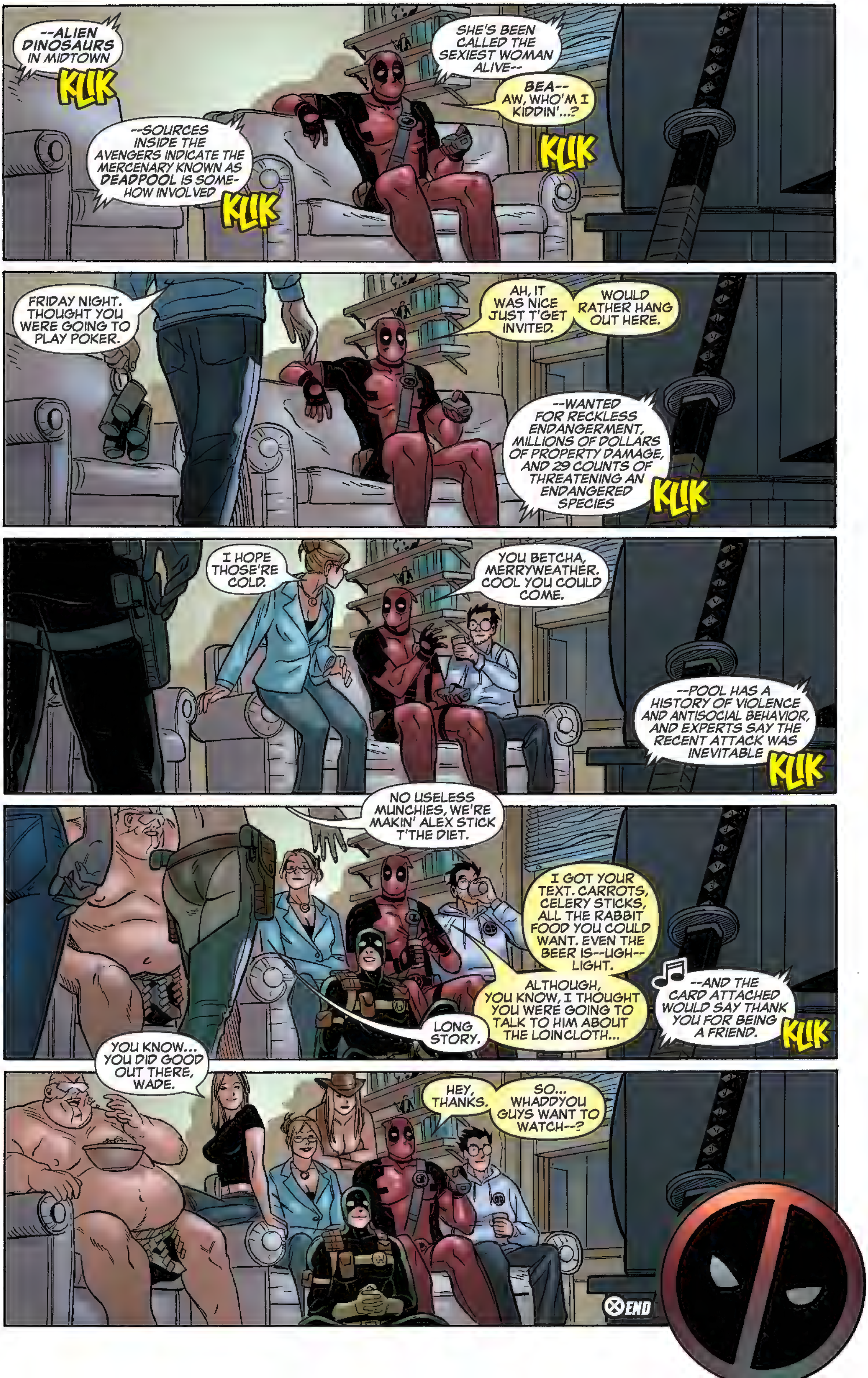

NATE TOLD ME ABOUT THE *PSIMITAR*--WORKS OFF *PSYCHIC ENERGY.*
SO I CAN *MIND-FRY* THE SYMBIONTS AND TURN 'EM INTO EPILEPTIC DRINKABLE YOGURTS UNTIL WE CAN BOTTLE 'EM UP.
POW
SKREEEE!
OH, AND BY THE WAY, ALSO *SAVE THE DAY.*
WHAM!
WORKS FOR ME.
HOLD ON, WONDY--I GOT IT--
FYAAAKK


HEY, IT'S THE LOCH NESS MONSTER. COOL.
COOL.
HELLO?
HELLLOOOO...
NOW THIS IS ODD.
SHUT UP!
SHLLORRRPP
OKAY, ODD AND RUDE!
TIME TO MAKE LIKE EDDIE MURPHY IN TACKLING THAT NASTY TOILET IN "DADDY DAY CARE."
MORE LIKE JOHN MCCLANE IN "DIE HARD."
YEAH, THAT'S A BETTER EXAMPLE--HEY, WAITAMINIT, MY CAPTION BOXES AREN'T SUPPOSED TO BE BLACK. WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
PSIMITAR ABSORBS OUR PSYCHIC ENERGY... AMASSING--BUILDING TO THE POINT--

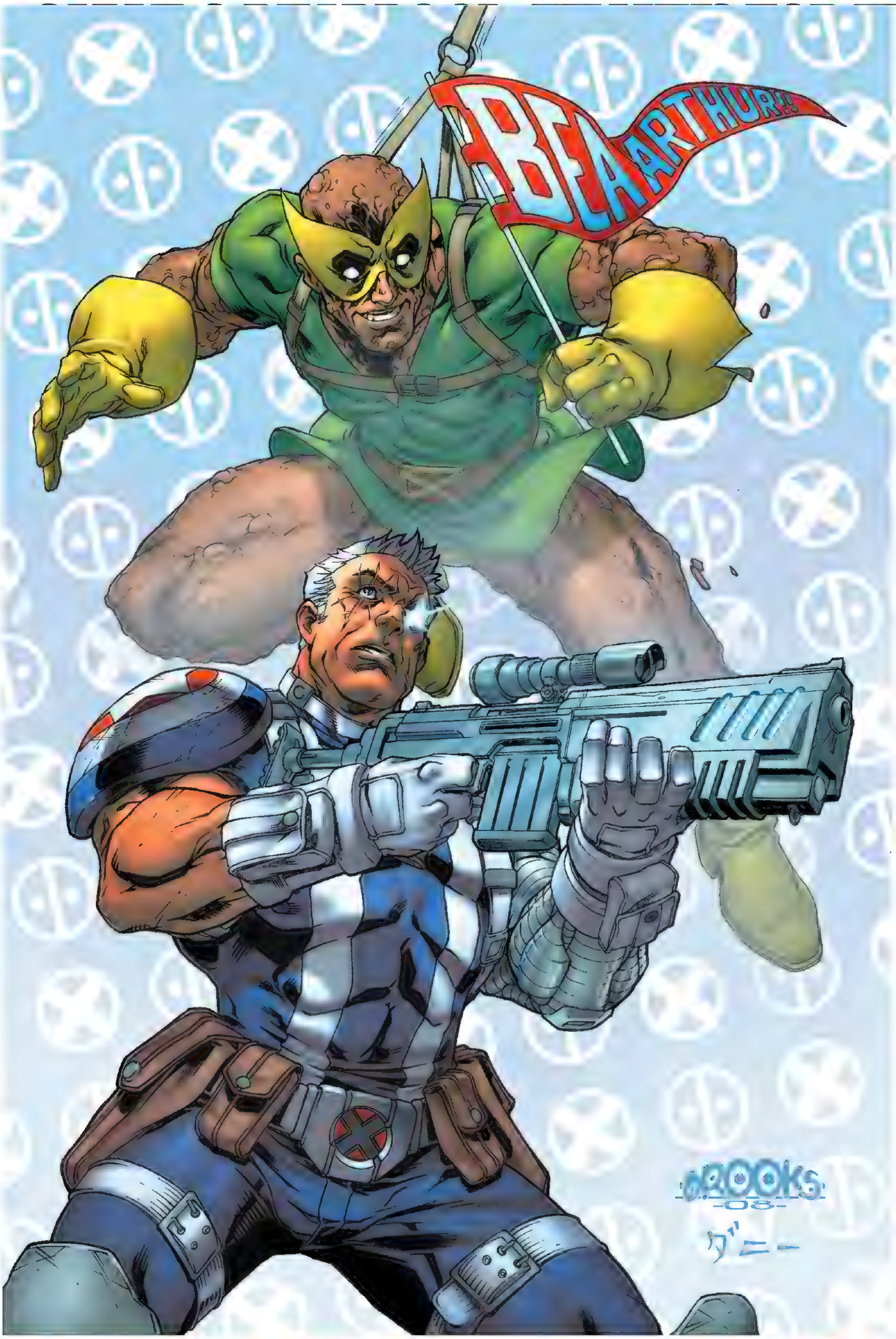

I WANT TO EAT YOUR BRAIN!!
NO... BARELY ENOUGH... TO MAKE A PETIT FOUR...
...MUST... CALL... UPON...
...SHATNERIAN RESERVES...
...AND...
...FIGHT...
...BACK...
NO!!!
OH, YEAH...


GUSSHKT!
GUSHKT! HA! THAT ONE'S A FREEBIE!
SSSHRRRRRYEEEEAAAARRRRGGHHH
WAS THAT--THE SYMBIOTE...?
NO... NO-- I THINK IT WAS WILSON...
PRETTY SURE--
--IT'S--
--SYMBIONT...
IT KNEW. IT KNEW ABOUT MY *HEALING FACTOR*--IT COULD... LIVE FOREVER...
...MAKE ME--HIM--IT--AN UNSTOPPABLE, IMMORTAL BRAIN-EATING MACHINE...
NORMALLY, THAT MIGHT SOUND LIKE A *GOOD DEAL*...


WADE--?
...BUT NOT ANYMORE.
YOU OKAY?
NEVER BETTER, IRENE.
NEVER BETTER.
MUCH AS IT PAINS ME TO ADMIT IT, WILSON... THAT WAS WELL DONE.
I KNOW. BUT THANKS FOR SAYIN' IT.
AND MIGHT I ADD, I HAVE ALWAYS LOVED THE WAY THAT RED SASH WORKS ON YOUR HIPS.
UHM... OKAY...?
HEY, WHERE'RE ALL THE DINOSAURS? DON'T TELL ME YOU THOUGHT ONE OF 'EM WAS DEVIL DINOSAUR AND ALL '70'S THROWBACKS GET OFFERED MEMBERSHIP IN THE AVENGERS?
REED N' YER PAL WEASEL REVERSED THE TACHYON POLARITY BLAH BLAH BLAH.
HEADACHE NOW.
WELCOME T'MY LIFE.
THERE REMAINS THE QUESTION OF YOUR...STATUS...
AN' WILSON... POKER NIGHT ON FRIDAY. BRING YER OWN BEER.
DRINKING ALCOHOL IS NOT BECOMING TO A HERO, MR. GRIMM.
I'LL BRING A KEG.
YOU MEAN I CAN JOIN THE AVENGERS NOW?
NO, I MEAN... NEVER MIND.
JUST GO. FAR AWAY.
DAYS LATER...
THE NEW YORK FORECAST FOR--
KLIK
THAT WAS SAMANTHA BEE REPORTING FROM PARIS--
KLIK


--ALIEN DINOSAURS IN MIDTOWN
KLIK
SHE'S BEEN CALLED THE SEXIEST WOMAN ALIVE--
BEA-- AW, WHO'M I KIDDIN'...?
KLIK
--SOURCES INSIDE THE AVENGERS INDICATE THE MERCENARY KNOWN AS DEADPOOL IS SOME-HOW INVOLVED
KLIK
FRIDAY NIGHT. THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO PLAY POKER.
AH, IT WAS NICE JUST T'GET INVITED.
WOULD RATHER HANG OUT HERE.
--WANTED FOR RECKLESS ENDANGERMENT, MILLIONS OF DOLLARS OF PROPERTY DAMAGE, AND 29 COUNTS OF THREATENING AN ENDANGERED SPECIES
KLIK
I HOPE THOSE'RE COLD.
YOU BETCHA, MERRYWEATHER. COOL YOU COULD COME.
--POOL HAS A HISTORY OF VIOLENCE AND ANTISOCIAL BEHAVIOR, AND EXPERTS SAY THE RECENT ATTACK WAS INEVITABLE
KLIK
NO USELESS MUNCHIES, WE'RE MAKIN' ALEX STICK T'THE DIET.
I GOT YOUR TEXT. CARROTS, CELERY STICKS, ALL THE RABBIT FOOD YOU COULD WANT. EVEN THE BEER IS--UGH--LIGHT.
ALTHOUGH, YOU KNOW, I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO TALK TO HIM ABOUT THE LOINCLOTH...
LONG STORY.
♫ --AND THE CARD ATTACHED WOULD SAY THANK YOU FOR BEING A FRIEND.
KLIK
YOU KNOW... YOU DID GOOD OUT THERE, WADE.
HEY, THANKS.
SO... WHADDYOU GUYS WANT TO WATCH--?
END

CABLE & DEADPOOL PIN-UP GALLERY


BEA ARTHUR!!
BROOKS
-08-
ダニー

ART BY MARK BROOKS
COLOR BY DANIMATION

DEAR DEADPOOL

Dear Deadpool,

I've been buying your comics since issue 20-something, after reading positive reviews on the internet tubes. I didn't know anything about you before that, and I must say this series is the funniest I've ever read. I also like my comics like my steak: interesting and well-done.

You've jumped to the top of my favourite comic people, so I'm sad to have learned about you and the book parting ways. :(Good luck with your future "wait and see" endeavors!

I'll class up the letter by giving Roman Numeral numbered questions:

i. Who's going to keep Bea Arthur's name out there? I heard if stars aren't recognized, they begin to fade. Much like the pictures in that time-traveling movie.

ii. Speaking of Roman Numerals, are you sure your name isn't Deadpoo l?

iii. Why can't I find cool merchandise of your logo like key chains or a simple black shirt? That sucks.

iv. If I wanted to learn more about you and your dastardly deeds, where should I turn?

v. You should release a spoken-word CD titled "Deadpool's Dastardly Deeds Not Done Dirt Cheap." Why? You have to further penetrated the market. First a spoken-word CD, then vitamin water, and then the world!

vi. In issue 48's letter page you ordered someone to bring cake. I have it on good authority that there is no cake. Sorry.

Just a fan,
Michael from
Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada

Things are kinda lonely up in Winnipeg, aren't they, Mike? I mean, what with it being Winnipeg and all, you're Canadians and you couldn't even keep your hockey team. Ooh, Roman Numerals! How fancy!

i. The time-traveling movie is called "Back to the Future." If you are going to correspond with me, do your pop culture reference homework. Bea will be fine. Bea is above all. Besides, she's currently got a pretty big starring role in "Countdown" from the Distinguished Competition.

ii. It would be silly if my name were Deadpoo Roman Numeral I. Because an I is not an L. If I were Deadpoo Roman Numeral L, that would be funnier.

iii. I refuse to answer the merchandising question on the grounds it might infuriate me.

iv. All of my adventures from this series are available in trade paperback form, available online or from your local comic retailer. For upcoming appearances, keep reading…

v. I do like the whole "vitamin-water as pathway to ruling the world" idea. Who knows what really goes into that stuff, right?

vi. But if there is no cake, then can we not eat it, too?

Dear Deadpool,

I have to say that Cable & Deadpool has been a great ride. I've been your biggest fan since 1992 and it was awesome to see you get a monthly of sorts again! I've stopped reading comics for the most part, but I still buy any of them that star you--I just can't get enough of your comic genius! That, and you're the only other guy I know who shares my unhealthy obsession for the beautiful babe, Bea Arthur. Why don't the rest of them understand?

Now, as always, on to the numbered questions (in Roman fashion):

I. What are your plans after you wrap up Cable & Deadpool? I'm sure we'll catch your mug here and there as a guest, but what about your own monthly gig?

II. Who do you prefer: Outlaw, Sandi, or both?

III. If they made doorknobs in the shape of chimichangas, would you buy them for your next Deadhut?

IV. This is my favorite Roman Numeral and I just wanted to type it...what's your favorite?

Thanks for all of the laughs...and continue to Make Mine Deadpool!

-Brian

Hey, Brian, always good to hear from a fellow True Bea-liever. We are few, but we are legion. Does that make sense?

Ooh, numbered questions. Wait, what's with the Roman Numeral theme? Strange.

I. Nicole sez: Next on Deadpool's schedule is an appearance in Marvel Comics Presents #10. He's also currently featured in Wolverine: Origins #21-25. As for Cable, you can catch him in his own series in March.

II. You answered the question yourself. I mean, c'mon… throw Irene in there and some ranch dressing and you got like a gut-buster burger supreme, right?

III. But then I would want to keep eating my knobs. That might not be legal outside of Alabama.

IV. I like IV just fine. In fact, I think it's a Fantastic IV.

Team Deadpool,

You guys suck.

I've hated both Cable and Deadpool since the characters were created. Cable's been nothing but an "Ooh, look at me, I'm so awesome 'cause I'm from the future! I can do whatever I want because I have an apostrophe in my surname!" jerk and Deadpool has just been Deadpool.

Finally, after fifteen years of hating those two doofuses, Cable & Deadpool saw print... and I still hated them. But in time, I grew to become interested in Cable's plans for world domination--so what did you guys do? Pull him out of the book to participate in an X-Men story arc where any number of mutants with thighs the size of tree-trunks could have filled in for him.

Fine, that wasn't the end of the world -- and it did give me time to get to know Deadpool a little better. So of course, in time I grew to actually care about the little smart-mouth... SO YOU CANCELLED THE BOOK.

Oh, well. At least there's still the awesome Friendly Neighborhood Spider-Man and Dan Slott on She-Hulk and Nicieza on Thunderbolts and--

Why must you people destroy everything I love...?

Adrian J. Watts
Melbourne, Australia

You're right, Adrian. We do suck.

Dear Deadpool,

You are my favorite super hero ever! As soon as I turn 18, I'm getting a tattoo of your logo on my left upper arm. I heard they were canceling your book at issue 50. I now have a hard time going to sleep because of this transaction, but hey, Reilly Brown is writing the last 2 issues of your series. Now that is really cool. He is, like, my favorite artist and soon-to-be favorite writer. Well, I g2g. Bye, Deadpool.

From your biggest fan,
Kyle

Wow, a teenage comic book reader? Quick, someone put Kyle behind glass in a museum or something. He's an endangered species.

I think the tat idea is a smooth move and the ladies will love it, Kyle, but why wait until you're eighteen? Seriously, if you've loved me all this time, you know that flouting the rules and mores of society is what I live for. Disobey your parents! Look where it's gotten me…

Nicole sez: Neither Marvel nor the Cable & Deadpool team condones unlawful behavior. Now please excuse me while I go untie the gag from Deadpool's mouth.

Dear Deadpool,

Would you ride a big wheel with us?

Johnny Dynamite &
the Big Wheel Biker Gang
West Chester, PA

Uhm… honestly… it actually sounds like a lot of fun. And, you know, seeing as… well… I GOT NOTHING ELSE TO DO UNTIL MY NEXT COMIC BOOK APPEARANCE…

I would love to ride a big wheel with you guys. I'll be there next Wednesday.

Dear Deadpool,

I was going to start this e-mail with a string of curse words and begging. You see, I've recently read that the amazing title that is Cable & Deadpool is coming to an end. It seems Cable (recently dead) is getting his own title, and Deadpool (the coolest character ever...after The Cat) only gets a Marvel Comics Presents slot? Okay, so a MCP slot is good but it's not C&DP.

I've been a big fan of C&DP since the first issue (back when religion was going blue), and it's the best monthly title Marvel puts out. Heck, it's even won awards (Wizard's Funniest Letters Page, Comicboards.com's Peoples Choice Award). So with this (probably my final letter to C&DP), I've got a few things to say (not all are questions, but they are numbered!):

1) First, a big thanks to Fabian Nicieza for all that writing he does, the various artists that have worked on C&DP and Nicole for editing practically the entire series. Also thanks to Deadpool for answering my letters in issues 13, 19 and 25!

2) C&DP has lasted longer than most titles, is it going to make to issue 50?

3) "Hail Hydra!"

4) Was there anything that was going to be put in C&DP that was ever left out (like when directors show out takes on DVDs)?

I guess that's all I have to say...except for please don't cancel C&DP! (C'mon, I had to beg once.) It's the title that introduced me to B.A.D. Girls, made agents of Hydra cool, showed the world how powerful Cable can be, and lets Deadpool don X-Men outfits (still one of the funniest scenes in any comic ever!).

Regards,
Gary Pickup
Salford, Manchester, UK

Hey, Gary, as you can see from previous answers, there are some super-secret exciting plans for me down the road, just don't hold your breath waiting, in case you can't hold your breath for more than a few months.

Yes, we won awards, but that's not why we did it, Gary. We did it for the love of you, our faithful readers. And for the girls. And for the money. But not for the awards… although the awards did help us score some girls…

Ooh, numbered questions!

1) Nicole has been great, hasn't she? I mean, seriously, what kind of a thankless job is it to edit this title and deal with Nicieza for more than three years?

2) No. We're not going to make it to #50, unfortunately.

3) CUT OFF ONE LIMB AND ANOTHER TAKES ITS PLACE!

4) What happened in the editing room stays in the editing room.

To all the people behind Cable & Deadpool:

I am devastated. The worst news I have ever read was last night.

Cable & Deadpool was cancelled. How could such a travesty happen?

It feels like a part of me is dying. For over four years now, there has been this incredible book that I've looked forward to every month. Very few comic series have kept my interest for the entire run, very few comics have I ever craved like this. I haven't felt like this since Fabian was writing X-Men. And in truth I was a teen then. I'm now closing in on 27 (and probably will have passed my birthday by the time this is printed, if it is printed); this book made me feel young again.

I know that there are other humor books out there, but how many are this well written? How many make you care about two characters that were, no offense, horrible when they were created? While I grew to love Deadpool over the years, I never thought I could actually have an interest in what happens to Cable.

I guess what I am trying to say is that Mr. Nicieza is probably one of the most talented writers in the industry. He is able to handle so many tapestries when it comes to writing character development. I think the reason he has been my favorite writer since I first started reading comics (right at the end of The X-Cutioner's Song) is because he is so great at making characters very three-dimensional, personality-wise.

You felt each heart-wrenching moment in this book, no matter who the characters are. When Prester John looked out as Providence sunk, you could imagine what he felt. Irene was heartbreaking as she saw Cable kiss Domino; we the readers could hear it in our minds. And all the trials and tribulations Nate and Wade put onto each other every month were so real and frustrating, that no matter who was reading, they could identify with each of them. It is a shame this comic is no more.

I do not look forward to my life without this book. Working in the mental health field as I do, there are days where you are so bent, broken, beaten and saddened that it is hard to find a release. I found it in this book. Each issue made me smile and lose myself in it. When I moved out on my own, my copy of issue 13 was ruined. But by that point I had memorized each panel of each page. Now the memories fade. But I hope to always retain the smiles this book brought me.

Wade often would refer to the readers of this book as s singular being. I liked to think I was THAT reader and so did other fans of this book. Each of us converted more and more readers to the back issues and trades. It is a shame we were not able to recruit more. Wade, we have failed you.

Now I sit in hope that rumors of a new Agency X book will emerge, but unless it has Fabian, I don't know if it will feel right. To think, 4+ years ago so many of us were saying the same thing about Fabian taking over for Gail Simone.

But I digress, and just reached the second page. I just wanted to say to Nicole, Patrick, Ron, Jon, Liefeld, and everyone else involved with this book, especially Fabian: thank you for entertaining me monthly. And I wish the best of luck to all of you.

Sincerely,
Michael E. "Bairdduvessa" Higgins
Hyannis, MA

"Now the memories fade." Seriously, Mike? Already? What're you, goin' a bit senile? I mean, you haven't even finished reading the last issue and the memories fade already? I – I'm sorry, it's the last letter and I'm a little misty here.

It was a very heartwarming, touching, sincere letter. I hate those.

And yes, we do blame you, our readers, for having failed us. If you HAD recruited more readers, we'd still be publishing this book! I mean, not with Cable in it, though we'd probably keep calling it Cable & Deadpool, because, let's face it, that's freakin' hilarious, but the point being, we'd still be going strong if it weren't for you, our faithful, loyal readers.

There. It had to be said.

Luckily, Michael showed some class and said it for us.

I think that ends things on a pretty high note, don't you?

We had fun, right? A few laughs, some angst, kicked some dino-butt. All good. Don't cry for me, Argentina. How many titles nowadays featuring cast-off characters with marginal sales last for 50 issues, much less with Nicieza writing them? Frickin' miracle, I tellya.

It ain't over for me. I still got my Marvel Girl costume, so if I wear it, eventually I'll become Phoenix and rise from the ashes. You'll see. Now, no one hold their breath waiting `cause it'll be a few months and I wouldn't want any of you to pop a lung, except for Gary, cause he's British and it would be fun to see him strain.

When I come back, I'm pretty confident that I'll be better then ever…

A NOTE FROM FABIAN

Contrary to what Deadpool said in the letters page, we do not blame you, our loyal reader, for the book's cancellation. We don't blame anyone, actually. We had a great run. It was a good time to see if our two boys could fly on their own.

If anything, we want to thank all of you for sticking with us through good stories and some not-so-good. From silliness to serious stuff, from running like paparazzi after any crossover we could coattail-ride to losing our co-lead (which, seriously, is still really hilarious), you have always been there, consistently supporting us month in and month out. Our sales were never great, but they were incredibly consistent. That alone kept us going far longer than anyone ever thought we would.

I want to thank Mike Marts, our first editor, for making the job-suicide call of offering me the title. I want to thank Mark Brooks for a glimpse of how much fun it would have been to work with him longer. To Patrick Zircher for friendship, support and for a ridiculously great run of issues – that shipped on time. To Lan Medina, Staz Johnson and my old pal, Ron Lim, for always stepping up whenever they were asked to step in. To Reilly Brown, for his youthful spunk and growth as an artist – it's there on the page, gang – look at how much better he continues to get – someone wake up and offer him another book now!

And especially, thanks to Nicole Wiley who became Nicole Boose during our run. She stepped in as the "kid editor" and was handed this title as seeming punishment just for being the newbie. It's not easy to be the new kid on the block and asked to edit a book that sometimes… okay, most times… has a character and a writer who could say anything at any given moment that will get lots of people all flitting about with exaggerated agita. Especially lawyers. They seem to get agita a lot for some reason. She stuck with us no matter how stubborn, stupid and relentlessly arrogant we were. Okay, I was. I hope that with her penance done, she gets to edit something cool and popular.

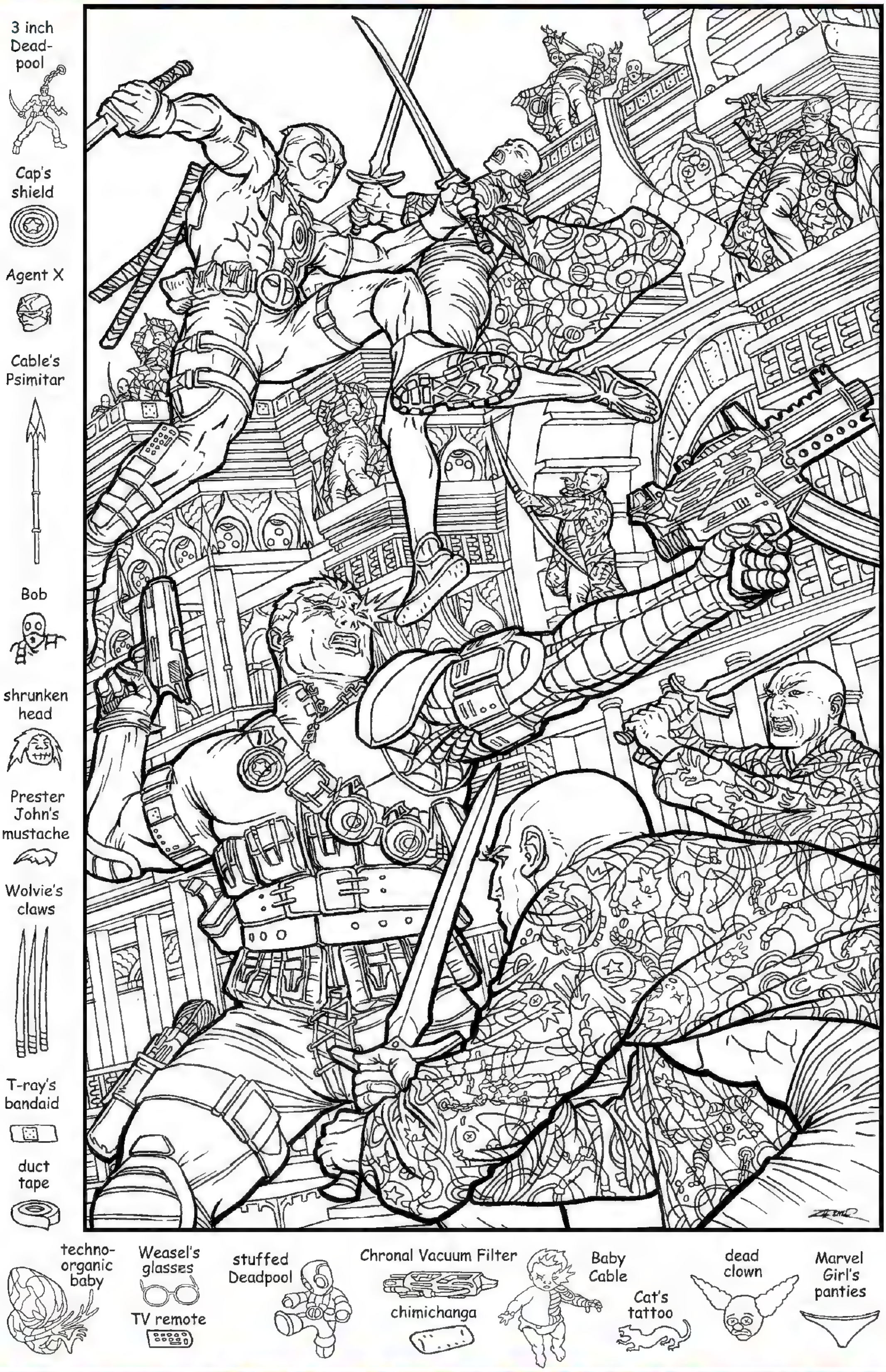
Thanks to the decision-makers at Marvel for sticking with us for as long as they did. They really didn't have to, but no matter how many shots we took, they turned the other cheek and kept renewing us. They mostly did out of pity, which was very sweet.

You obviously haven't heard the last of Cable and you definitely haven't heard the last of Deadpool. I'll miss them both, I'll miss your support and I'll miss the monthly therapy of using both characters to say lots of things that you normally can't say in civilized company. My wife is the biggest loser in all this, because now how will I get some of this stuff out of my system? ☺

Hopefully, I'll see you all again real soon…

-Fabian Nicieza

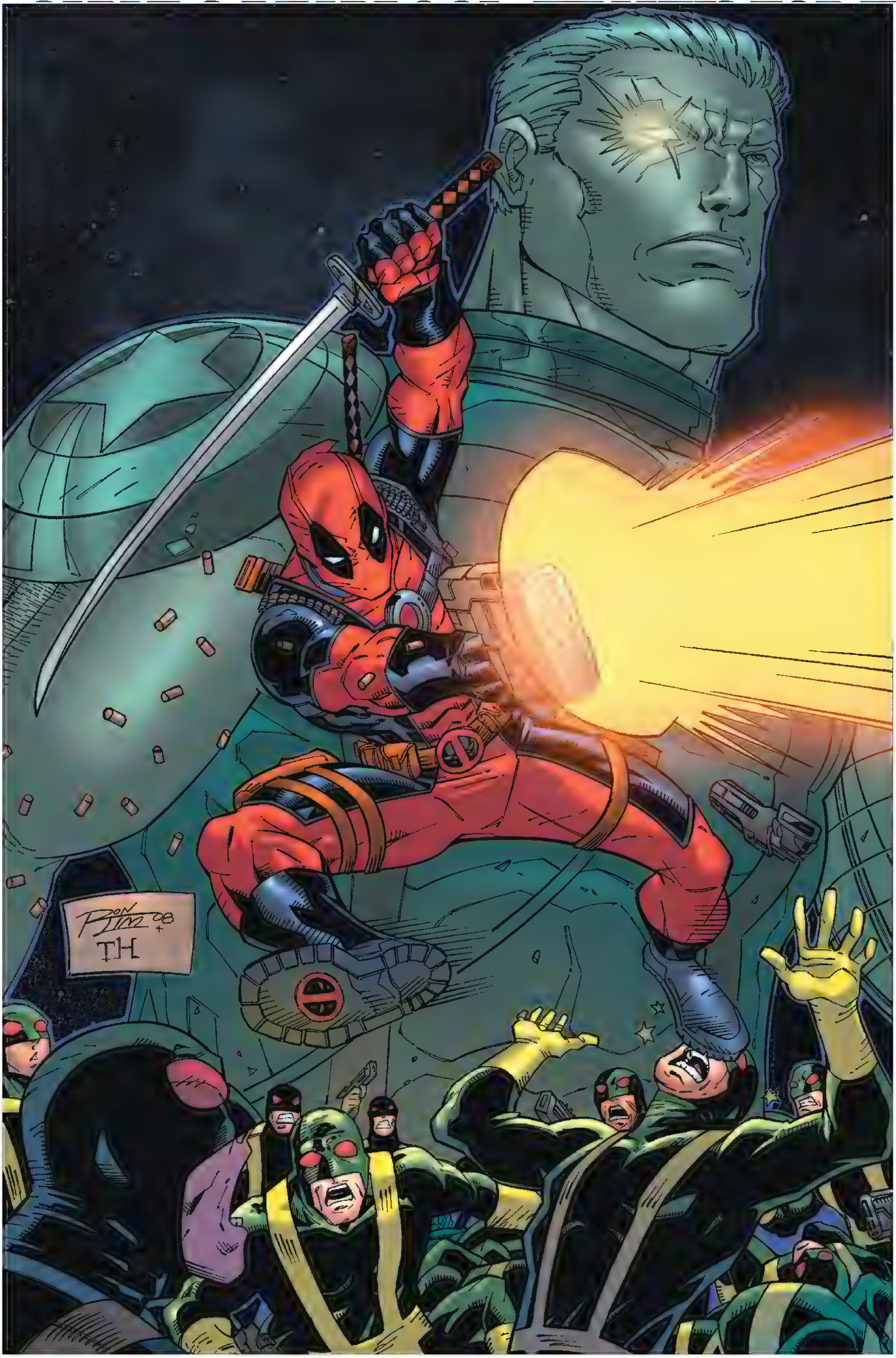
CABLE & DEADPOOL PIN-UP GALLERY


3 inch Deadpool
Cap's shield
Agent X
Cable's Psimitar
Bob
shrunken head
Prester John's mustache
Wolvie's claws
T-ray's bandaid
duct tape
techno-organic baby
Weasel's glasses
TV remote
stuffed Deadpool
Chronal Vacuum Filter
chimichanga
Baby Cable
Cat's tattoo
dead clown
Marvel Girl's panties

FIND THE HIDDEN IMAGES!

ART BY PATRICK ZIRCHER

CABLE & DEADPOOL PIN-UP GALLERY



PENCILS BY RON LIM INKS BY TROY HUBBS
COLOR BY SOTOCOLOR

EDITOR'S NOTE

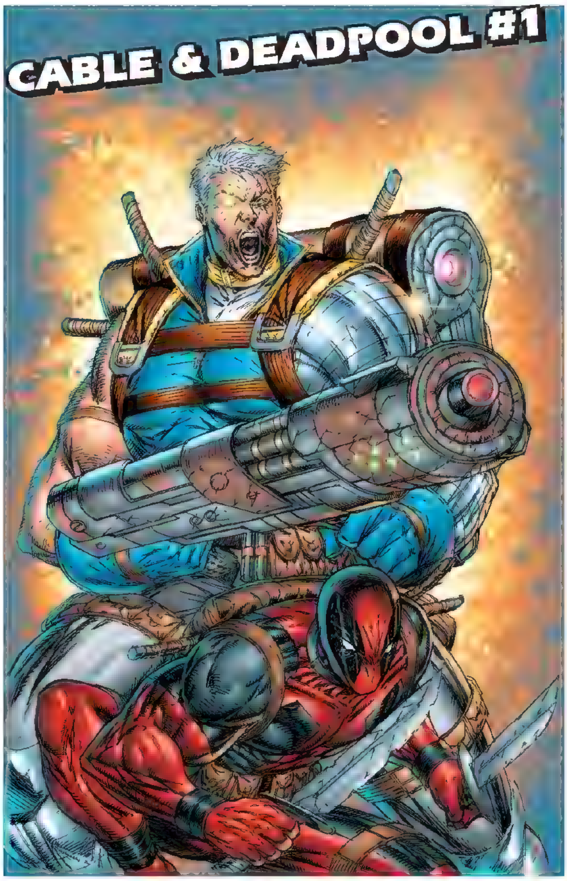
I've been working on *Cable & Deadpool* for almost as long as I've been at Marvel. Since this book has always gone hand-in-hand for me with being an editor here, it's especially bittersweet to have to say goodbye. I've come to appreciate these characters almost as if they were real people and real friends.

But even more importantly, there are real people who have become real friends through their involvement with this book. They're the ones who have made *Cable & Deadpool* what it is, in all its messy, sarcastic, violent, touching and sometimes continuity-burdened glory. This last issue is dedicated to all of them:

Fabian Nicieza likes to hide his integrity, talent and kindness beneath a veneer of bitter sarcasm. I am not fooled. He is someone who, even during his busiest workload, will promise a script on Friday and still get it done by Thursday. I can't overstate how much I've gained from having worked with such a consummate professional for such a long period of time. That, and I've learned how to put up a decent argument. I would've been fired long ago if I'd let him get away with all the subversive stuff he tried to sneak into this series.

Patrick Zircher had the longest tenure of any penciler who worked on *Cable & Deadpool,* and was a big part of defining its signature style. Another genuine pro, Patrick would go to great lengths to put thought and care into every detail of every page without missing a deadline. Sometimes his attention to detail bordered on the pathological. But ever the good sport, he took it well whenever I mocked him for his obsessiveness. And the book always came out better for it.

Reilly Brown draws images that can make you laugh out loud just by looking at them. He brought to the series a keen storytelling sensibility and a fine-tuned sense of humor that enhanced the story without ever stealing attention from the writing. When Fabian's schedule prevented him from fully scripting the two final issues, Reilly stepped in and volunteered. Despite his inexperience as a writer, I knew he had an innate grasp of how to tell a story, and a genuine love and understanding of the characters. I knew readers would trust him to guide them through the ending of the series, and he's proven me right. Now I'm just hoping that he finishes drawing this last issue on time.



instrumental in keeping this book together during different segments of its run, and I'm grateful for the hard work and dedication of their staff.

Cory Petit and **Dave Sharpe** both cheerfully and expertly brought their lettering skills to the comic, literally putting the words in the characters' mouths, sometimes on a breakneck schedule. They, too, were crucial to keeping this book running.

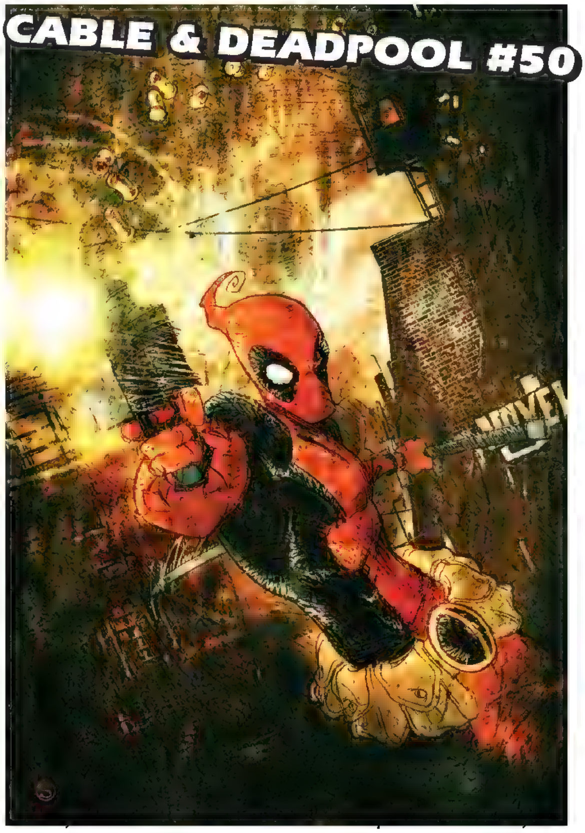
Various others have contributed their talents to making this book what it was. **Jeremy Freeman's** inking is a perfect complement to Reilly's penciled art. **Mark Brooks** established the very look and feel of the series, and has gone on to great success as a penciler. I'm proud that *Cable & Deadpool* had a part in his career. **Rob Liefeld** co-created one of the title characters and has been an enthusiastic contributor to several covers. **Skottie Young, Ron Lim, Lan Medina, David Ross, Staz Johnson, Jon Malin** and **Amanda Conner** have all stepped in to work on various issues and covers, and have each made the series richer with their involvement. I may not have room to name every person who contributed to this series and I apologize to any I left out, but their talent and hard work is greatly valued.

Thanks to **Shane Davis,** who rocked the cover to issue 21 and was never properly credited in the book. Shane, we owe you more than one.

Thanks to **Tom Brevoort** for trusting me to edit this book.

Thanks to the other Marvel staffers, especially **Jon-Michael Ennis** and **Lauren Sankovitch**, for their help and input. When Jon-Michael started as an intern, he read the entire series seemingly overnight, and instantly became a supporter and member of the team. Lauren mentioned being a *Cable & Deadpool* fan during her first job interview. There are many reasons why she got the job, but that one is my favorite.

And at the risk of sounding like the corniest Oscar speech ever given, none of this would have been possible without **you, the readers**. At first, we didn't know if this series would last more than 6 or 7 issues. We truly believed that any given story arc could be our last. Every time we got approved for another 6 or 7, there was a little sense of triumph. But every bit of uncertainty made us appreciate the opportunity to work on the book even more. We weren't making huge numbers, but the readers we did have were fiercely loyal. Your continuing support month after month was what kept the series going.

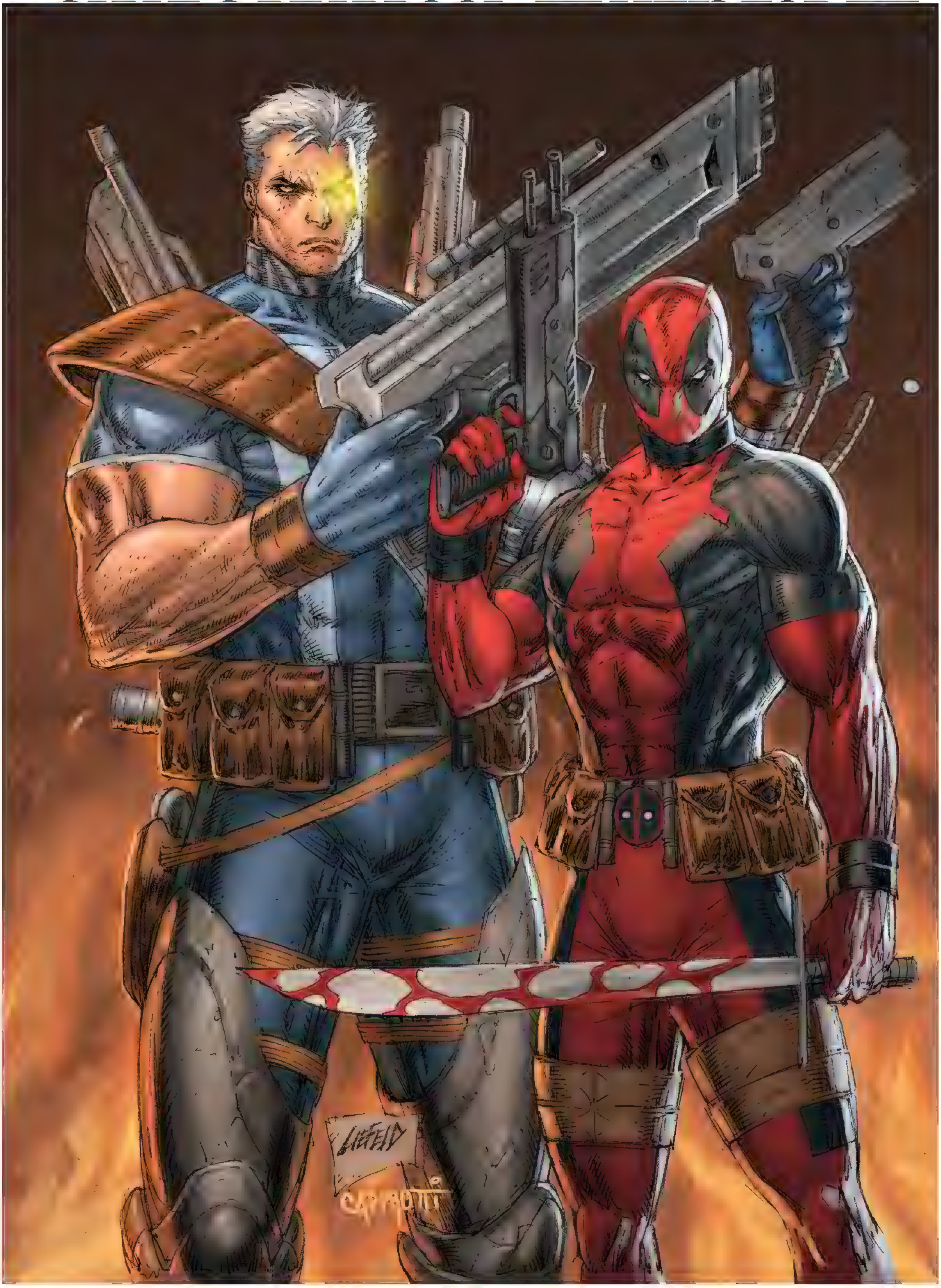


behalf of the whole team, for Being a Friend.

Chimichanga.

Nicole Boose
January 25, 2008

CABLE & DEADPOOL PIN-UP GALLERY


LIEFELD
CAPROTTI

ART BY ROB LIEFELD

CABLE & DEADPOOL: THANKS FOR THE MEMORIES

BY BEN MORSE

This article also appears on Marvel.com.

You know what they say about all good things…

After lasting about 44 more issues than anybody thought it would, CABLE & DEADPOOL, the little book that could, bids farewell with issue #50 on February 20.

Launched alongside a quintet of other ongoing series in 2004, none of which lasted a year—except for SHE-HULK…cursed SHE-HULK—CABLE & DEADPOOL featured the unlikely buddy duo of the maniacal Deadpool and straight-laced Cable forced into teaming up again and again to consistently hilarious and often thought-provoking results.

For four years, C&D has made us laugh, cry and raise our eyebrows more than a couple of times, but now it's time to say goodbye. To help ease the burden of farewell, we here at Marvel.com had Nicole Boose, editor of all but six of the 50 issues of CABLE & DEADPOOL, round up the old crew and recount their 10 favorite moments, no particular order, from the series' run.

On a personal note, this writer will certainly miss reading a new issue of CABLE & DEADPOOL each month. Our relationship certainly evolved over the past four years, as I went from an eager-eyed college fanboy racing to the store for each monthly installment, to Wizard Magazine writer stumping as best I could for one of my personal favorite books, to Marvel employee who no longer pays for his comics and thus probably contributed to the end of CABLE & DEADPOOL.

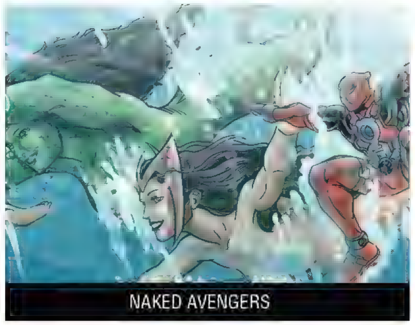
So…uh…sorry.

On with the show!

10. EARTH'S MIGHTIEST NUDES (CABLE & DEADPOOL #11)

Enlisting the help of the Fixer for a job, Deadpool happens upon an epic painted portrayal of the Avengers in all their naked glory on the inside of the malevolent mechanic's pool.

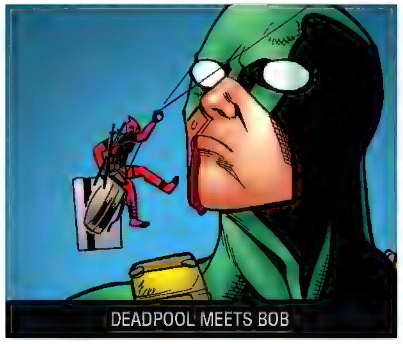
"[He found] Thor's Mjolnir impressive," notes former series artist and originator of the idea Patrick Zircher.


NAKED AVENGERS

9. OH, BOB… (CABLE & DEADPOOL #45)

In the latter leg of C&D, Deadpool picked up a nifty new sidekick in the form of Bob: Agent of HYDRA, initially a foot soldier of the terrorist organization who 'Pool took hostage, but whom the Merc With a Mouth quickly took a shine to, despite his…eccentricities.

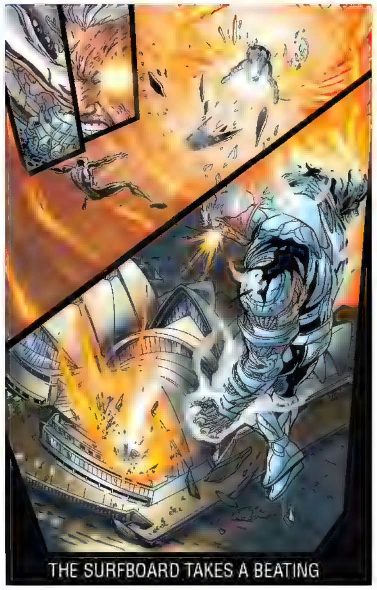
"[I loved] Bob hailing HYDRA at inappropriate times," says series artist and plotter Reilly Brown. "Especially when he's in the 1940's with Captain America and starts thinking Cap might not be such a bad guy after all—and then the HYDRA programming kicks in!"


DEADPOOL MEETS BOB

8. EAT POWER COSMIC (CABLE & DEADPOOL #10)

His mutant telekinesis juiced up to its most extreme level ever, Cable goes toe-to-toe with the Silver Surfer in an effort to preserve his island haven of Providence and actually cracks the Sentinel of the Spaceways' board in the process!

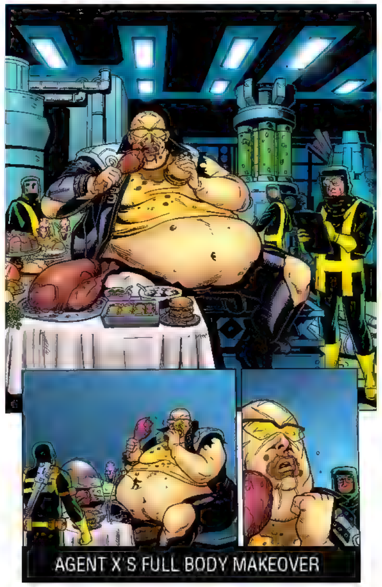
"Oh my," remarks Zircher.


THE SURFBOARD TAKES A BEATING

7. HE AIN'T JUST HEAVY, HE'S MY CLONE…OR SOMETHING (CABLE & DEADPOOL #38)

In Round 1,287 of his ongoing feud with clone/dude with half his brain/something Agent X, Deadpool unleashes the deadliest of weapons: HYDRA's morbid obesity ray!

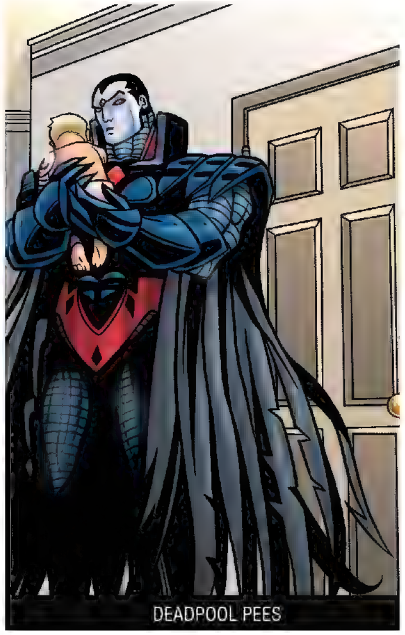
"I'd just redesigned Agent X with a cool new costume for this issue, and then when I got to page 15—well, I think Bob's reaction was just me looking in the mirror," laments Brown. "Time for another redesign…"


AGENT X'S FULL BODY MAKEOVER

6. THE LONGEST PEE (CABLE & DEADPOOL #17)

In the midst of battling an alternate universe Mr. Sinister over the dimension-lost and de-aged infant Cable, Deadpool calls a much-needed bathroom break.

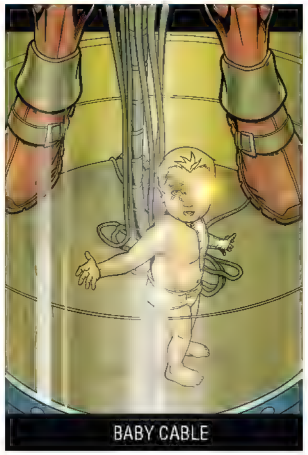
"I didn't know if it would play to have Deadpool peeing for a couple pages," questions editor Nicole Boose. "But I guess readers didn't tire of it as fast as I thought they would."


DEADPOOL PEES

5. ONE MERC AND A BABY (CABLE & DEADPOOL #18)

Retrieving infant Cable from the House of M, Deadpool finds himself in the awkward—and adorable—position of the li'l cyborg mutant soldier identifying him as "Dedpoo. Da-Da!"

"Touching and weird," exclaims Zircher.


BABY CABLE

4. QUALITY TIME (CABLE & DEADPOOL #19)

With Cable gradually returning to his own age and looking very Nate Grey-like around age 17, 'Pool takes his erstwhile pal out for a beer so they can bond before he gets old and grumpy again…but of course Cable can't get served until he's old and grumpy again.

"The whole idea of Deadpool being Cable's 'parental guardian' was poetic ridiculousness," laughs assistant editor Jon-Michael Ennis. "I like to think of it as 'Messiah CompleX' before 'Messiah CompleX'."

3. MARVEL GIRL FOR A DAY (CABLE & DEADPOOL #9)

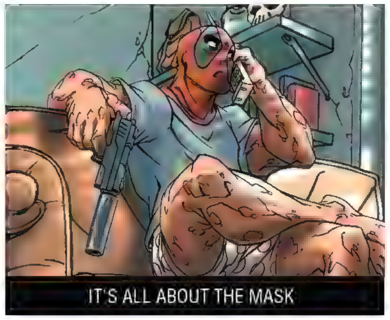
Deadpool agreed to help the X-Men take down Cable on one condition: he gets an X-Men uniform. And not just any uniform, but the beloved yellow mini-skirt and low-cut green top of Jean Grey during her stint as the original Marvel Girl.

"Originally, he was supposed to wear it for the whole issue," reveals Boose. "But Patrick thought the visual gag would get old too fast, so we changed it to just one shining moment. If you see the close-up of Deadpool's butt in that issue, you'll understand why Patrick didn't want to draw it in every panel."

2. FERAL FISTICUFFS (CABLE & DEADPOOL #41)

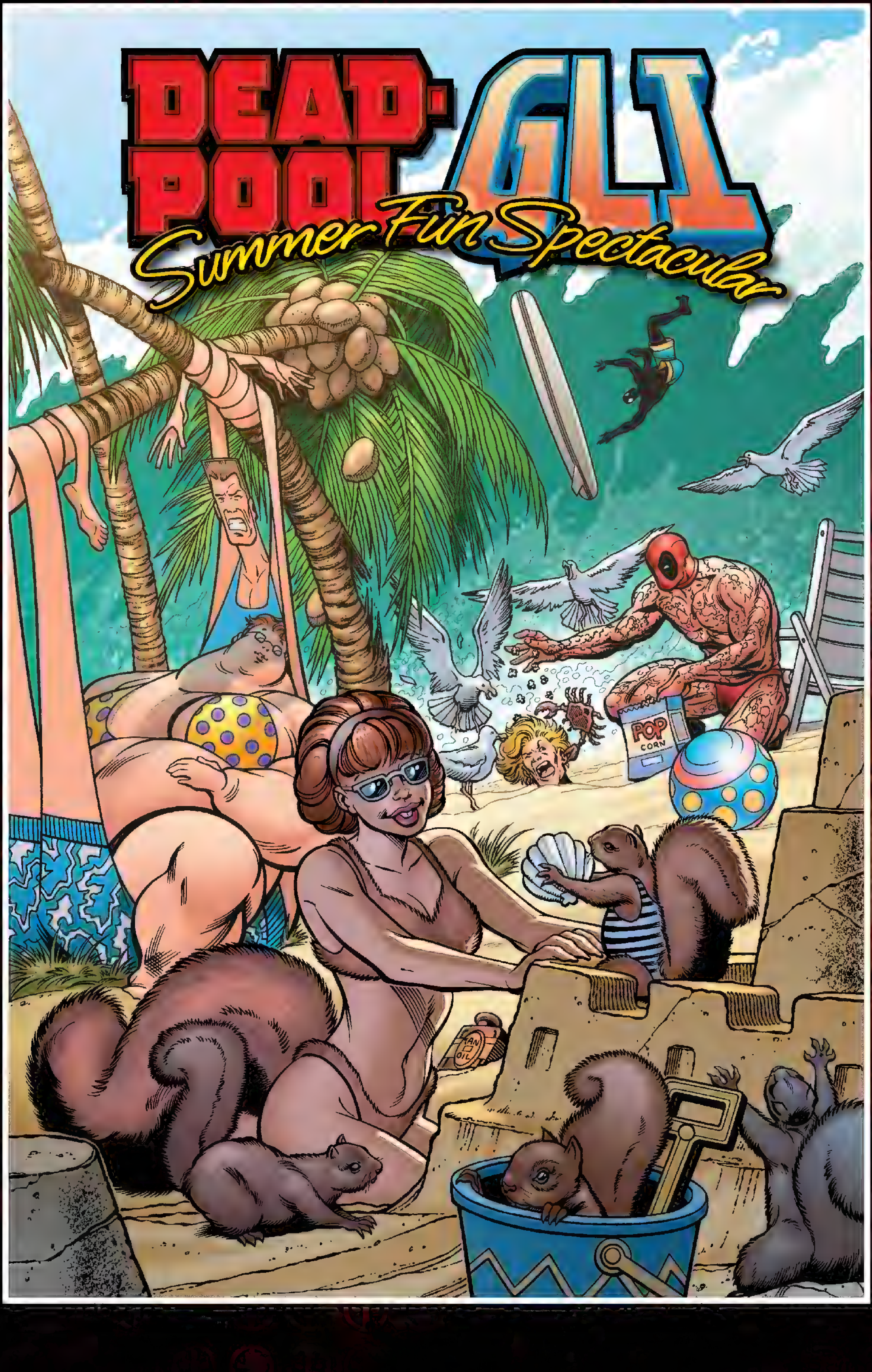
With Providence under siege by the Marauders and only our boys left to defend the island's secrets, Deadpool goes sword to claw with the ferocious Sabretooth in a battle of ruthless aggression and enhanced healing factors. When DP seems down for the count, Cable swoops in with an innovative solution.

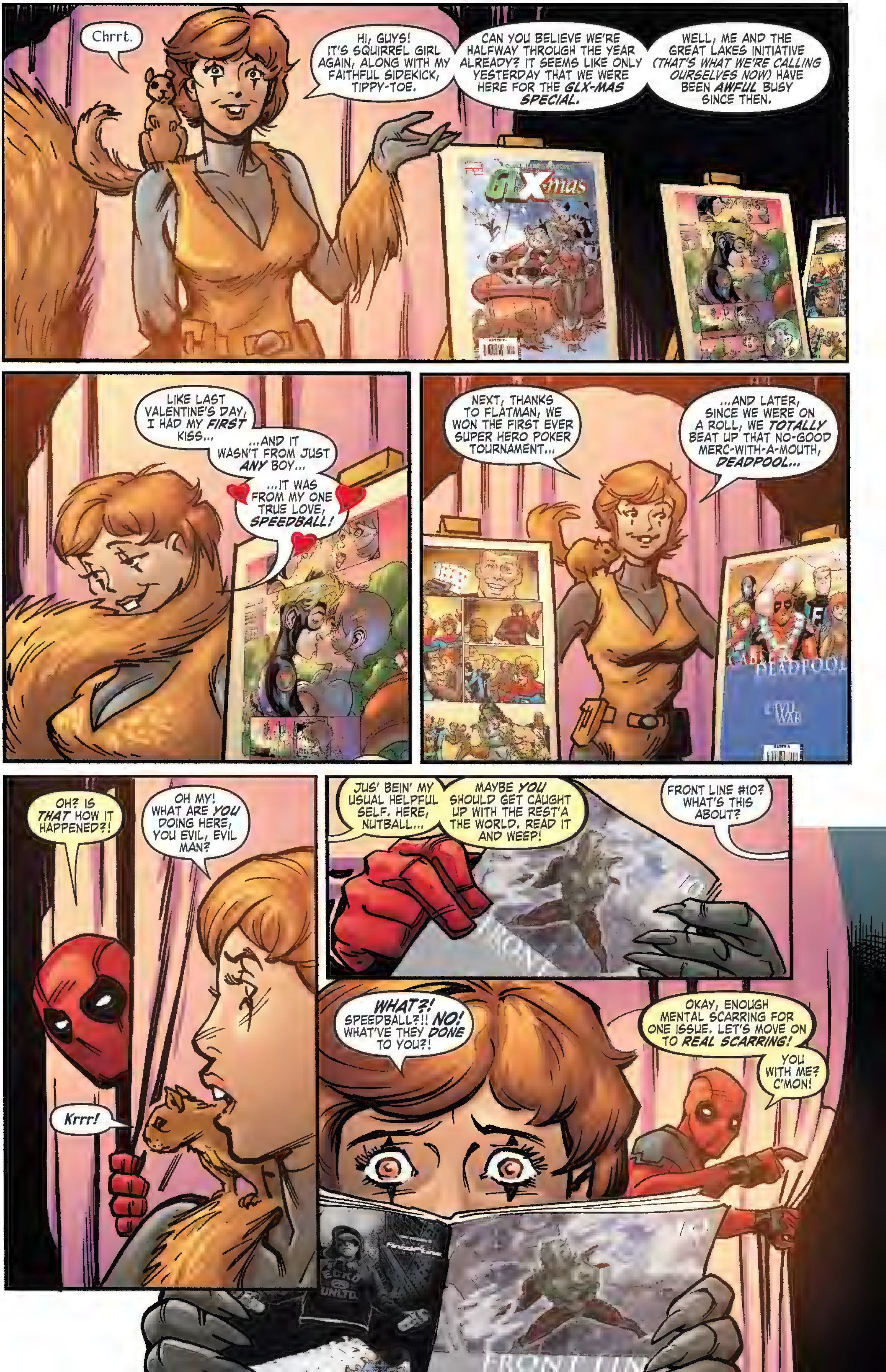
"That was just fun to draw," smiles Brown. "And the way Cable finished him off [by throwing him into the ocean] was perfect."

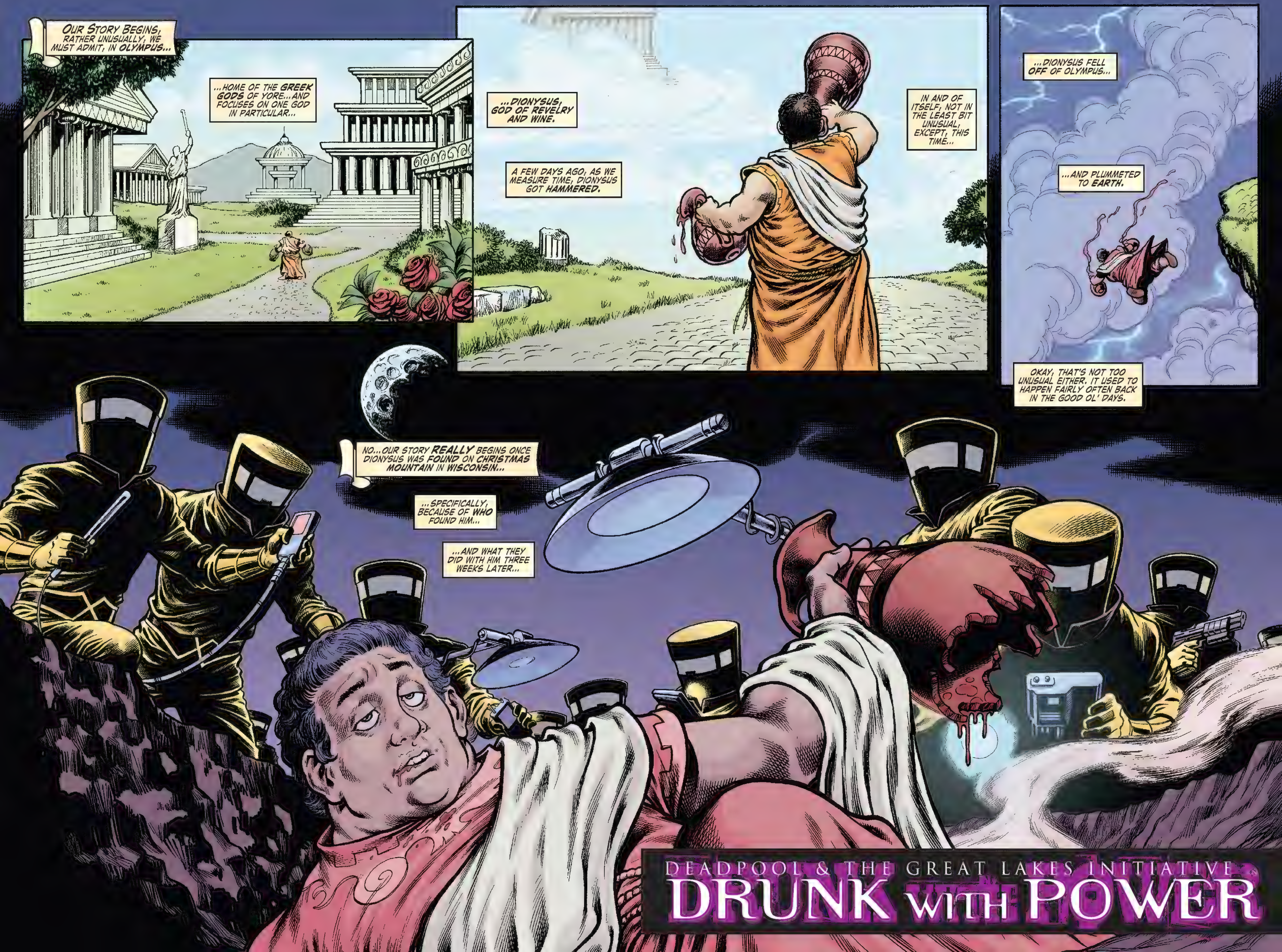

IT'S ALL ABOUT THE MASK

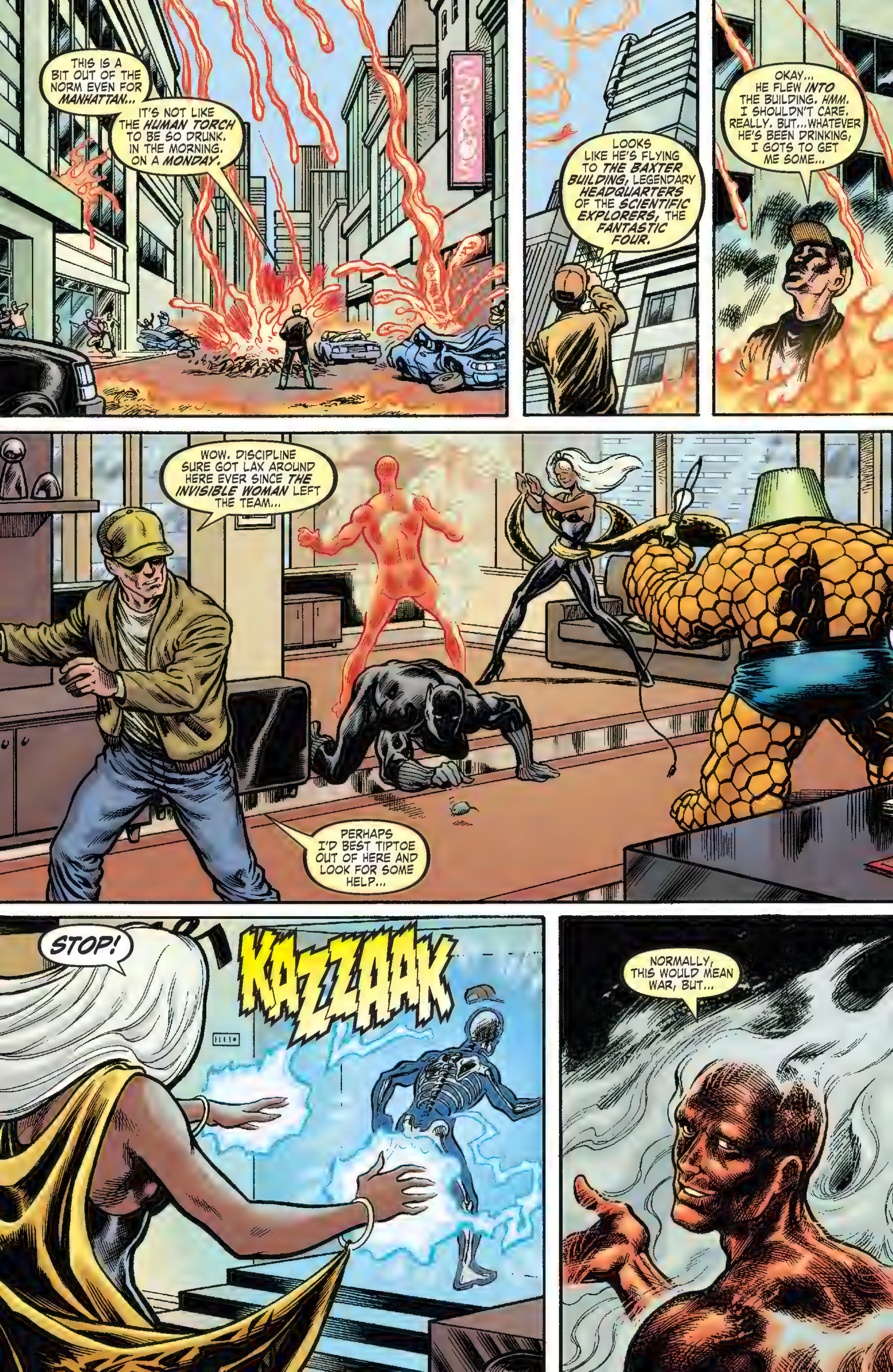
1. HOW IT ALL BEGAN… (CABLE & DEADPOOL #1)

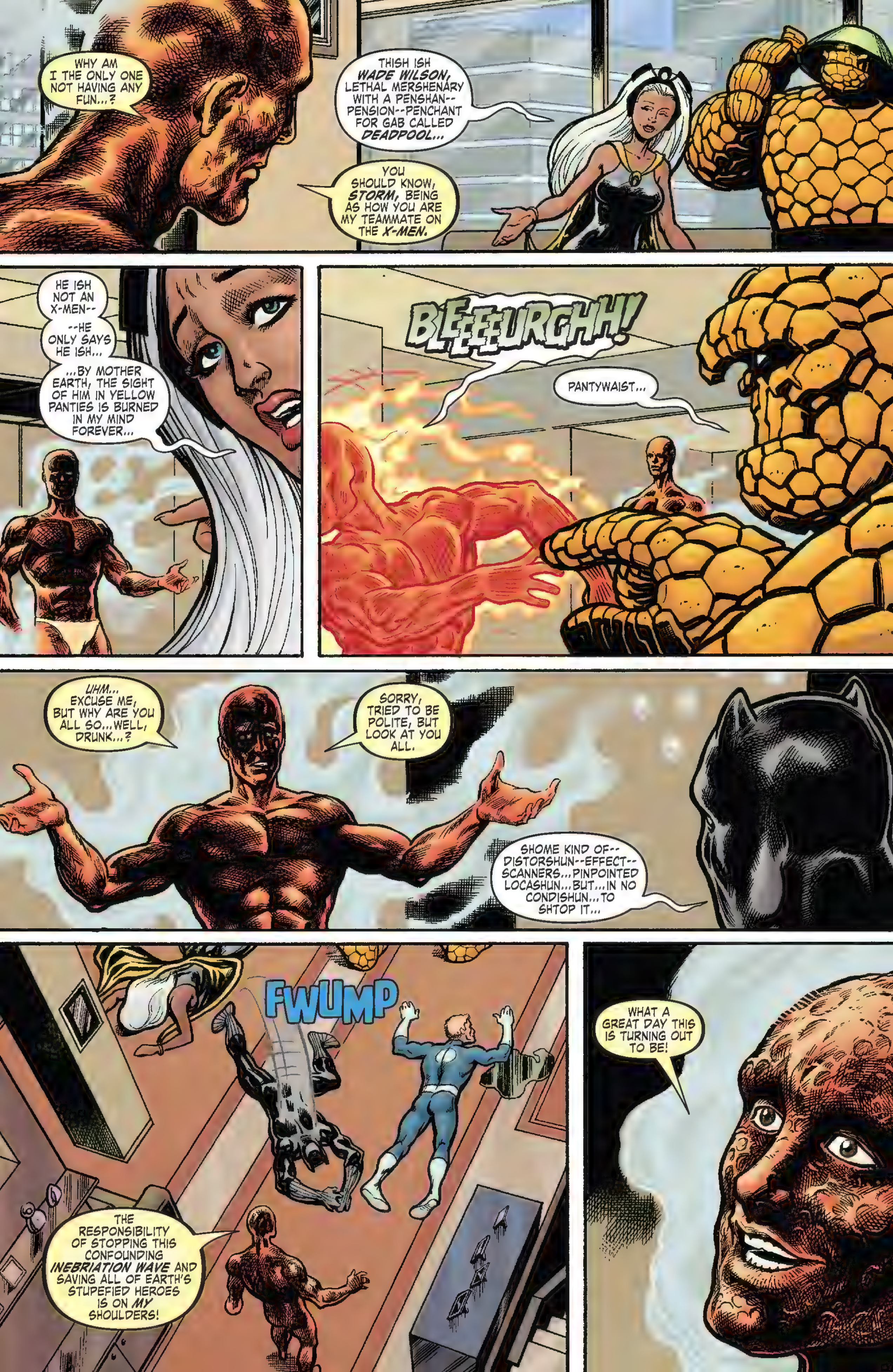
"Wade Wilson, out of costume, is watching television and yells at the screen when the Sexiest Woman Alive is named Halle Berry instead of Bea Arthur," remembers Boose. "Then the phone rings. As soon as he realizes the caller is interested in his mercenary services, he excuses himself, goes off panel, then comes back with his Deadpool mask on. Once I read that, I knew I was going to like this series."

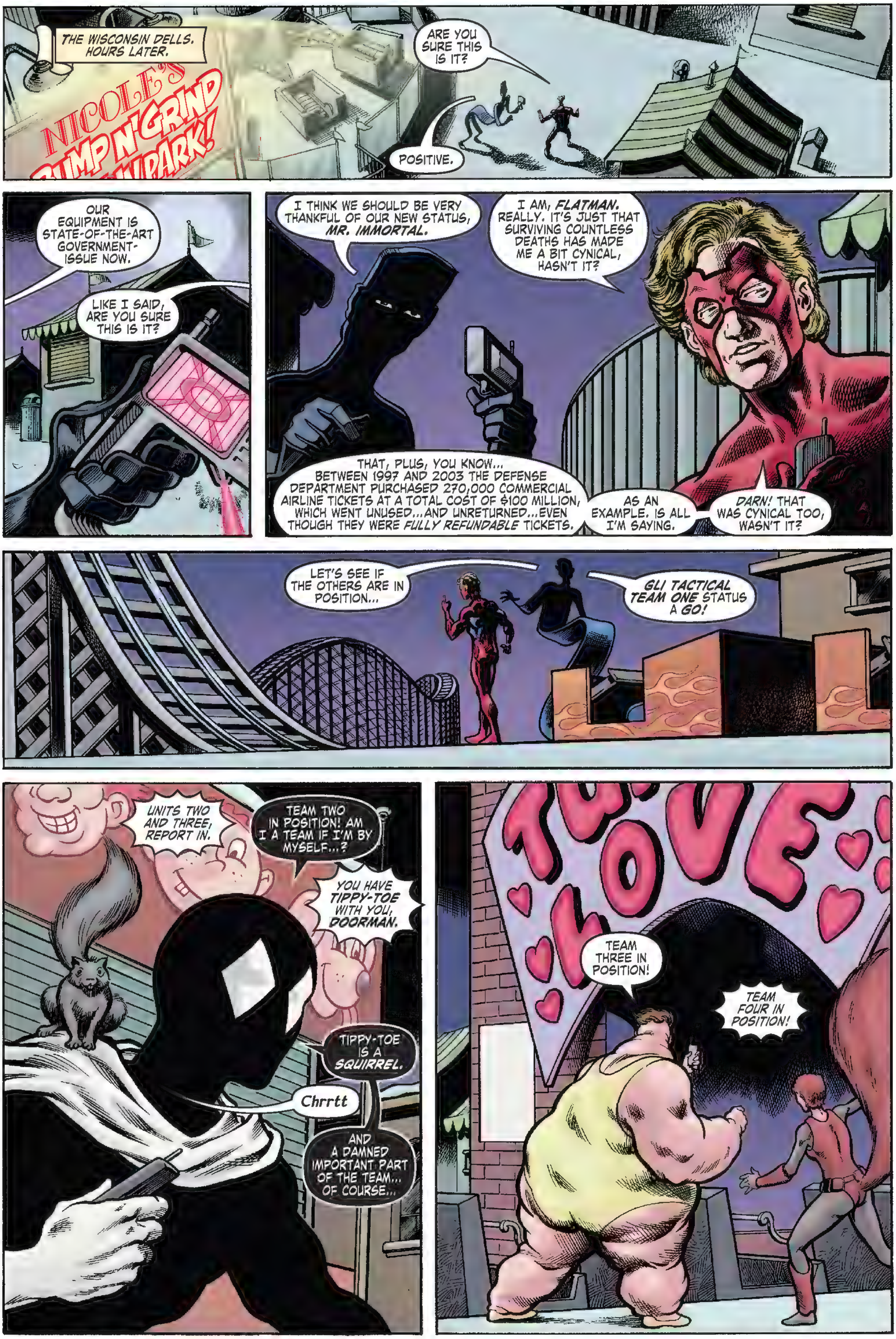

DEAD-POOL GLI
Summer Fun Spectacular
POP CORN
TAN OIL

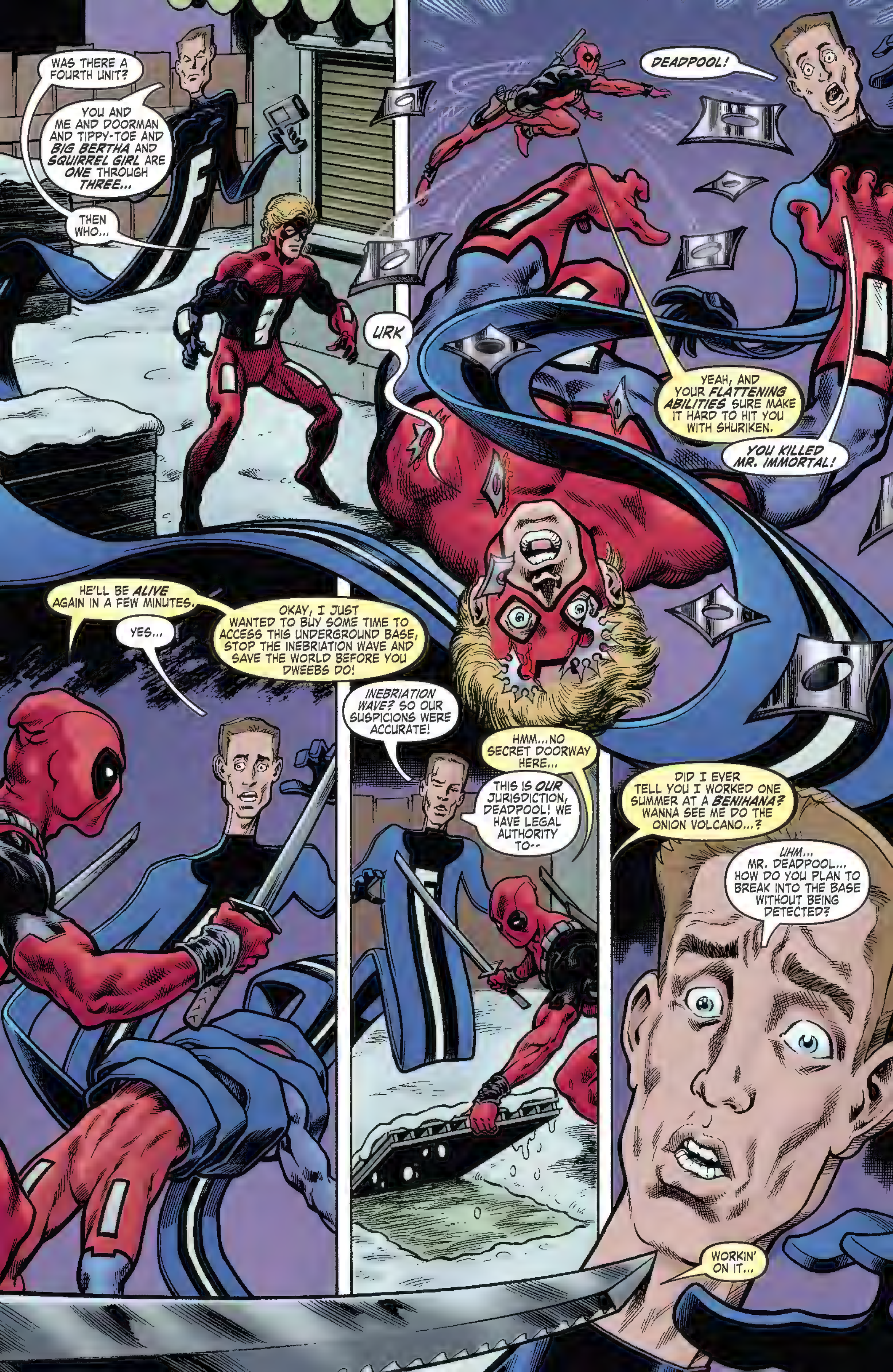

Chrrt.
HI, GUYS! IT'S SQUIRREL GIRL AGAIN, ALONG WITH MY FAITHFUL SIDEKICK, TIPPY-TOE.
CAN YOU BELIEVE WE'RE HALFWAY THROUGH THE YEAR ALREADY? IT SEEMS LIKE ONLY YESTERDAY THAT WE WERE HERE FOR THE *GLX-MAS SPECIAL.*
WELL, ME AND THE GREAT LAKES INITIATIVE (THAT'S WHAT WE'RE CALLING OURSELVES NOW) HAVE BEEN *AWFUL* BUSY SINCE THEN.
GLX-mas
LIKE LAST VALENTINE'S DAY, I HAD MY *FIRST* KISS...
...AND IT WASN'T FROM JUST *ANY* BOY...
...IT WAS FROM MY ONE TRUE LOVE, *SPEEDBALL!*
NEXT, THANKS TO FLATMAN, WE WON THE FIRST EVER SUPER HERO POKER TOURNAMENT...
...AND LATER, SINCE WE WERE ON A ROLL, WE *TOTALLY* BEAT UP THAT NO-GOOD MERC-WITH-A-MOUTH, *DEADPOOL...*
CABLE & DEADPOOL
CIVIL WAR
OH? IS *THAT* HOW IT HAPPENED?!
OH MY! WHAT ARE *YOU* DOING HERE, YOU EVIL, EVIL MAN?
Krrr!
JUS' BEIN' MY USUAL HELPFUL SELF. HERE, NUTBALL...
MAYBE *YOU* SHOULD GET CAUGHT UP WITH THE REST'A THE WORLD. READ IT AND WEEP!
FRONT LINE #10? WHAT'S THIS ABOUT?
WHAT?! SPEEDBALL?!! *NO!* WHAT'VE THEY *DONE* TO YOU?!
OKAY, ENOUGH MENTAL SCARRING FOR ONE ISSUE. LET'S MOVE ON TO *REAL SCARRING!*
YOU WITH ME? C'MON!
ECKO UNLTD
FRONT LINE

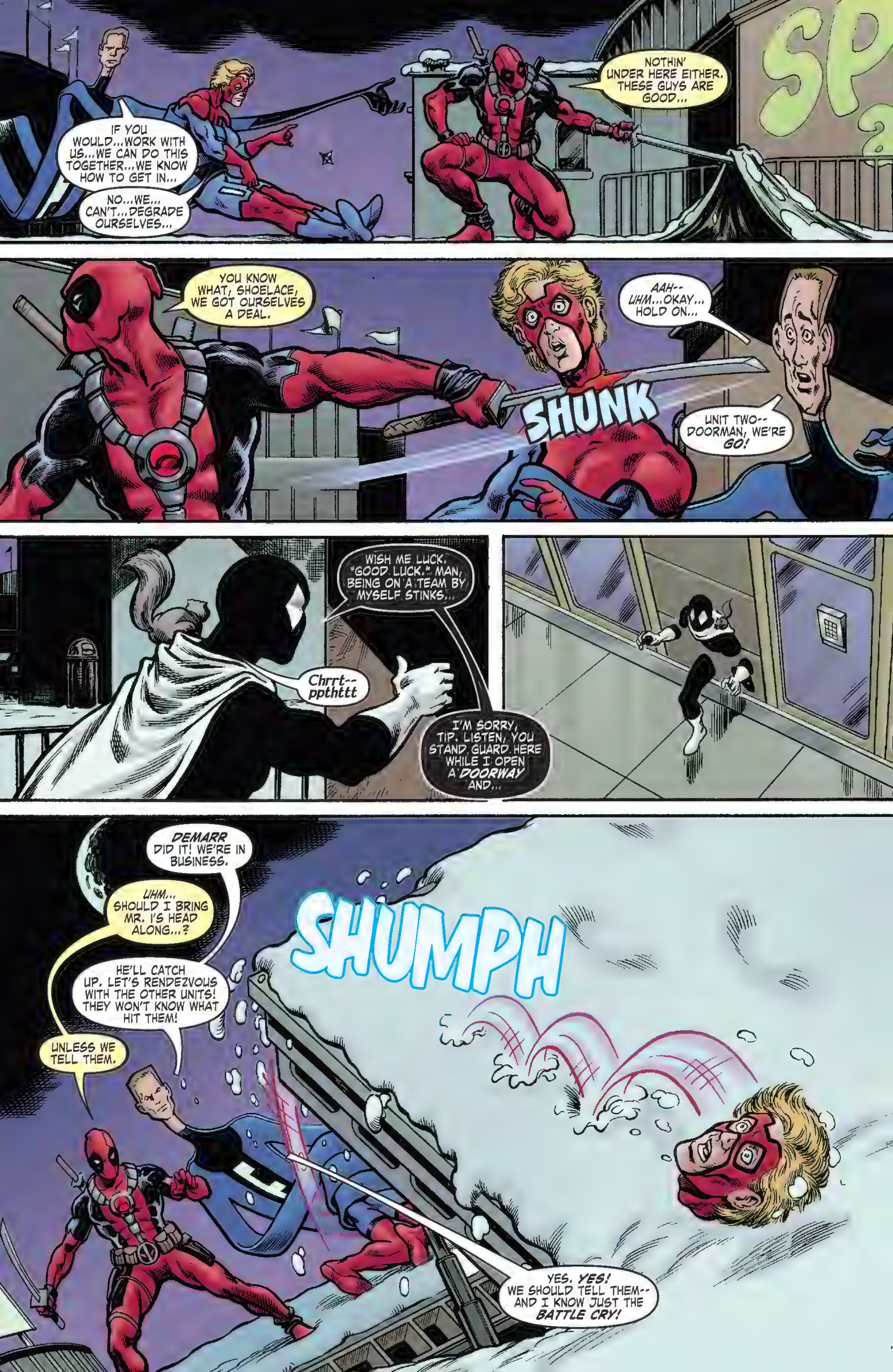

OUR STORY BEGINS, RATHER UNUSUALLY, WE MUST ADMIT, IN OLYMPUS...
...HOME OF THE GREEK GODS OF YORE...AND FOCUSES ON ONE GOD IN PARTICULAR...
...DIONYSUS, GOD OF REVELRY AND WINE.
A FEW DAYS AGO, AS WE MEASURE TIME, DIONYSUS GOT HAMMERED.
IN AND OF ITSELF, NOT IN THE LEAST BIT UNUSUAL, EXCEPT, THIS TIME...
...DIONYSUS FELL OFF OF OLYMPUS...
...AND PLUMMETED TO EARTH.
OKAY, THAT'S NOT TOO UNUSUAL EITHER. IT USED TO HAPPEN FAIRLY OFTEN BACK IN THE GOOD OL' DAYS.
NO...OUR STORY REALLY BEGINS ONCE DIONYSUS WAS FOUND ON CHRISTMAS MOUNTAIN IN WISCONSIN...
...SPECIFICALLY, BECAUSE OF WHO FOUND HIM...
...AND WHAT THEY DID WITH HIM THREE WEEKS LATER...
DEADPOOL & THE GREAT LAKES INITIATIVE
DRUNK WITH POWER

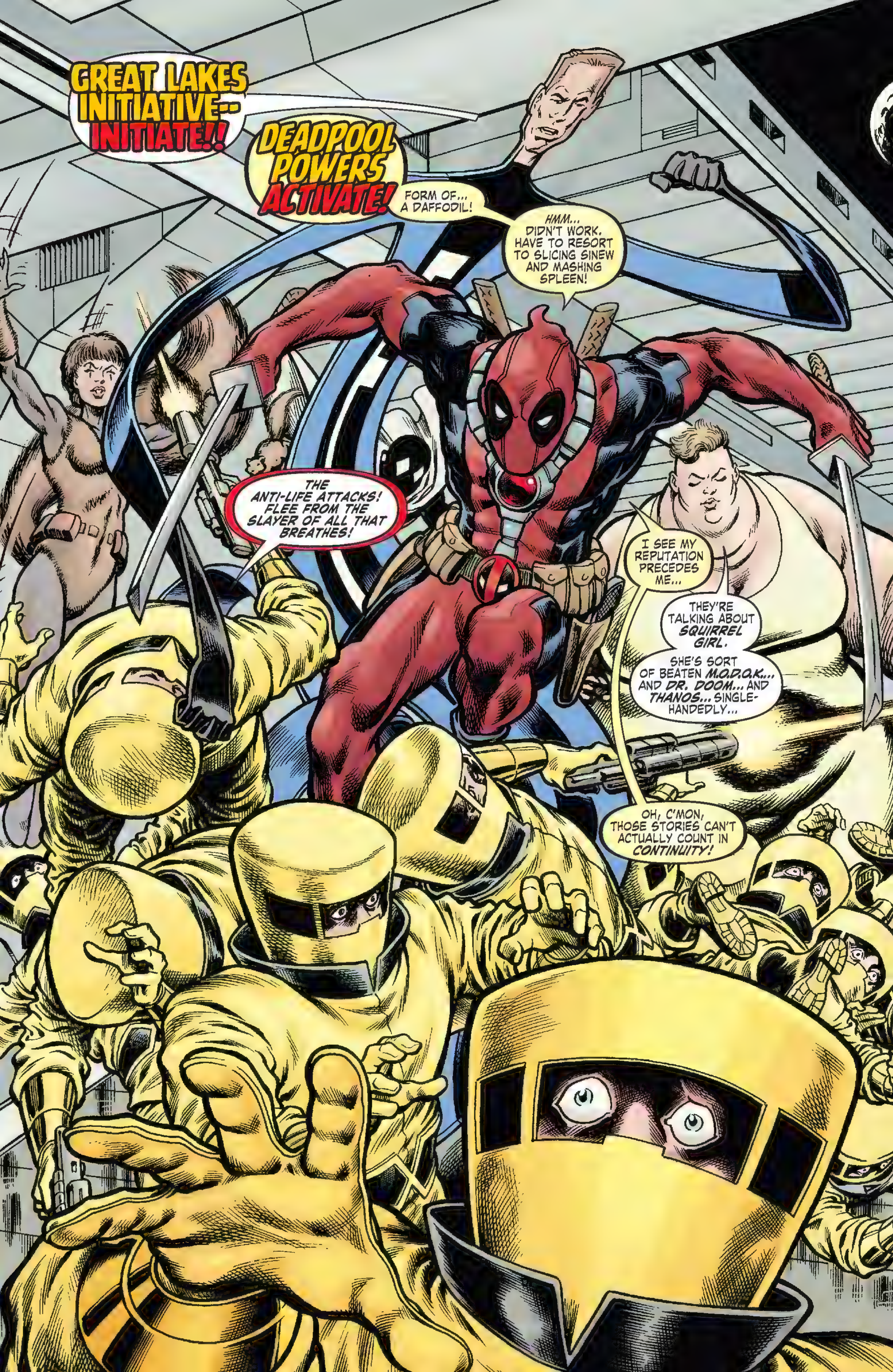

THIS IS A BIT OUT OF THE NORM EVEN FOR MANHATTAN...
IT'S NOT LIKE THE HUMAN TORCH TO BE SO DRUNK. IN THE MORNING. ON A MONDAY.
LOOKS LIKE HE'S FLYING TO THE BAXTER BUILDING, LEGENDARY HEADQUARTERS OF THE SCIENTIFIC EXPLORERS, THE FANTASTIC FOUR.
OKAY... HE FLEW INTO THE BUILDING. HMM. I SHOULDN'T CARE. REALLY. BUT...WHATEVER HE'S BEEN DRINKING, I GOTS TO GET ME SOME...
WOW. DISCIPLINE SURE GOT LAX AROUND HERE EVER SINCE THE INVISIBLE WOMAN LEFT THE TEAM...
PERHAPS I'D BEST TIPTOE OUT OF HERE AND LOOK FOR SOME HELP...
STOP!
KAZZAAK
NORMALLY, THIS WOULD MEAN WAR, BUT...

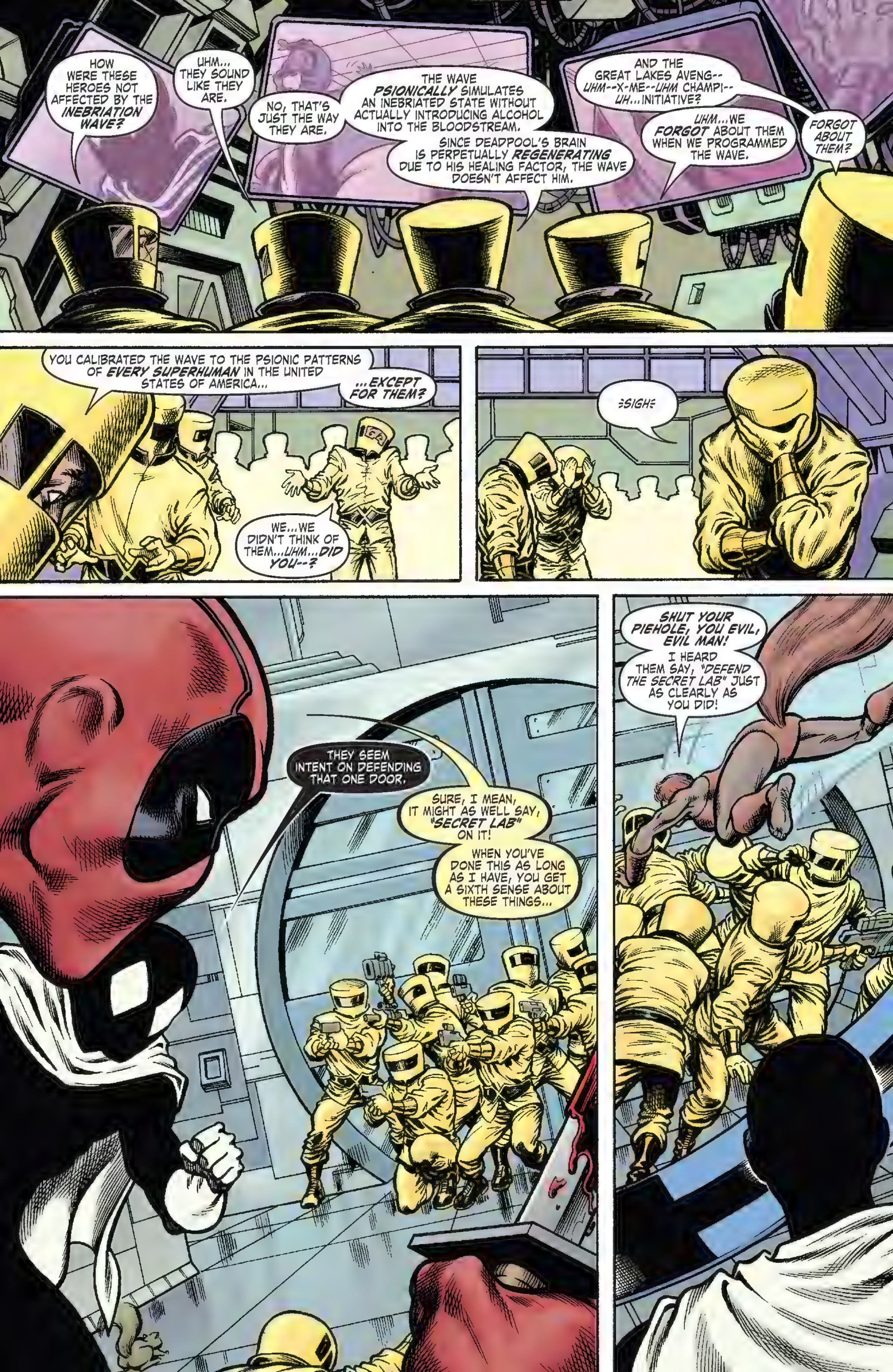

WHY AM I THE ONLY ONE NOT HAVING ANY FUN...?
THISH ISH WADE WILSON, LETHAL MERSHENARY WITH A PENSHAN--PENSION--PENCHANT FOR GAB CALLED DEADPOOL...
YOU SHOULD KNOW, STORM, BEING AS HOW YOU ARE MY TEAMMATE ON THE X-MEN.
HE ISH NOT AN X-MEN--
--HE ONLY SAYS HE ISH...
...BY MOTHER EARTH, THE SIGHT OF HIM IN YELLOW PANTIES IS BURNED IN MY MIND FOREVER...
BLEEEEURGHH!
PANTYWAIST...
UHM... EXCUSE ME, BUT WHY ARE YOU ALL SO...WELL, DRUNK...?
SORRY, TRIED TO BE POLITE, BUT LOOK AT YOU ALL.
SHOME KIND OF--DISTORSHUN--EFFECT--SCANNERS...PINPOINTED LOCASHUN...BUT...IN NO CONDISHUN...TO SHTOP IT...
FWUMP
THE RESPONSIBILITY OF STOPPING THIS CONFOUNDING INEBRIATION WAVE AND SAVING ALL OF EARTH'S STUPEFIED HEROES IS ON MY SHOULDERS!
WHAT A GREAT DAY THIS IS TURNING OUT TO BE!

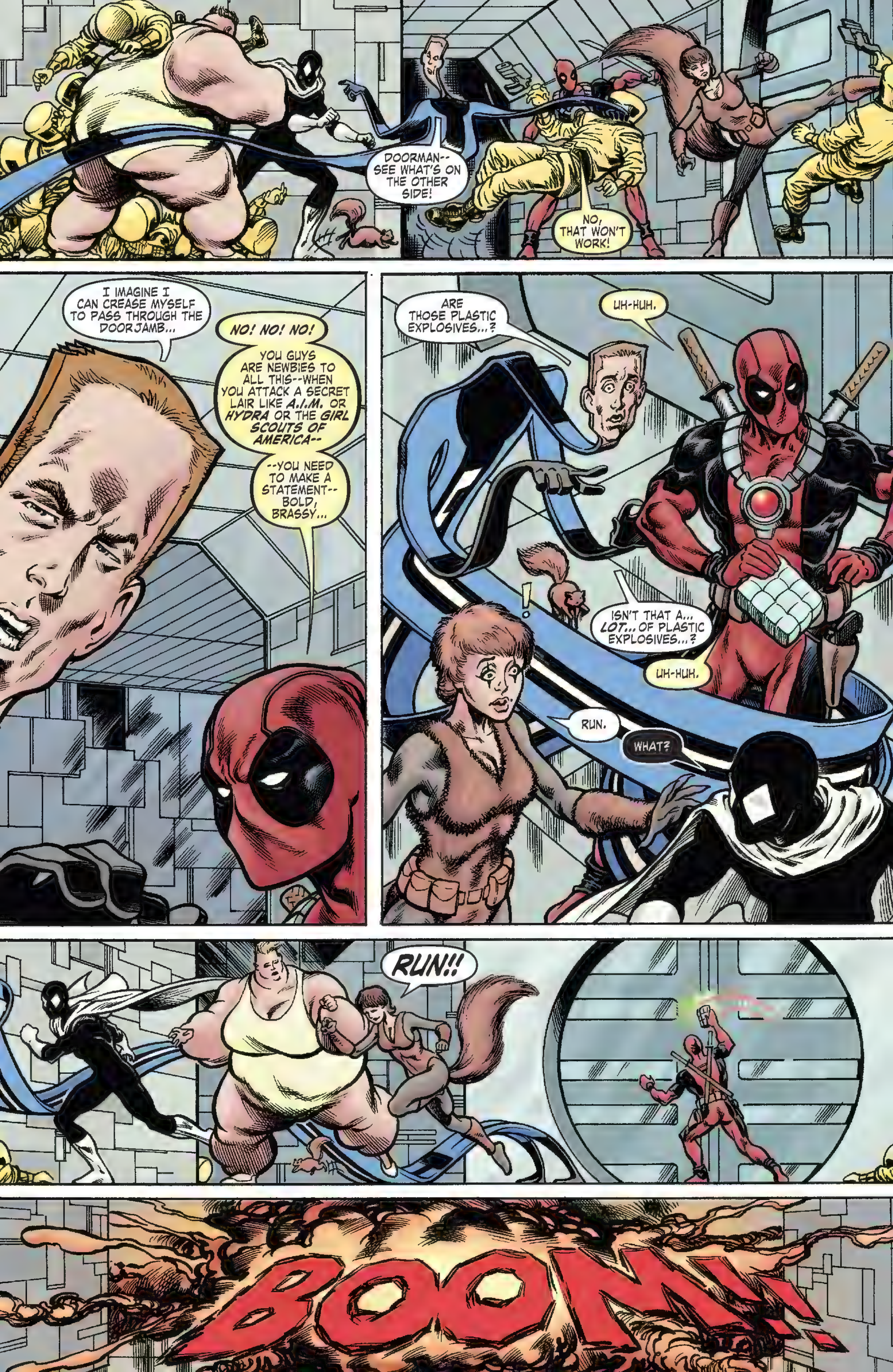

THE WISCONSIN DELLS. HOURS LATER.
NICOLE'S BUMP N' GRIND PARK!
ARE YOU SURE THIS IS IT?
POSITIVE.
OUR EQUIPMENT IS STATE-OF-THE-ART GOVERNMENT-ISSUE NOW.
LIKE I SAID, ARE YOU SURE THIS IS IT?
I THINK WE SHOULD BE VERY THANKFUL OF OUR NEW STATUS, *MR. IMMORTAL.*
I AM, *FLATMAN.* REALLY. IT'S JUST THAT SURVIVING COUNTLESS DEATHS HAS MADE ME A BIT CYNICAL, HASN'T IT?
THAT, PLUS, YOU KNOW... BETWEEN 1997 AND 2003 THE DEFENSE DEPARTMENT PURCHASED 270,000 COMMERCIAL AIRLINE TICKETS AT A TOTAL COST OF $100 MILLION, WHICH WENT UNUSED...AND UNRETURNED...EVEN THOUGH THEY WERE *FULLY REFUNDABLE* TICKETS.
AS AN EXAMPLE. IS ALL I'M SAYING.
DARN! THAT WAS CYNICAL TOO, WASN'T IT?
LET'S SEE IF THE OTHERS ARE IN POSITION...
GLI TACTICAL TEAM ONE STATUS A *GO!*
UNITS TWO AND THREE, REPORT IN.
TEAM TWO IN POSITION! AM I A TEAM IF I'M BY MYSELF...?
YOU HAVE TIPPY-TOE WITH YOU, DOORMAN.
TIPPY-TOE IS A *SQUIRREL.*
Chrrtt
AND A DAMNED IMPORTANT PART OF THE TEAM... OF COURSE...
TUNNEL OF LOVE
TEAM THREE IN POSITION!
TEAM FOUR IN POSITION!

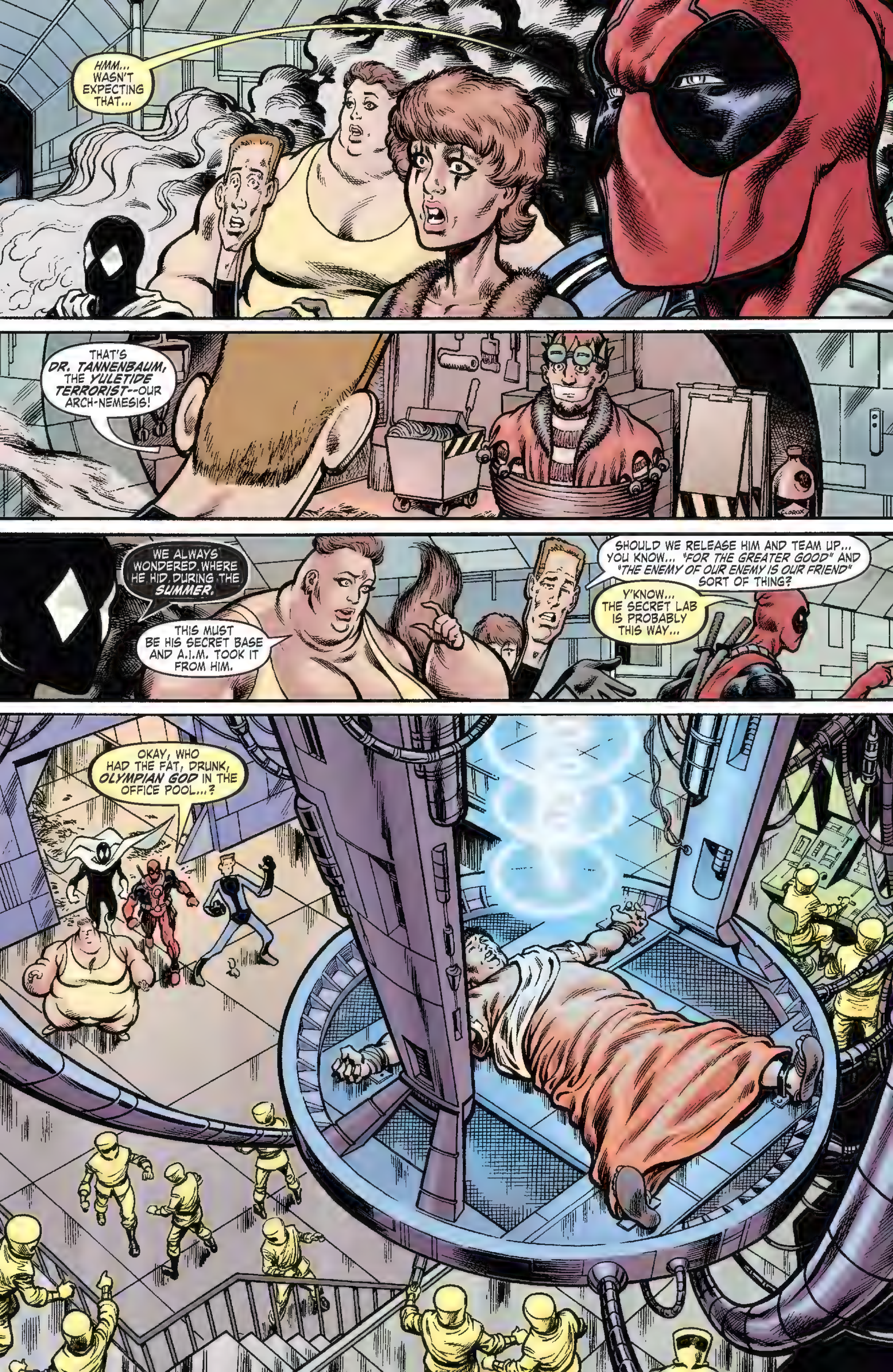

WAS THERE A FOURTH UNIT?
YOU AND ME AND DOORMAN AND TIPPY-TOE AND BIG BERTHA AND SQUIRREL GIRL ARE ONE THROUGH THREE...
THEN WHO...
DEADPOOL!
URK
YEAH, AND YOUR FLATTENING ABILITIES SURE MAKE IT HARD TO HIT YOU WITH SHURIKEN.
YOU KILLED MR. IMMORTAL!
HE'LL BE ALIVE AGAIN IN A FEW MINUTES.
YES...
OKAY, I JUST WANTED TO BUY SOME TIME TO ACCESS THIS UNDERGROUND BASE, STOP THE INEBRIATION WAVE AND SAVE THE WORLD BEFORE YOU DWEEBS DO!
INEBRIATION WAVE? SO OUR SUSPICIONS WERE ACCURATE!
HMM...NO SECRET DOORWAY HERE...
THIS IS OUR JURISDICTION, DEADPOOL! WE HAVE LEGAL AUTHORITY TO--
DID I EVER TELL YOU I WORKED ONE SUMMER AT A BENIHANA? WANNA SEE ME DO THE ONION VOLCANO...?
UHM... MR. DEADPOOL... HOW DO YOU PLAN TO BREAK INTO THE BASE WITHOUT BEING DETECTED?
WORKIN' ON IT...

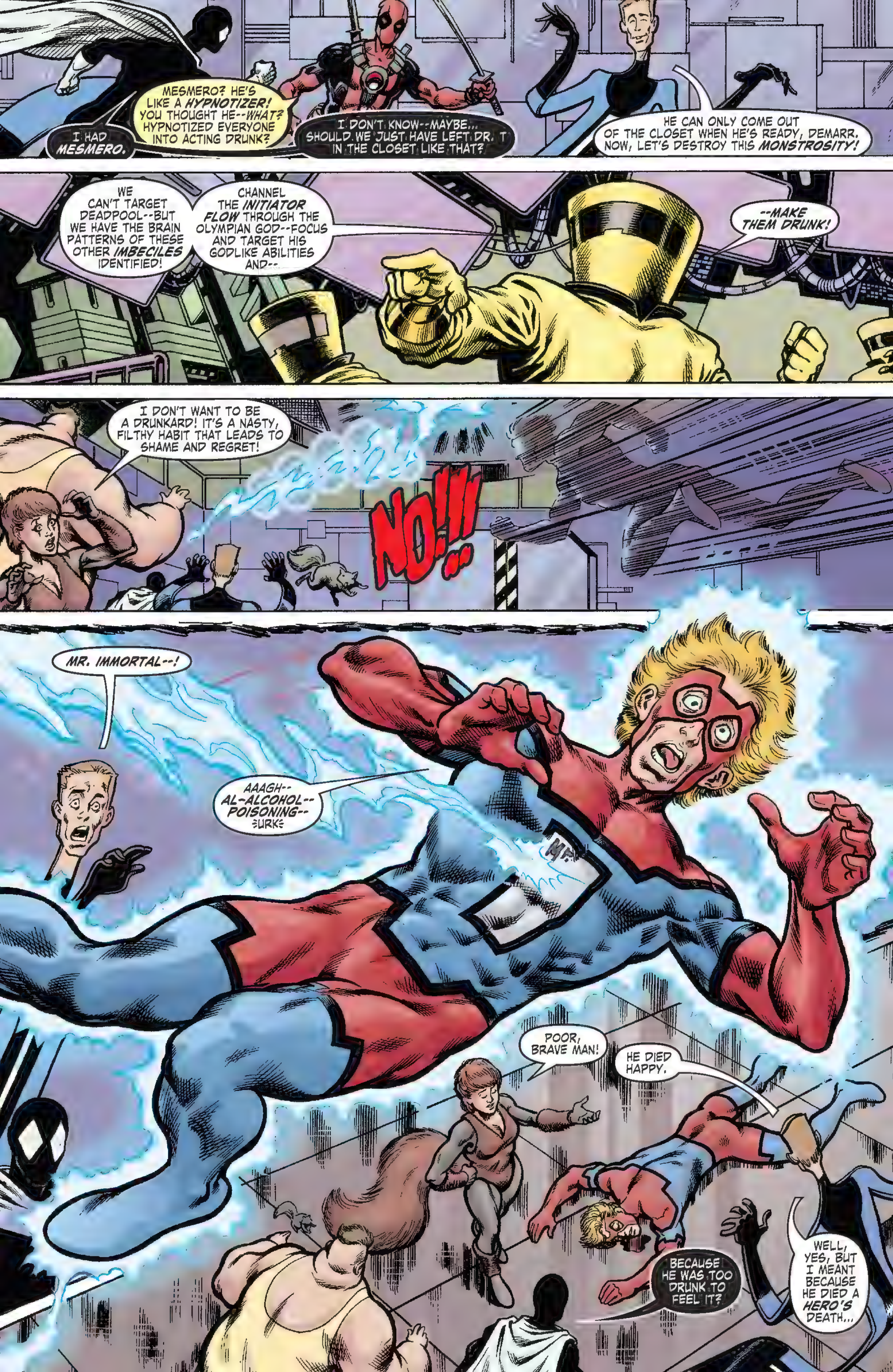

IF YOU WOULD...WORK WITH US...WE CAN DO THIS TOGETHER...WE KNOW HOW TO GET IN...
NO...WE... CAN'T...DEGRADE OURSELVES...
NOTHIN' UNDER HERE EITHER. THESE GUYS ARE GOOD...
YOU KNOW WHAT, SHOELACE, WE GOT OURSELVES A DEAL.
SHUNK
AAH-- *UHM*...OKAY... HOLD ON...
UNIT TWO-- DOORMAN, WE'RE *GO!*
WISH ME LUCK. "GOOD LUCK." MAN, BEING ON A TEAM BY MYSELF STINKS...
Chrrt-- ppthttt
I'M SORRY, TIP. LISTEN, YOU STAND GUARD HERE WHILE I OPEN A *DOORWAY* AND...
DEMARR DID IT! WE'RE IN BUSINESS.
UHM... SHOULD I BRING MR. I'S HEAD ALONG...?
SHUMPH
HE'LL CATCH UP. LET'S RENDEZVOUS WITH THE OTHER UNITS! THEY WON'T KNOW WHAT HIT THEM!
UNLESS WE TELL THEM.
YES. *YES!* WE SHOULD TELL THEM-- AND I KNOW JUST THE *BATTLE CRY!*

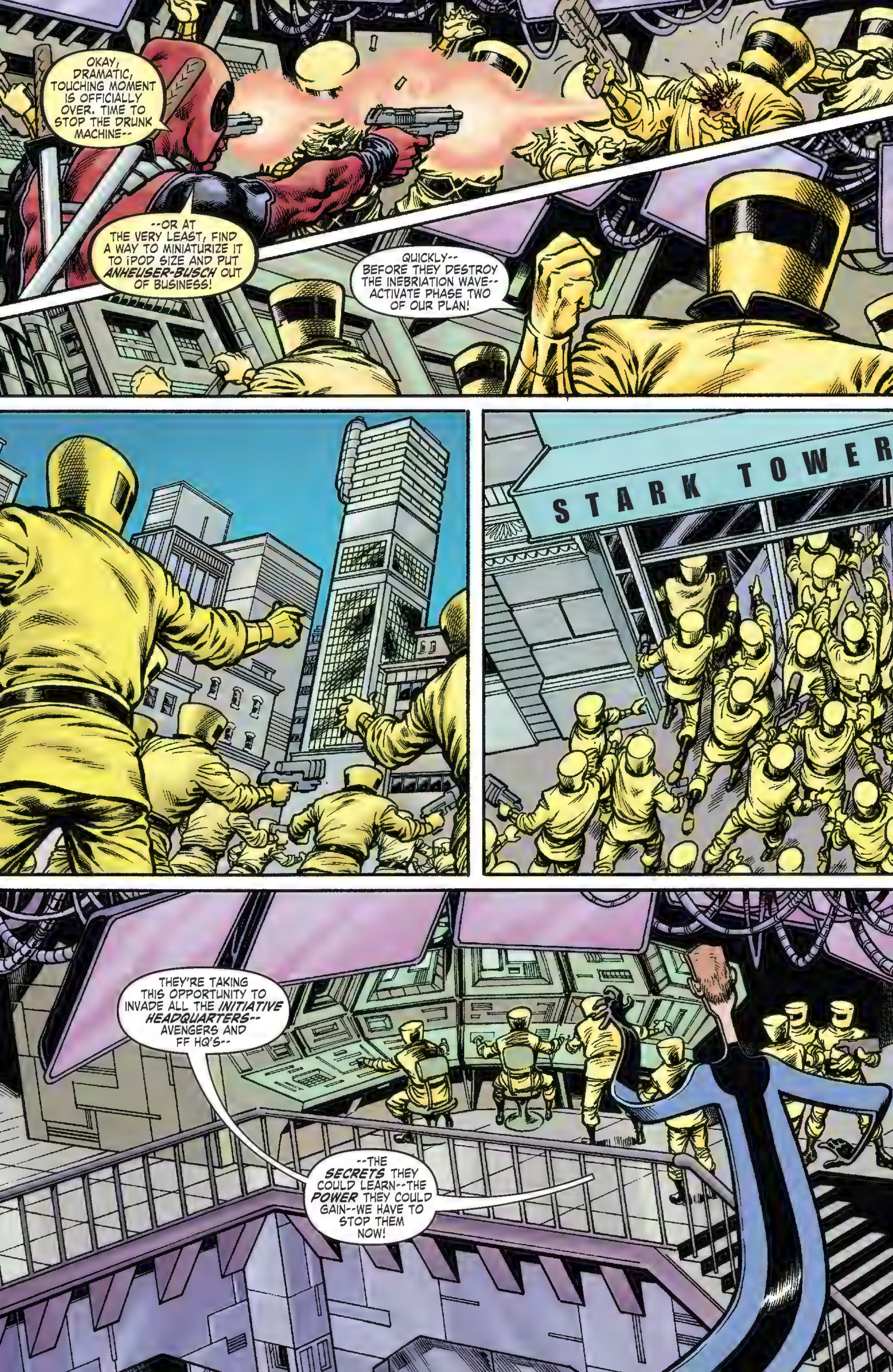

GREAT LAKES INITIATIVE-- INITIATE!!
DEADPOOL POWERS ACTIVATE!
FORM OF... A DAFFODIL!
HMM... DIDN'T WORK. HAVE TO RESORT TO SLICING SINEW AND MASHING SPLEEN!
THE ANTI-LIFE ATTACKS! FLEE FROM THE SLAYER OF ALL THAT BREATHES!
I SEE MY REPUTATION PRECEDES ME...
THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT SQUIRREL GIRL.
SHE'S SORT OF BEATEN M.O.D.O.K... AND DR. DOOM... AND THANOS... SINGLE-HANDEDLY...
OH, C'MON, THOSE STORIES CAN'T ACTUALLY COUNT IN CONTINUITY!

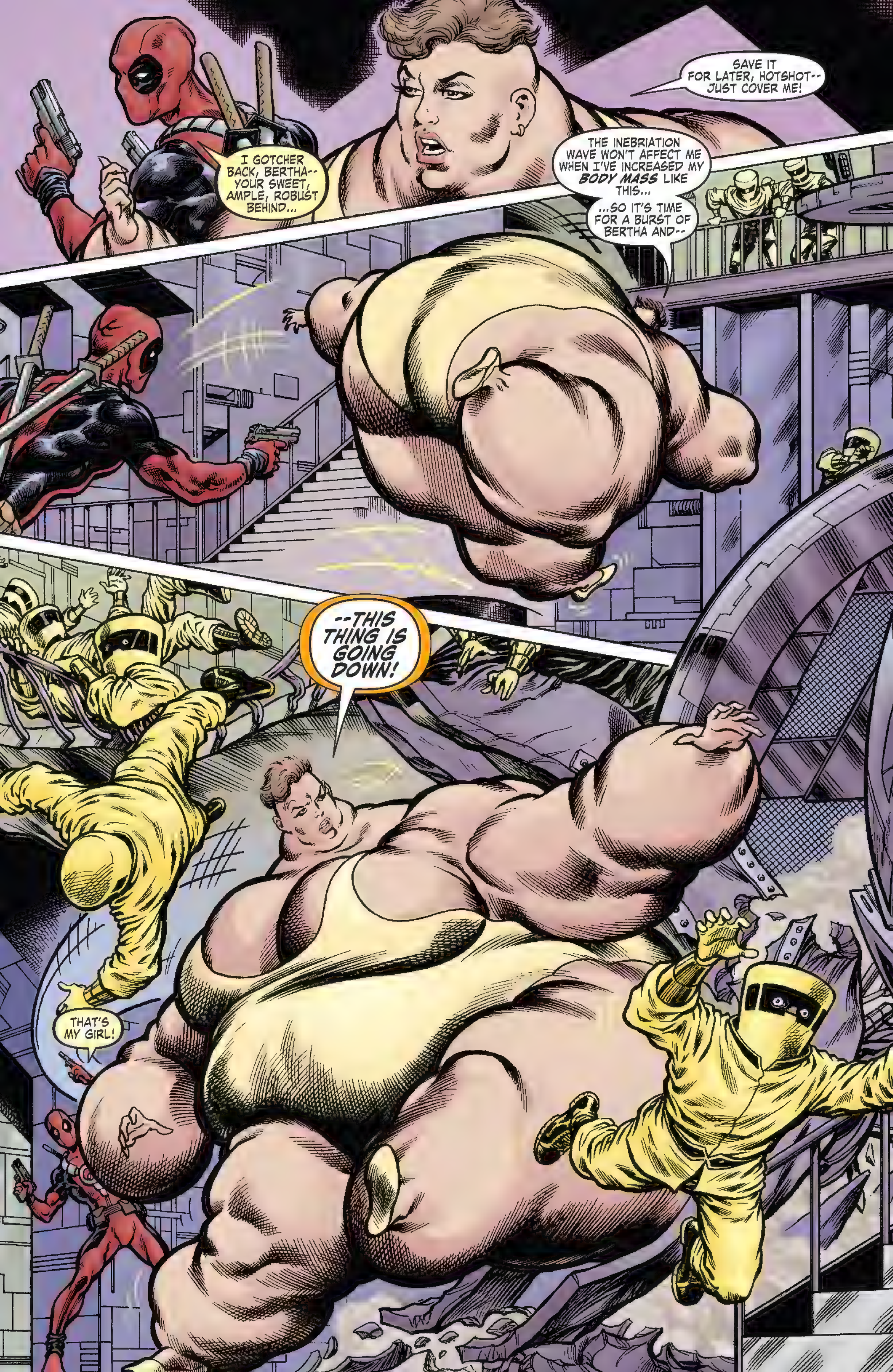

HOW WERE THESE HEROES NOT AFFECTED BY THE *INEBRIATION WAVE?*
UHM... THEY SOUND LIKE THEY ARE.
NO, THAT'S JUST THE WAY THEY ARE.
THE WAVE *PSIONICALLY* SIMULATES AN INEBRIATED STATE WITHOUT ACTUALLY INTRODUCING ALCOHOL INTO THE BLOODSTREAM.
SINCE DEADPOOL'S BRAIN IS PERPETUALLY *REGENERATING* DUE TO HIS HEALING FACTOR, THE WAVE DOESN'T AFFECT HIM.
AND THE GREAT LAKES AVENG-- *UHM*--X-ME--*UHM* CHAMPI-- *UH*...INITIATIVE?
UHM...WE *FORGOT* ABOUT THEM WHEN WE PROGRAMMED THE WAVE.
FORGOT ABOUT THEM?
YOU CALIBRATED THE WAVE TO THE PSIONIC PATTERNS OF *EVERY SUPERHUMAN* IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA...
...*EXCEPT FOR THEM?*
WE...WE DIDN'T THINK OF THEM...*UHM*...*DID YOU--?*
SIGH
THEY SEEM INTENT ON DEFENDING THAT ONE DOOR.
SURE, I MEAN, IT MIGHT AS WELL SAY, *"SECRET LAB"* ON IT!
WHEN YOU'VE DONE THIS AS LONG AS I HAVE, YOU GET A SIXTH SENSE ABOUT THESE THINGS...
SHUT YOUR PIEHOLE, YOU EVIL, EVIL MAN!
I HEARD THEM SAY, *"DEFEND THE SECRET LAB"* JUST AS CLEARLY AS YOU DID!

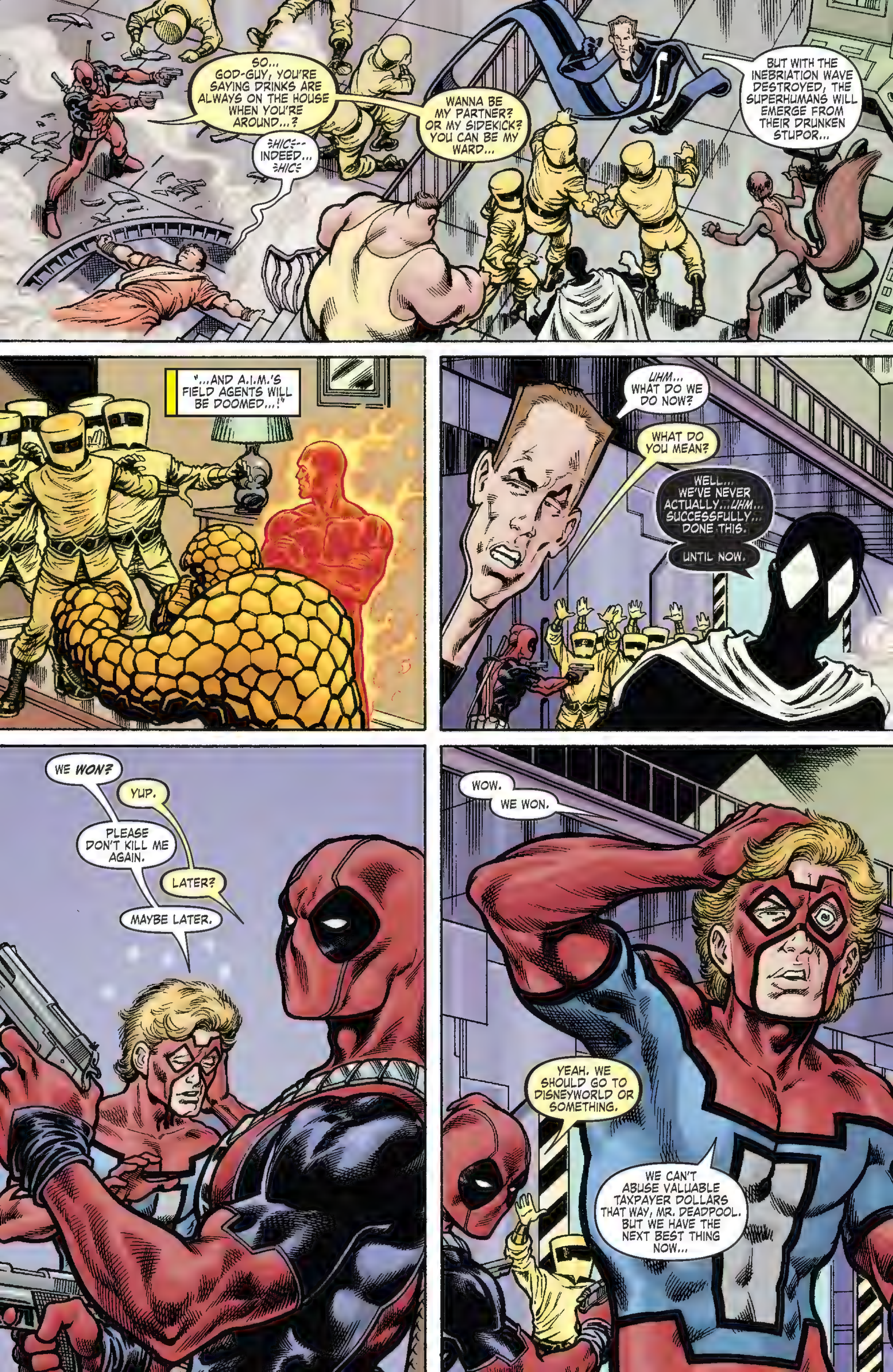

DOORMAN-- SEE WHAT'S ON THE OTHER SIDE!
NO, THAT WON'T WORK!
I IMAGINE I CAN CREASE MYSELF TO PASS THROUGH THE DOORJAMB...
NO! NO! NO!
YOU GUYS ARE NEWBIES TO ALL THIS--WHEN YOU ATTACK A SECRET LAIR LIKE ***A.I.M.*** OR ***HYDRA*** OR THE ***GIRL SCOUTS OF AMERICA***--
--YOU NEED TO MAKE A STATEMENT--BOLD, BRASSY...
ARE THOSE PLASTIC EXPLOSIVES...?
UH-HUH.
!
ISN'T THAT A... ***LOT***... OF PLASTIC EXPLOSIVES...?
UH-HUH.
RUN.
WHAT?
RUN!!
BOOM!!

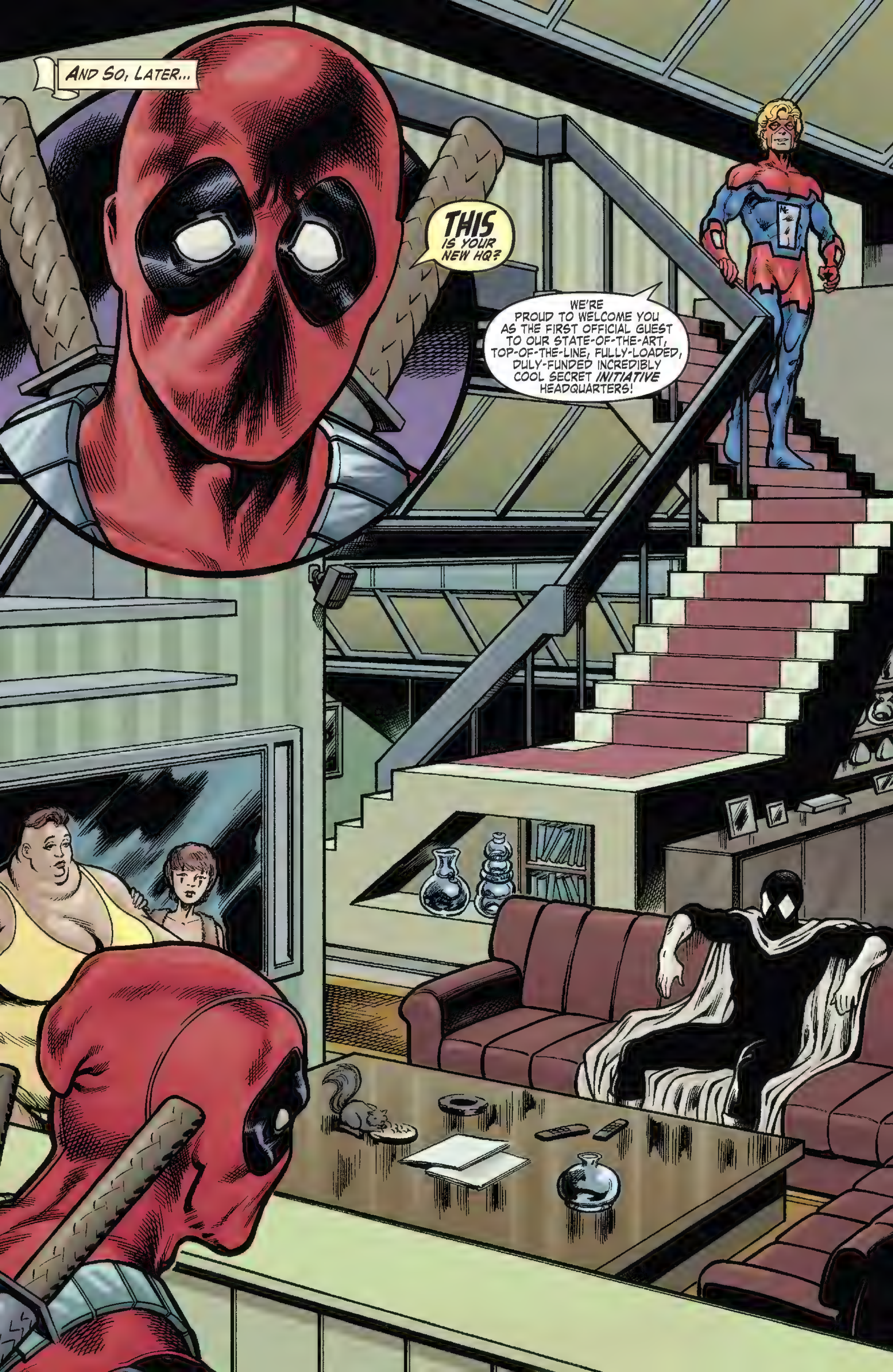

HMM... WASN'T EXPECTING THAT...
THAT'S *DR. TANNENBAUM*, THE *YULETIDE TERRORIST*--OUR ARCH-NEMESIS!
CLOROX
WE ALWAYS WONDERED WHERE HE HID DURING THE *SUMMER*.
THIS MUST BE HIS SECRET BASE AND A.I.M. TOOK IT FROM HIM.
SHOULD WE RELEASE HIM AND TEAM UP... YOU KNOW... *"FOR THE GREATER GOOD"* AND *"THE ENEMY OF OUR ENEMY IS OUR FRIEND"* SORT OF THING?
Y'KNOW... THE SECRET LAB IS PROBABLY THIS WAY...
OKAY, WHO HAD THE FAT, DRUNK, *OLYMPIAN GOD* IN THE OFFICE POOL...?

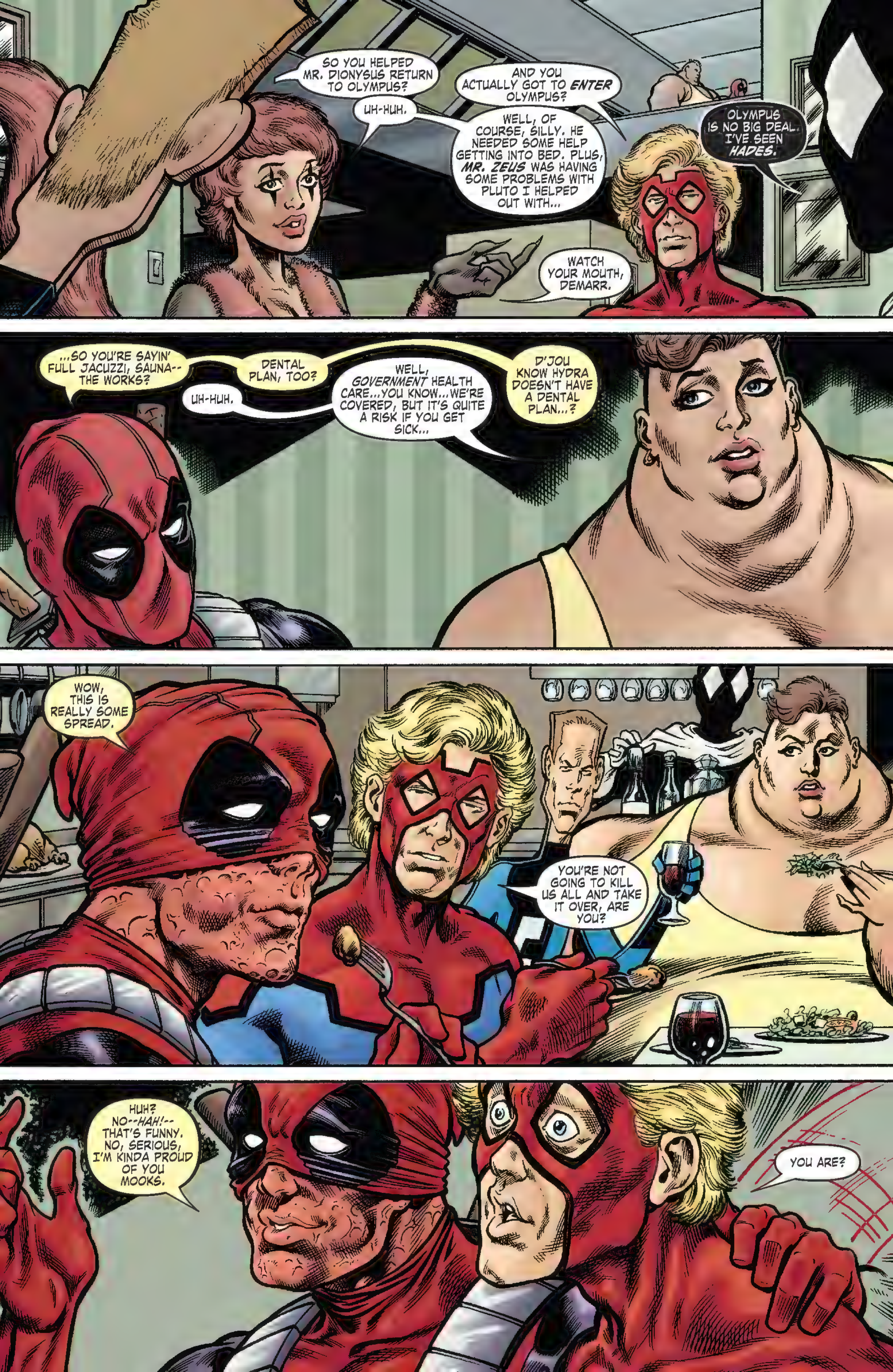

I HAD *MESMERO.*
MESMERO? HE'S LIKE A *HYPNOTIZER!* YOU THOUGHT HE--*WHAT?* HYPNOTIZED EVERYONE INTO ACTING DRUNK?
I DON'T KNOW--MAYBE... SHOULD WE JUST HAVE LEFT DR. T IN THE CLOSET LIKE THAT?
HE CAN ONLY COME OUT OF THE CLOSET WHEN HE'S READY, DEMARR. NOW, LET'S DESTROY THIS *MONSTROSITY!*
WE CAN'T TARGET DEADPOOL--BUT WE HAVE THE BRAIN PATTERNS OF THESE OTHER *IMBECILES* IDENTIFIED!
CHANNEL THE *INITIATOR FLOW* THROUGH THE OLYMPIAN GOD--FOCUS AND TARGET HIS GODLIKE ABILITIES AND--
--MAKE THEM DRUNK!
I DON'T WANT TO BE A DRUNKARD! IT'S A NASTY, FILTHY HABIT THAT LEADS TO SHAME AND REGRET!
NO!!!
MR. IMMORTAL--!
AAAGH-- AL-ALCOHOL-- POISONING-- ≷URK≶
POOR, BRAVE MAN!
HE DIED HAPPY.
BECAUSE HE WAS TOO DRUNK TO FEEL IT?
WELL, YES, BUT I MEANT BECAUSE HE DIED A *HERO'S* DEATH...

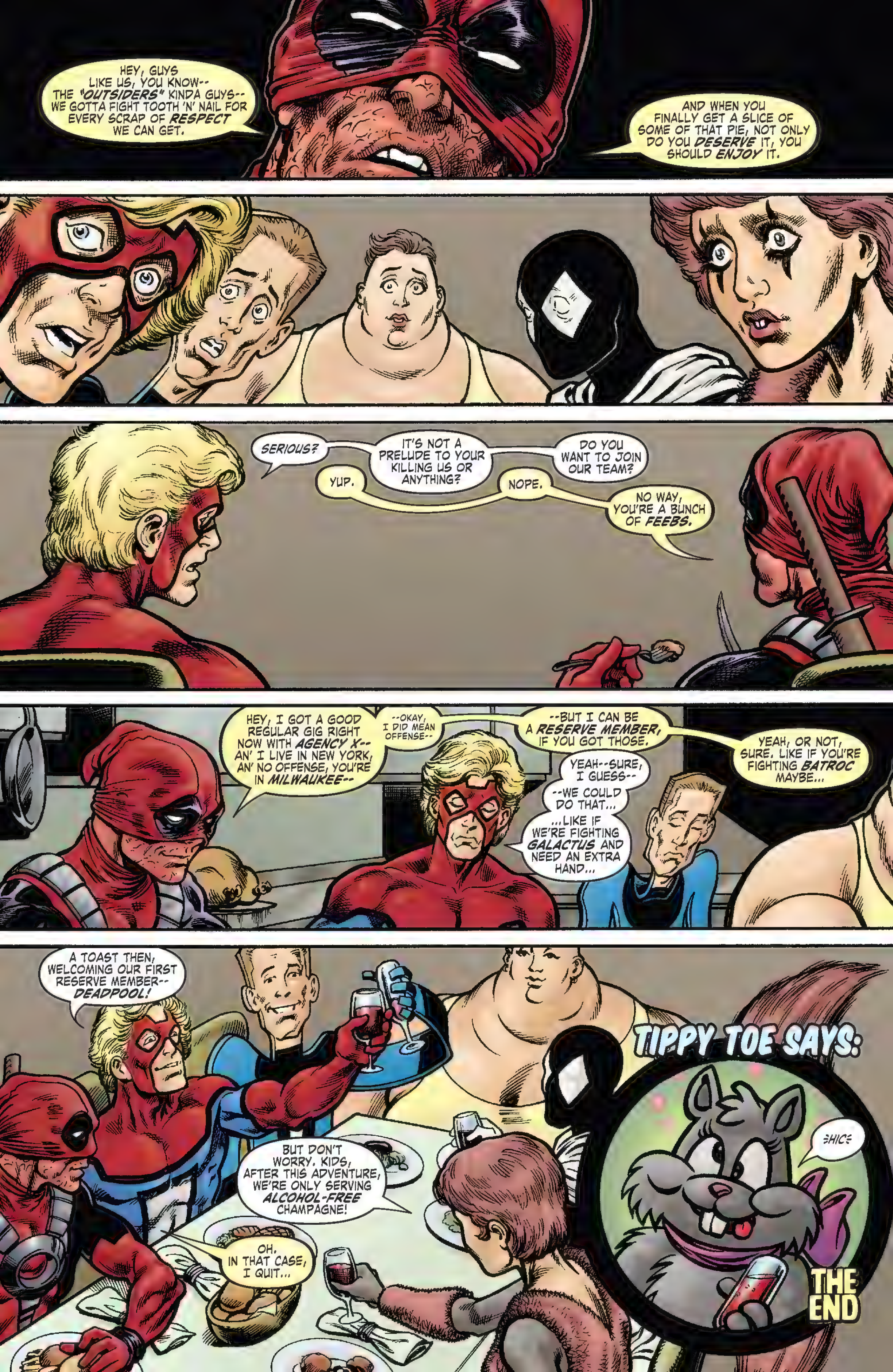

OKAY, DRAMATIC, TOUCHING MOMENT IS OFFICIALLY OVER. TIME TO STOP THE DRUNK MACHINE--
--OR AT THE VERY LEAST, FIND A WAY TO MINIATURIZE IT TO iPOD SIZE AND PUT *ANHEUSER-BUSCH* OUT OF BUSINESS!
QUICKLY-- BEFORE THEY DESTROY THE INEBRIATION WAVE-- ACTIVATE PHASE TWO OF OUR PLAN!
STARK TOWER
THEY'RE TAKING THIS OPPORTUNITY TO INVADE ALL THE *INITIATIVE HEADQUARTERS*-- AVENGERS AND FF HQ'S--
--THE *SECRETS* THEY COULD LEARN--THE *POWER* THEY COULD GAIN--WE HAVE TO STOP THEM NOW!

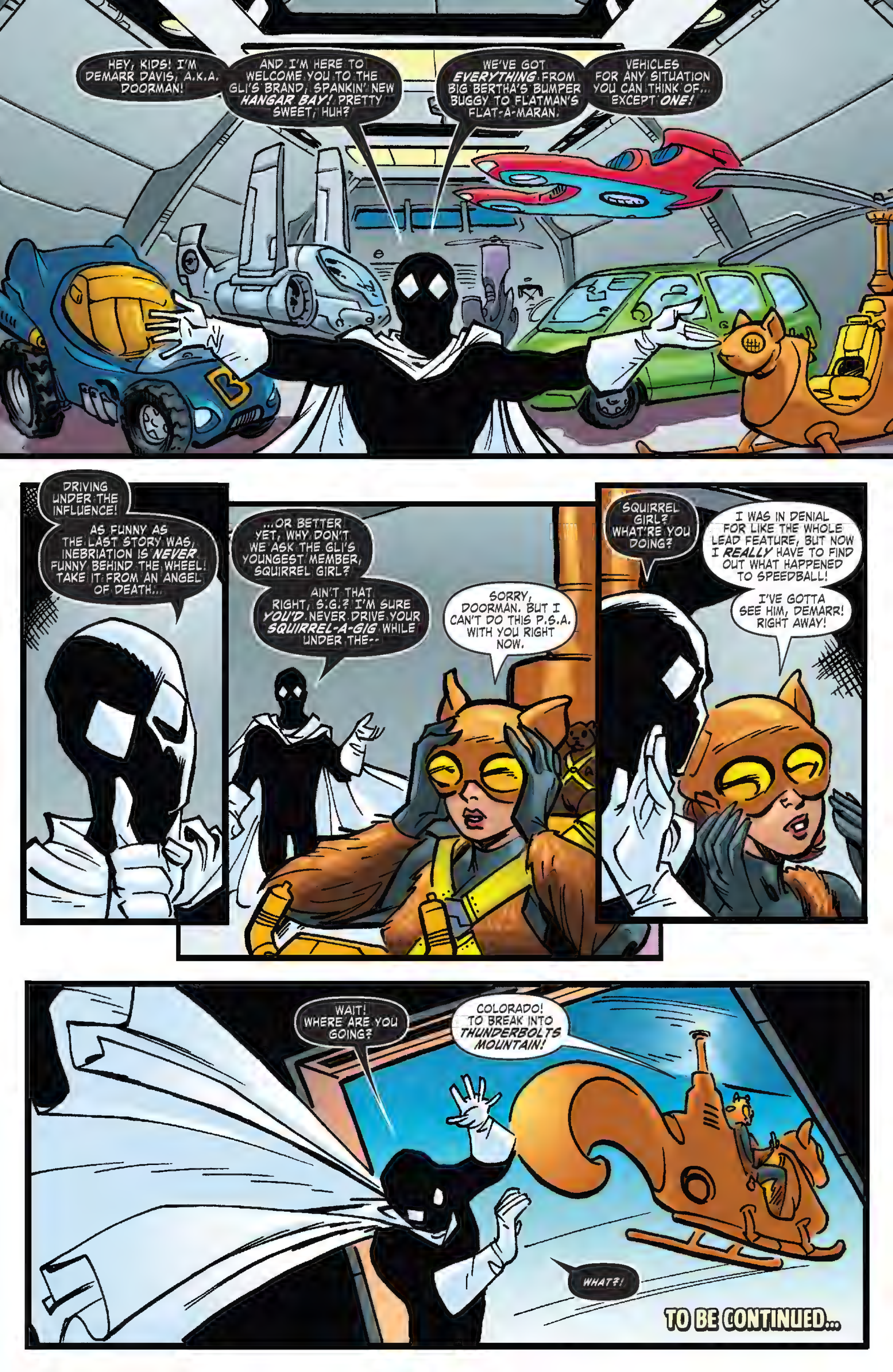

SAVE IT FOR LATER, HOTSHOT-- JUST COVER ME!
I GOTCHER BACK, BERTHA-- YOUR SWEET, AMPLE, ROBUST BEHIND...
THE INEBRIATION WAVE WON'T AFFECT ME WHEN I'VE INCREASED MY **BODY MASS** LIKE THIS...
...SO IT'S TIME FOR A BURST OF BERTHA AND--
--THIS THING IS GOING DOWN!
THAT'S MY GIRL!


SO... GOD-GUY, YOU'RE SAYING DRINKS ARE ALWAYS ON THE HOUSE WHEN YOU'RE AROUND...?
HIC-- INDEED... *HIC*
WANNA BE MY PARTNER? OR MY SIDEKICK? YOU CAN BE MY WARD...
BUT WITH THE INEBRIATION WAVE DESTROYED, THE SUPERHUMANS WILL EMERGE FROM THEIR DRUNKEN STUPOR...
"...AND A.I.M.'S FIELD AGENTS WILL BE DOOMED...!"
UHM... WHAT DO WE DO NOW?
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
WELL... WE'VE NEVER ACTUALLY... *UHM*... SUCCESSFULLY... DONE THIS.
UNTIL NOW.
WE *WON?*
YUP.
PLEASE DON'T KILL ME AGAIN.
LATER?
MAYBE LATER.
WOW.
WE WON.
YEAH. WE SHOULD GO TO DISNEYWORLD OR SOMETHING.
WE CAN'T ABUSE VALUABLE TAXPAYER DOLLARS THAT WAY, MR. DEADPOOL. BUT WE HAVE THE NEXT BEST THING NOW...


AND SO, LATER...
THIS IS YOUR NEW HQ?
WE'RE PROUD TO WELCOME YOU AS THE FIRST OFFICIAL GUEST TO OUR STATE-OF-THE-ART, TOP-OF-THE-LINE, FULLY-LOADED, DULY-FUNDED INCREDIBLY COOL SECRET *INITIATIVE* HEADQUARTERS!

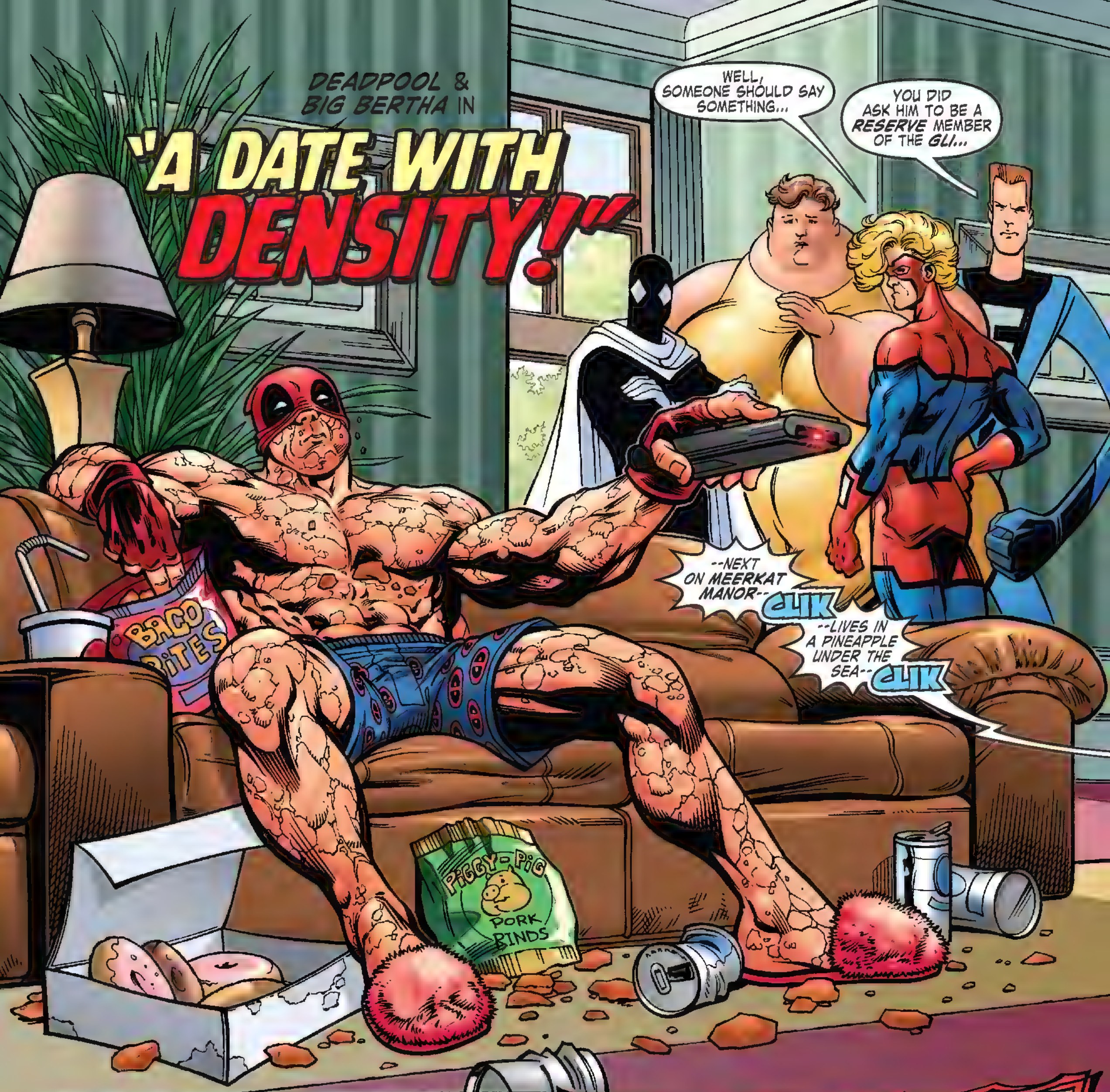

SO YOU HELPED MR. DIONYSUS RETURN TO OLYMPUS?
UH-HUH.
AND YOU ACTUALLY GOT TO *ENTER* OLYMPUS?
WELL, OF COURSE, SILLY. HE NEEDED SOME HELP GETTING INTO BED. PLUS, *MR. ZEUS* WAS HAVING SOME PROBLEMS WITH PLUTO I HELPED OUT WITH...
OLYMPUS IS NO BIG DEAL. I'VE SEEN *HADES.*
WATCH YOUR MOUTH, DEMARR.
...SO YOU'RE SAYIN' FULL JACUZZI, SAUNA-- THE WORKS?
UH-HUH.
DENTAL PLAN, TOO?
WELL, *GOVERNMENT* HEALTH CARE...YOU KNOW...WE'RE COVERED, BUT IT'S QUITE A RISK IF YOU GET SICK...
D'JOU KNOW HYDRA DOESN'T HAVE A DENTAL PLAN...?
WOW, THIS IS REALLY SOME SPREAD.
YOU'RE NOT GOING TO KILL US ALL AND TAKE IT OVER, ARE YOU?
HUH? NO--*HAH!*-- THAT'S FUNNY. NO, SERIOUS, I'M KINDA PROUD OF YOU MOOKS.
YOU ARE?

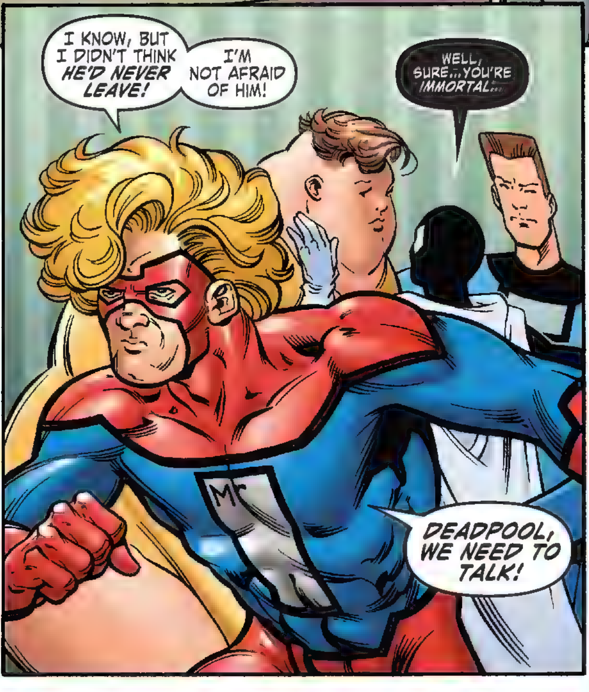

HEY, GUYS LIKE US, YOU KNOW-- THE *"OUTSIDERS"* KINDA GUYS-- WE GOTTA FIGHT TOOTH 'N' NAIL FOR EVERY SCRAP OF *RESPECT* WE CAN GET.
AND WHEN YOU FINALLY GET A SLICE OF SOME OF THAT PIE, NOT ONLY DO YOU *DESERVE* IT, YOU SHOULD *ENJOY* IT.
SERIOUS?
YUP.
IT'S NOT A PRELUDE TO YOUR KILLING US OR ANYTHING?
NOPE.
DO YOU WANT TO JOIN OUR TEAM?
NO WAY, YOU'RE A BUNCH OF *FEEBS.*
HEY, I GOT A GOOD REGULAR GIG RIGHT NOW WITH *AGENCY X*-- AN' I LIVE IN NEW YORK, AN' NO OFFENSE, YOU'RE IN *MILWAUKEE*--
--OKAY, I DID MEAN OFFENSE--
--BUT I CAN BE A *RESERVE MEMBER,* IF YOU GOT THOSE.
YEAH--SURE, I GUESS--
--WE COULD DO THAT...
...LIKE IF WE'RE FIGHTING *GALACTUS* AND NEED AN EXTRA HAND...
YEAH, OR NOT, SURE. LIKE IF YOU'RE FIGHTING *BATROC* MAYBE...
A TOAST THEN, WELCOMING OUR FIRST RESERVE MEMBER-- *DEADPOOL!*
BUT DON'T WORRY, KIDS, AFTER THIS ADVENTURE, WE'RE ONLY SERVING *ALCOHOL-FREE* CHAMPAGNE!
OH. IN THAT CASE, I QUIT...
TIPPY TOE SAYS:
HIC
THE END

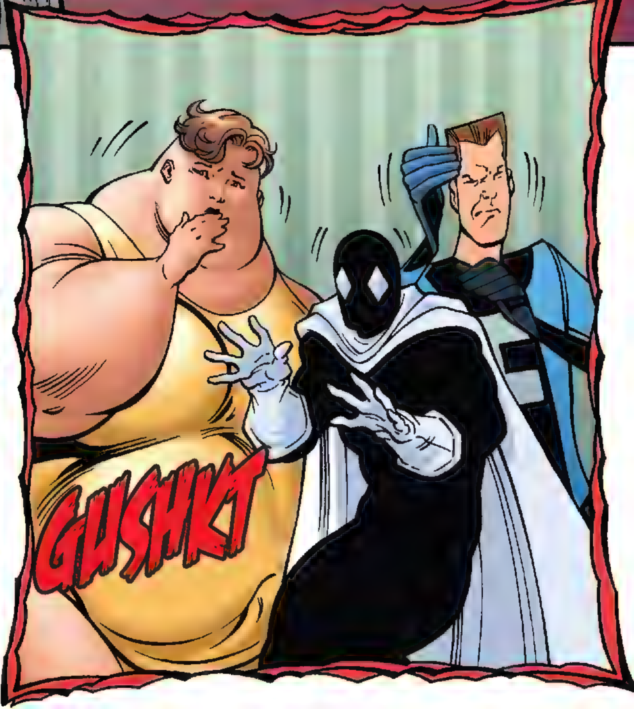

HEY, KIDS! I'M DEMARR DAVIS, A.K.A. DOORMAN!
AND I'M HERE TO WELCOME YOU TO THE GLI'S BRAND, SPANKIN' NEW *HANGAR BAY!* PRETTY SWEET, HUH?
WE'VE GOT *EVERYTHING* FROM BIG BERTHA'S BUMPER BUGGY TO FLATMAN'S FLAT-A-MARAN.
VEHICLES FOR ANY SITUATION YOU CAN THINK OF... EXCEPT *ONE!*
DRIVING UNDER THE INFLUENCE!
AS FUNNY AS THE LAST STORY WAS, INEBRIATION IS *NEVER* FUNNY BEHIND THE WHEEL! TAKE IT FROM AN ANGEL OF DEATH...
...OR BETTER YET, WHY DON'T WE ASK THE GLI'S YOUNGEST MEMBER, SQUIRREL GIRL?
AIN'T THAT RIGHT, S.G.? I'M SURE *YOU'D* NEVER DRIVE YOUR *SQUIRREL-A-GIG* WHILE UNDER THE--
SORRY, DOORMAN. BUT I CAN'T DO THIS P.S.A. WITH YOU RIGHT NOW.
SQUIRREL GIRL? WHAT'RE YOU DOING?
I WAS IN DENIAL FOR LIKE THE WHOLE LEAD FEATURE, BUT NOW I *REALLY* HAVE TO FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED TO SPEEDBALL!
I'VE GOTTA SEE HIM, DEMARR! RIGHT AWAY!
WAIT! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
COLORADO! TO BREAK INTO *THUNDERBOLTS MOUNTAIN!*
WHAT?!
TO BE CONTINUED...

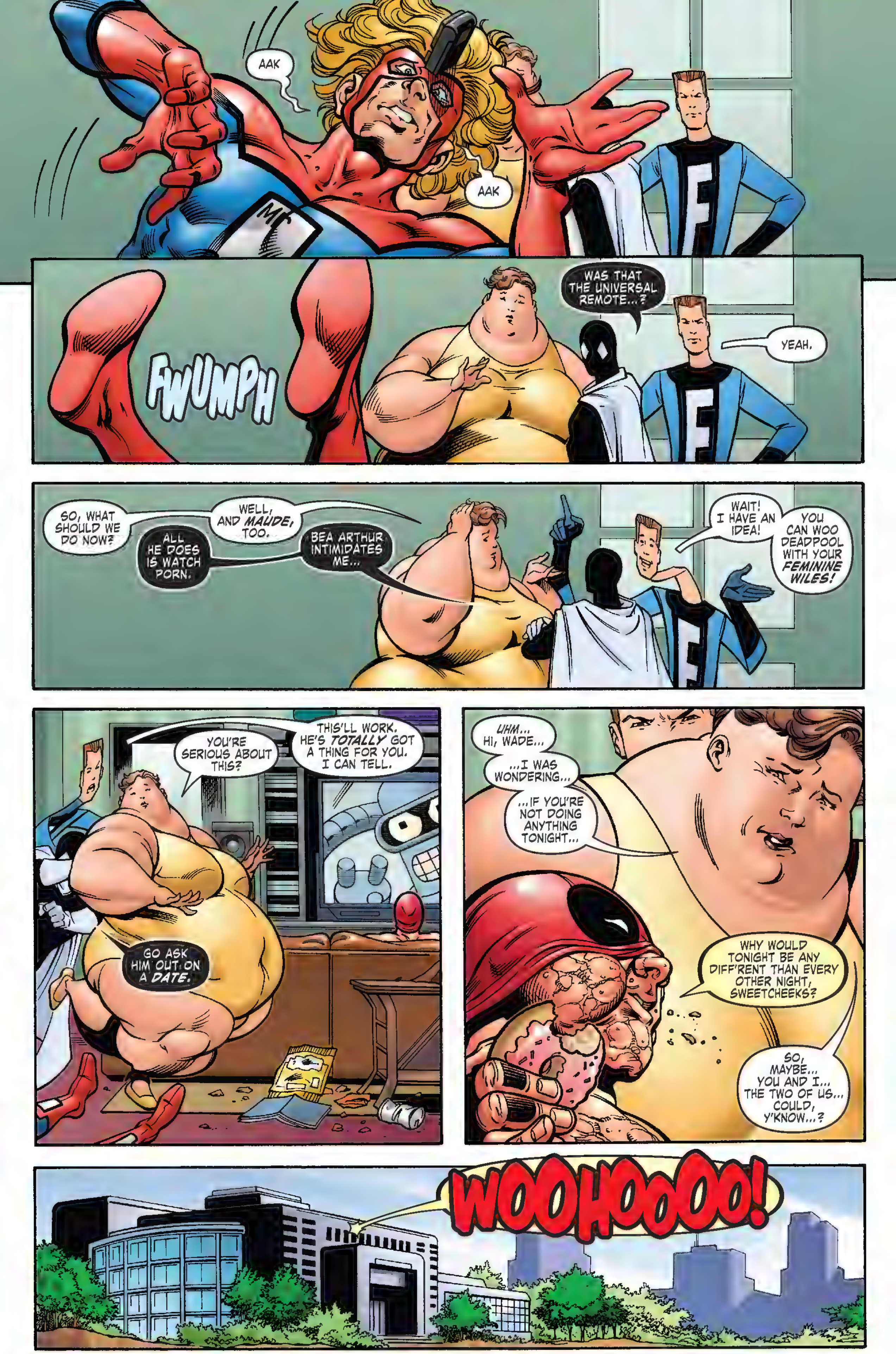
DEADPOOL & BIG BERTHA IN

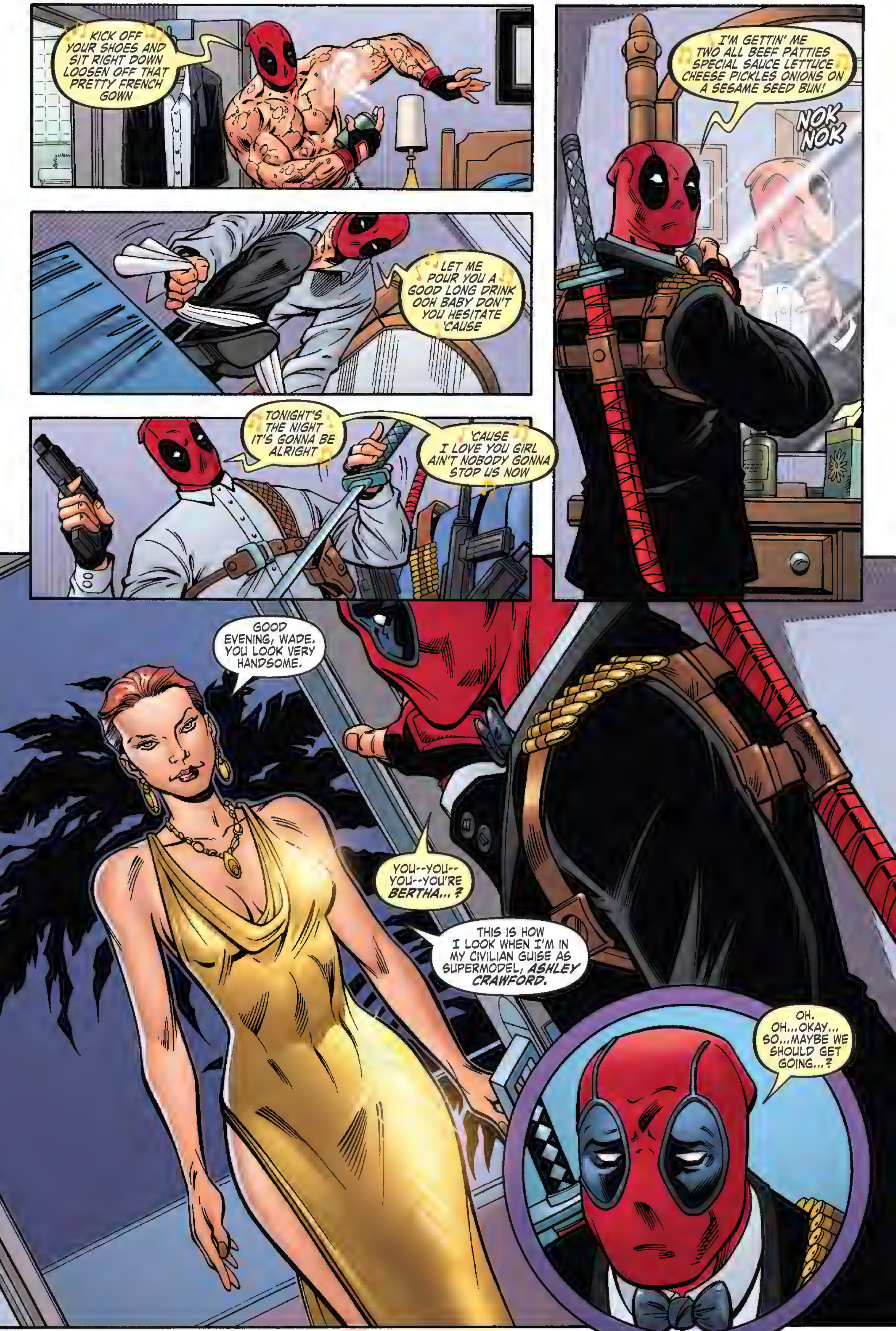
"A DATE WITH DENSITY!"

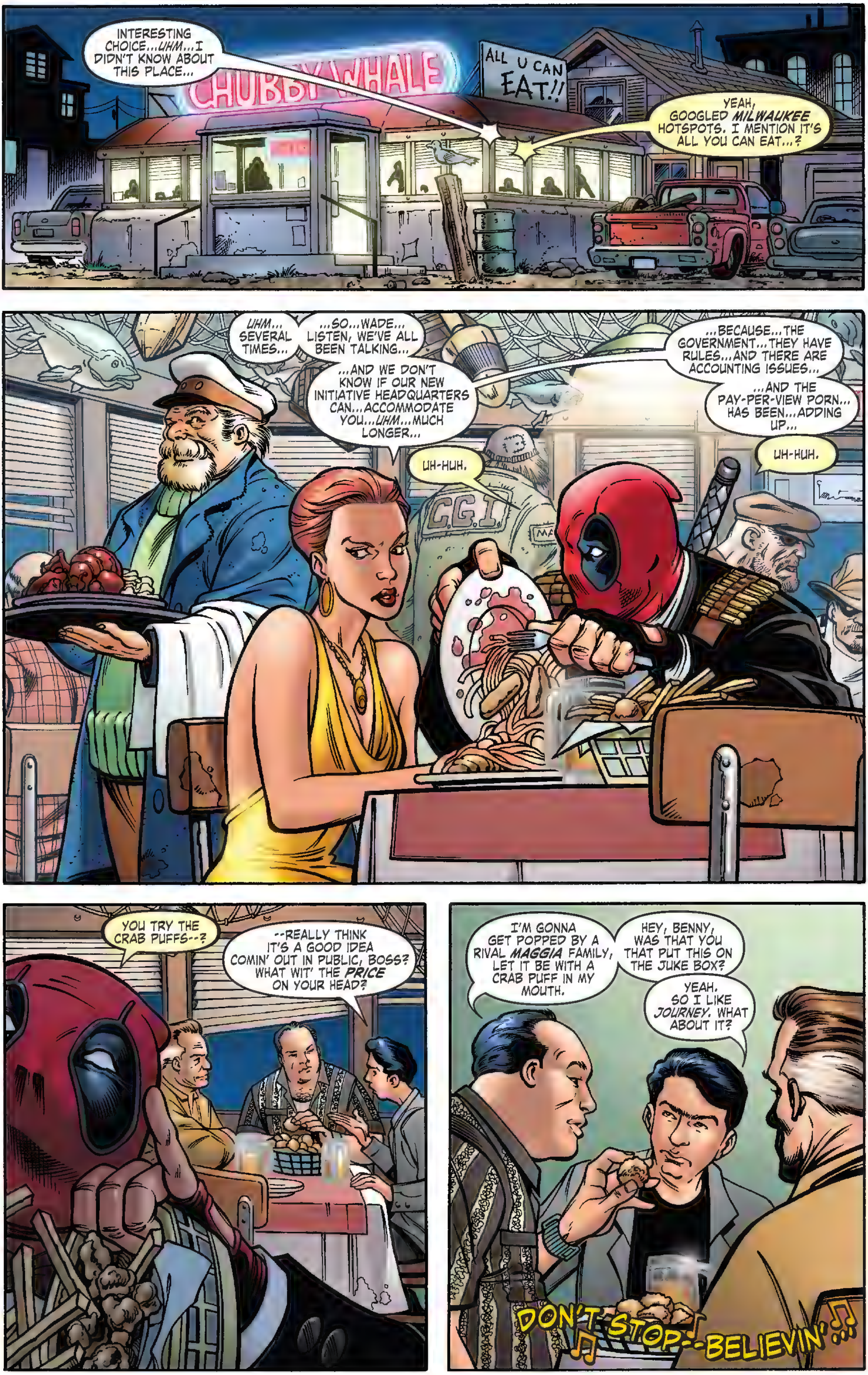

WELL, SOMEONE SHOULD SAY SOMETHING...
YOU DID ASK HIM TO BE A *RESERVE* MEMBER OF THE *GLI*...
--NEXT ON *MEERKAT MANOR*--
CLIK
--LIVES IN A PINEAPPLE UNDER THE SEA--
CLIK
BACO BITES
PIGGY-PIG PORK RINDS

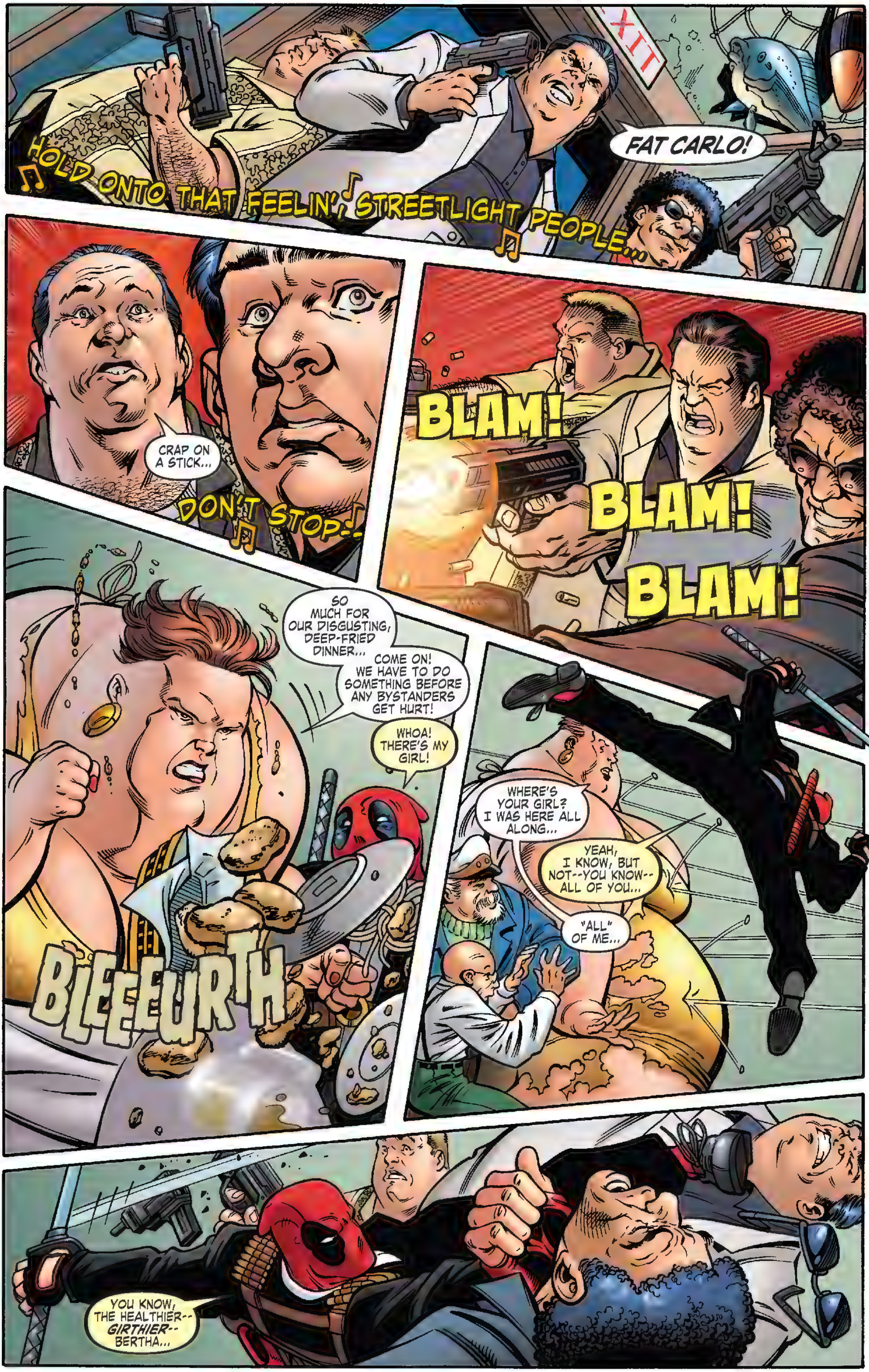

I KNOW, BUT I DIDN'T THINK *HE'D NEVER LEAVE!*
I'M NOT AFRAID OF HIM!
WELL, SURE... YOU'RE IMMORTAL...
DEADPOOL, WE NEED TO TALK!

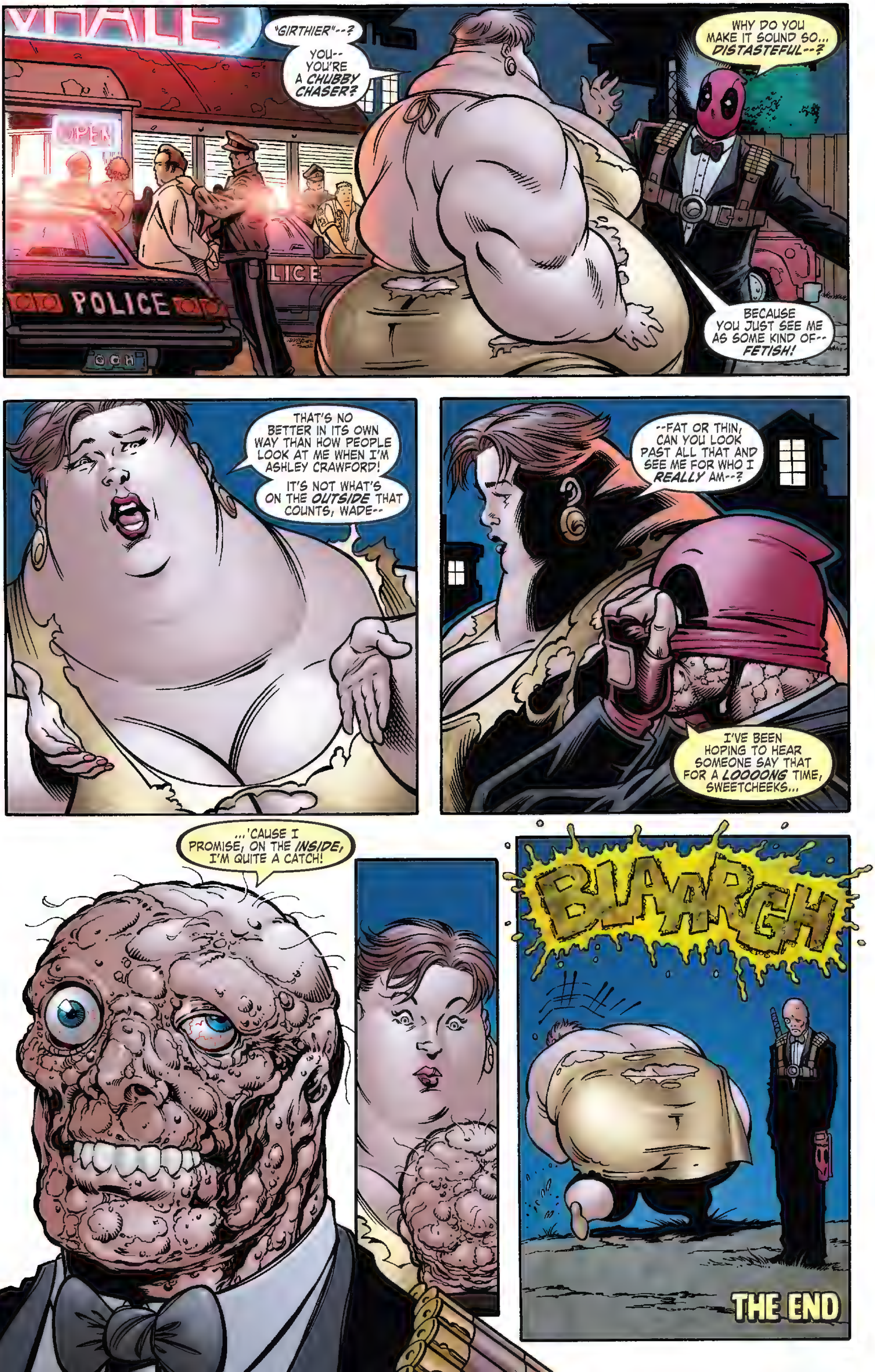


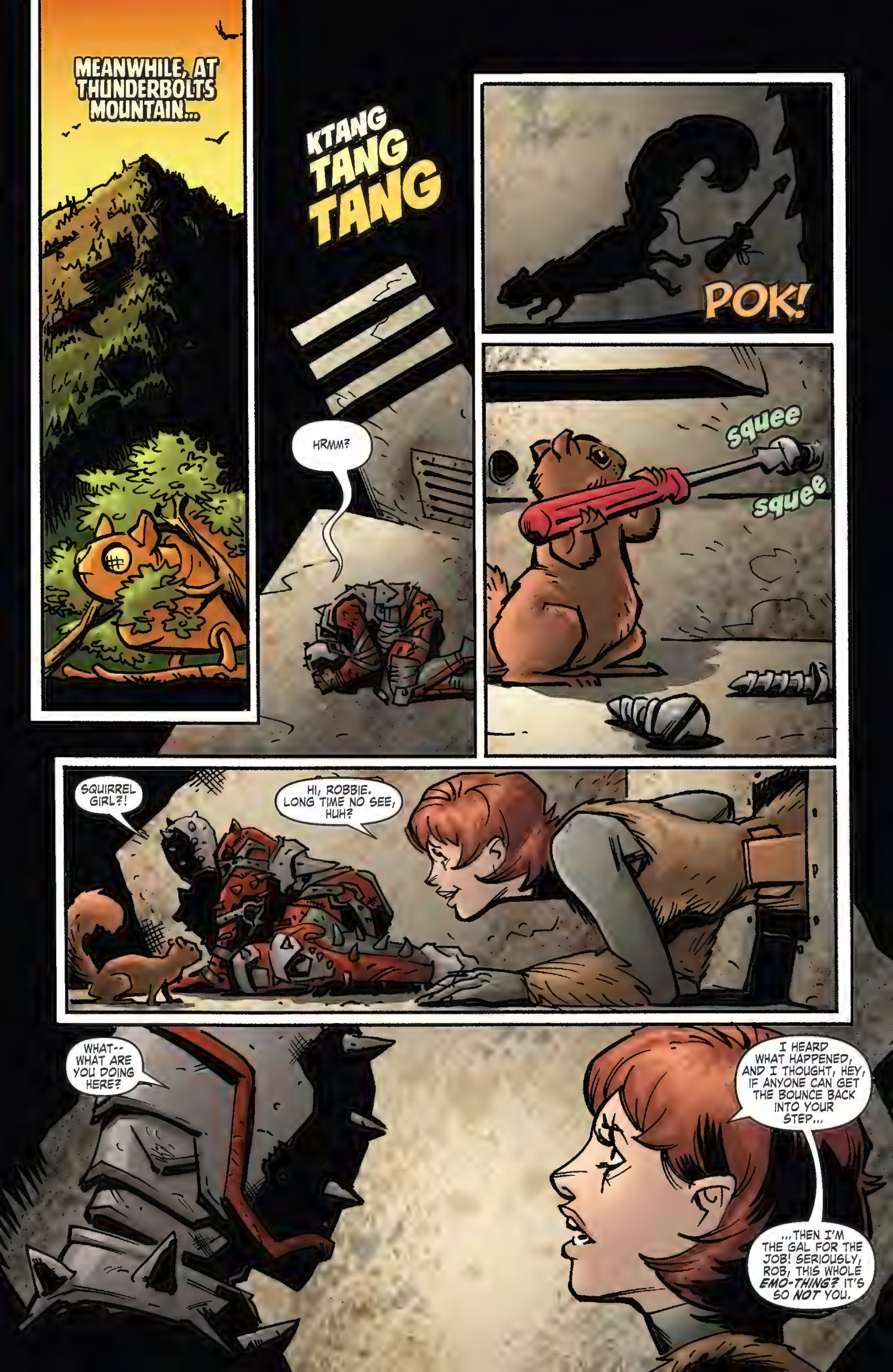

AAK
AAK
FWUMPH
WAS THAT THE UNIVERSAL REMOTE...?
YEAH.
SO, WHAT SHOULD WE DO NOW?
WELL, AND *MAUDE,* TOO.
ALL HE DOES IS WATCH PORN.
BEA ARTHUR INTIMIDATES ME...
WAIT! I HAVE AN IDEA!
YOU CAN WOO DEADPOOL WITH YOUR *FEMININE WILES!*
YOU'RE SERIOUS ABOUT THIS?
THIS'LL WORK. HE'S *TOTALLY* GOT A THING FOR YOU. I CAN TELL.
GO ASK HIM OUT ON A *DATE.*
UHM... HI, WADE...
...I WAS WONDERING...
...IF YOU'RE NOT DOING ANYTHING TONIGHT...
WHY WOULD TONIGHT BE ANY DIFF'RENT THAN EVERY OTHER NIGHT, SWEETCHEEKS?
SO, MAYBE... YOU AND I... THE TWO OF US... COULD, Y'KNOW...?
WOOHOOOOO!

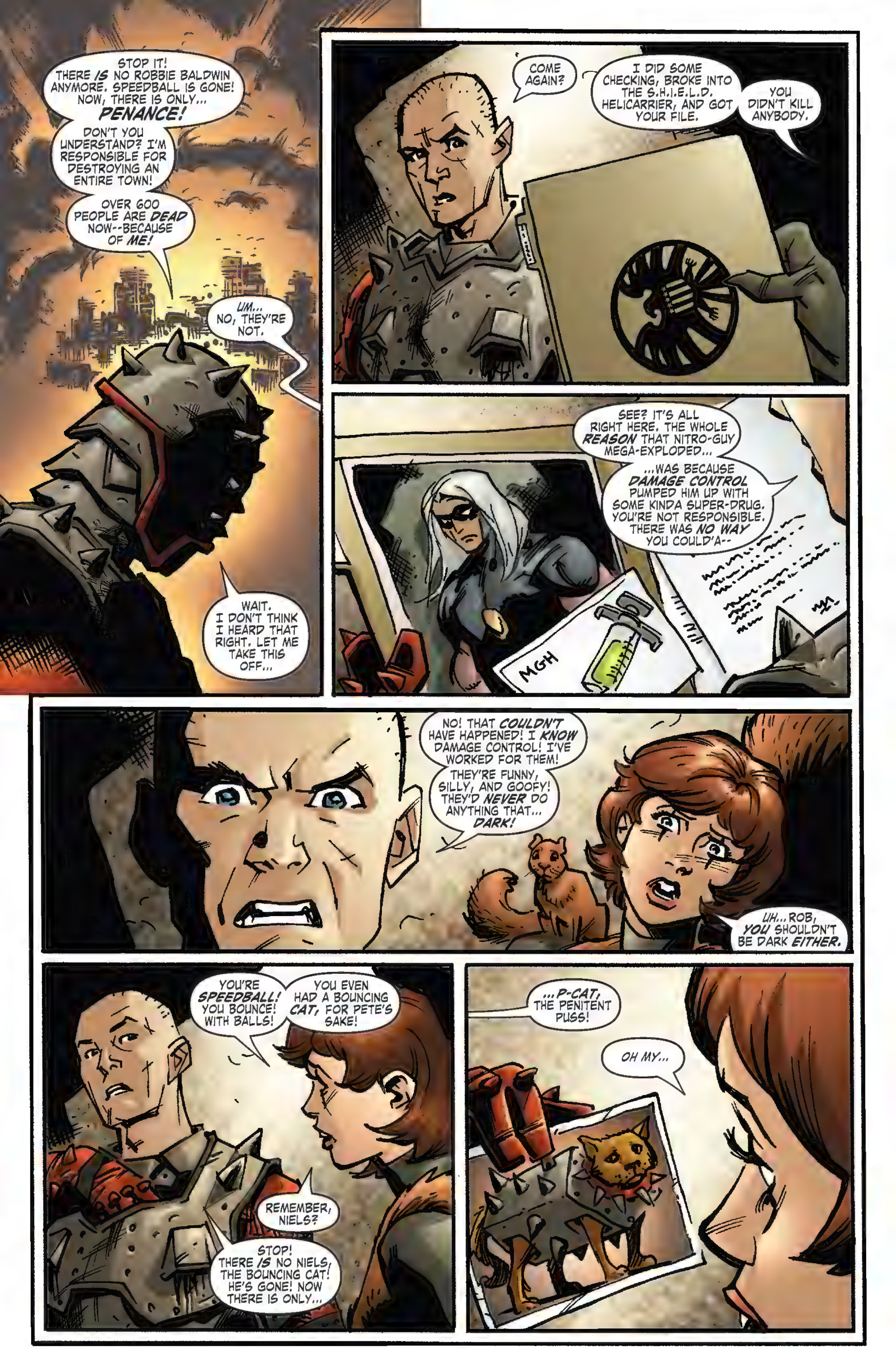

KICK OFF YOUR SHOES AND SIT RIGHT DOWN LOOSEN OFF THAT PRETTY FRENCH GOWN
LET ME POUR YOU A GOOD LONG DRINK OOH BABY DON'T YOU HESITATE 'CAUSE
TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT IT'S GONNA BE ALRIGHT
'CAUSE I LOVE YOU GIRL AIN'T NOBODY GONNA STOP US NOW
I'M GETTIN' ME TWO ALL BEEF PATTIES SPECIAL SAUCE LETTUCE CHEESE PICKLES ONIONS ON A SESAME SEED BUN!
NOK NOK
GOOD EVENING, WADE. YOU LOOK VERY HANDSOME.
YOU--YOU--YOU--YOU'RE *BERTHA...?*
THIS IS HOW I LOOK WHEN I'M IN MY CIVILIAN GUISE AS SUPERMODEL, *ASHLEY CRAWFORD.*
OH. OH...OKAY... SO...MAYBE WE SHOULD GET GOING...?

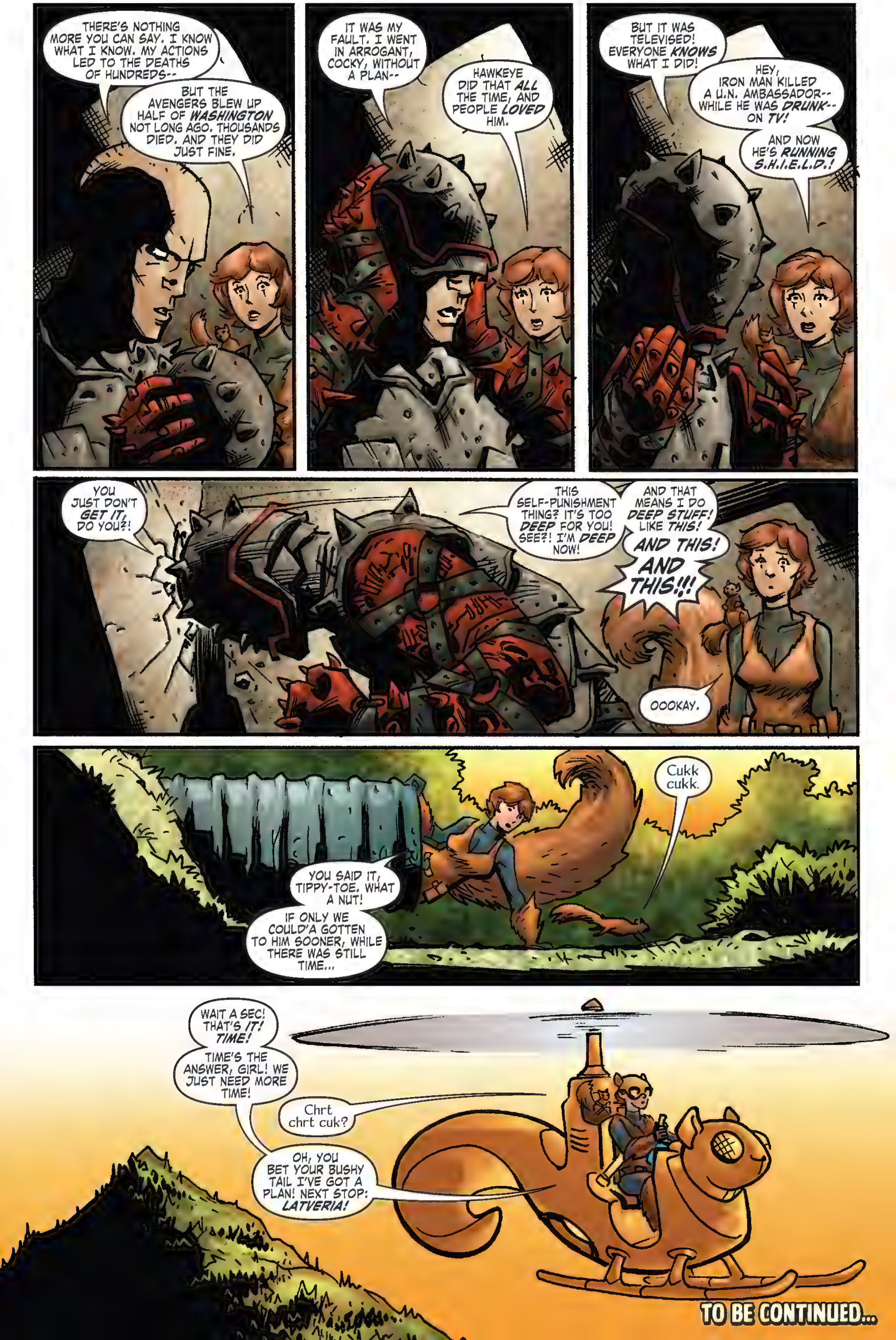

INTERESTING CHOICE...*UHM*...I DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT THIS PLACE...
CHUBBY WHALE
ALL U CAN EAT!!
YEAH, GOOGLED ***MILWAUKEE*** HOTSPOTS. I MENTION IT'S ALL YOU CAN EAT...?
UHM... SEVERAL TIMES...
...SO...WADE... LISTEN, WE'VE ALL BEEN TALKING...
...AND WE DON'T KNOW IF OUR NEW INITIATIVE HEADQUARTERS CAN...ACCOMMODATE YOU...*UHM*...MUCH LONGER...
UH-HUH.
...BECAUSE...THE GOVERNMENT...THEY HAVE RULES...AND THERE ARE ACCOUNTING ISSUES...
...AND THE PAY-PER-VIEW PORN... HAS BEEN...ADDING UP...
UH-HUH.
C.G.I.
YOU TRY THE CRAB PUFFS--?
--REALLY THINK IT'S A GOOD IDEA COMIN' OUT IN PUBLIC, BOSS? WHAT WIT' THE ***PRICE*** ON YOUR HEAD?
I'M GONNA GET POPPED BY A RIVAL ***MAGGIA*** FAMILY, LET IT BE WITH A CRAB PUFF IN MY MOUTH.
HEY, BENNY, WAS THAT YOU THAT PUT THIS ON THE JUKE BOX?
YEAH. SO I LIKE *JOURNEY*. WHAT ABOUT IT?
DON'T STOP--BELIEVIN' ♫


EXIT
FAT CARLO!
♫ HOLD ONTO THAT FEELIN', ♪ STREETLIGHT PEOPLE... ♫
CRAP ON A STICK...
DON'T STOP! ♫
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
SO MUCH FOR OUR DISGUSTING, DEEP-FRIED DINNER...
COME ON! WE HAVE TO DO SOMETHING BEFORE ANY BYSTANDERS GET HURT!
WHOA! THERE'S MY GIRL!
BLEEEURTH
WHERE'S YOUR GIRL? I WAS HERE ALL ALONG...
YEAH, I KNOW, BUT NOT--YOU KNOW--ALL OF YOU...
"ALL" OF ME...
YOU KNOW, THE HEALTHIER--*GIRTHIER*--BERTHA...


OPEN
POLICE
"GIRTHIER"--?
YOU--YOU'RE A *CHUBBY CHASER?*
WHY DO YOU MAKE IT SOUND SO... *DISTASTEFUL--?*
BECAUSE YOU JUST SEE ME AS SOME KIND OF-- *FETISH!*
THAT'S NO BETTER IN ITS OWN WAY THAN HOW PEOPLE LOOK AT ME WHEN I'M ASHLEY CRAWFORD!
IT'S NOT WHAT'S ON THE *OUTSIDE* THAT COUNTS, WADE--
--FAT OR THIN, CAN YOU LOOK PAST ALL THAT AND SEE ME FOR WHO I *REALLY* AM--?
I'VE BEEN HOPING TO HEAR SOMEONE SAY THAT FOR A *LOOOONG* TIME, SWEETCHEEKS...
...'CAUSE I PROMISE, ON THE *INSIDE,* I'M QUITE A CATCH!
BLAARGH
THE END

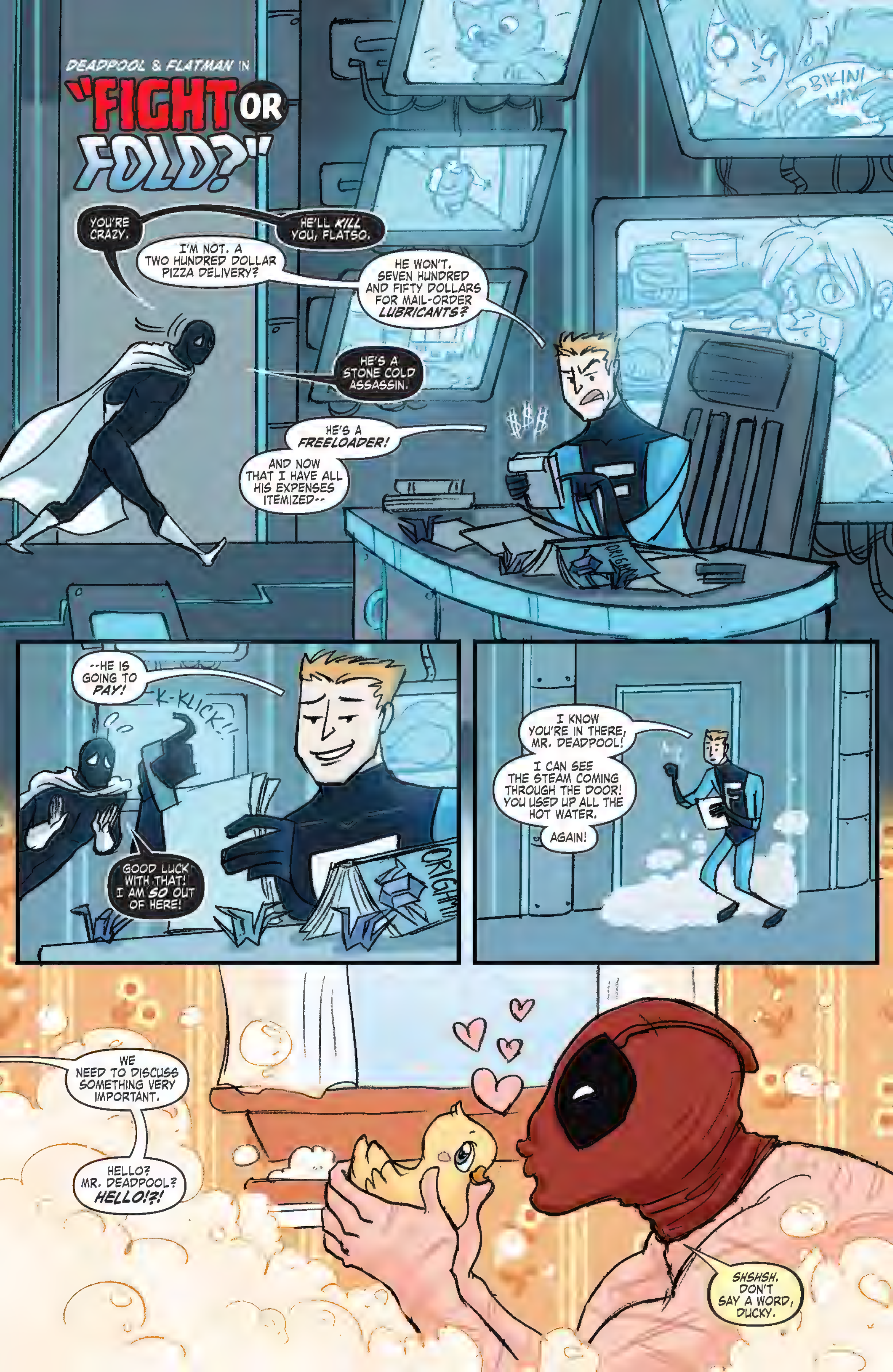

MEANWHILE, AT THUNDERBOLTS MOUNTAIN...
KTANG TANG TANG
POK!
HRMM?
squee
squee
SQUIRREL GIRL?!
HI, ROBBIE. LONG TIME NO SEE, HUH?
WHAT-- WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
I HEARD WHAT HAPPENED, AND I THOUGHT, HEY, IF ANYONE CAN GET THE BOUNCE BACK INTO YOUR STEP...
...THEN I'M THE GAL FOR THE JOB! SERIOUSLY, ROB, THIS WHOLE *EMO-THING?* IT'S SO *NOT* YOU.

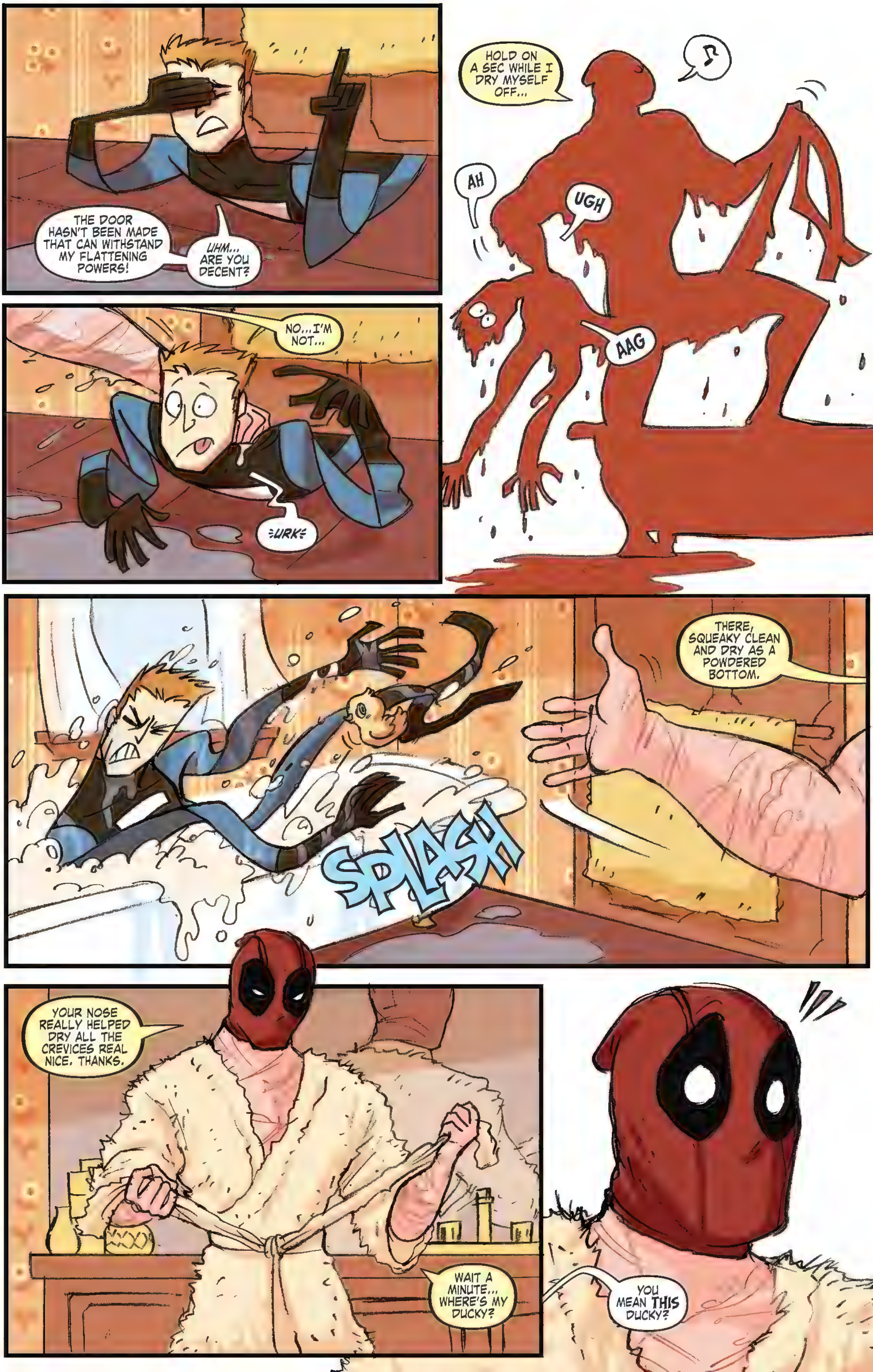

STOP IT! THERE *IS* NO ROBBIE BALDWIN ANYMORE. SPEEDBALL IS GONE! NOW, THERE IS ONLY... ***PENANCE!***
DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND? I'M RESPONSIBLE FOR DESTROYING AN ENTIRE TOWN!
OVER 600 PEOPLE ARE ***DEAD*** NOW--BECAUSE OF ***ME!***
UM... NO, THEY'RE NOT.
WAIT. I DON'T THINK I HEARD THAT RIGHT. LET ME TAKE THIS OFF...
COME AGAIN?
I DID SOME CHECKING, BROKE INTO THE S.H.I.E.L.D. HELICARRIER, AND GOT YOUR FILE.
YOU DIDN'T KILL ANYBODY.
SEE? IT'S ALL RIGHT HERE. THE WHOLE ***REASON*** THAT NITRO-GUY MEGA-EXPLODED...
...WAS BECAUSE ***DAMAGE CONTROL*** PUMPED HIM UP WITH SOME KINDA SUPER-DRUG. YOU'RE NOT RESPONSIBLE. THERE WAS ***NO WAY*** YOU COULD'A--
MGH
NO! THAT ***COULDN'T*** HAVE HAPPENED! I ***KNOW*** DAMAGE CONTROL! I'VE WORKED FOR THEM!
THEY'RE FUNNY, SILLY, AND GOOFY! THEY'D ***NEVER*** DO ANYTHING THAT... ***DARK!***
UH... ROB, ***YOU*** SHOULDN'T BE DARK ***EITHER.***
YOU'RE ***SPEEDBALL!*** YOU BOUNCE! WITH BALLS!
YOU EVEN HAD A BOUNCING ***CAT,*** FOR PETE'S SAKE!
REMEMBER, NIELS?
STOP! THERE *IS* NO NIELS, THE BOUNCING CAT! HE'S GONE! NOW THERE IS ONLY...
...P-CAT, THE PENITENT PUSS!
OH MY...

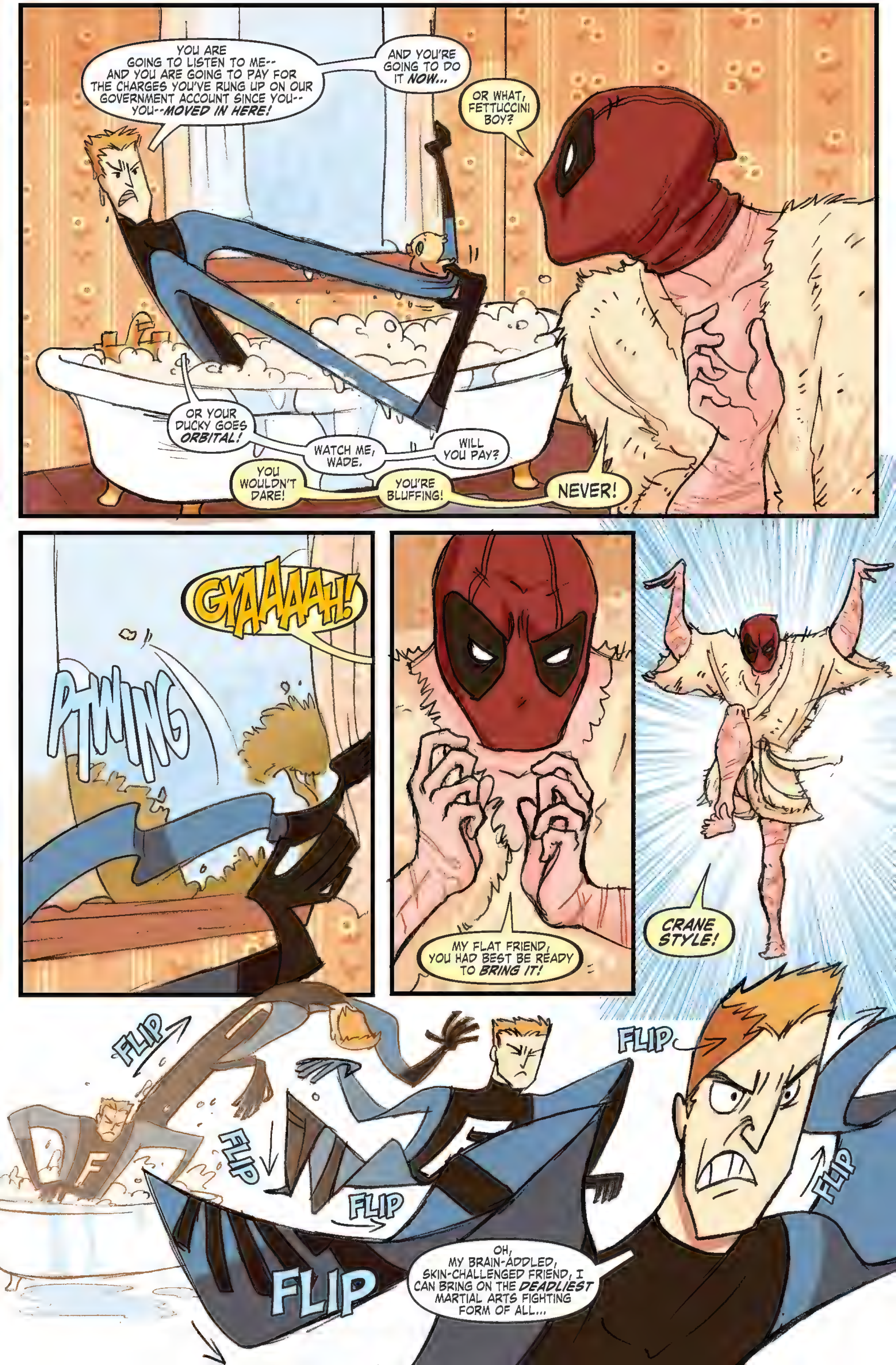

THERE'S NOTHING MORE YOU CAN SAY. I KNOW WHAT I KNOW. MY ACTIONS LED TO THE DEATHS OF HUNDREDS--
BUT THE AVENGERS BLEW UP HALF OF *WASHINGTON* NOT LONG AGO. THOUSANDS DIED. AND THEY DID JUST FINE.
IT WAS MY FAULT. I WENT IN ARROGANT, COCKY, WITHOUT A PLAN--
HAWKEYE DID THAT *ALL* THE TIME, AND PEOPLE *LOVED* HIM.
BUT IT WAS TELEVISED! EVERYONE *KNOWS* WHAT I DID!
HEY, IRON MAN KILLED A U.N. AMBASSADOR-- WHILE HE WAS *DRUNK*-- ON *TV!*
AND NOW HE'S *RUNNING S.H.I.E.L.D.!*
YOU JUST DON'T *GET IT,* DO YOU?!
THIS SELF-PUNISHMENT THING? IT'S TOO *DEEP* FOR YOU! SEE?! I'M *DEEP* NOW!
AND THAT MEANS I DO *DEEP STUFF!* LIKE *THIS!*
AND THIS!
AND THIS!!!
OOOKAY.
Cukk cukk.
YOU SAID IT, TIPPY-TOE. WHAT A NUT!
IF ONLY WE COULD'A GOTTEN TO HIM SOONER, WHILE THERE WAS STILL TIME...
WAIT A SEC! THAT'S *IT! TIME!*
TIME'S THE ANSWER, GIRL! WE JUST NEED MORE TIME!
Chrt chrt cuk?
OH, YOU BET YOUR BUSHY TAIL I'VE GOT A PLAN! NEXT STOP: *LATVERIA!*
TO BE CONTINUED...

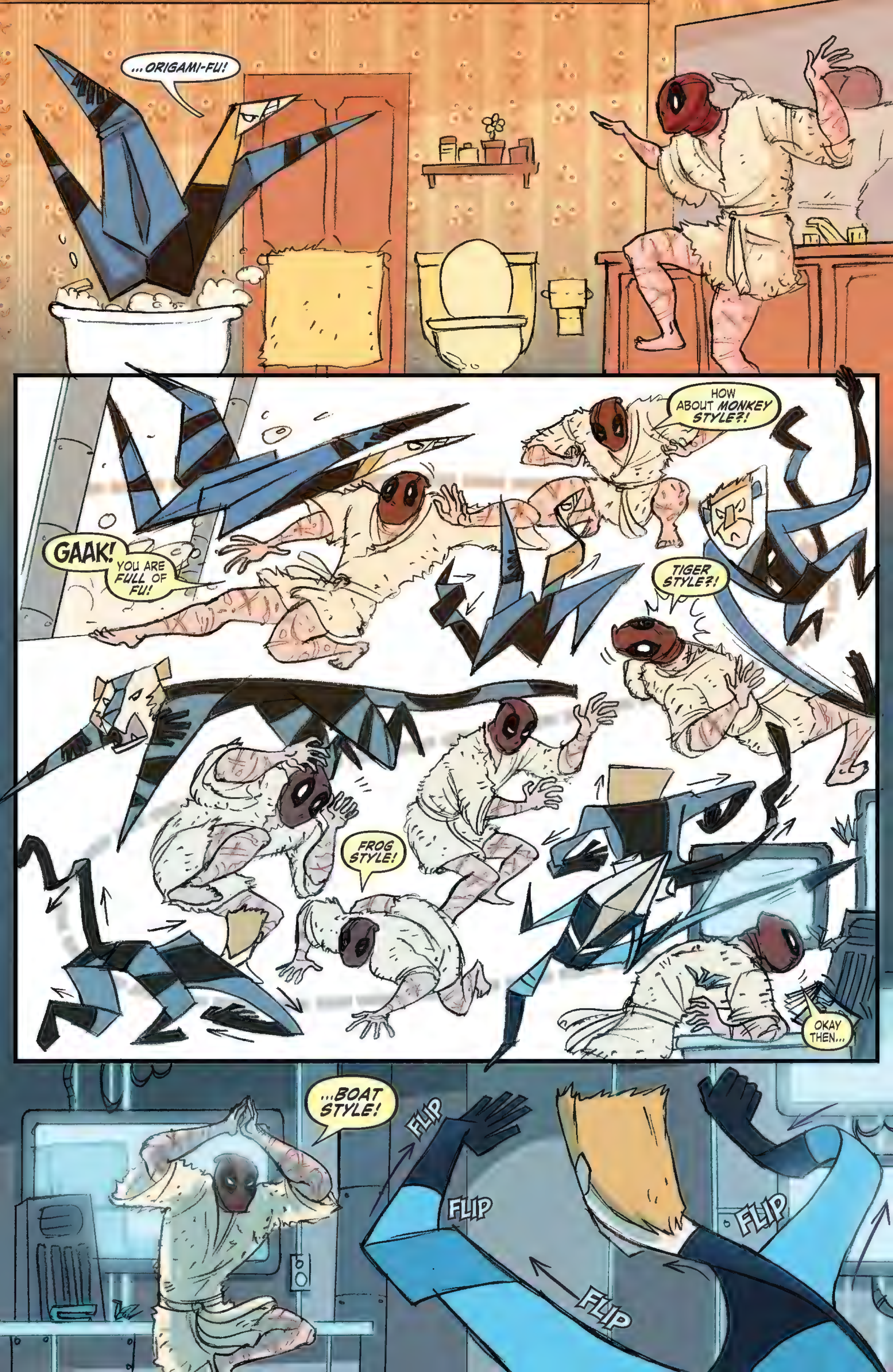
DEADPOOL & FLATMAN IN

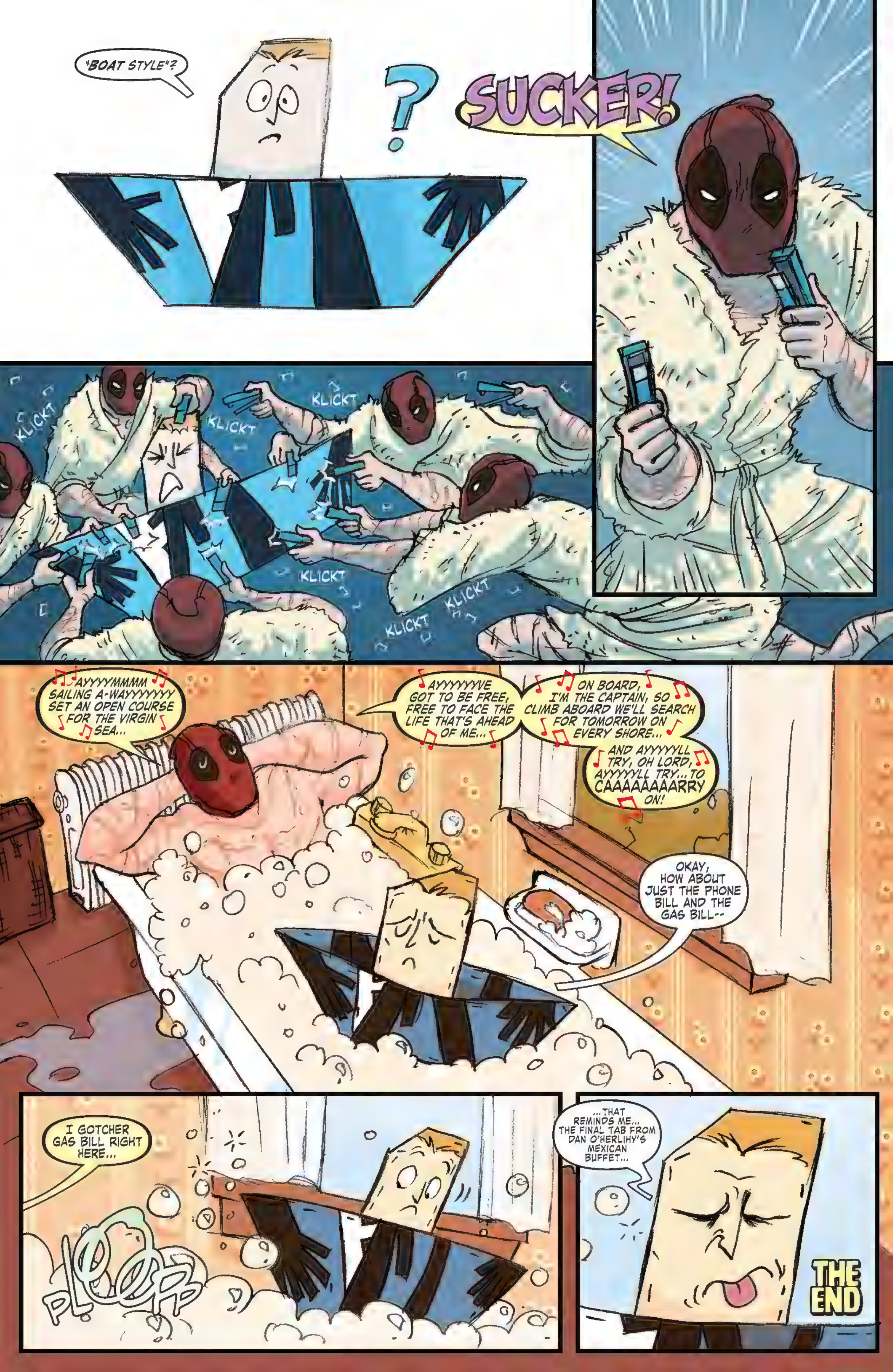
"FIGHT OR FOLD?"

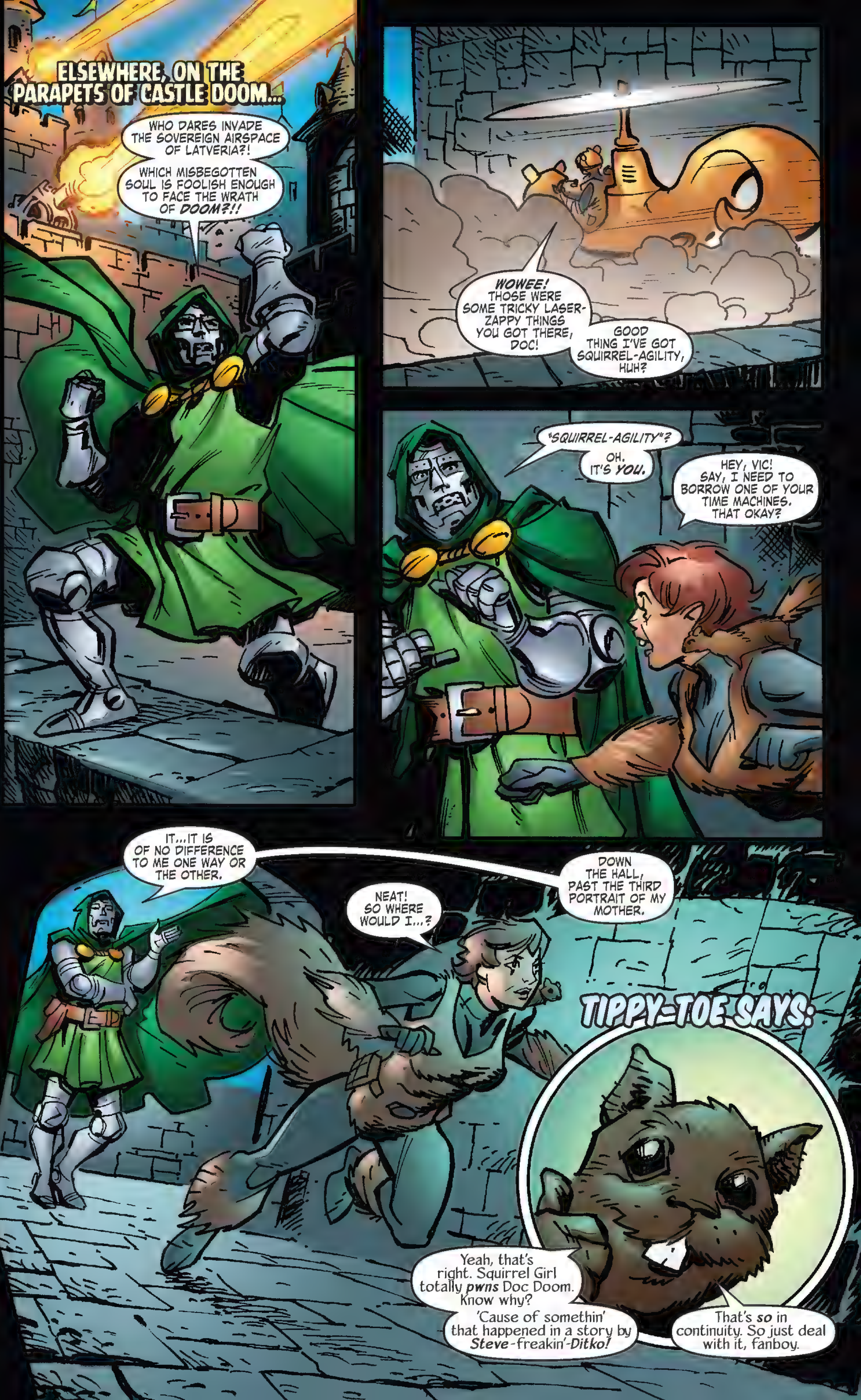

BIKINI MAY
YOU'RE CRAZY.
HE'LL *KILL* YOU, FLATSO.
I'M NOT. A TWO HUNDRED DOLLAR PIZZA DELIVERY?
HE WON'T. SEVEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS FOR MAIL-ORDER *LUBRICANTS?*
HE'S A STONE COLD ASSASSIN.
HE'S A *FREELOADER!*
AND NOW THAT I HAVE ALL HIS EXPENSES ITEMIZED--
$$$
ORIGAMI
--HE IS GOING TO *PAY!*
K-KLICK!!
GOOD LUCK WITH THAT! I AM *SO* OUT OF HERE!
ORIGAMI
I KNOW YOU'RE IN THERE, MR. DEADPOOL!
I CAN SEE THE STEAM COMING THROUGH THE DOOR! YOU USED UP ALL THE HOT WATER.
AGAIN!
WE NEED TO DISCUSS SOMETHING VERY IMPORTANT.
HELLO? MR. DEADPOOL? *HELLO!?!*
SHSHSH. DON'T SAY A WORD, DUCKY.

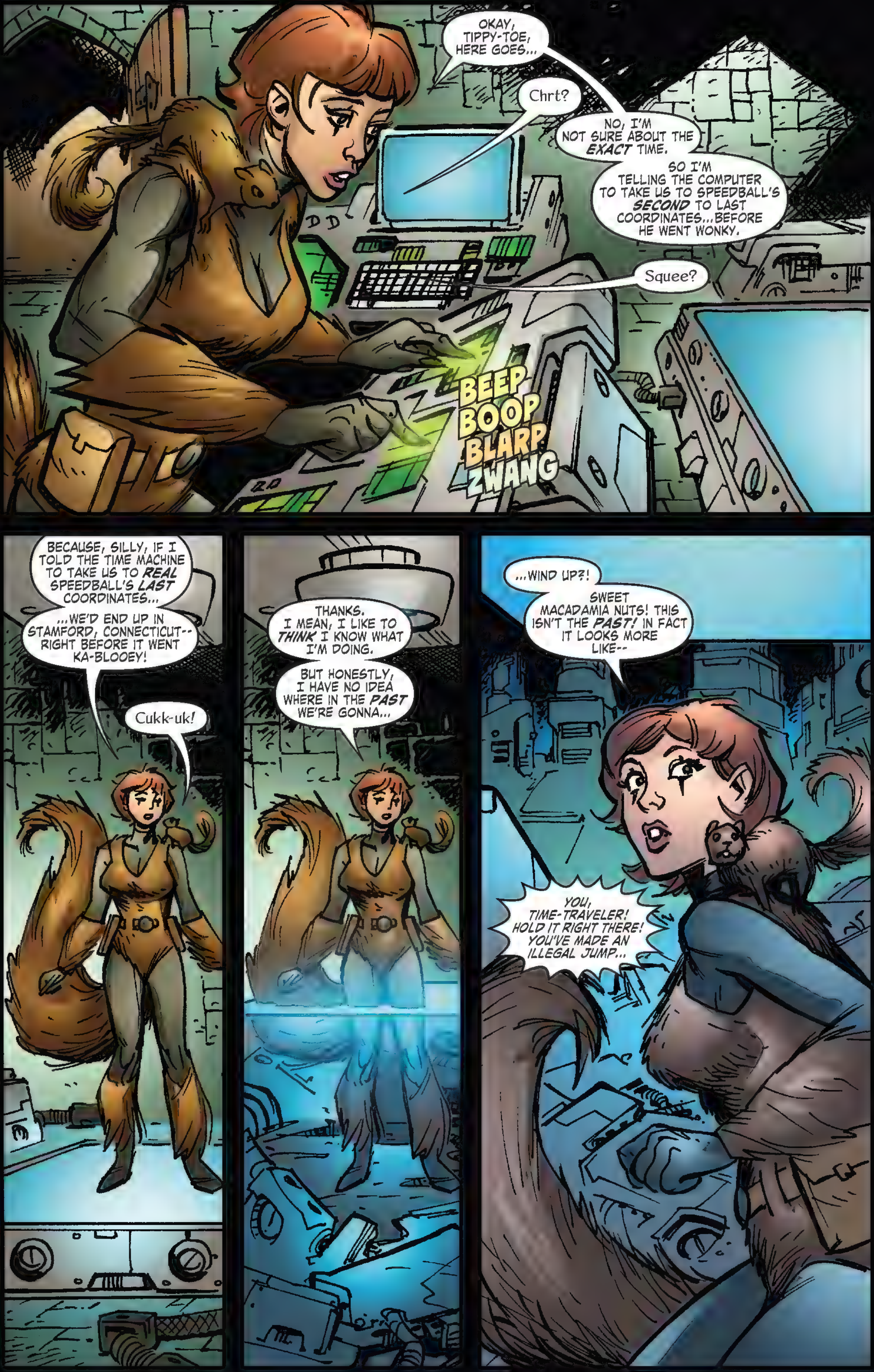

THE DOOR HASN'T BEEN MADE THAT CAN WITHSTAND MY FLATTENING POWERS!
UHM... ARE YOU DECENT?
NO...I'M NOT...
URK
HOLD ON A SEC WHILE I DRY MYSELF OFF...
♪
AH
UGH
AAG
THERE, SQUEAKY CLEAN AND DRY AS A POWDERED BOTTOM.
SPLASH
YOUR NOSE REALLY HELPED DRY ALL THE CREVICES REAL NICE. THANKS.
WAIT A MINUTE... WHERE'S MY DUCKY?
YOU MEAN **THIS** DUCKY?

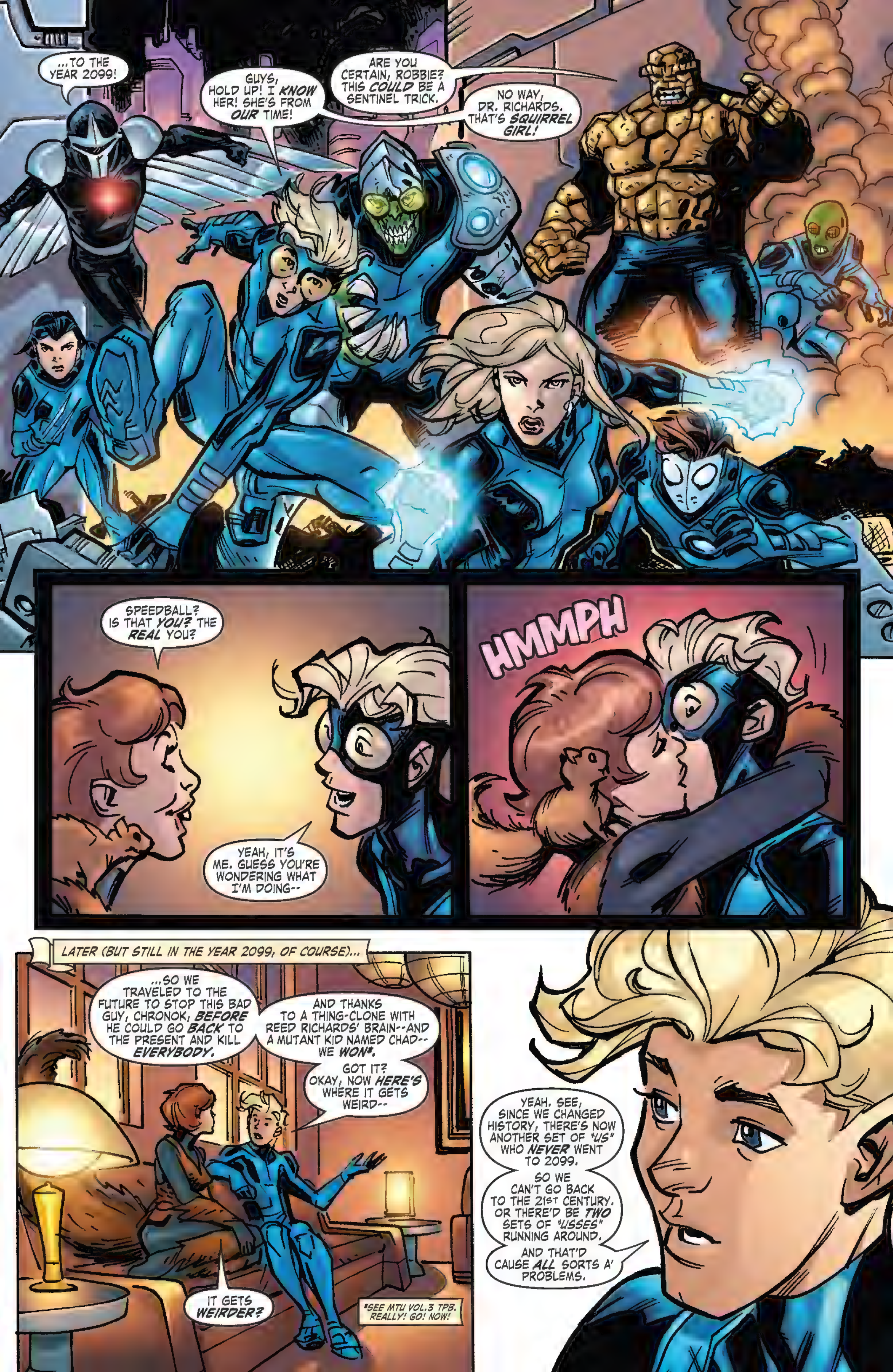

YOU ARE GOING TO LISTEN TO ME-- AND YOU ARE GOING TO PAY FOR THE CHARGES YOU'VE RUNG UP ON OUR GOVERNMENT ACCOUNT SINCE YOU-- YOU--*MOVED IN HERE!*
AND YOU'RE GOING TO DO IT *NOW...*
OR WHAT, FETTUCCINI BOY?
OR YOUR DUCKY GOES *ORBITAL!*
YOU WOULDN'T DARE!
WATCH ME, WADE.
YOU'RE BLUFFING!
WILL YOU PAY?
NEVER!
GYAAAAH!
PTWING
MY FLAT FRIEND, YOU HAD BEST BE READY TO *BRING IT!*
CRANE STYLE!
FLIP
FLIP
FLIP
FLIP
F
FLIP
FLIP
OH, MY BRAIN-ADDLED, SKIN-CHALLENGED FRIEND, I CAN BRING ON THE *DEADLIEST* MARTIAL ARTS FIGHTING FORM OF ALL...

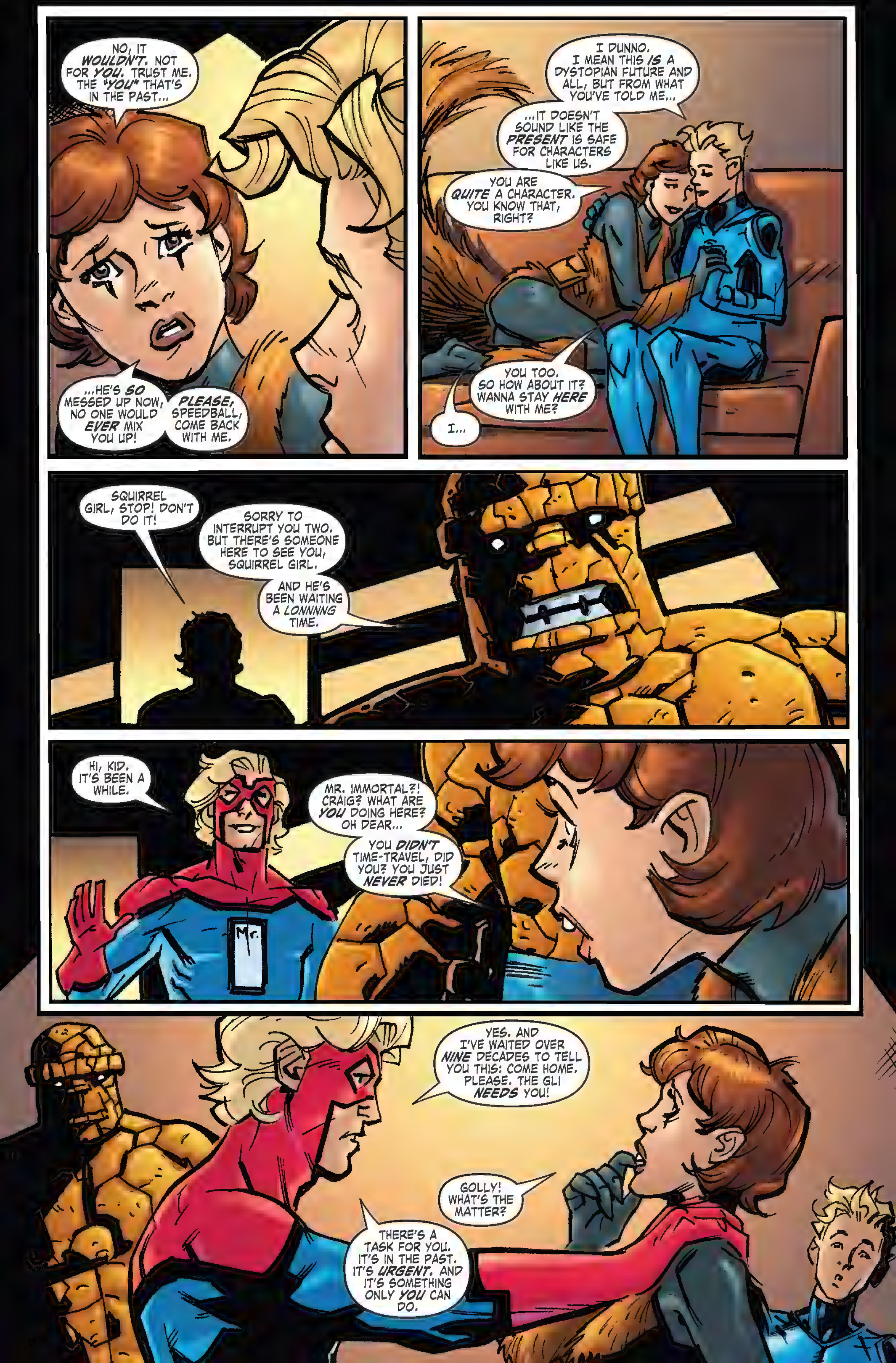

...ORIGAMI-FU!
HOW ABOUT *MONKEY* STYLE?!
GAAK! YOU ARE *FULL* OF *FU!*
TIGER STYLE?!
FROG STYLE!
OKAY THEN...
...BOAT STYLE!
FLIP
FLIP
FLIP
FLIP

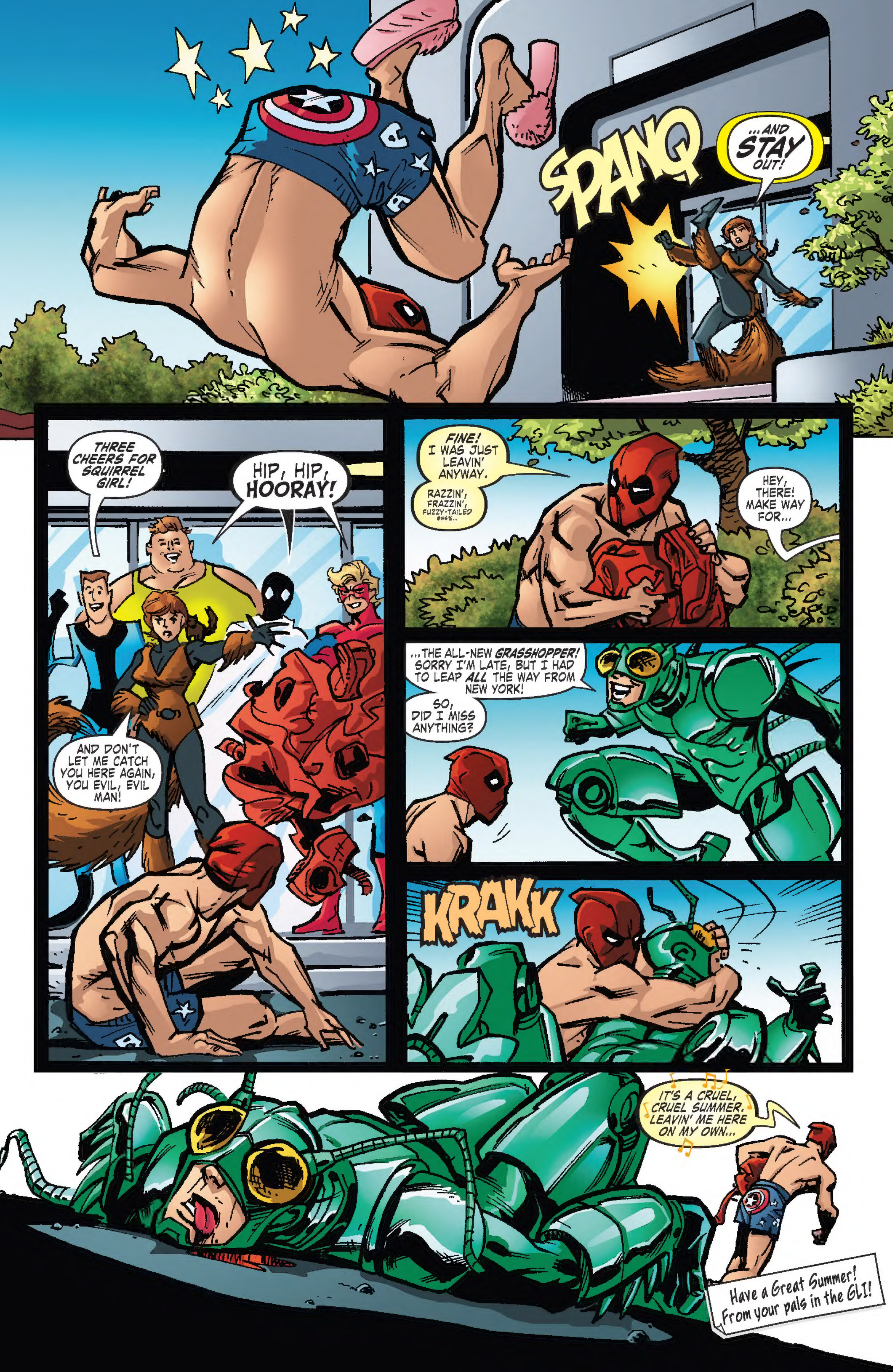

"BOAT STYLE"?
?
SUCKER!
KLICKT
KLICKT
KLICKT
KLICKT
KLICKT
KLICKT
♫ AYYYYMMMM ♫ SAILING A-WAYYYYYYY SET AN OPEN COURSE FOR THE VIRGIN SEA...
♪ AYYYYYYVE GOT TO BE FREE, FREE TO FACE THE LIFE THAT'S AHEAD OF ME... ♪
♪ ON BOARD, ♪ I'M THE CAPTAIN, SO CLIMB ABOARD WE'LL SEARCH FOR TOMORROW ON EVERY SHORE... ♪
AND AYYYYYLL TRY, OH LORD, AYYYYYLL TRY... TO CAAAAAAAARRY ON!
OKAY, HOW ABOUT JUST THE PHONE BILL AND THE GAS BILL--
I GOTCHER GAS BILL RIGHT HERE...
PLEERP
...THAT REMINDS ME... THE FINAL TAB FROM DAN O'HERLIHY'S MEXICAN BUFFET...
THE END

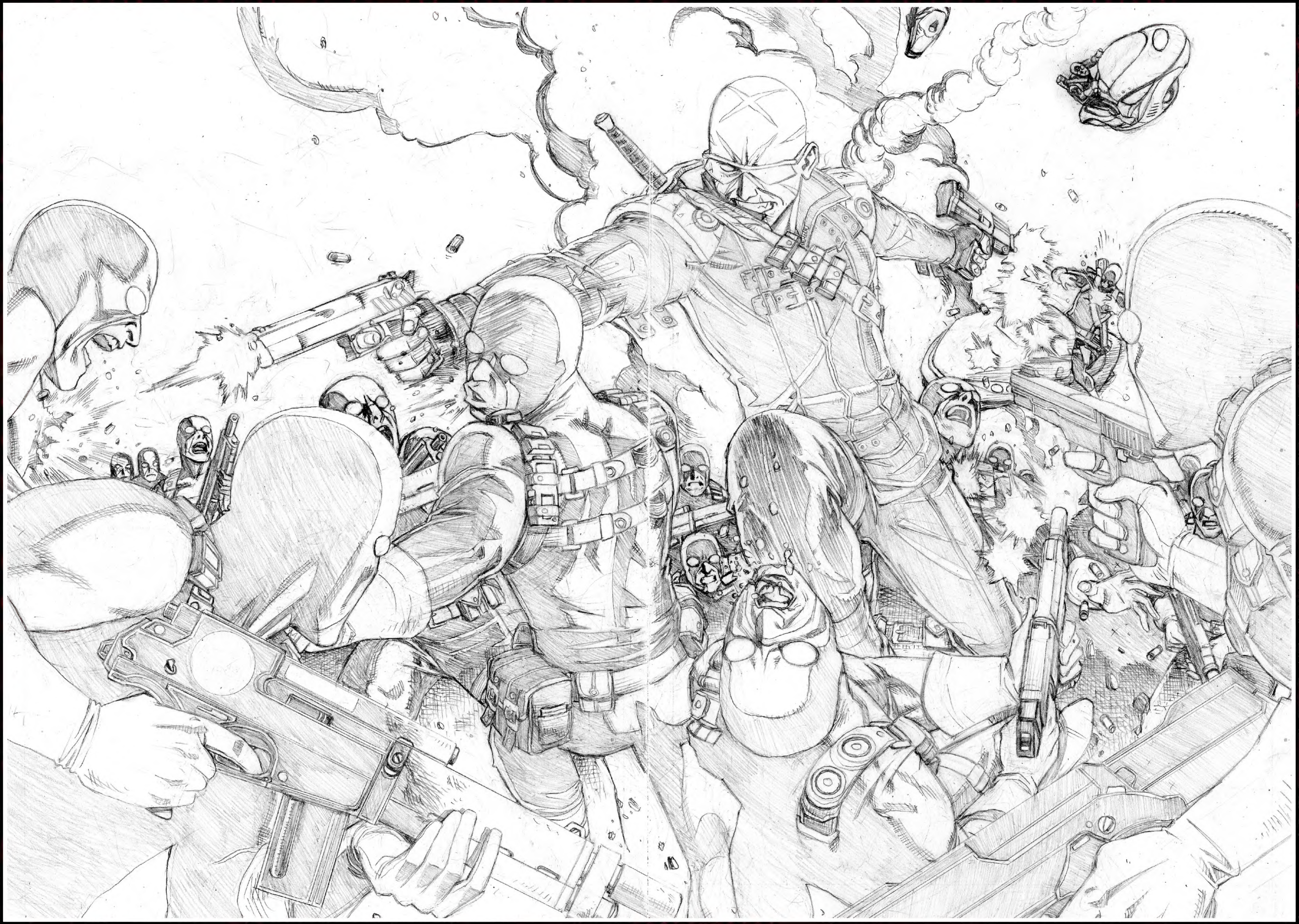

ELSEWHERE, ON THE PARAPETS OF CASTLE DOOM...
WHO DARES INVADE THE SOVEREIGN AIRSPACE OF LATVERIA?!
WHICH MISBEGOTTEN SOUL IS FOOLISH ENOUGH TO FACE THE WRATH OF DOOM?!!
WOWEE! THOSE WERE SOME TRICKY LASER-ZAPPY THINGS YOU GOT THERE, DOC!
GOOD THING I'VE GOT SQUIRREL-AGILITY, HUH?
"SQUIRREL-AGILITY"?
OH. IT'S YOU.
HEY, VIC! SAY, I NEED TO BORROW ONE OF YOUR TIME MACHINES. THAT OKAY?
IT...IT IS OF NO DIFFERENCE TO ME ONE WAY OR THE OTHER.
NEAT! SO WHERE WOULD I...?
DOWN THE HALL, PAST THE THIRD PORTRAIT OF MY MOTHER.
TIPPY-TOE SAYS:
Yeah, that's right. Squirrel Girl totally pwns Doc Doom. Know why?
'Cause of somethin' that happened in a story by Steve-freakin'-Ditko!
That's so in continuity. So just deal with it, fanboy.


OKAY, TIPPY-TOE, HERE GOES...
Chrt?
NO, I'M NOT SURE ABOUT THE *EXACT* TIME.
SO I'M TELLING THE COMPUTER TO TAKE US TO SPEEDBALL'S *SECOND* TO LAST COORDINATES...BEFORE HE WENT WONKY.
Squee?
BEEP BOOP BLARP ZWANG
BECAUSE, SILLY, IF I TOLD THE TIME MACHINE TO TAKE US TO *REAL* SPEEDBALL'S *LAST* COORDINATES...
...WE'D END UP IN STAMFORD, CONNECTICUT--RIGHT BEFORE IT WENT KA-BLOOEY!
Cukk-uk!
THANKS. I MEAN, I LIKE TO *THINK* I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING.
BUT HONESTLY, I HAVE NO IDEA WHERE IN THE *PAST* WE'RE GONNA...
...WIND UP?!
SWEET MACADAMIA NUTS! THIS ISN'T THE *PAST!* IN FACT IT LOOKS MORE LIKE--
YOU, TIME-TRAVELER! HOLD IT RIGHT THERE! YOU'VE MADE AN ILLEGAL JUMP...


...TO THE YEAR 2099!
GUYS, HOLD UP! I *KNOW* HER! SHE'S FROM *OUR* TIME!
ARE YOU CERTAIN, ROBBIE? THIS *COULD* BE A SENTINEL TRICK.
NO WAY, DR. RICHARDS. THAT'S *SQUIRREL GIRL!*
SPEEDBALL? IS THAT *YOU?* THE *REAL* YOU?
YEAH, IT'S ME. GUESS YOU'RE WONDERING WHAT I'M DOING--
HMMPH
LATER (BUT STILL IN THE YEAR 2099, OF COURSE)...
...SO WE TRAVELED TO THE FUTURE TO STOP THIS BAD GUY, CHRONOK, *BEFORE* HE COULD GO *BACK* TO THE PRESENT AND KILL *EVERYBODY.*
AND THANKS TO A THING-CLONE WITH REED RICHARDS' BRAIN--AND A MUTANT KID NAMED CHAD--WE *WON**.
GOT IT? OKAY, NOW *HERE'S* WHERE IT GETS WEIRD--
IT GETS *WEIRDER?*
*SEE MTU VOL.3 TPB. REALLY! GO! NOW!
YEAH. SEE, SINCE WE CHANGED HISTORY, THERE'S NOW ANOTHER SET OF "US" WHO *NEVER* WENT TO 2099.
SO WE CAN'T GO BACK TO THE 21ST CENTURY, OR THERE'D BE *TWO* SETS OF "USSES" RUNNING AROUND.
AND THAT'D CAUSE *ALL* SORTS A' PROBLEMS.


NO, IT *WOULDN'T*. NOT FOR *YOU*. TRUST ME. THE *"YOU"* THAT'S IN THE PAST...
...HE'S *SO* MESSED UP NOW, NO ONE WOULD *EVER* MIX YOU UP!
PLEASE, SPEEDBALL, COME BACK WITH ME.
I DUNNO. I MEAN THIS *IS* A DYSTOPIAN FUTURE AND ALL, BUT FROM WHAT YOU'VE TOLD ME...
...IT DOESN'T SOUND LIKE THE *PRESENT* IS SAFE FOR CHARACTERS LIKE US.
YOU ARE *QUITE* A CHARACTER. YOU KNOW THAT, RIGHT?
YOU TOO. SO HOW ABOUT IT? WANNA STAY *HERE* WITH ME?
I...
SQUIRREL GIRL, STOP! DON'T DO IT!
SORRY TO INTERRUPT YOU TWO. BUT THERE'S SOMEONE HERE TO SEE YOU, SQUIRREL GIRL.
AND HE'S BEEN WAITING A *LONNNNG* TIME.
HI, KID. IT'S BEEN A WHILE.
MR. IMMORTAL?! CRAIG? WHAT ARE *YOU* DOING HERE? OH DEAR...
YOU *DIDN'T* TIME-TRAVEL, DID YOU? YOU JUST *NEVER* DIED!
Mr.
YES. AND I'VE WAITED OVER *NINE* DECADES TO TELL YOU THIS: COME HOME. PLEASE. THE GLI *NEEDS* YOU!
GOLLY! WHAT'S THE MATTER?
THERE'S A TASK FOR YOU. IT'S IN THE PAST. IT'S *URGENT*. AND IT'S SOMETHING ONLY *YOU* CAN DO.


SPANQ
...AND STAY OUT!
THREE CHEERS FOR SQUIRREL GIRL!
HIP, HIP, HOORAY!
AND DON'T LET ME CATCH YOU HERE AGAIN, YOU EVIL, EVIL MAN!
FINE! I WAS JUST LEAVIN' ANYWAY.
RAZZIN', FRAZZIN', FUZZY-TAILED @*$%...
HEY, THERE! MAKE WAY FOR...
...THE ALL-NEW GRASSHOPPER! SORRY I'M LATE, BUT I HAD TO LEAP ALL THE WAY FROM NEW YORK!
SO, DID I MISS ANYTHING?
KRAKK
IT'S A CRUEL, CRUEL SUMMER. LEAVIN' ME HERE ON MY OWN...
Have a Great Summer! From your pals in the GLI!



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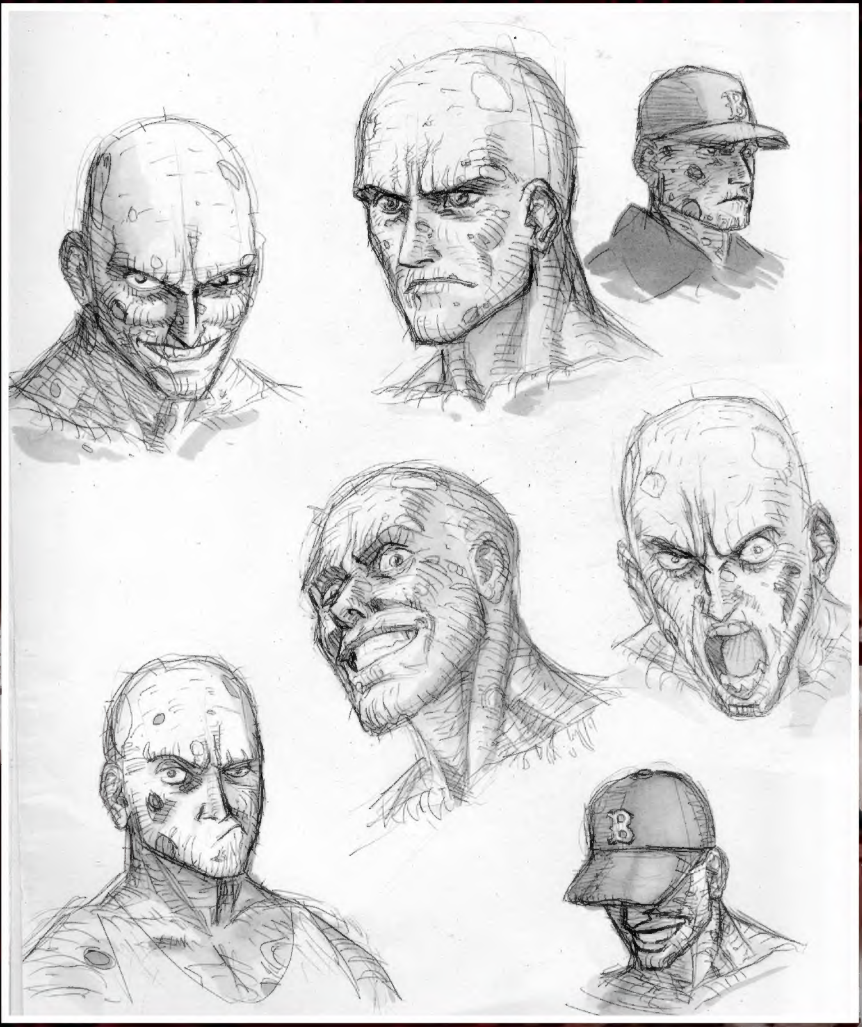
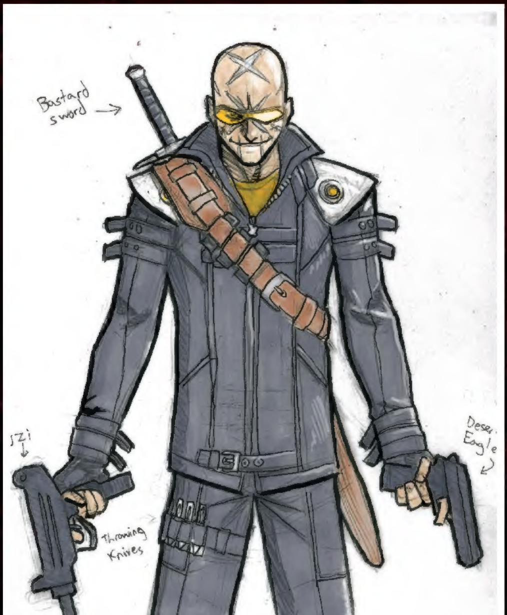
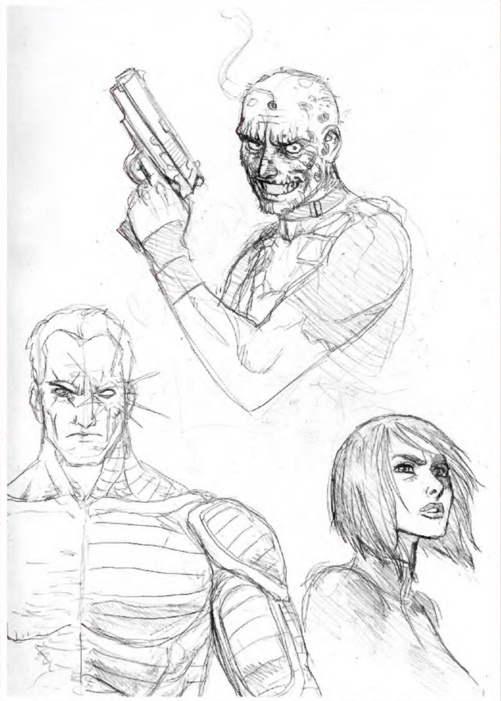
BY REILLY BROWN




Bastard sword
Uzi
Throwing Knives
Deser Eagle



CHARACTER SKETCHES

BY REILLY BROWN

MARVEL'S MIGHTIEST MUTANT MERCS ARE BACK AND THIS TIME THEY'RE STUCK WITH EACH OTHER!

Can two grown men armed to the teeth with deadly genetic weaponry live together without driving each other crazy?! Action, adventure, black humor, black-ops, face-changing viruses, gratuitous France-bashing and lots of gunfire mark the unexpected, unconventional and inexplicable pairing of two of Marvel's fan-favorite anti-heroes! Now, relive the capeless crusaders' entire run, collected across three titanic trade paperbacks!

Collecting *Cable & Deadpool #36-50* and *Deadpool/GLI: Summer Fun Spectacular* — including letters pages! — written by Fabian Nicieza, Reilly Brown and Dan Slott; and illustrated by Brown, Staz Johnson, Ron Lim, Jon Malin, Kieron Dwyer, Nelson DeCastro, Paul Pelletier and Clio Chiang.

T+